



JOANNES BOCATIUS.

London Printed for Amrsham Churchill at Amen Corner.





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THE  
NOVELS  
AND  
TALES

OF THE  
Renowned, *JOHN BOCCACCIO*,

The first Refiner of

ITALIAN PROSE:

CONTAINING

A Hundred curious Novels,

BY

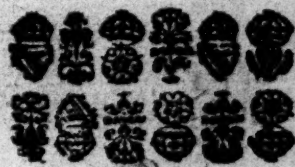
Seven Honourable Ladies, and Three Noble Gentlemen,

*Framed in Ten Days.*

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The Fifth Edition, much Corrected and Amended.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *Awnsham Churchill*, at the Black Swan  
at *Amen Corner*. MDCLXXXIV.







To the Right Honourable, Sir Philip Herbert, Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of our Sovereign Lord King James, Lord Baron of Sberland, Earl of Montgomery, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.



HE Philosopher Zeno (Right Honourable, and my most worthily esteemed Lord) being demanded on a time, by what means a man might attain to happiness, made answer: *By resorting to the dead, and having familiar conversation with them.* Intimating thereby, *The reading of Ancient and Modern Histories, and endeavouring to learn such good instructions as have been observed in our Predecessors.* A question also was moved by great King Ptolomy, to one of the learned wise Interpreters: In what occasions a King should exercise himself? Whereto thus he replied. *To know those things which formerly have been done; and to read Books of those matters which offers themselves daily, or are fittest for our instant affairs. And lastly, in seeking those things whatsoever, that make for a Kingdoms preservation, and the correction of evil Manners or Examples.*

Upon these good and warrantable grounds (most Noble Lord) beside many more of the same nature (which I omit to avoid prolixity) I dare boldly affirm, that such as are exercised in the reading of Histories, although they seem but young in years, and slenderly instructed in worldly matters. yet gravity and gray-headed age speaketh maturely in them, to the no mean admiration of common and vulgar judgment. As contrariwise, such as are ignorant of things done and past, before themselves had any being; continue still in the estate of children, able to speak or behave themselves no otherwise; and, even within the bounds of their Native Countries (in respect of knowledge or manly capacity) they are no more than well seeming dumb Images.

In due consideration of the precedent allegations, and upon the command, as also most Noble encouragement of your Honour from time to time; this volume of singular and exquisite Histories, varied into so many and exact Natures, appeareth in the worlds view, unyour Noble Patronage, to be safely shielded from fowl mouth'd slander and detraction, which is too easily thrown upon the very best deserving Labours.

I know (most worthy Lord) that many of them have long since been published before, as stoln from the first Original Author, and yet not beautified with his sweet Stile and Elocution of Phrase, neither favouring of his singular Moral Applications. For as it was his full scope and aim by discovering all vices in their ugly deformities, to make their mortal Enemies (the sacred vertues) to shine the clearer, being set down by them and compared with them: so every true and upright judgment, in observing the course of these well carried Novels, shall plainly perceive that there is no spare made of reproof in any degree whatsoever, where sin is embraced, and grace neglected; but the just deserved shame and punishment thereon inflicted; that



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

others may be warned by their example. In imitation of witty *Æsop*, who reciteth not a Fable but graceth it with a judicious Moral Application, as many other worthy Writers have done the like.

For instance let me here insert one. A poor man having a Pike-staffe on his shoulder, and traveling through a Country Village, a great Mastive Cur ran mainly at him, so that hardly he could defend him from himself. At the length, it was his chance to kill the Dog: for which the Owner immediately apprehending him, and bringing him before the Judge, alledged; That he had slain his Servant, which defended his Life, House, and Goods, and therefore challenged satisfaction. The Judge leaning more in favour to the Plaintiff, as being his Friend, Neighbour and Familiar, than to the justice of the Cause; reproved the poor Fellow very sharply, and peremptorily commanded him to make satisfaction, or else he would commit him to Prison. That were injustice, replied the poor man, because I killed the Dog in defence of my own life, which deserveth much better respect than a million of such Curs. Sirra, sirra, said the Judge, then you should have turned the other end of your staffe, and not the pike, so the Dogs life had been saved, and your own in no danger. True Sir (quoth the Fellow) if the Dog would have turn'd his Tail, and bit me with that, and not his Teeth, then we both had parted quietly.

I know your Honour to be so truely judicious, that your self can make the Moral allusion, both in defence of my poor pains, and acceptance of the same into your protection; with most humble submission of my self, and all my uttermost endeavours, to be always at your service.

THE



# THE T A B L E TO

## The First D A Y, Governed by Madam Pampinea.

### The First N O V E L.

**M**essire Chappiet du Prat, by making a false confession, beguiled an holy religious man, and after died. And having during his life been a very bad man, at his death was reputed to be a Saint, and called S. Chappelet.

1. Novel. Abraham a Jew, being admonished or advised by a Friend of his, named Jehannot de Chevigny, Travelled from Paris to Rome: And beholding there the wicked behaviour of men in the Church, returned back to Paris again, where yet (nevertheless) he became a Christian.

3. Novel. Melchisedech, a Jew, by recounting a Tale of three Rings to the great Soldan, named Saladin, prevented a great danger which was prepared for him.

4. Novel. A Monk having committed an offence, deserving to be very grievously punished, freed himself from the pain to be inflicted on him by wittily reprehending his Abbot, with the very same fault.

5. Novel. The Lady Marquess of Montferriat, with a Banquet of Hens, and divers others gracious speeches beside, repressed the fond Love of the King of France.

6. Novel. An honest plain meaning man, (simply and conscionably) reprehended the malignity, Hypocrisie, and misdemeanour of many religious Persons.

7. Novel. Bergamino, by telling a Tale of a skilful man, named Primasso, and of an Abbot of Clugni; honestly checked a new kind of Covetousness in M. Can de la Scala.

8. Novel. Guillaume Bourcier, with a few quaint and familiar words, check'd the miserable Covetousness of Signior Herminio de Grimaldi.

9. Novel. The King of Cyprus was wittily reprehended, by the words of a Gentlewoman of Gascoign, and became virtuously altered from his vicious disposition.

10. Novel. Master Albert of Bullen, honestly made a Lady to blush, that thought to have done as much to him, because she perceived him to be amorously affected towards her.

## The Second Day Governed by Madam Philomena.

### The First N O V E L.

**M**artellino counterfeiting to be lame of his members, caused himself to be set upon the body of Saint Arriguo, where (in jesting manner) he made shew of his sudden recovery: but when his dissimulation was discovered, he was well beaten, being afterwards taken Prisoner, and in great danger of being hanged, and yet escaped in the end.

2. Novel. Rinaldo de Este, after he was robbed by Thieves, arrived at Casteau Guillaume, where he was friendly lodged by a fair Widow, and recompenced likewise for all his losses; returning afterward safe and well home unto his own house.

3. Novel. Three young Gentlemen, being Brethren, and having spent all their Lands and Possessions vainly, became poor. A Nephew of theirs (falling almost into as desperate a Condition) became acquainted with an Abbot, whom he afterward found to be the King of England's Daughter, and made him her Husband in Marriage, recompencing all his Uncles Losses, and seating them again in good Estate.

4. Novel. Lindolpho Ruffolo, falling into Poverty, became a Pirate upon the Seas, and being taken by the Genevays, hardly escaped drowning: Which yet (nevertheless) he did, upon a little Chest or Coffre, full of very rich Jewels, being carried thereon to Corsu



## The T A B L E.

Corfu, where he was well entertained by a good Woman: And afterward, returned richly home to his own House.

5. Novel. Andrea de Piro, travelling from Perouse to Naples to buy Horses, was (in the space of one night) surprised by three admirable accidents, out of all which he fortunately escaped, and with a rich Ring, returned home to his own house.

6. Novel. Madam Beritola Caracalla, was found in an Island with two Goats, having lost her two Sons, and thence travelled into Lunigiana: where one of her Sons became Servant to the Lord thereof, and was found over-familiar with his Masters Daughter, who therefore caused him to be imprisoned. Afterward when the Country of Sicily rebelled against King Charles, the aforesaid Son chanced to be known by his Mother, and was married to his Masters Daughter. And his Brother being found likewise, they both returned to great estate and credit.

7. Novel. The Soldan of Babylon sent one of his Daughters, to be joined in marriage with the King of Cholcos, who by divers accidents (in the space of four years) happened into the custody of nine Men, and in sundry places. At length, being restored back to her Father, she went to the said King of Cholcos, as a Maid, and as at first she was intended to be his Wife.

8. Novel. The Count D. Angiers being falsely accused, was Banished out of France, and left his two Children in England, in divers places. Returning afterward (unknown) through Scotland, he found them advanced unto great Dignity. Then repairing in the habit of a Servitor, into the King of France his Army, and his Innocency made publicly known, he was resealed in his former honourable Degree.

9. Novel. Bernardo, a Merchant of Geneway, being deceived by another Merchant, named Ambrogioso, lost a great part of his Goods. And commanding his innocent Wife to be Murdred, she escaped, and (in the Habit of a Man) became Servant to the Soldane. The deceiver being found at last, she compassed such means; that her Husband Bernardo came into Alexandria, and there after due Punishment inflicted on the false deceiver, she resumed the Garments again of a Woman, and returned Home with her Husband to Geneway.

10. Novel. Pagamino da Monaco, a roving Pyrate on the Seas, carried away the fair Wife of Signior Ricciardo de Chinzica, who understanding where she was, went thither: and falling into friendship with Pagamino, demanded his Wife of him; whereto he yielded. Provided, that she would willingly go away with him. She denied to part thence with her Husband, and Signior Ricciardo dying, she became the Wife of Pagamino.

## The Third Day governed by Madam Neiphila.

### The First N O V E L.

**M** Affetto di Lamporechio, by counterfeiting himself Dumb, became a Gardiner in a Monastery of Nuns, where he had familiar conversation with them all.

2. Novel. A Quarry of the Stable, belonging to Agilulffo, King of the Lombards, found the means of access to the Queens Bed, without any knowledg or consent in her. This being secretly discovered by the King, and the party known, he gave him a Mark, by shearing the Hair of his Head. Wherupon, he that was so shorn, sheared likewise the heads of all his Fellows in the Lodging, and so escaped the Punishment intended towards him.

3. Novel. Under colour of confession, and of a most pure conscience, a fair young Gentlewoman being amorously affected to an honest man, induced a devout and solemn religious Friar, to advise her in the means (without his suspicion or perceiving) how to enjoy the benefit of her friend, and bring her desires to their full effect.

4. Novel. A young Scholar, named Felice, instructed Puccio di Rinieri, how to become rich in a very short time. While Puccio made experience of the instruction taught him, Felice obtained the favour of his Daughter.

5. Novel. Ricciardo surnamed the Magnifico, gave a Horse to Signior Francesco Virgillisi, on condition that by his leave he might speak to his Wife in his presence; which he did: and she not returning him any answer, made answer to himself on her behalf, and according to his answer, so the effect followed.

6. Novel. Ricciardo Minutolo loved the Wife of Philippello Fighinolfi, and knowing her to be very jealous of her Husband, gave him to understand, that he was greatly



## The TABLE.

greatly enamoured of his Wife, and had appointed to meet her privately in a Bathing House on the next day following: where she hoping to take him Tardy with his close compacted Mistress, found her self to be deceived by the said Ricciardo.

7. Novel. Theobaldo Elisei, having received an unkind repulse by his Beloved, departed from Florence, and returning thither (a long while after) in the Habit of a Pilgrim, he spake with her, and made his Wrongs known to her. He delivered her Father from the danger of Death, because it was proved, that he had slain Theobaldo: he made Peace with his Brethren, and in the end, wisely enjoyed his Hearts desire.

8. Novel. Ferando, by drinking a certain kind of Powder, was Buried for Dead, and by the Abbot, who was enamoured of his Wife, was taken out of his Grave, and put into a dark Prison, where they made him believe, that he was in Purgatory. Afterward, when time came that he should be raised to Life again; he was made to keep a Child which the Abbot had got by his Wife.

9. Novel. Juliet of Narbona, cured the King of a Fistula: in recompence whereof, she requested to enjoy in marriage, Bertrand the Count of Roussillon. He having married her against his will, despising her, went to Florence, where he loved a young Gentlewoman. Juliet by a cunning policy compassed the means (instead of his chosen friend) to lie with her own Husband, by whom she had two Sons: which afterward being made known, the Count accepted her again for his Wife.

10. Novel. The chaste resolved continency of Strickha, Daughter to Siwalde King of Denmark, being sued unto by many worthy persons that loved her, would not look any man in the face, till the time she was married.

## The Fourth Day governed by Philostratus.

### The First N O V E L.

**T**Ancrede, Prince of Salern, caused the amorous friend of his Daughter to be slain, and sent her his heart in a cup of Gold: which afterward she steeped in an impositions water, and then drinking it so died.

2. Novel. Friar Albert made a young Venetian Gentlewoman believe, that God Cupid was slain in love with her, and he resorted oftentimes unto her, in disguise of the same God: afterward, being frighted by the Gentlewomans kindred and friends, he cast himself out of her Chamber window, and was bidden in a poor mans House. On the day following, in shape of a wild or savage man, he was brought upon the Rialto of S. Mark, and being there publicly known by the Brethren of his Order, he was committed to Prison.

3. Novel. Three young Gentlemen affecting three Sisters, fled with them into Candy. The eldest of them (through jealousie) becometh the death of her Lover. The second, by consenting to the Duke of Candy, saveth her life. Afterward her own friend killeth her, and flieth away with the eldest Sister. The third couple, both man and woman, are charged with her death, being cast into prison, confess the fact: but corrupting the keepers with money, escaped thence to Rhodes, and there died poor.

4. Novel. Gerhino, contrary to the former plighted faith to Gulielmo, fought with the King of Thunis, to take away his Daughter. She being slain by them that had the possession of her, he likewise slew them; and afterward had his own head smitten off, by the command of Gulielmo.

X 5. Novel. Isabellaes three Brethren, slew a Gentleman that secretly loved her. His Ghost appearing to her, shewed her in what place they had buried his body, &c.

6. Novel. Andreana falling in love with Gabriello, she declared a dream of hers to him, and he another of his unto her; whereupon Gabriello fell down suddenly dead, &c.

7. Novel. Fair Simonida affecting Pasquino, and walking with him in a pleasant Garden, it fortuneth that he rubbed his teeth with a leaf of Sage; and immediately fell down dead. Simonida being brought before the bench of Justice, and charged with the death of Pasquino, she rubbed her teeth likewise with one of the leaves of the same Sage, as declaring what she saw him do, and thereon she died also in the same manner.

X 8. Novel. Jeronimo affecting Silvestra, went by the earnest entreaty of his Mother to Paris. Returning back, he found his Love Silvestra married. By secret means he got into her house, and dyed upon the bed by her. His body being to be buried, she likewise died upon his Coarse.

9. Novel.



## The TABLE.

9. Novel. Messer Gualtiero having slain Messer Gualtiero Guardastagno whom he imagined to love his Wife, gave her his heart to eat. Which she knowing afterward, threw herself out of an high Window to the ground: and being dead was then buried with her friend.

10. Novel. A Physicians Wife, had a Lover of her maids, supposing him to be dead, in a Chest; by reason that he had drunk a sleeping Water. Two Lombard Users stealing away the Chest, carried it to their own house, &c.

### The Fifth Day governed by Madam Fiammetta.

#### The First N O V E L.

**C**hynon, by falling in Love, became wise, and by force of Arms, winning his fair Lady Iphigenia on the Seas, was afterward imprisoned at Rhodes. Being delivered by one named Lisimachus, with him he recovered his Iphigenia again, and fair Cassandra, even in the midst of their marriage. They fled with them into Candy, where after they had married them, they were called home to their own dwelling.

2. Novel. Fair Constance of Liparis, fell in love with Martuccio Comitto: and hearing that he was dead, desperately she entered into a Bark, which being transported by the winds to Sufa in Barbary, from thence she went to Thunis, where she made herself known to him, and he being in great authority, as a privy Counsellor to the King: he married the said Constance, and returned richly home with her, to the Island of Liparis.

3. Novel. Pedro Bocamazzo escaping away with a young Damosel which he loved, named Angellina, met with thieves in his journey. The Damosel flying fearfully into a Forrest, by chance arrived at a Castle. Pedro being taken by the Thieves, happened afterward to escape from them, &c.

4. Novel. Ricciardo Manardy, was found by Messer Lizio Volbonna, as he sate fast asleep, at his Daughters Chamber Window, having his hand fast in hers, and she sleeping in the same manner. Whereupon they are joyned together in marriage, and their long loyal Love mutually recompensed.

5. Novel. Guidotto of Cremona, departing out of this mortal life, left a Daughter of his with Jacomino of Pavia. Giovanni di Severino, and Menghino da Minghole, fell both in love with the young Maiden, and fought for her; who being afterward known to be the Sister to Giovanni, she was given in marriage to Menghino.

6. Novel. Guion di Procida, being found familiarly conversing with a young Damosel, which he loved, and had been given (formerly) to Frederigo, King of Sicily: was bound to a stake to be consumed with fire. From which danger (nevertheless) he escaped, being known by Don Rogiero de Oria, Lord Admiral of Sicily, and afterward married the Damosel.

7. Novel. Theodoro falling in love with Violenta, the Daughter to his Master, named Amarigo, and she conceiving with Child by him, was condemned to be hanged. As they were leading him to the Gallows, beating and misusing him all the way: he happened to be known of his own Father, whereupon he was released, and afterward enjoyed Violenta in marriage.

8. Novel. Anastasio a Gentleman of the Family of the Honesti, by loving the Daughter of Signior Paulo Traversario, lavishly wasted a great part of his substance, without receiving any love of her again. By perswasion of some of his Kindred and friends, he went to a country dwelling of his, called Chiaffio, where he saw a Knight desperately pursue a young Damosel, whom he slew, and afterward gave her to be devoured by his Hounds. Anastasio invited his friends, and hers also whom he so dearly loved, to take part of a Dinner with him, who likewise saw the same Damosel so torn in pieces: which his unkind Love perceiving, and fearing lest the like ill fortune should happen to her, she accepted Anastasio to be her Husband.

9. Novel. Frederigo, of the Alberghi Family, loved a Gentlewoman, and was not requited with like love again. But by beautiful expences, and over liberal invitations he wasted all his Lands and Goods, having nothing left him, but a Hawk or Faulcon. His unkind Mistress happeneth to come visit him, and he not having any other food for her dinner, made a dainty dish of his Faulcon for her to feed on. Being conquered by this exceeding kind courtesie, she changed her former hatred towards him, accepting him as her Husband in marriage, and made him a man of wealthy possessions.

10. Novel.



## The TABLE.

10. Novel. Pedro di Vinciolo went to Sup at a Friends House in the City. His Wife (in the mean time) had a young man whom she loved, at Supper with her. Pedro returning home on a sudden, the young man was hidden under a Coop for Hens. Pedro in excuse of his so soon coming home, declares how in the House of Herculano (with whom he should have Supt) a friend of his Wives was found, which was the reason of the Suppers breaking off. Pedro's Wife reproving the error of Herculano's Wife, an Ass (by chance) treads on the young mans fingers that lay hidden under the Hen-Coop. Upon his crying out, Pedro steppeth thither, sees him, knows him, and findeth the fallacy of his Wife: with whom (nevertheless) he groweth to agreement, in regard of some imperfection in himself.

### The Sixth Day Governed by Madam Eliza.

#### The First NOVEL.

**A** Knight requested Madam Oretta, to ride behind him on Horseback, and promised, to tell her an excellent Tale by the way. But the Lady perceiving, that his Discourse was idle, and much worse delivered: entreated him to let her walk on foot again.

2. Novel. Cistio a Baker, by a witty answer which he gave unto Messer Geri Spina, caused him to acknowledge a very indiscreet motion, which he had made to the said Cistio.

3. Novel. Madam Nonna de Pulci, by a sudden answer, did put to silence a Bishop of Florence, and the Lord Marshal: having moved a question to the said Lady, which seemed to come short of honesty.

4. Novel. Chichibio, the Cook to Messer Currado Giansilvazzi, by a sudden pleasant Answer which he made to his Master; converted his Anger into Laughter, and thereby escaped the punishment, that Messer meant to impose upon him.

5. Novel. Messer Forefo de Rabatte, and Master Giotto, a Painter by his Profession, coming together from Mugello, scornfully reprehended one another for their deformity of body.

6. Novel. A young ingenious Scholar, being unkindly reviled and smitten by his ignorant Father, and through the procurement of an unlearned Vicar; afterward attained to be doubly revenged on him.

7. Novel. Madam Philippa, being accused by her Husband Rinaldo de Pugliese, because he took her in Adultery, with a young Gentleman named Lazarino de Guazzagliatori: caused her to be cited before the Judge. From whom she delivered her self, by a sudden witty, and pleasant answer, and moderated a severe strict Statute formerly made against women.

8. Novel. Fresco da Celatico, counselled and advised his Niece Celsa; That if such as deserved to be looked on, were offensive to her Eyes, as she had often told him; she should forbear to look upon any.

9. Novel. Signior Guido Cavalcante, with a sudden and witty answer, reprehended the rash folly of certain Florentine Gentlemen, that thought to scorn and flout him.

10. Novel. Fryar Onyon promised certain honest people of the Country, to show them a Feather of the same Phoenix, that was with Noah in his Ark. In stead whereof he found Coals, which he avouched to be those very Coals wherewith the same Phoenix was roasted.



# The TABLE.

## The Seventh Day Governed by Dioneus.

### The First NOVEL.

**J**ohn of Lorrain heard one knock at his door in the night time, whereupon he awaked his Wife Monna Tessa. She made him believe, that it was a Spirit which knocked at the door, and so they arose, going both together to conjure the Spirit with a Prayer; and afterwards, they heard no more knocking.

2. Novel. Peronella bid a young man her Friend and Lover, under a great Brewing Fat, upon the sudden returning home of her Husband, who told her, that he had sold the said Fat, and brought him that bought it to carry it away. Peronella replied, that she had formerly sold it unto another, who was underneath it, to see whether it were whole or sound, or no. Whereupon, he being come forth from under it; she caused her Husband to make it neat and clean, and so the last Buyer carried it away.

3. Novel. Frier Reynard, falling in love with a Gentlewoman, Wife to a man of good account; found a means to become her Gossip. Afterward, he being conferring closely with her in her Chamber, and her Husband coming suddenly thither: she made him believe, that he came thither for no other end, but to cure his God-son by a Charm, of a dangerous disease which he had by Worms.

4. Novel. Tosano in the night season, did Lock his Wife out of his House, and she not prevailing to get entrance again, by all the entreaties she could possibly use: made him believe that she had thrown her self into a Well, by casting a great stone into the Well. Tosano bearing the fall of the stone into the Well, and being persuaded that it was his Wife indeed, came forth of his House, and ran to the Wells-side. In the mean while, his Wife got into the House, made fast the doors against her Husband, and gave him many reproachful speeches.

5. Novel. A Jealous man, clothed with the Habit of a Priest, became the Confessor to his own Wife; who made him believe, that she was deeply in love with a Priest, which came every night, and lay with her. By means of which Confession, while her Jealous Husband watched the door of his House, to surprize the Priest when he came: she that never meant to do amiss, had the company of a secret Friend, who came over the top of the House to visit her, while her foolish Husband kept the door.

6. Novel. Madam Isabella, delighting in the company of her affected Friend, named Lionello, and she likewise beloved by Signior Lambertuccio: at the same time as she had entertained Lionello, she was also visited by Lambertuccio. Her Husband returning home in the very instant, she caused Lambertuccio to run forth with a drawn Sword in his Hand, and (by that means) made an excuse sufficient for Lionello to her Husband.

7. Novel. Lodovico discovered to his Mistress Madam Beatrix, how amorously he was affected to her. She cunningly sent Egano her Husband into his Garden, in all respects disguised like her self, while (friendly) Lodovico conferred with her in the mean while. Afterward Lodovico pretending a lascivious allurement of his Mistress, thereby to wrong his honest Master, in stead of her, beateh Egano soundly in the Garden.

8. Novel. Arriguccio Berlinghieri, became immeasurably jealous of his Wife Simonida, who fastened a thread about her great Toe, for to serve as a signal, when her amorous friend should come to visit her. Arriguccio findeth the fallacy, and while he pursueth the amorous friend, she causeth her Maid to lie in her Bed against his return, whom he beateh extremly, cutting away the Locks of her Hair (thinking he had done all this violence to his Wife Simonida:) and afterward fetcheth her Mother and her Brethren, to shame her before them, and so be rid of her. But they finding all his speeches to be false, and reputing him to be a jealous fool; all the blame and disgrace falleth upon himself.

9. Novel.



## The T A B L E.

9. Novel. Lydia a Lady of great beauty, birth and honour, being Wife to Nicostrotus, Governour of Argos, falling in love with a Gentleman named Pyrrhus; was requested by him (as a true testimony of her unfeigned affection) to perform three several actions of her self. She did accomplish them all; and embraced and kissed Pyrrhus in the presence of Nicostrotus; by persuading him, that whatsoever he saw, was meerly false.

10. Novel. Two Citizens of Sienna, the one named Tingoccio Mini, and the other Meutio di Tora, affected both one woman, called Monna Mita, to whom the one of them was a Gossip. The Gossip dyed, and appeared afterward to his Companion, according as he had formerly promised him to do, and told him what strange wonders he had seen in the other world.

### The Eighth Day Governed by Madam Lauretta.

#### The First N O V E L.

**G**ulferdo made a match or wager with the Wife of Gasparvolo, for the obtaining of her amorous favour, in regard of a sum of money first to be given her. The money he borrowed of her Husband, and gave it in payment to her, as in case of discharging him from her Husbands Debt. After his return home from Germany, he told him in the presence of his Wife, how he had paid the whole sum to her, with charge of delivering it to her Husband, which she confessed to be true, albeit greatly against her will.

2. Novel. A lusty youthful Priest of Varlungo, fell in love with a pretty woman, named Monna Belcolore. To compass his amorous desire, he left his Cloak (as a pledge of further payment) with her. By a subtil sleight afterward, he made means to borrow a Morter of her, which when he sent home again in the presence of her Husband; he demanded to have his Cloak sent him, as having left it in pawn for the Morter. To pacifie her Husband, offended that she did not lend the Priest the Morter without a pawn: she sent him back his Cloak again, albeit greatly against her will.

3. Novel. Calandrino, Bruno and Buffalmaco, being Painters by Profession, travelled to the Plain of Mugnone, to find the Pretious Stone called Heliotropium. Calandrino persuading himself to have found it, returned home to his House heavy laden with Stones. His Wife rebuking him for his absence, he groweth into anger, and shrewdly beats her. Afterward when the case is debated by his other friends Bruno and Buffalmaco, all is found to be meer folly.

4. Novel. The Provost belonging to the Cathedral Church of Fiesola, fell in love with a Gentlewoman, named Piccarda, who hated him as much as he loved her. He imagining that he lay with her: by the Gentlewomans Brethren, and Bishop under whom he served, was taken in Bed with her Maid, an ugly foul deformed Slut.

5. Novel. Three pleasant Companions, plaid a merry prank with a Judge (belonging to the Marquess of Anna) at Florence, at such time as he sat on the Bench and Criminal Causes.

6. Novel. Bruno and Buffalmaco stole a young Brawn from Calandrino, and for his recovery thereof, they used a kind of pretended Conjuratiō, with Pills made of Ginger and strong Malmsey. But in stead of this application, they gave them two Pills of a Dogs Dates or Donsets, consected in Aloes, by means whereof they made him believe, that he had robbed himself. And for fear they should report this Theft to his Wife, they made him to buy another Brawn.

7. Novel. A young Gentleman being a Scholar, fell in love with a Lady named Helena: she being a woman, and addicted in Affection to another Gentle-



## The T A B L E.

man, one whole night in cold Winter, she caused the Scholar to expect her coming, in an extreme Frost and Snow. In revenge whereof, by his imagined Art and Skill, he made her stand naked on the top of a Tower, the space of a whole day, and in July, to be Sun burnt and bitten with Wasps and Flies.

8. Novel. Two near dwelling Neighbours, the one being named Spinellochio Tavea, and the other Zeppa di Mino, frequenting each others Company daily together; Spinellochio Cuckolded his Friend and Neighbour. Which happening to the knowledge of Zeppa, he prevailed so well with the Wife of Spinellochio, that he being locked up in a Chest, he revenged his wrong at that instant, so that neither of them complained of his misfortune.

9. Novel. Maestro Simone, an idle bearded Doctor of Physick, was thrown by Bruno and Buffalino into a common Leystal of filth: the Physician fondly believing that (in the night time) he should be made one of a new Created Company, who usually went to see wonders at Corfica, and there in the Leystal they left him.

10. Novel. A Courtizan, named Madam Biancafiore by her subtile policy deceived a young Merchant called Salaberto, of all his money he had taken for his Wares at Palermo. Afterward he making shew of coming thither again with far richer Merchandises than before, made the means to borrow a great sum of money, leaving her so base a Pawn, as well requited her for former Cozenage.

## The Ninth Day Governed by Madam Emilia.

### The First NOVEL.

**M**Adam Francesca, a Widow of Pistoia, being affected by two Florentine Gentlemen, the one named Rinuccio Palermi, and the other Alessandrio Chiaromonte, and she bearing no good will to either of them, ingenuously freed her self from both their importunate Suits. One of them she caused to lye as dead in a Grave, and the other to fetch him from thence. So neither of them accomplishing what they were enjoined, failed of their expectation.

2. Novel. Madam Usimbaldi, Lady Abbess of a Monastery of Nuns in Lombardy, arising hastily in the night time without a Candle, to take one of her Daughter Nuns in Bed with a young Gentleman, whereof she was enviously accused, by certain of her other Sisters: The Abbess her self (being at the same time in Bed with a Priest) imagining to have put on her Head a plaited Veil, put on the Priests Breeches. Which when the poor Nun perceived, by causing the Abbess to see her own error, she got her self to be absolved, and had the freer liberty afterward, to be more familiar with her Friend, than formerly she had been.

3. Novel. Master Simon the Physician, by the persuasions of Bruno, Buffalino, and a third Companion, named Nello, made Calandrino to believe, that he was conceived great with Child. And having Physick ministred to him for the disease, they got both good fat Capons and money of him, and so cured him, without any other manner of deliverance.

4. Novel. Francesco Fortarigo, played away all that he had at Buonevento, and likewise the money of Francesco Amolliero, being his Master: then running after him in his shirt and avouching that he had robbed him, he caused him to be taken by Pezants of the Country, clothed himself in his Masters wearing garments, and (mounted on his Horse) rode thence to Sienna, leaving Amolliero in his shirt, and walked bare-footed.

5. Novel.



## The TABLE.

5. Novel. Calandrino became extraordinarily enamoured of a young Damsel, named Nicoletta. Bruno prepared a Charm or Writing for him, avouching constantly that as soon as he touched the Damsel therewith, she should follow him whithersoever he would have her. She being gone to an appointed place with him he was found there by his Wife, and dealt withal according to his deserving.

6. Novel. Two young Gentlemen, the one named Panuccio, and the other Adriano, lodged one night in a poor Inn, whereof one of them went to Bed with the Hosts Daughter, and the other (by mistaking his way in the dark) to the Hosts Wife. He which lay with the Daughter, hapned afterward to the Hosts Bed, and told him what he had done, as thinking he spake to his own Companion. Discontentment growing between them, the Mother perceiving her error, went to Bed to her Daughter, and with discreet Language, made a general pacification.

7. Novel. Talano de Molese dreamed, That a Wolf rent and tore his Wives Face and Throat. Which dream he told to her, with advise to keep her self out of danger; which she refusing to do, received what followed.

8. Novel. Blondello (in a merry manner) caused Guiotto to beguile himself of a good Dinner: for which deceit, Guiotto became cunningly revenged, by procuring Blondello to be unreasonably beaten and misused.

9. Novel. Two young Gentlemen, the one named Melisso, born in the City of Laiazzo: and the other Giosefo of Antioche, travelled together unto Salomon, the famous King of Great Britain. The one desiring to learn what he should do, whereby to compass and win the love of men. The other craved to be instructed by what means he might reclaim an headstrong and unruly Wife. And what answers the wise King gave unto them both, before they departed away from him.

10. Novel. John de Barolo, at the instance and request of his Gossip Pietro da Trefanti, made an Enchantment, to have his Wife become a Mule. And when it came to the fastning on of the Tail, Gossip Pietro by saying she should have no Tail at all, spoyled the whole Enchantment.

## The Tenth Day Governed by Pamphilus.

### The First NOVEL.

**A** Florentine Knight, named Signior Ruggiero de Figiovanni, became a servant to Alphonso, King of Spain who (in his own opinion) seemed but slightly to respect and reward him. In regard whereof, by a notable Experiment, the King gave him a manifest testimony, that it was not through any defect in him, but only occasioned by the Knights ill fortune, most bountifully recompensed him afterwards.

2. Novel. Ghinotto di Tacco, took the Lord Abbot of Clugni as his Prisoner, and cured him of a grievous Disease, which he had in his Stomach, and afterward set him at liberty. The same Lord Abbot, when he returned from the Court of Rome, reconciled Ghinotto to Pope Boniface; who made him a Knight, and a Lord Prior of a goodly Hospital.

3. Novel. Mithridanes envying the Life and Liberality of Nathan, and travelling thither, with a settled resolution to kill him: chanceth to confer with Nathan unknown. And being instructed by him in what manner he might best perform the bloody deed, according as he gave direction, he meeteth him in a small Thicket or Wood, where knowing him to be the same man, that taught him how to take



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take away his Life: Confounded with shame, he acknowledgeth his horrible intention, and becometh his loyal friend.

4. Novel. Signior Gentile de Curiscendi, being come from Modena, took a Gentlewoman, named Madam Catharina, forth of a grave, wherein she was buried for dead: which all he did, in regard of his former honest Affection to the said Gentlewoman. Madam Catharina remaining there afterward, and delivered of a goodly Son: was (by Signior Gentile) delivered to her own Husband, named Signior Nicolluccio Caccianimico, and the young infant with her.

5. Novel. Madam Dianora, the wife of Signior Gilberto, being immodestly affected by Signior Ansaldo, to free her self from his tedious importunity, she appointed him to perform (in her judgment) an act of impossibility; namely to give her a Garden, as plentifully stored with fragrant Flowers in January, as in the flourishing month of May. Ansaldo, by means of a Bond which he made to a Magician, performed her request. Signior Gilberto, the Ladies Husband, gave consent, that his Wife should fulfil her promise made to Ansaldo. Who hearing the bountiful mind of her Husband, released her of her promise: And the Magician likewise discharged Signior Ansaldo, without taking ought of him.

6. Novel. Victorious King Charles, surnamed the Aged, and first of that Name; fell in love with a young Maiden, named Genevera, Daughter to an Ancient Knight called Signior Neri degli Uberti. And waxing ashamed of his amorous folly, caused both Genevera, and her fair Sister Ilotta, to be joyned in Marriage with two Noble Gentlemen; the one named Signior Maffioda Palizzi, and the other, Signior Gulielmo della Magna.

7. Novel. Lisana, the Daughter of a Florentine Apothecary, named Bernardino Puccino, being at Palermo, and seeing Pietro, King of Aragon run at the Tilt; became so affectionately enamoured of him, that she languished in an extreame and long sickness. By her own devise and means of a Song, sung in the hearing of the King, he vouchsafed to visit her, and giving her a Kiss, terming himself also to be her Knight for ever after, he honourably bestowed her in Marriage on a young Gentleman, who was called Perdicano, and gave him liberal endowment with her.

8. Novel. Sopronia, thinking her self to be the Married Wife of Gisippus, was (indeed) the Wife of Titus Quintus Fulvius, and departed thence with him to Rome. Within a while after, Gisippus also came thither in very poor condition, and thinking that he was despised by Titus, grew weary of his life, and confessed that he had murdered a man, with full intent to die for the fact. But Titus taking knowledge of him, and desiring to save the life of Gisippus, charged himself to have done the bloody deed. Which the murderer himself (standing then among the multitude) seeing, truly confessed the deed. By means whereof, all three were delivered by the Emperor Octavius: and Titus gave his Sister in Marriage to Gisippus, giving them also the most part of his Goods and Inheritances.

9. Novel. Saladine, the Great Soldan of Babylon, in the habit of a Merchant, was honourably received and welcomed, into the house of Signior Thorello Utria. Who travelling to the Holy Land, prefixed a certain time to his Wife, for his return back to her again; wherein, if he failed, it was lawful for her to take another Husband. By clouding himself in the disguise of a Faulkner, the Soldan took notice of him and did him many great honours. Afterward, Thorello falling sick, by Magicall Arts he was conveyed in one night to Pavia, when his wife was to be married on the morrow: where making himself known to her, all was disappointed, and she went home with him to his own house.

10. Novel.



## The TABLE.

10. Novel. *The Marquess of Saluzzo, named Gualtiero, being constrained by the importunate soliciting of his Lords, and other inferior people, to joyn himself in Marriage; took a woman according to his own liking, called Grizelda, she being Daughter to a poor Countryman, named Janiculo, by whom he had two children, which he pretended to be secretly murdered. Afterward, they being grown to years of more Stature, and making shew of taking in Marriage another Wife, more worthy of his Degree and Calling: made a seeming publick liking of his own Daughter, expulſing his Wife Grizelda poorly from him. But finding her incomparable patience; more dearly (than before) he received her into favour again, brought her home to his own Palace, where (with her children) he caused her and them to be reſpectively honoured, in deſpight of all her adverſe enemies.*

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The End of the Table.

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THE



THE A. B. C.

There is no person named "John" who has been  
found guilty of any crime.

The End of the Table.

THE



THE  
D E C A M E R O N,  
CONTAINING  
An Hundred Pleasant N O V E L S.

*Wherein, After the demonstration made by the Author, upon what occasion it happened, that the persons (of whom we shall speak hereafter) should thus meet together to make so quaint a narration of Novels: He declares unto you, that they first begin to devise and confer under the government of Madam Pampinea, and of such matters as may be most pleasing to them all.*

The Induction of the Author, to the  
following Discourses.



Racious Ladies, so often as I consider with my self, and observe respectively, how naturally you are enclined to compassion; as many times do I acknowledg, that this present work of mine, will (in your judgment) appear to have but a harsh and offensive beginning, in regard of the mournful remembrance it beareth at the very entrance of the last Pestilential mortality, universally hurtful to all that beheld it or otherwise came to knowledge of it. But for all that, I desire it may not be so dreadful to you, to hinder your further proceeding in reading, as if none were to look thereon, but with sighs and tears. For, I could rather wish, that so fearful a beginning, should seem but as an high and steepy hill appears to them, that attempt to travel far on foot, and ascending the same with some difficulty, come afterward to walk upon a goodly even plain, which causeth the more contentment in them, because the attaining thereto was hard and painful. For even as pleasures are cut off by grief and anguish; so sorrows cease by joys most sweet and happy arriving.

After this brief molestation; brief I say, because it is contained within small compass of writing, immediately followed the most sweet and pleasant taste of pleasure, whereof (before) I made promise to you. Which (peradventure) could not be expected by such a beginning, if promise stood not thereunto engaged. And indeed, if I could well have conveyed you to the center of my desire, by any other way, than so rude and rocky a passage as this is, I would gladly have done it. But because without this Narration, we could not demonstrate the occasion how and wherefore the matters happened, which you shall read in the ensuing Discourses: I must set them down (even as constrained thereto by meer necessity) in writing after this manner.

The year of our blessed Saviours Incarnation, 1348. that memorable mortality happened in the excellent City, far beyond all the rest in *Italy*; which plague, by operation of the superiour bodies, or rather for our enormous iniquities, by the just anger of God was sent upon us mortals. Some few years before, it took beginning in the Eastern parts, sweeping thence an innumerable quantity of living souls: extending it self afterward from place to place Westward, until it seized on the said City. Where neither humane skill or providence, could use any prevention, notwithstanding it was cleansed of many annoyances by diligent Officers thereto deputed: besides prohibition of all the sickly persons entrance, and all possible provision daily used for conservation of such as were in health, with incessant Prayers and supplications of devout people, for the asswaging of so dangerous a sickness.

About the beginning of the year, it also began in very strange manner, as appeared by divers admirable effects; yet not as it had done in the East Countries, where Lord or Lady being touched therewith, manifest signs of inevitable death followed thereon, by Bleeding at the nose. But here it began with young children, male and female,



either under the armpits, or in the groin by certain swellings, in some to the bigness of an Apple, in others like an Egg, and so in divers greater or lesser, which (in their vulgar Language) they termed to be a Botch or Boyle. In very short time after, these two infected parts were grown mortiferous, and would disperse abroad indifferently, to all parts of the body; whereupon, such was the quality of the disease, to shew it self by black or blew spots, which would appear on the arms of many, others on their thighs, and every part else of the body: in some great and few, in others small and thick.

Now, as the Boyle (at the beginning) was an assured sign of near approaching death; so proved the spots likewise to such as had them: for the curing of which sickness it seemed, that the Physicians counsell, the vertue of Medicines, or any application else, could not yield any remedy: but rather it plainly appeared, that either the nature of the disease would not endure it, or ignorance in the Physicians could not comprehend from whence the cause proceeded, and so by consequence, no resolution was to be determined. Moreover, beside the number of such as were skillful in Art, many more both women and men, without ever having any knowledg in Physick, became Physicians: so that not only few were healed, but (well-near) all died, within three days after the said signs were seen: some sooner, and others later, commonly without either Fever or any other accident.

And this pestilence was yet of far greater power or violence; for, not only healthful persons speaking to the sick, coming to see them, or airing cloaths in kindness to comfort them, was an occasion of ensuing death: but touching their garments, or any food whereon the sick person fed, or any thing else used in his service, seemed to transfer the disease from the sick to the sound, in very rare and miraculous manner. Among which matter of marvel, let me tell you one thing, which if the eyes of many (as well as mine own) had not seen, hardly could I be perswaded to write it, much less to believe it, albeit a man of good credit should report it. I say, that the quality of this contagious pestilence was not only of such efficacy, in taking and catching to one of another, either men or women: but it extended further, even in the apparent view of many, that the cloaths, or any thing else wherein one died of that disease, being touch'd, or lain on by any beast, far from the kind or quality of man, they did not only contaminate and infect the said beast, were it Dog, Cat, or any other; but also it died very soon after.

Mine own eyes (as formerly I have said) among divers other, one day had evident experience hereof: for some poor ragged cloaths of linnen and woollen, torn from a wretched body dead of that disease, and hurled in the open street; two swine going by, and (according to their natural inclination) seeking for food on every dunghill, tossed and tumbled the cloaths with their snouts, rubbing their heads likewise upon them; and immediately, each turning twice or thrice about, they both fell down dead on the said cloaths, as being fully infected with the contagion of them: which accident and other the like, if not far greater, begat divers fears and imaginations in them that beheld them, all tending to a most inhumane and uncharitable end; namely, to fly thence from the sick, and touching any thing of theirs, by which means they thought their health should be safely warranted.

Some there were, who considered with themselves, that living soberly, with abstinence from all superfluity; it would be a sufficient resistance against all hurtful accidents. So combining themselves in a sociable manner, they lived as separatists from all other company, being shut up in such houses, where no sick body should be near them. And there for their more security they used delicate viands and excellent wines, avoiding luxury, &c. refusing speech to one another, not looking forth at the windows, to hear any crys of dying people, or see any corpses carried to burial; but having Musical Instruments, lived there in all possible pleasure. Others, were of a contrary opinion, who avouched, that there was no other Physick more certain, for a disease so desperate, than to drink hard, be merry among themselves, singing continually, walking every where, and satisfying their appetites with whatsoever they desired, laughing and mocking at every mournful accident, and so they vowed to spend day and night: for now they would go to one Tavern, then to another, living without any rule or measure; which they might very easily do, because every one of them, (as if he were to live no longer in this World) had even forsaken all things that he had. By means whereof, the most part of the houses were become common, and all strangers might do the like (if they pleased to adventure it) even as boldly as the Lord or owner, without any let or contradiction.

Yet in all this their beastly behaviour, they were wise enough, to shun (so much as they



they might) the weak and sickly : In misery and affliction of our City, the venerable authority of the Laws, as well Divine as Human, was even destroyed, as it were, through want of the lawful Ministers of them. For they being all dead, or lying sick with the rest, or else lived so solitary, in such great necessity of servants and attendants, as they could not execute any office, whereby it was lawful for every one to do as he listed.

Between these two rehearsed extremities of life, there were other of more moderate temper, not being so daintily dyeted as the first, nor drinking so dissolutely as the second; but used all things sufficient for their appetites, and without shutting up themselves, walked abroad, some carrying sweet Nose-gays of flowers in their hands; others odoriferous herbs, and other divers kinds of Spiceries, holding them to their Noses, and thinking them most comfortable for the Brain, because the Air seemed to be much infected by the noysom smell of dead carcases and other hurtful Savours. Some other there were also of more inhuman mind (howbeit peradventure it might be the surest) saying, that there was no better Physick against the Pestilence, nor yet so good, as to fly away from it : which argument mainly moving them, and caring for no body but themselves, very many both men and women, forsook the City, their own House, their Parents, Kindred, Friends, and Goods, flying to other mens dwellings else-where. As if the wrath of God in punishing the sins of men with this Plague, would fall heavily upon none, but such as were enclosed within the City walls; or else perswading themselves, that not any should there be left alive, but that the finall ending of all things was come.

Now albeit these persons in their diversity of opinions died not all, so undoubtedly they did not all escape; but many among them becoming sick, and making a general example of their flight and folly, among them that could not stir out of their beds, they languished more perplexedly than the other did. Let us omit, that one Citizen fled after another, and one neighbour had not any care of another, Parents nor kindred never visiting them, but utterly they were forsaken on all sides: this tribulation pierced into the hearts of men, and with such a dreadful terrour, that one brother forsook another, the Uncle the Nephew, the Sister the Brother, and the Wife her Husband: nay, a matter much greater, and almost incredible; Fathers and mothers fled away from their own Children, even as if they had no way appertained to them. In regard whereof, it could be no otherwise, but that a countless multitude of men and women fell sick, finding no Charity among their friends, except a very few, and subject to the avarice of servants, who attended them constrainedly, (for great and unreasonable wages) yet few of those attendants to be found any where else. And they were men or women but of base condition, as also of grosser understanding, who never before had served in any such necessities, nor indeed were any way else to be employed, but to give the sick person such things as he called for, or to await the hour of his death; in the performance of which service, oftentimes for gain, they lost their own lives.

In this extream calamity, the sick being thus forsaken of Neighbours, Kindred and Friends, standing also in such need of servants; a custom came up among them, never heard before, that there was not any woman, how Noble, Young, or Fair so ever she was, but falling sick she must of necessity have a man to attend her were he young or otherwise, respect of shame or modesty no way prevailing, but all parts of her body must be discovered to him, which (in the like urgency) was not to be seen by any but women: whereon ensued afterward, that upon the parties healing and recovery, it was occasion of further dishonesty; which many being more modestly curious of, refused such disgraceful attending, chusing rather to dye, than by such help to be healed. In regard whereof, as well through the want of convenient remedies, (which the sick by no means could attain unto) as also the violence of the contagion, the multitude of them that died night and day, was so great, that it was a dreadful sight to behold; and as much to hear spoken of. So that meer necessity (among them that remained living) begat new behaviours, quite contrary to all which had been in former times, and frequently used among the City inhabitants.

The custom of the present days (as now again it is) was, that Women, Kindred, Neighbours and Friends, would meet together at the deceased parties house, and there, with them that were of nearest alliance, expresse their hearts sorrow for their friends loss. If not thus, they would assemble before the door, with many of the Citizens and Kindred, and (according to the quality of the deceased) the Clergy met there likewise, and the dead body was carried (in comely manner) on mens shoulders with funeral Pomp of Torch-light, and Singing to the Church appointed by the deceased. But these



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 seemly orders, after the fury of the Pestilence began to encrease, they in like manner altogether ceased, and other new customs came in their place: because not only people died, without having any women about them, but infinites also pass'd out of this life, not having any witnesses, how, when, or in what manner they departed. So that few or none there were, to deliver outward shew of sorrow and grieving: but instead thereof, divers declared idle joy and rejoycing, & use soon learned of immodest women, having put off all feminine compassion, yea, or regard of their own welfare.

Very few also would accompany the body to the grave, and they not any of the neighbours, although it had been an honourable Citizen, but only the meanest kind of people, such as were Grave makers, Coffin-beaters, or the like, that did these services only for money, and the Biers being mounted on their shoulders, in all haste they would run away with it, not perhaps to the Church appointed by the dead, but to the nearest at hand, having four or six poor Priests following, with lights or no lights, and those of the silliest; short service being said at the burial and the body unreverently thrown in the first open grave they found. Such was the pitiful mercy of poor people, and divers who were of better condition, as it was most lamentable to behold, because the greater number of them, under hope of healing, or compelled by poverty, kept still within their house weak and faint, thousands falling sick daily, and having no help, or being succoured any way with food or physick, all of them died, few or none escaping.

Great store there were, that died in the streets, by day or night, and many more besides, although they died in their houses: yet first they made it known to their neighbours, that their lives perished, rather by the noysom smell of the dead, and putrified bodies, than by any violence of the disease in themselves. So that of these and the rest, dying in this manner every where, the neighbours observed one course of behaviour, (moved thereto no less by fear, that the smell and corruption of dead bodies should harm them, than charitable respect of the dead) that themselves when they could, or being assisted by some bearers of coarces, when they were able to procure them, would hale the bodies (already dead) out of their houses, laying them before their doors, where such as passed by, especially in the mornings, might see them lying in no mean numbers. Afterward, Biers were brought thither, and such as might not have the help of Biers, were glad to lay them on Tables: and Biers have been observed not only to be charged with two or three dead bodies at once, but many times it was seen also, that the Wife with the Husband, two or three Brethren together; yea, the Father and Mother, have thus been carried along to the grave upon one Bier.

Moreover, oftentimes it hath been seen, that when two Priests went with one Cross to fetch the body, there would follow (behind) three or four bearers with their Biers, and when the Priest intended the burial but of one body, six or eight more have made up the advantage, and yet none of them being attended by any seemly company, lights, tears, or the very least decency: but it plainly appeared, that the very like account was then made of men or women, as if they had been dogs or swine. Wherein might manifestly be noted, that that which the natural course of things could not shew to the wise, with rare and little loss, to wit, the patient support of miseries and misfortunes, even in their greatest height, not only the wise might now learn, but also the very simplest people; and in such sort, that they should always be prepared against all infelicities whatsoever.

Hallowed ground could not now suffice, for the great multitude of dead bodies, which were daily brought to every Church in the City, and every hour in the day; neither could the bodies have proper places of burial, according to our ancient custom: wherefore, after that the Churches and Church yards were filled, they were constrained to make use of great deep ditches, wherein they were buried by hundreds at once; ranking dead bodies along in graves, as Merchandizes, are laid along in ships, covering each after other, with a small quantity of Earth, and so they filled at last up the whole ditch to the brim.

Now, because I would wander no further in every particularity, concerning the miseries happening in our City: I tell you, that extremities running on in such manner as you have heard; little less spare was made in the Villages round about; wherein (setting aside enclosed Castles, which were now filled like to small Cities) poor labourers and husband-men, with their whole Families, died most miserably



ferably in out-houses, yea and in the open fields also; without any assistance of Physick, or help of servants; and likewise in the high-ways, or their ploughed lands, by day or night indifferently, yet not as men, but like brute beasts.

By means whereof, they became lazy and slothful in their daily endeavours, even like to our Citizens; not minding nor meddling with their wonted affairs, but, as a waiting for death every hour, employed all their pains, not in caring any way for themselves, their Cattle, or gathering the Fruits of the Earth, or any of their accustomed labours, but rather wasted and consumed, even such as were for their instant sustenance. Whereupon, it fell so out, that their Oxen, Asses, Sheep, and Goats, their Swine, Pullen, yea their very Dogs, the truest and faithfullest servants to men, being beaten and banished from their houses, went wildly wandring abroad in the fields, where the Corn grew still on the ground without gathering, or being so much as reap'd or cut. Many of the foresaid beasts (as endued with reason) after they had pastured themselves in the day time, would return full fed at night home to their houses, without any government of Heardsmen, or any other.

How many fair Palaces! How many goodly Houses! How many Noble habitations, filled before with Families of Lords and Ladies, were then to be seen empty without any one there dwelling, except some lilly servant? How many Kindreds, worthy of memory! How many great inheritances! And what plenty of riches, were left without any true successours? How many good men? How many worthy Women? How many Valiant and comely young men, whom none but *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, and *Æsculapius* (if they were living) could have reputed any way unhealthful, were seen to dine at morning with their Patents, Friends, and familiar confederates, and went to sup in another world with their Predecessors?

It is no mean breach to my brain, to make repetition of so many miseries; wherefore, being willing to part with them as easily as I may: I say that our City being in this case, void of inhabitant, it came to pass (as afterward I understood by some of good credit) that in the venerable Church of *S. Mary la Nensue*, on a Tuesday morning, there being then no other person, after the hearing of Divine service, in morning habits (as the season required) returned thence seven discreet young Gentlewomen, all allied together, either by friendship, neighbourhood, or parentage: She among them that was most entred into years, exceeded not 28. and the youngest was no less than 18. being of Noble descent, fair form, adorned with exquisite behaviour and gracious modesty.

Their names I could report, if just occasion did not forbid it, in regard of the occasions following by them related, and because times hereafter shall not tax them with reproof; the Laws of pleasure being more straited now a days (for the matters before revealed) than at that time they were; not only to their years but to many much riper. Neither will I likewise minister matter to rash heads (over-ready in censuring commendable life) any way to impair the honesty of Ladies, by their idle detracting speeches. And therefore, to the end that what each of them saith, may be comprehended without confusion; I purpose to stile them by names: wholly agreeing or (in part) conformable to their qualities. The first, and most aged, we will name *Pampinea*; the second, *Fiametta*; the third *Philomena*; the fourth, *Emilia*; the fifth, *Lauretta*; the sixth, *Neiphila*, and the last we Term (not without occasion) *Elissa* or *Eliza*. All of them being assembled at a corner of the Church, not by any deliberation formerly appointed, but merely by accident, and sitting as it were in a round ring: after divers sighs severally delivered, they conferred on sundry matters answerable to the sad quality of the time, and within a while after, Madam *Pampinea* began in this manner:

Fair Ladies, you may (no doubt as well as I) have heard, that no injury is offered to any one, by such as make use but of their own right. It is a thing natural for every one which is born in this World, to aid, conserve, and defend her life so long as she can; and this right hath been so powerfully permitted, that although it hath sometimes happened, that (to defend themselves) men have been slain without any offence: yet Laws have allowed it to be so, in whose solicitude lieth the best living of all mortals. How much more honest and just is it then for us, and for every other well-disposed person, to seek for (without wronging any) and to practise all remedies that we can, for the conservation of our lives?

When



When I well consider, what we have here done this morning, and many other already past (remembering, withall, what likewise is proper and convenient for us: I conceive (as all you may do the like) that every one of us hath a due respect of her self, and then I marvel not, but rather am much amazed (knowing none of us to be deprived of a Womans best judgment (that we seek not after some remedies for our selves, against that, which every one among us, ought (in reason) to fear.

Here we meet and remain (as it seemeth to me) in no other manner, than as if we would or should be witnesses, to all the dead bodies at rest in their graves; or else to listen, when the Religious Sisters here dwelling (whose number now are well-near come to be none at all (sing Service at such hours as they ought to do; or else to acquaint all comers hither (by our mourning habits) with the quality and quantity of our hearts miseries. And when we part hence, we meet with none but dead bodies, or sick persons, transported from one place to another; or else we see running thorow the City (in most offensive fury) such as by authority of publick Laws were banished hence, only for their bad and brutish behaviour in contempt of those Laws, because now they know, that the executors of them are dead and sick. And if not these, more lamentable spectacles present themselves to us, by the base rascality of the City: who being fatted with our blood, term themselves Grave-makers, and in meer contemptible mockeries of us, are mounted on Horse-Back, galloping every where, reproaching us with our losses and misfortunes, with lewd and dishonest songs: so that we can hear nothing else but such and such are dead, and such and such lie a dying; here hands wringing, and every where most pittifull complaining.

If we return home to our houses (I know not whether your case be answerable to mine) when I can find none of all my Family, but only my poor waiting Chamber-Maid; so great are my fears, that the very hair of my head declareth my amazement, and wheresoever I go or sit down, methinks I see the Ghosts and shadows of deceased friends, not with such lovely looks, as I was wont to behold them, but with most horrid and dreadful regards, newly stoln upon them I know not how; in these respects, both here, else-where, and at home in my house, me thinks I am always ill, and much more (in mine own opinion) than any other body, not having means or place of retirement, as all we have, and none to remain here but only we.

Moreover, I have often heard it said, that in tarrying or departing, no distinction is made in things honest or dishonest; only appetite will be served, and be they alone or in company by day or night, they do whatsoever their appetite desireth: not secular persons only, but such as are recluses, and shut up within Monasteries, breaking the Laws of obedience, and being addicted to pleasures of the flesh are become lascivious and dissolute, making the World believe, that whatsoever is convenient for other women, is no way unbecoming them, as thinking in that manner to escape.

If it be so, as manifestly it maketh shew of it self; What do we here? What stay we for? And whereon do we dream? Why are we more respectless of our health, than all the rest of the Citizens? Repute we our selves less precious than all the other? Or do we believe, that life is linked to our bodies with stronger chains than to others, and that therefore we should not fear any thing that hath power to offend us? We err therein, and are deceived. What brutishness were it in us, if we should urge any such belief? So often as we call to mind, what and how many gallant young men and women, have been devoured by this cruel pestilence; we may evidently observe a contrary argument.

Wherefore, to the end, that by being over scrupulous and careless, we fall not into such danger, whence when we would (perhaps) we cannot recover our selves by any means: I think it meet (if your judgment therein shall jump with mine) that all of us as we are (at least, if we will do as divers before us have done, and yet daily endeavour to do) shunning death by the honest example of others, make our retreat to our country houses, wherewith all of us are sufficiently furnished, and thereto delight our selves as best we may, yet without transgressing (in any act) the limits of reason. There shall we hear the pretty birds sweetly singing, see the hills and plains verdently flowering, the Corn waving in the field, like the billows of the Sea, infinite store of goodly trees, and the Heavens more fairly open to us, than here we can behold them. And although they are justly displeased, yet will they not there deny us better beauties to gaze on, than the walls in our City (emptied of inhabitants) can afford us.

Moreover, the Air is much fresh and clear, and generally, there is far greater abundance of all things whatsoever, needful at this time for preservation of our health, and less offence or molestation than we find here.

And



And although Country people die, as well as here our Citizens do, the grief notwithstanding is so much the less, as the hopes and dwellers there are rare, in comparison of them in our City. And beside, if we will observe it, here we forsake no particular person, but rather we may term our selves forsaken: in regard that our Husbands, Kindred, and Friends, either dying, or flying from the dead, have left us alone in this great affliction, even as if we were no way belonging unto them. And therefore, by following this counsel, we cannot fall into any reprehension; whereas if we neglect and refuse it, danger, distreis, and death (perhaps) may ensue thereon.

Wherefore, if you think good, I would allow it for well done, to take our waiting women, with all such things as are needful for us, and (as this day) betake our selves to one place, to morrow to another, taking there such pleasure and recreation, as so sweet a season liberally bestowed on us. In which manner we may remain, till we see (if death otherwise prevent us not) what end the gracious heavens have reserved for us. I would have you also to consider, that it is no less seemly for us to part hence honestly, than a great number of other women to remain here immodestly.

The other Ladies and Gentlewomen, having heard Madam Pampinea, not onely commended her counsel; but desiring also to put it in execution, had already particularly consulted with themselves, by what means they might instantly depart from thence. Nevertheless, Madam Philomena, who was very wise, spake thus.

Albeit fair Ladies, the case propounded by Madam Pampinea, hath been very well delivered, yet (for all that) it is against reason for us to rush on, as we are over-ready to do. Remember that we are all Women, and no one among us so childish, but may consider, that when we shall be so assembled together, without providence or conduct of some man, we can hardly govern our selves. We are frail, offensive, suspicious, weak-spirited & fearful in regard of which imperfections, I greatly doubt (if we have no better direction than our own) this society will sooner dissolve it self, and (perchance) with less honour to us, than if we never had begun it. And therefore it shall be expedient for us, to provide before we proceed any further. Madam Eliza hereon thus replied.

Most true it is, that men are the chief or head of women, and without their order, seldom times do any matters of ours sort to recommendable end. But what means shall we make for men? We all know well enough, that the most part of our friends are dead, and such as are living, some be dispersed here, others there, into divers places and companies, where we have no knowledg of their being, and to accept of strangers, would seem very inconvenient: wherefore as we have such care of our health, so should we be as respective withal, in ordering our intention, that wheresoever we aim at our pleasure and contentment, reproof and scandal may by no means pursue us.

While this discourse thus held among the Ladies, three young Gentlemen came forth of the Church (yet not so young, but the youngest had attained to five and twenty years: ) in whom neither malice of the time, loss of friends, or kindred, nor any fearful conceit in themselves, had the power to quench affection, but (perhaps) might a little cool it in regard of the queazy season. One of them called himself Pamphilus, the second Philostratus, and the last Dionius. Each of them was very affable and well conditioned, and walked abroad (for their greater comfort in such a time of tribulation) to try if they could meet with their fair friends, who (happily) might all three be among these seven, and the rest kin unto them in one degree or other. No sooner were these Ladies espied by them, but they met with them also in the same advantage, whereupon Madam Pampinea (amiablely smiling) said:

See how graciously Fortune is favourable to our beginning, by presenting our eyes with three so wise and worthy young Gentlemen, who will gladly be our guides and servants, if we do not disdain them the office. Madam Neiphila began immediately to blush, because one of them had a Love in the company, and said, Good Madam Pampinea, take heed what you say, (because of mine own knowledg) nothing can be spoken but good of them all, and I think them all to be absolutely sufficient to a far greater employment than is here intended: as being well worthy to keep company, not only with us, but them of more fair and precious esteem than we are. But because it appeareth plainly enough, that they bear affection to some here amongst us, I fear, if we should make the motion, that some dishonour or reproof may ensue thereby, and yet without blame either in us or them. That is nothing at all, answered Madam Philomena, let me live honestly, and my Conscience not check me with any crime; speak then who can to the contrary; God and truth shall enter aims for me. I wish that they were as willing to come, as all we are to bid them welcome: for truly (as Madam Pampinea said) we may very well hope, that fortune will be furtherous to our purposed journey.

The



The other Ladies hearing them speak in such manner, not only were silent to themselves, but all with one accord and consent said, That it were well done to call them, and to acquaint them with their intention entreating their company in so pleasant a Voyage. Whereupon, without any more words, *Madam Pampinea* mounting on her feet (because one of the three was her Kinsman) went towards them, as they stood respectively blerving them, and (with a pleasing Countenance) giving them a gracious salutation, declared to them their deliberation, desiring (in behalf of all the rest) that with a brotherly, and modest mind, they would vouchsafe to bear them company.

The Gentlemen imagined at the first apprehension, that this was spoken in Mockage; but when they better perceived that her words tended to solemn earnest, they made answer, That they were all heartily ready to do them any service. And without any further delaying, before they departed thence, took order for their aptest furnishing with all convenient Necessaries, and sent word to the place of their first appointment. On the morrow, being Wednesday, about break of day, the Ladies, with certain of their attending Gentlewomen, and the three Gentlemen, having three servants to wait on them, left the City to begin their Journey, and having Travelled about a Leagues distance, arrived at the place of their first purpose of stay, which was seated on a little Hill, distant (on all sides) from any High-way, plentifully stored with fair spreading Trees, affording no mean delight to the Eye. On the top of all, stood a stately Palace, having a large and spacious Court in the midst, round engirt with Galleries, Halls, and Chambers, every one separate alone by themselves, and beautified with Pictures of admirable Cunning. Nor was there any want of Gardens, Meadows, and other most pleasant Walks, with Wells and Springs, of fair running Waters, all encompassed with Branching Vines, fitter for curious and quaffing Bibbers, than Women sober, and singularly modest.

This Palace, the company found fully fitted and prepared, the Beds in the Chambers made and daintily ordered, thickly strewed with variety of Flowers, which could not but give them the greater contentment. *Dionew*, who (above the other) was a pleasant young Gallant, and full of infinite witty Conceits, said; Your wit (fair Ladies) hath better guided us hither, than our providence: I know not how you have determined to dispose of your Ears; as for mine own, I left them at the City Gate, when I came thence with you: and therefore let your resolution be, to spend the time here in Smiles and Singing, (I mean, as may fittest agree with your Dignity) or else give me leave to go seek my Sorrows again, and so to remain discontented in our desolate City. *Madam Pampinea* having in like manner shaken off her Sorrows, delivering a modest and bashful Smile, replied in this manner:

*Dionew*, well have you spoken, it is fit to live merrily, and no other occasion made us forsake the sick and sad City. But, because such things as are without mean or measure, are subject to no long continuance: I, who began the motion, whereby this Society is thus assembled, and aim at the long lasting thereof, do hold it very convenient, that we should all agree, to have one chief Commander among us, in whom the care and providence should consist, for direction of our merriment, performing honour and obedience to the party, as to our Patron and sole Governour. And because every one may feel the burthen of solicitude, as also the pleasure of commanding, and consequently have a sensible taste of both, whereby no envy may arise on any side, I could wish, that each one of us (for a day onely) should feel both the burthen and honour, and the person so to be advanced, shall receive it from the election of us all. As for such as are to succeed, after him or her that hath had the days of dominion, the party thought fit for succession, must be named so soon as night approacheth. And being in this eminency (according as he or she shall please) he may order and dispose how long the time of his Rule shall last, as also of the place and manner, where best we may continue our delight.

These words were highly pleasing to them all, and by general voice, *Madam Pampinea* was chosen Queen for the first day. Whereupon *Madam Philomena* ran presently to a Bay-tree, because she had often heard what honour belonged to those branches, and how worthy of honour they were, that rightfully were Crowned with them: plucking off divers branches, she made of them an apparant and honourable Chaplet, placing it (by general consent) upon her head; and this so long as their company continued, manifested to all the rest, the signal of Dominion and Royal greatness.

After



After that Madam *Pampinea* was thus made Queen, she commanded publick silence, and causing the Gentlemens three servants, and the waiting women also (being four in number) to be brought before her, thus she began: Because I am to give the first example to you all, whereby proceeding on from good to better, our company may live in order and pleasure, acceptable to all, and without shame to any; I Create *Parmeno* (servant to *Dioneus*) Master of the Household, he taking the care and charge of all our Train, and for whatsoever appertaineth to our Hall service. I appoint also, that *Silisco* servant to *Pamphilus*, shall be our dispenser and Treasurer, performing that which *Parmeno* shall command him. Likewise that *Tindaro* serve a Grooms of the Chamber, to *Philostratus* his Master, and the other two, when his fellows impeached by their offices, cannot be present. *Misia* my Chamber-maid, and *Lisifca* belonging to *Philomena*, shall serve continually in the Kitchen, and diligently make ready such Viands, as shall be delivered them by *Parmeno*, *Chimera*, waiting-woman to *Lauretta*, and *Stratilia* appertaining to *Fiammetta*, shall have the charge and Government of the Ladies Chambers, and preparing all places where we shall be present. Moreover, we will and command every one of them (as they desire to deserve our grace) that wheresoever they go or come, or whatsoever they hear or see; they especially respect to bring us tydings of them. After she had summarily delivered them these orders, very much commended of every one, she arose fairly, saying: Here we have Gardens, Orchards, Meadows, and other places of sufficient pleasure, where every one may sport and recreate themselves: but so soon as the ninth hour striketh, then all to meet here again, to dine in the cool shade.

This jocund company having received licence from their Queen to disport themselves, the Gentlemen walked with the Ladies into a goodly Garden, making Chaplets and Nolegays of divers flowers, and singing silently to themselves. When they had spent the time limited by the Queen, they returned into the house, where they found that *Parmeno* had effectually executed his office; for, when they entred into the Hall, they saw the Tables covered with delicate white Napery, and the glasses looking like silver, they were so transparently clear, all the room beside strewed with Flowers of Juniper. When the Queen, and all the rest had washed, according as *Parmeno* gave order, so every one was seated at the Table; the Viands (delicately drest) were served in and excellent wines plentifully delivered, none attending but the three servants, and little or no loud Table-talk passing among them.

Dinner being ended, and the Table withdrawn (all the Ladies, and the Gentlemen likewise, being skilful both in singing and dancing, and playing on instruments artificially (the Queen commanded, that divers instruments should be brought, and as she gave charge) *Dioneus* took a Lute, and *Fiammetta* a *Viall de gamba*, and began to play an excellent dance. Whereupon, the Queen with the rest of the Ladies, and the other two young Gentlemen (having sent their attending Servants to dinner) paced forth a dance very majestically. And when the dance was ended sung sundry excellent Canzonets, outwearing so the time, until the Queen commanded them all to rest, because the hour did necessarily require it. The Gentlemen having their Chambers severed from the Ladies, curiously strewed with flowers, and their beds adorned in exquisite manner, as those of the Ladies were not a jot inferiour to them, the silence of the night bestowed sweet rest on them all. In the morning the Queen and all the rest being risen, accounting over-much sleep to be very hurtful, they walked abroad into a goodly Meadow, where the grass grew verdantly, and the beams of the Sun heated not over-violently, because the shades of fair spreading Trees, gave a temperate calmeness, cool and gentle winds fanning their sweet breath pleasingly among them. All of them being there set down in a round ring, and the Queen in the midst, as being in the place of this eminency, she spake in this manner.

You see (fair company) that the Sun is highly mounted, the heat (elsewhere) too extream for us, and therefore here is our fittest refuge, the Air being so cool, delicate, and acceptable, and our folly well worthy reprehension, if we should walk further, and speed worse. Here are Tables, Cards and Chesse, as your dispositions may be addicted. But if my advice might pass for currant, I would admit none of those exercises, because they are too troublesome both to them that play, and such as look on. I could rather wish, that some quaint discourse



might pass among us, a tale or fable related by some one, to urge the attention of all the rest. And so wearing out the warmth of the day, one pretty Novel will draw on another, until the Sun be lower declined; and the heats extremity more diminished, to solace our selves in some other place, as to our mindes shall seem convenient. If therefore what I have said be acceptable to you (I purposing to follow in the same course of pleasure) let it appear by your immediate answer; for, till the Evening I think we can devise no exercise more commodious for us.

The Ladies and Gentlemen allowed of the motion, to spend the time in telling pleasant Tales; whereupon the Queen said: Seeing you have approved my advice, I grant free permission for this day, that every one shall relate, what to him or her is best pleasing. And turning her self to *Pamphilus* (who was seated on her right hand) gave him favour, with one of his own Novells, to begin the recreation, which he not daring to deny, and perceiving general attention prepared for him, thus he began.

*Messer Chappelet du Prat, by making a false confession, beguiled an holy Religious man, and after died. And having (during his life time) been a very bad man, at his death, was reputed for a Saint, and called Saint Chappelet.*

### The First NOVEL.

*Wherein is contained, how hard a thing it is, to distinguish goodness from hypocrisie, and how (under the shadow of holiness) the wickedness of one man, may deceive many.*

**I**T is a matter most convenient (dear Ladies) that a man ought to begin whatsoever he doth, in the great and glorious name of him, who was the Creator of all things. Wherefore, seeing that I am the man appointed, to begin this your invention of discoursing Novelties: I intend to begin also with one of his wonderful works. To the end, that this being heard, our hope may remain on him, as the thing onely permanent and his name for ever to be praised by us. Now as there is nothing more certain, but that even as temporal things are mortal and transitory, so are they both in and out of themselves, full of sorrow, pain, anguish, and subject to infinite dangers; So in the same manner we live mingled among them, seeming as part of them, and cannot (without some error) continue or defend our selves, if God by his special grace and favour, give us not strength and good understanding, which power we may not believe, that either it descended to us, or liveth in us, by any merits of our own; but of his onely most gracious benignity. Moved nevertheless, and entreated by the intercessions of them, who were (as we are) mortals; and having diligently observed his commandments, are now with him in eternal blessedness. To whom (as to advocates and to procurators, informed by the experience of our frailty) we are not to present our prayers in the presence of so great a Judge; but onely to himself, for the obtaining of all such things as his wisdom knoweth to be most expedient for us. And well may we credit, that is goodness his more fully inclined towards us, in his continual bounty and liberality; than the subtilty of mortal eye, can reach into the secret of so divine a thought: and sometimes therefore we may be beguiled in opinion, by electing such and such as our intercessors before his Majesty, who perhaps are far off from him, or driven into perpetual exile as unworthy to appear in so glorious a presence. For he from whom nothing can be hidden, more regardeth the sincerity of him that prayeth, than ignorant devotion, committed to the trust of a heedless intercessor, and such prayers have always gracious acceptance in his sight. As manifestly will appear by the Novel which I intend to relate; manifestly (I say) not as in the Judgment of God, but according to the apprehension of men. There was one named, *Musciatto Francesi*, who from being a most rich and great Merchant in France, was become a Knight, and preparing to go into *Tuscany*, with Mounseur *Charles milbon* Land, Brother to the King of France (who was desired and incited to come thither by Pope *Boniface*) found his affairs greatly intricated here and there (as oftentimes the matters of Merchants fall out to be) and that very hardly he should suddenly untangle them,



them, without referring the charge to divers persons. And for all he took indifferent good order, onely he remained doubtful, whom he might sufficiently leave, to recover his debts among many *Burgundians*. And his care was the more herein, because he knew the *Burgundians* to be people of bad nature, and without any faithfulness: so that he could not bethink himself of any man in whom he might repose trust to prevent their lewdness. Having a long while examined his thoughts upon this point, at last he remembered one Master *Chappelet du Part*, who oftentimes had resorted to his House in *Paris*. And because he was a man of little stature, yet handsome enough, the French not knowing what this word *Chappelet*, might mean, esteeming he should be called rather (in their tongue) *Chappel*; imagined, that in regard of his small stature, they termed him *Chappelet*, and not *Chappel*, and so by the name of *Chappelet* he was every where known, and by few or none acknowledged for *Chappel*.

This Master *Chappelet*, was of so good and commendable life; that, being a Notary, he held it in high disdain, that any of his Contracts (although he made but few) should be found without falshood. He took the only pleasure of the World, to bear false witness, if he were thereto entreated, and (oftentimes) when he was not requested at all. Likewise because in these times, great trust and belief was given to an Oath, he made no care or conscience to be Perjured: Greatly advantaged himself by Law Suits, in regard that many Matters relied upon his Oath, and delivering the truth according to his knowledg.

He delighted (beyond measure) and addicted his best studies, to cause Enmities and Scandals betwixt Kindred and Friends, or any other Persons, agreeing well together: and the more mischief he could procure in this kind, so much the more pleasure and delight took he therein. If he were called to kill any one, or to do any other villanous deed, he never would make denial, but go to it very willingly; and divers times it was well known, that many were cruelly beaten; yea, slain by his hands. He was a most horrible blasphemer of God and his Saints, upon the very least occasion, as being more addicted to Choller than any other man could be. Never would he frequent the Church, but basely contemned it, with the Sacraments and Religious Rites therein Administred, accounting them for vile and unprofitable things: but very voluntarily would visit Taverns; and other places of dishonest resort, which were continually pleasing unto him, to satistie his Lust and inordinate Pleasure. He would steal both in publick and private, even with such a Conscience, as if it were given to him by Nature so to do. He was a great Glutton and a Drunkard, even till he was not able to take any more; being also a continual Gamester, and carrier of false Dice, to cheat with them the very best Friends he had.

In fine, There never was a worse man born; and yet his wickedness was for long time supported, by the favour, power, and authority of Monsieur *Musciatto*, for whose sake many Wrongs and Injuries were patiently endured, as well by private Persons (whom he would abuse notoriously) as others of the Court, between whom he made no difference at all in his vile dealing. This Master *Chappelet*, being thus remembered by *Musciatto* (who very well knew his Life and Behaviour) he perfectly perswaded himself, that this was a man apt in all respects, to meet with the treachery of the *Burgundians*: whereupon, having sent for him, thus he began.

*Chappelet*, thou knowest how I am wholly to retire my self from hence, and having some affairs among the *Burgundians*, men full of wickedness and deceit; I can bethink my self of no fitter a man than your self, to recover such debts as are due to me among them. And because it falleth out so well, that thou art not now hindred by any other business; if thou wilt undergo this office for me, I will procure thee favourable Letters from the Court, and give thee a reasonable Portion in all thou recoverest. Master *Chappelet*, seeing himself idle, and greedy after wordly goods, considering that Monsieur *Musciatto* (who had been always his best buckler) was now to depart from thence, without any dreading on the matter, constrained thereto (as it were) by necessity, fix'd his resolution, and answered, that he would gladly do it.

Having made their agreement together, and received from *Musciatto* his exprels procuration, and also the Kings gracious Letters; after that *Musciatto* was gone on his journey, Master *Chappelet* went to *Dison*, where he was unknown (well near) of any. And there (quite from his natural disposition) began benignly and graciously, in recovering the debts due; which course he took the rather, because they should have a further feeling of him in the end. Being lodged in the house of two Florentine brethren, that lived on the interest of their monies; and (for Monsieur *Musciatto's* sake)



using him with honour and respect: it fortun'd that he fell sick, and the two brethren sent for Physitians to attend him, ordering their servants to be diligent about him, not sparing any thing, which gave any likelihood of restoring his health. But all their pains proved to no purpose, because he being now grown aged, and having lived all his life time very disorderly, fell day by day, (according to the Physitians judgment) from bad to worse, as no other way appeared but death, whereat the brethren greatly grieved.

Upon a day, near the Chamber, where the sick man lay, they entered into this communication: What shall we do (saith the one to the other) with this man? We are much hindered by him; for to send him away (sick as he is) we shall be greatly blamed, and it will be a manifest note of our weak wisdom, the people knowing that first of all we gave him entertainment, and have allowed him Physical attendance, and he not having any way injured or offended us, to let him be suddenly expuls'd our house (sick to death as he is) it can be no way for our Credit.

On the other side, we are to consider also, that he hath been so bad a man, as he will not now make any confession thereof, neither receive the blessed Sacrament of the Church; and dying so without confession, there is no Church that will accept his body, but it must be buried in prophane ground, like a Dog: And yet if he would confess himself, his sins are so many and monstrous, as the like case also may happen, because there is not any Priest or Religious Person, that can or will absolve him. And being not absolved, he must be cast into some ditch or pit; and then the people of the Town, as well in regard of the Trade we drive here, (which to them is so little pleasing that we are daily pursu'd with their worst words) as also coveting our spoil and overthrow, upon this will cry out and mutiny against us; *Behold these Lombard dogs, which are not to be received into the Church, why should we suffer them to live here among us?* In furious madness will they come upon us, and our house, where (peradventure) not contented with robbing us of our goods, our lives will remain in their mercy and danger; so that, in what sort soever it happen, this man dying here, must needs be hurtful to us.

Master Chappeler, who (as we have formerly said) was lodged near the place where they thus conferred, having a subtil attention (as oftentimes we see sick persons to bear) heard all these speeches spoken of him, and causing them to be called unto him, thus he spake.

I would nor have you to be any way doubtful of me; neither that you should receive the least damage by me: I have heard what you have said, and am certain, that it will happen according to your words, if matters, should fall out as you conceit; but I am minded to deal otherwise. I have committed so many offences against our Lord God, in the whole current of my life; that now I intend one action at the hour of my death, which I trust will make amends for all. Procure therefore I pray you, that the most holy and religious man that is to be found (if there be any one at all) may come unto me and refer the case then to me, for I will deal in such sort for you and my self, that all shall be well, and you no way discontented.

The two Brethren, although they had no great hope in his speeches, went to a Monastery of Grey-Friars, and requested; that some one holy and learned man, might come to hear the confession of a Lombard, that lay very weak and sick in their house. And one was granted unto them, being an aged and religious Friar, a person skill'd in the Sacred Scripture, a very venerable man, who being of good and sanctified life all the Citizens held him in great respect and esteem, and on he went with them to their house. When he was come up into the Chamber where Master Chappeler lay, being there seated down by him; he began first to comfort him very lovingly, demanding also of him, how many times he had been at confession? Whereunto Master Chappeler (who never had been shrived in all his life time) thus replied.

Holy Father, I always used (as a common custom) to be confessed once (at the least) every week, albeit sometimes much more often; but true it is, that being fallen into this sickness now eight days since I have not been confess'd, so violent hath been the extremity of my weakness. My son (answered the good old man) thou hast done well, and so keep thee hereafter in that mind: but I plainly perceive, seeing thou hast so often confess'd thy self, that I shall take the less labour in urging questions to thee.

Master Chappeler replied: Say not so good Father, for albeit I have been so oftentimes confess'd, yet am I willing now to make a general confession, even to all sins that I can bring to my remembrance, from the very day of my birth, until this instant hour of my thrift. And therefore I intreat you (holy Father) to have no respect



respect to my sickness, for I had rather be offensive to mine own flesh than by favouring or allowing it ease, to hazard the perdition of my soul, which my Redeemer bought with so precious a price.

These words were highly pleasing to the holy Friar, and seemed to him an argument of a good conscience; wherefore, after he had commended this forwardness in him, he began to demand of him if he had never offended with any Woman? Whereunto Master Chappelet (breathing forth a great sigh) answered.

Holy Father, I am half ashamed to tell you the truth in this case, as fearing lest I should sin in vain-glory. Whereunto the Confessor replied; Speak boldly son, and fear not, for in telling the truth, be it in confession or otherwise, a man can never sin. Then said Master Chappelet, Father, seeing you give me so good an assurance, I will resolve you faithfully herein. I am so true a Virgin-man in this matter, even as when I came forth of my Mothers womb. O son (quoth the Friar) how happy and blessed of God art thou? Well hast thou lived, and therein hast thou not meanly merited, having had so much liberty to do the contrary if thou wouldst, wherein very few of us can answer for our selves.

He demanded then how far he had been guilty of Gluttony? When (sighing again) he answered: Too much, and too often, good Father. For, over and besides the Fasts of our Lent season, which every year ought to be duly observed by devout people, I brought my self to such a customary use, that I could fast three days in every week, with Bread and Water. But indeed (holy Father) I confess, I have drunk water with such a pleasing appetite and delight (especially in praying, or walking on pilgrimage) even as greedy drunkards do, in drinking good Wine. And many times I have desired Sallads of such herbs as Women gather abroad in the open fields, and feeding only upon them, without desiring any other sustenance, hath seemed much more pleasing to me, than I thought to agree with the nature of fasting.

Son, Son, replied the Confessor, these sins are natural, and very light, and therefore I would not have thee to charge thy conscience with them, more than is needful. It happeneth to every man (how holy soever he be) that after he hath fasted overlong, feeding will be welcome to him, and drinking good drink after his travel. O Sir, (said Master Chappelet) never tell me this to comfort me; for well you know, and I am not ignorant therein, that such things as are done for the service of God, ought all to be performed purely, and without any blemish of the mind; what otherwise is done, savoureth of sin. The Friar being well contented with these words, said: It is not amiss that thou understandest it in this manner, and thy conscience thus purely cleared, is no little comfort to me. But tell me now concerning Avarice, hast thou sinned therein, by desiring more than was reasonable, or with-holding from others, such things as thou oughtest not to detain? Wherein Master Chappelet answered. Good Father, I would not have you to imagin, because you see me lodged here in the house of two Usurers, that therefore I am of any such disposition. No truly Sir, I came hither to no other end, but only to chastise and admonish them in friendly manner, to cleanse their minds from such abominable profit. And assuredly, I should have prevailed therein, had not this violent sickness hindered mine intention. But understand (holy Father) that my Parents left me a rich man, and immediately after my Fathers death, the greater part of his goods I gave away for Gods sake, and then, to sustain mine own life, and to help the poor members of Jesus Christ, I betook my self to a mean estate of Merchandise, desiring none other than honest gain thereby, and evermore whatsoever benefit came to me, I imparted half thereof to the poor, converting mine own small portion about my necessary affairs, which that other part would scarcely serve to supply: yet always God gave thereto such a merciful blessing, that my business daily thrived more and more.

Well hast thou done therein, good Son, said the Confessor: but how oftentimes hast thou been angry? O Sir (said Master Chappelet) therein I assure ye, I have often transgressed. And what man is able to forbear it; beholding the daily actions of men to be dishonest? No care of keeping Gods Commandments, nor any fear of his dreadful judgments. Many times in a day, I have rather wished my self dead than living, beholding youth pursuing idle vanities, to swear and forswear themselves, tippling in Taverns, and never haunting Churches, but rather affecting the worlds follies, than any such duties as they owe to God. Alas Son (quoth the Friar) this is a good and holy anger, and I can impose no penance on thee for it. But tell me, hast not Rage or fury at any time so over-ruled thee, as to commit murder or man-slaughter, or to speak evil of any man, or to do any such kind of injury?



injury? Oh Father (answered Master Chappelet) you that seem to be a man of God, how dare you use any such vile words? If I had had the very least thought, to do any such act as you speak, do you think that God would have suffered me to live? These are deeds of darkness fit for villains and wicked livers, of which hellish crew, when at any time I have happened to meet with some one of them, I have said, Go, God convert thee.

Worthy, and charitable words replied the Friar: but tell me Son, Didst thou ever, bear false witness against any man, or hast spoken falsely, or taken ought from any one, contrary to the will of the owner? Yes indeed father, said Master Chappelet, I have spoken ill of another, because I have sometime seen one of my neighbours, who with no mean shame of the world, would do nothing else but beat his wife: and of him once I complained to the poor mans Parents, saying, he never did it but when he was overcome of drink. Those were no ill words, quoth the Friar; but I remember you said, that you were a Merchant; Did you ever deceive any, as some Merchants use to do? Truly Father, answered Master Chappelet, I think not any, except one man, who one day brought me money which he owed me for a certain piece of cloath I sold him, and I put it into a purse without accounting it. About a month afterward, I found that there were four small pence more than was due to me: and never happening to meet with the man again, after I had kept them the space of a whole year, I then gave them away unto four poor People for Gods sake.

A small matter, said the Friar, and truly paid back again to the owner, in bestowing them on the poor. Many other questions he demanded of him, whereto still he answered in the same manner: but before he proceeded to absolution, Master Chappelet spake thus: I have yet one sin more, which I have not revealed to you: when being urged by the Friar, to confess it, he said; I remember, that I should afford one day in the Week, to cleanse the house of my Soul, for better entertainment to my Lord and Saviour, and yet I have done no such reverence to the Sunday, or Sabbath, as I ought to have done. A small fault Son, replied the Friar. Oh no (quoth Master Chappelet) do not term it a small fault, because Sunday being a holy day, is highly to be revered: for on that day, our blessed Lord arose from Death to Life. But (quoth the Confessor) hast thou done nothing else on that day? Yes, said he, being forgetful of my self, once I did spit in Gods Church. The Friar smiling, said: Alas Son, that is a matter of no moment; for we that are Religious Persons, do use to spit there every day. The more is your shame, answered Master Chappelet, for no place ought to be kept more pure and clean than the Sacred Temple, wherein our daily Sacrifices are offered up to God.

In this manner he held on an hour or more, uttering the like transgressions as these; and at last he began to sigh very passionately, and to shed a few Tears, as one that was skilful enough in such dissembling Pranks: Whereat the Confessor being much moved, said: Alas Son, what ailest thou? O Father (quoth Chappelet) there remaineth yet one sin more upon my Conscience, whereof I never at any time made Confession, so shameful it appeareth to me to disclose it; and I am partly persuaded, that God will never pardon me for that sin. How now Son? said the Friar, never say so, for if all the Sins that ever were committed by men, or shall be committed so long as the World endureth, were only in one man, and he repenting them, and being so contrite for them, as I see thou art; the Grace and Mercy of God is so great, that upon penitent confession, he will freely pardon him, and therefore spare not to speak it boldly. Alas Father (said Chappelet still weeping) this sin of mine is so great, that I can hardly believe (if your earnest Prayers do not assist me) that ever I shall obtain Remission for it. Speak it Son, said the Friar, and fear not, I promise that I will pray to God for thee.

Master Chappelet still wept and sighed, and continued silent, notwithstanding all the Confessors comfortable persuasions; but after he had held him a long while in suspense, breathing forth a sigh, even as if his very Heart would have broken, he said; Holy Father, seeing you promise to pray to God for me, I will reveal it to you: Know then, that when I was a little Boy, I did once curse my Mother; which he had no sooner spoken, but he wrung his hands, and grieved extraordinarily. Oh good Son, said the Friar: doth that seem so great a sin to thee? Why, men do daily blaspheme our Lord God, and yet nevertheless upon their hearty Repentance, he is always ready to forgive them; and wilt not thou believe to obtain Remission for a Sin so ignorantly committed? Weep no more dear Son, but comfort thy self and rest resolved, that if thou wert one of them, who Nailed our

Blessed



Blessed Saviour to his Cross; yet being so truly repentant, as I see thou art, he would freely forgive thee. Say you so Father? quoth *Chappelet*. What my own dear Mother? that did bear me in her Womb nine Months, day and night, and afterwards fed me with her Breasts a thousand times, can I be pardoned for cursing her? O no, it is too heinous a sin, and except you pray to God very instantly for me, he will not forgive me; for I fear it comes near to be a sin unpardonable.

When the Religious man perceived, that nothing more was to be confessed by Master *Chappelet*, he gave him Absolution, and his own Benediction beside, repuniting him to be a most holy man, as verily believing all that he had said. And who would not have done the like, hearing a man to speak in this manner, and being upon the very point of death? Afterward, he said unto him, Master *Chappelet*, by Gods Grace you may be soon restored to Health, but if it so come to pass, that God do take your blessed and well-disposed soul to his Mercy, will it please you to have your body buried in our Convent? Whereto Master *Chappelet* answered; I thank you Father for your good motion, and sorry should I be, if my Friends did bury me any where else, because you have promised to pray to God for me; and beside, I have always carried a religious devotion to your Order. Wherefore I beseech you, so soon as you are come home to your Convent, prevail so much by your good means, that the holy Eucharist, consecrated this morning on your high Altar, may be brought unto me: for although I confess my self utterly unworthy, yet I purpose (by your reverend permission) to receive it, as also your holy and latest Unction, to this end, that having lived a grievous sinner, I may yet (at the last) die a Christian. These words pleased the good old man, and he caused every thing to be performed, according as Master *Chappelet* had requested.

The two Brethren, who much doubted the dissembling of *Chappelet*, being both in a small partition, which parted the sick mans Chamber from theirs, heard all that past between him and the Ghostly Father, being many times scarce able to refrain from Laughter, at his feigned Confession. Notwithstanding seeing he had so ordered the matter, that he had burial freely allowed him, they cared for no more.

After that *Chappelet* had received the Communion, and the other Ceremonies appointed for him; weakness encreasing upon him more and more, the very same day of his goodly Confession, he died towards the evening. Wherupon the two Brethren took order, that all needful things should be in a readines, to have him buried honourably; sending to acquaint the Fathers of the Convent therewith, that they might come to say their *Vigil*, according to custom, and then on the morrow to fetch the body. The honest Friar that had confessed him, hearing he was dead, went to the Prior of the Convent, and by sound of the House-Bell, caused all the Brethren to assemble together, giving them credibly to understand, that Master *Chappelet* was a very honest man, as appeared by all the parts of his Confession, and made no doubt, but that many Miracles would be wrought by his sanctified body, persuading them to fetch it thither with all devout Solemnity and Reverence: whereto the Prior, and all the credulous Brethren presently condescended very gladly.

When night was come, they went to visit the dead body of Master *Chappelet*, where they used an especial and solemn *Vigil*, and on the morrow, apparelled in their richest Coaps and Vestments, with Books in their hands, and the Cross born before them, singing in the form of a very devout Procession, they brought the body pompously into their Church, accompanied with all the People of the Town, both Men and Women. The Father Confessor, ascending up into the Pulpit, preached wonderful things of him, and the rare holiness of his Life, his Fasts, his Virginity, Simplicity, Innocency, recounting also (among other especial Observations) what *Chappelet* had confessed, as this most great and grievous sin, and how hardly he could be persuaded, that God would grant him pardon for it. Whereby he took occasion to reprove the People then present, saying; And you (accursed of God) for the least trifling matter hapning, will not spare to blaspheme God, his blessed Mother, and the whole Court of Heavenly Paradise: Oh, take example by this singular man, this Saint-like man, nay a very Saint indeed!

Many additions more he made, concerning his Faithfulness, Truth and Integrity; so that by the vehement asseveration of his words, (whereto all the People there present gave credible belief) he provoked them unto such zeal and earnest devotion, that the Sermon was no sooner ended, but (in mighty crowds and throngs)



throngs) they pressed about the Bier, kissing his Hands and Feet, and all the Garments about him were torn in pieces, as precious Reliques of so holy a Person, and happy they thought themselves, that could get the smallest piece or shred of any thing that came near to his body: and thus they continued all the day, the body lying still open, to be visited in this manner.

When night was come, they buried him in a goodly Marble Tomb, erected in a fair Chappel purposely, and for many days after, it was most strange to see, how the People of the Country came thither on heaps, with holy Candles and other Offerings, with Images of Wax fastned to the Tomb, in sign of sacred and solemn Vows, to this new created Saint. And so far was spread the fame and renown of his Sanctity, Devotion, and Integrity of Life, maintained constantly by the Fathers of the Convent, that if any one fell sick, in Need, Distress, or Adversity, they would make their Vows to no other Saint but him: naming him (as yet to this day they do) *S. Chappelet*, affirming upon their Oaths, that infinite Miracles were there daily performed by him, and especially on such, as came in devotion to visit his Shrine.

In this manner lived and died Master *Chappelet du Prat*, who before he became a Saint, was as you have heard: and I will not deny it to be impossible, but that he may be at rest among other blessed bodies. For although he lived lewdly and wickedly, yet such might be his contrition in the latest extremity, that (questionless) he might find Mercy.

*Abraham a Jew, being admonished or advised by a Friend of his, named Jehannot de Chevigny, Travelled from Paris unto Rome: And beholding there the wicked behaviour of men in the Church, returned back to Paris again, where yet (nevertheless) he became a Christian.*

### The Second NOVEL.

*Wherein is contained and expressed, the Liberty and Goodness of God, extended to the Christian Faith.*

**T**He Novel recited by *Pamphilus* was highly pleasing to the Company, and much commended by the Ladies: and after it had been diligently observed among them, the Queen commanded *Madam Neiphila* (who was seated nearest to *Pamphilus*) that, in relating another of hers, she should follow on in the pastime thus begun. She being no less gracious in Countenance, than merrily disposed, made answer that she would obey her Charge, and began in this manner.

*Pamphilus* hath declared to us, by his Tale, how the Goodness of God regardeth not our Errors, when they proceed from things which we cannot discern. And I intend to approve by mine, what argument of infallible truth, the same benignity delivereth of it self, by enduring patiently the faults of them, that (both in word and work) should declare unfeigned testimony of such gracious Goodness, and not to live so dissolutely as they do. To the end, that others illuminated by their light of Life, may believe with the stronger constancy of mind.

As I have heretofore heard (Gracious Ladies) there lived a wealthy Merchant in *Paris*, being a Mercer or Seller of Silks, named *Jehannot de Chevigny*, a man of faithful, honest, and upright Dealing; who held great affection and friendship with a very rich Jew, named *Abraham*, that was a Merchant also, and a man of very direct Conversation. *Jehannot* well noting the honesty and loyal dealing of this Jew, began to have a religious kind of compassion in his Soul, much pitying that a man so good in Behaviour, so wise and discreet in all his Actions, should be in danger of Perdition through want of Faith. In which regard, lovingly he began to treat him, that he would leave the Errors of his Jewish Belief, and follow the truth of Christianity, which he evidently saw (as being good and holy) daily to prosper and enlarge it self, whereas on the contrary, his profession decreased, and grew to nothing.

The Jew made answer, that he believed nothing to be so good and holy, as the Jewish Religion, and having been born therein, therein also he purposed to live and



and die, no matter whatsoever being able to remove him from that resolution. For all this stiff denial, *Jehannot* would not give him over; but pursued him still day by day, reiterating continually his former speeches to him; delivering infinite excellent and pregnant Reasons, that Merchants themselves were not ignorant, how far the Christian Faith excelled the Jewish Fallhoods. And albeit the *Jew* was a very learned man in his own Law, yet notwithstanding the intire Amity he bare to *Jehannot*, or (perhaps) his words fortified by the blessed Spirit were so prevalent with him, that the *Jew* felt a pleasing apprehension in them, though as yet his obstinacy stood far off from Conversion. But as he thus continued strong in opinion, so *Jehannot* left not hourly to labour him: insomuch that the *Jew* being conquered by such earnest and continual importunity, one day spake to *Jehannot*, saying.

My worthy friend *Jehannot*, thou art extremely desirous that I should convert to Christianity, and I am well contented to do it; only upon this condition: That first I will journey to *Rome*, to see him whom thou sayest, is Gods general Vicar here on Earth, and to consider on the course of his Life and Manners, and likewise of his Colledge of Cardinals. If he and they do appear such men to me, as thy speeches affirm them to be, and thereby I may comprehend that thy Faith and Religion is better than mine, as with no mean pains thou indeavourest to persuade me, I will become a Christian as thou art: but if I find it otherwise, I will continue as I am, a *Jew*.

*Jehannot* hearing these words, became exceeding sorrowful, and said within himself: I have lost all the pains which I did think to be well employed, as hoping to have this man Converted here. For, if he go to the Court of *Rome*, and behold there the wickedness of the Priests lives, farewell all hope in me, of ever seeing him to become a Christian. But rather, were he already a Christian, without all question he would turn a *Jew*. And so going nearer to *Abraham*, he said, Alas, my loving Friend, why shouldst thou undertake such a tedious Travel, and so great a Charge, as thy Journey from hence to *Rome* will cost thee? Consider, that to a rich man (as thou art) Travel by Land or Sea, is full of Dangers. Dost thou not think, that here are Religious men enough, who will gladly bestow Baptism upon thee? To me therefore it plainly appeareth, that such a Voyage is to no purpose. If thou standest upon any doubt or scruple, concerning the Faith whereto I wish thee; where canst thou desire Conference with greater Doctors, or men more Learned in all respect, than this Famous City doth afford thee, to resolve thee in any questionable case? Thou must think that the Prelates are such there, as here thou seest them to be; and yet they must needs be in much better condition at *Rome*, because they are near to the Principal Pastor. And therefore, if thou wilt credit my counsel, reserve this Journey to some time more convenient, when the Jubilee of General Pardon happeneth, and then (perchance) I will bear thee company, and go along with thee as in vowed Pilgrimage.

Whereto the *Jew* replied: I believe *Jehannot*, that all which thou hast said may be so. But, to make short with thee, I am fully determined (if thou wouldst have me a Christian, as thou instantly urgest me to be) to go thither, for otherwise, I will continue as I am. *Jehannot* perceiving his settled purpose, said: Go then in Gods Name. But persuaded himself, that he would never become a Christian, after he had seen the Court of *Rome*: Nevertheless, he counted his labour not altogether lost, in regard he bestowed it to a good end, and honest intentions are to be commended.

The *Jew* mounted on Horse-back, and made no lingering in his Journey to *Rome*: where being arrived, he was very honourably entertained by other *Jews* dwelling in *Rome*. And during the time of his abiding there (without revealing to any one the reason of his coming thither) very heedfully he observed the manner of the Pope's Life, of the Cardinals, Prelates, and all the Courtiers. And being a man very Discreet and Judicious, he apparently perceived both by his own eye, and further information of Friends; that from the highest to the lowest (without any restraint, remorse of Conscience, Shame, or fear of Punishment) all lived in abominable Luxury, and not Naturally only, but in foul Sodomy, so that the credit of Strumpets and Boys was not small, and yet might be too easily obtained. Moreover, Drunkards, Belly-gods, and servants of the Paunch, more than of any thing else (even like brutish Beasts after their Luxury) were every where to be met withal. And upon further observation, he saw all men so covetous and greedy of Gold, that every thing was bought and sold for ready Money, not only the Blood



of men, but (in plain terms) the Faith of Christians, yea, and matters of Divine Qualities, how, or to whomsoever appertaining, were it for Sacrifices, or Benefices, whereof was made no mean Merchandise, and more Brokers were there to be found (than in *Paris* attending upon all Trades) of manifest Symony, under the nice name of Negotiation, and for Gluttony, not Sullentation: Even as if God had not known the signification of Vocables, nor the intentions of wicked Hearts, but would suffer himself to be deceived by the outward names of things, as wretched men use to do.

These things, and many more (fitter for silence, than for publication) were so deeply displeasing to the *Jew*, being a most sober and modest man; that he had soon seen enough, resolved on his return to *Paris*, which very speedily he performed. And when *Jehannot* heard of his arrival, crediting much rather other news from him, than ever to see him a Converted Christian, he went to welcome him, and kindly they feasted one another. After some few days of resting, *Jehannot* demanded of him; what he thought of our holy Father the Pope, and his Cardinals, and generally of all the other Courtiers? Whereunto the *Jew* answered; It is strange *Jehannot*, that God should give them so much as he doth. For I will truly tell thee, that if I had been able to consider those things, which there I have both heard and seen: I could then have resolved my self, never to have found in any Priest, either Sanctity, Devotion, Good Work, or example of honest Life: But if a man desire to see Luxury, Avarice, Gluttony, and such wicked things, yea, worse, if worse may be, and held in general estimation of all men; let him but go to *Rome*, which I think rather to be the Forge of damnable actions, than any way leaning to Grace or Goodness. And, for ought I could perceive, me-thinks your chief Pastor, and (consequently) all the rest of his Dependants, do strive so much as they may (with all their engine art and endeavour) to bring to nothing, or to banish quite out of the World, Christian Religion, whereof they should be the support and foundation.

But because I perceive, that their wicked intent will never come to pass, but contrarywise, that your Faith enlargeth it self, shining every day much more clear and splendent: I gather thereby evidently, that the blessed Spirit is the true Ground and Defence thereof, as being more True and Holy than any other. In which respect, whereas I stood stiff and obstinate against the good Admonitions, and never minded to become a Christian: now I freely open my heart unto thee, that nothing in the World can or shall hinder me, but I will be a Christian as thou art. Let us therefore presently go to the Church, and there (according to the true custom of your holy Faith) help me to be Baptized.

*Jehannot*, who expected a far contrary Conclusion than this, hearing him speaking with such constancy, was the very gladdest man in the World, and went with him to the Church of *Nostre Dame* in *Paris*, where he requested the Priests there abiding, to bestow Baptism on *Abraham*, which they joyfully did, hearing him earnestly to desire it. *Jehannot* was his Godfather, and named him *John*, and afterward by Learned Divines, he was more fully instructed in the Grounds of our Faith, wherein he grew of great understanding, and led a very virtuous life.

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*Melchisedech*, a Jew, by recounting a Tale of three Kings to the great Soldan, named *Saladine*, prevented a great Danger which was prepared for him.

### The Third NOVEL.

Whereby the Author, approving the Christian Faith, sheweth how beneficial a sudden and ingenious Answer may fall out to be, especially when a man finds himself in some evident Danger.

**M**Adam *Neiphila* having ended her Discourse, which was well allowed of by all the Company; it pleased the Queen, that *Madam Philomena* should next succeed in order, who thus began.

The Tale delivered by *Neiphila*, maketh me remember a doubtful case, which sometime hapned to another Jew. And because that God, and the truth of his holy



holy Faith, hath been already very well discoursed on: it shall not seem unfitting (in my poor opinion) to descend now into the accidents of men. Wherefore, I will debate a matter unto you, which being attentively heard and considered, may make you much more circumspect, in answering to divers Questions and Demands, than (perhaps) otherwise you would be. Consider then (most worthy Assembly) that like as Folly and Dulness, many times hath overthrown some men from place of Eminency, into most great and grievous Miseries: even so, discreet Sense and good Understanding, hath delivered many out of irksome Perils, and seated them in safest Security. And to prove it true, that Folly hath made many fall from high Authority, into poor and despised Calamity, may be avouched by infinite Examples, which now were needless to remember: But, that good Sense and able Understanding, may prove to be the occasion of great Delolation, without happy prevention, I will declare unto you in very few words, and make it good according to my promise.

*Saladine*, was a man so Powerful and Valiant, as not only his Valour made him Souldan of *Babylon*, but also gave him many signal Victories, over Kings of the *Saracens*, and of Christians likewise. Having in divers Wars, and other Magnificent Employments of his own, wasted all his Treasure (and by reason of some sudden accident happening to him) standing in need to use some great Sum of Money, yet not readily knowing where or how to procure it; he remembered a rich Jew, named *Melchisedech*, that lent out Money to Use or Interest in the City of *Alexandria*. This man he imagined best able to furnish him, if he could be won to do it willingly: but he was knowing to be so Gripple and Miserable, that hardly any man would draw him to it. In the end, constrained by Necessity, and labouring his Wits for some apt device whereby he might have it: he concluded, though he might not compel him to do it, yet by a practice shadowed with good Reason to ensnare him. And having sent for him, entertained him very familiarly in his Court, and sitting down by him, thus began.

Honest man, I have often heard it reported by many, that thou art very skilful, and in cases concerning God, thou goest beyond all other of these Times: wherefore, I would gladly be informed by thee, which of these three Laws or Religions, thou takest to be truest; that of the *Jew*, the other of the *Saracen*, or that of the *Christian*? The *Jew*, being a very Wise man, plainly perceived, that *Saladine* sought to entrap him in his answer, and so to raise some quarrel against him. For, if he commended any one of these Laws above the other, he knew that *Saladine* had what he aimed at. Wherefore, bethinking himself to shape such an answer, as might no way trouble or entangle him: summoning all his Senses together, and considering, that dallying with the Souldan might redound to his no mean danger, thus he replied.

My Lord, the Question propounded by you, is fair and worthy, and to answer my opinion truly thereof, doth necessarily require some time of Consideration, if it might stand with your liking to allow it: but if not, let me first make entrance to my reply, with a pretty Tale, and well worth the hearing. I have oftentimes heard it reported, that (long since) there was a very wealthy man, who among other precious Jewels of his own, had a goodly Ring of great Value: the beauty and estimation whereof, made him earnestly desirous to leave it as a perpetual memory and honour to his Successors. Whereupon, he willed and ordained, that he among his male Children, with whom this Ring (being left by the Father) should be found in custody after his Death: he and none other, was to be reputed his Heir, and to be honoured and reverenced by all the rest, as being the prime and worthiest person. That Son, to whom this Ring was left by him, kept the same course to his posterity, dealing (in all respects) as his predecessors had done: so that (in short time) the Ring (from hand to hand) had many owners by Legacy.

At length, it came to the hand of one, who had three Sons, all of them goodly and virtuous persons, and very obedient to their Father: in which regard, he affected them all equally, without any difference or partial respect. The custom of this Ring being known to them, each one of them (coveting to bear esteem above the other) desired (as he could best make his means) his Father, that in regard he was now grown very old, he would leave that Ring to him, whereby he should be acknowledged for his Heir. The good Man, who loved no one of them more than the other, knew not how to make his choice, nor to which of them he should leave the Ring: yet having paid his promise to them severally, he studied by what



means to satisfy them all three; wherefore, secretly having conferred with a curious and excellent Goldsmith, he caused two other Rings to be made, so really resembling the first made Ring, that himself (when he had them in his hand) could not distinguish which was the right one.

Lying upon his Death-bed, and his Sons then plying him by their best opportunities, he gave to each of them a Ring. And they (after his death) presuming severally upon their Right to the inheritance and honour, grew to great contradiction and square: each man producing then his Ring, which were so truly all alike in resemblance, as no one could know the right Ring from the other. And therefore, suit in Law to distinguish the true Heir to his Father, continued long time, and so it doth yet to this very day. In like manner my good Lord, concerning those three Laws given by God the Father, to three such People as you have propounded: each of them do imagin that they have the heritage of God, and his true Law, and also duely to perform his Commandments, but which of them do so indeed, the question (as of the three Rings) is yet remaining.

Saladine well perceiving, that the Jew was too cunning to be caught in his snare, and had answered so well, that to do him further violence, would redound unto his perpetual dishonour; resolved to reveal his need and extremity, and try if he would therein friendly stead him. Having disclosed the matter, and how he purposed to have dealt with him if he had not returned so wise an answer; the Jew lent him so great a Sum of Mony as he demanded, and Saladine repaid it again to him justly, giving him other gifts beside: respecting him as his special friend, and maintainging him in very honourable condition, near unto his own person.

*A Monk having committed an Offence, deserving to be very grievously punished, freed himself from the pain to be inflicted on him by wittily reprehending his Abbot, with the very same fault.*

#### The Fourth Novel.

*Wherein may be noted, that such men as will reprove those Errors in others, which remain in themselves, commonly are the Authors of their own reprehension.*

**S**o sealed Madam Philomena, after the conclusion of her Tale: when Dionew sitting next unto her, (without carrying for any other command from the Queen, knowing by the order formerly begun, that he was to follow in the same course) spake in this manner.

Gracious Ladies, if I fail not in understanding your general intention, we are purposely assembled here to tell Tales; and especially such as may please our selves. In which respect, because nothing should be done disorderly, I hold it lawful for every one (as our Queen decreed before her Dignity) to relate such Novelty, as in their own judgment may cause most contentment. Wherefore having heard that by the good admonitions of *Jehannet de Cereigny*, *Abraham* the Jew was advised to the salvation of his Soul, and *Melchizedek* (by his witty understanding) defended his Riches from the trains of *Saladine*: I now purpose to tell you in few plain words, without fear of receiving any reprehension, how cunningly a Monk compassed his deliverance, from a punishment intended towards him.

There was in the Country of *Lunigons* (which is far distant from our own) a Monastery, which sometime was better furnished with holiness and Religion, than now adays they are: wherein lived (among divers others) a young Novice Monk, whose hot and lusty disposition (being in the vigour of his years) was such, as neither Fasts nor Prayers had any great power over him. It chanced on a Fasting-Day about high noon, when all the other Monks were asleep in their Dormitories or Dormers; this frolick Friar was walking alone in their Church, which stood in a very solitary place, where ruminating on many matters by himself, he espied a pretty handsome Wench (some Husbandmans Daughter in the Country, that had been gathering roots and herbs in the field) upon her knees before an Altar, whom he had no sooner seen, but immediately he felt effeminate temptations, and such as ill fitted with his profession.

Lascivious



Lascivious desire, and no religious Devotion, made him draw near her, and whether under shrift (the only cloak to compass carnal affections) or some other as close conference to as pernicious and vile a purpose; I know not: but so far he prevailed upon her frailty, and such a bargain passed between them, that from the Church, he won her to his Chamber, before any person could perceive it. Now, while this young lusty Monk (transported with over-sord affection) was more careless of his dalliance, than he should have been: the Lord Abbot being newly arisen from sleep, and walking softly about the Cloyster; came to the Monks Dorter Door, where hearing what noise was made between them, and a feminine voice more strange than he was wont to hear; he laid his ear close to the Chamber door, and plainly perceived, that a Woman was within. Where-with being much moved, he intended suddenly to make him open the door; but (upon better consideration) he conceived it far more fitting for him, to return back to his own Chamber, and to tarry till the Monk should come forth.

The Monk, though his delight with the Damsel was extraordinary, yet fear and suspicion followed upon it; for, in the very height of all his wantonness, he heard a soft treading about the door: And prying through a small crevice in the same door, perceived apparently, that the Abbot himself stood listening there, and could not be ignorant but that the Maid was with him in the Chamber. As after pleasure ensueth pain, for the venial Monk knew well enough (though wanton heart would not let him heed it before) that most grievous Punishment must be inflicted on him, which made him sad beyond all measure: Nevertheless, without disclosing his dismay to the young Maiden, he began to consider with himself on many means, whereby to find out one that might best fit his turn. And suddenly conceived an apt Stratagem, which sorted to such effect that he would have it: whereupon, seeming satisfied for that season, he told the Damsel, that (being careful of her credit) as he had brought her in unseen of any, so he would free her from thence again, desiring her to tarry there (without making any noise at all) until such time as he returned to her.

Going forth of the Chamber, and locking it fast with the key, he went directly to the Lord Abbots Lodging, and delivering him the said key (as every Monk used to do the like, when he went abroad out of the Convent) setting a good countenance on the matter, boldly said; I have not yet brought in all my part of the wood, which lyeth ready cut down in the Forrest; and having now convenient time to do it, if you please to give me leave, I will go and fetch it. The Abbot perswading himself, that he had not been discovered by the Monk, and to be resolved more assuredly in the offence committed: being not a little joynd of so happy an accident, gladly took the key, and gave him leave to fetch the wood.

No sooner was he gone, but the Abbot began to consider with himself, what he were best to do in this case, either (in presence of all the other Monks) to open the Chamber door, that so the offence being known to them all, they might have no occasion of murmuring against him, when he proceeded in the Monks punishment; or rather should first understand of the Damsel herself, how, and in what manner she was brought thither. Furthermore, he considered that she might be a Woman of respect, or some such Mans Daughter as would not take it well, to have her disgraced before all the Monks. Wherefore he concluded, first to see (himself) what she was, and then (afterward) to resolve upon the rest. So going very softly to the Chamber, and entering in, locked the door fast with the key, when the poor Damsel thinking it had been the gallant young Monk; but finding it to be the Lord Abbot, she fell on her knees weeping, as fearing now to receive publick shame, by being betrayed in this unkind manner.

My Lord Abbot looking demurely on the Maid, and perceiving her to be fair, feat, and lovely, felt immediately (although he was old) no less spurring on to fleshly desires, than the young Monk before had done: whereupon he began to confer thus privately with himself. Why should I not take pleasure when I may freely have it? Cases and Molestations I endure every day, but seldom find such delights prepared for me. This is a delicate sweet young Damsel, and here is no eye that can discover me. If I can induce her to do as I would have her, I know no reason why I should grieve for it. No Man can know



know it, or any tongue blaze it abroad; and sin so concealed, is half pardoned. Such a fair fortune as this is, perhaps hereafter will never befall me; and therefore I hold it wisdom, to take such a benefit when a Man may enjoy it.

Upon this immodest meditation, and his purpose quite altered which he came for; he went nearer to her and very kindly began to comfort her, desiring her to forbear weeping: and (by further intimating speeches) acquainted her with his amorous intention. The Maid, who was made neither of Iron nor Diamond; and seeking to prevent one shame by another, was easily won to the Abbots will, which caused him to embrace and kiss her often.

Our lusty young novice Monk, whom the Abbot imagined to be gone for wood; and had hid himself aloft upon the roof of the Dorter, where, when he saw the Abbot enter alone into the Chamber, he lost a great part of his former fear, promising to himself a kind of persuasion, that somewhat would ensue to his better comfort; but when he beheld him lockt into the Chamber, then his hope grew to undoubted certainty. A little chink or crevice favoured him, whereat he could both hear and see, whatsoever was done or spoken by them: so, when the Abbot thought he had staid long enough with the Damself, leaving her still there, and locking the door fast again, he returned thence to his own Chamber.

Within some short while after, the Abbot knowing the Monk to be in the Convent, and supposing him to be lately returned with the wood, determined to reprove him sharply, and to have him closely imprisoned, that the Damself might remain solely to himself. And causing him to be called presently before him, with a very stern and angry countenance, giving him many harsh and bitter speeches, commanded, that he should be clapt in prison.

The Monk very readily answered, saying: My good Lord, I have not yet been so long in the Order of Saint *Benedict*, as to learn all the particularities hereto belonging. And beside Sir, you never shewed me or any of my Brethren, in what manner we young Monks ought to use Women, as you have done for our custom of Prayer and Fasting. But seeing you have so lately therein instructed me, and by your own example how to do it: I here solemnly promise you, if you please to pardon me but this one error, I will never fail therein again, but daily follow what I have seen you do.

The Abbot being a Man of quick apprehension, perceived instantly by this answer, that the Monk not only knew as much as he did, but also had seen (what was intended) that he should not. Wherefore, finding himself as faulty as the Monk, and that he could not shame him, but worthily had deserved as much himself, pardoning him, and imposing silence on either offenders: they conveyed the poor abused Damself forth of their doors, the purposing (never after) to transgress in the like manner.

*The Lady Marquess of Montferrat, with a Banquet of Hens, and divers other gracious speeches beside, repressed the fond Love of the King of France.*

#### The Fifth Novel.

*Declaring that wise and virtuous Ladies, ought to hold their Chastity in more esteem, than the greatness and treasures of Princes; and that adulterers should not offer modesty violence.*

**T**He Tale reported by *Dionys*, at the first hearing of the Ladies, began to relish of some Immodesty, as the bashful blood mounting up into their faces, delivered by apparent testimony. And beholding one another with scarce-pleasing looks, during all the time he was to discoursing, no sooner had he concluded, but with a few mild and gentle speeches, they gave him a modest reprehension; and meaning to let him know that such Tales ought not to be told among Women. Afterward, the Queen commanded *Madam Planchette*, (sitting on a bank of Flowers before her) to take her turn as next in order, and she smiling with such a Virgin blush, as never beautifully became her, began in this manner.



It is no little joy to me, that we understand so well (by the discourses already past) what power consisteth in the delivery of wise and ready answers; And because it is a great part of sense and judgment in Men, to affect Women of greater birth and quality than themselves, as also an admirable foresight in Women, to keep off from being surpris'd in Love, by Lords going beyond them in degree, a matter offereth it self to my memory, well deserving my speech and your attention, how a Gentlewoman should defend her honour in that kind, when importunity laboureth to betray it.

The Marquess of *Montferriat* was a worthy and valiant Knight, who being Captain General for the Church, the necessary service required his Company on the Seas, in a goodly Army of the Christians against the Turks. Upon a day, in the Court of King *Philip*, Surnamed the one eyed King (who likewise made preparations in France, for a Royal assistance to that expedition) as many speeches were delivered, concerning the valour and manhood of this Marquess: it fortun'd, that a Knight was then present, who knew him very familiarly, and he gave an addition to the former commendation, that the whole world contained not a more equal couple in Marriage, than the Marquess and his Lady. For, as among all Knights, the Marquess could hardly be parallel'd for Arms and Honours; even so his Wife, in comparison of all other Ladies, was scarcely matchable for beauty. Which words were so weigh'd in the apprehension of King *Philip*, that so suddenly (having as yet never seen her) he began to affect her very earnestly, concluding to embark himself at *Gennes* or *Geneva*, there to set forward on the intended Voyage, and journeying thither by Land, he would shape some honest excuse to see the Lady Marquess, whose Lord being then from home, opinion perswaded him over fondly, that he should easily obtain the issue of his amorous desire.

When he was come within a days journey, where the Lady Marquess then lay; he sent her word that she should expect his company on the morrow at Dinner. The Lady being singularly wise and judicious, answered the Messenger, that she reputed the Kings coming to her, as an extraordinary grace and favour, and that he should be most heartily welcome. Afterward, entering into further consideration with herself, what the King might mean by his private visitation, knowing her Husband to be from home, and it to be no mean bar to his apter entertainment: at last she discreetly conceited (and therein was was not deceived) that babling report of her beauty and perfection might thus occasion the Kings coming thither, his journey lying else a quite contrary way. Notwithstanding, being a Princely Lady, and so loyal a Wife as ever lived, she intended to give her best entertainment: summoning the chiefest Gentlemen in the Country together, to take due order (by their advice) for giving the King a gracious welcome. But concerning the dinner, and service to his Table, that remained only at her own disposing.

Sending presently abroad, and buying all the Hens that the Country afforded, she commanded her Cooks, that only of them (without any other Provision beside) they should prepare all the services that they could devise. On the morrow the King came according to his promise, and was most honourably welcomed by the Lady, who seeming in his eye (far beyond the Knights speeches of her) the fairest Creature that ever he had seen before; whereat he marvelled not a little, extolling her perfections to be peerless, which much the more enflamed his affections, and (almost) made his desires impatient. The King being withdrawn into such Chambers, as orderly were prepared for him, and as becom'd so great a Prince: the hour of Dinner drawing on, the King and the Lady Marquess were seated at one Table, and his attendants placed at other Tables, answerable to their degrees of honour.

Plenty of Dishes being served in, and the rarest Wines that the Country yielded; the King had more mind to the fair Lady Marquess, than any Meat that stood on the Table. Nevertheless, observing each service after other, and that all the Viands (though variously cooked, and in divers kinds) were nothing else but Hens only, he began to wonder; and so much the rather, because he knew the Country to be of such quality, that it afforded all plenty both of Fowls and Venison: beside, after the time of his coming was heard, they had respite enough, both for hawking and hunting; and therefore it increased his marvel the more, that nothing was provided for him, but Hens only: wherein



to be the better resolved, turning a merry countenance to the Lady, thus he spake. Madam, are Hens only bred in this Country, and no Cocks? The Lady Marquess, very well understanding his demand, which fitted her with an apt opportunity, to thwart his idle hope, and defend her own honour; boldly returned the King this answer. Not so my Lord, but Women and Wives, howsoever they differ in garments and graces one from another; yet notwithstanding, they are all here as they are in other places.

When the King heard this reply, he knew well enough the occasion of his Hen Dinner, as also, what vertue lay couched under her answer; perceiving apparently, that wanton words would prove but in vain, and such a Woman was not easily to be seduced; wherefore, as he grew enamored on her inconsiderately, so he found it best fitting for his honour, to quench his heat with wisdom discreetly. And so, without any more words, or further hope of speeding in so unkingly a purpose, Dinner being ended, by a sudden departing, he smoothly shadowed the cause of his coming, and thanking her for the honour she had done him, commended her to her chaste disposition, and posted away with speed to Genes.

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*An honest plain meaning Man, ( simply and conscionably ) reprehended the Malignity, Hypocrisie, and Misdemeanour of many religious Persons.*

### THE SIXTH NOVEL.

*Declaring, that in few, discreet, and well placed words, the covered Craft of Church-men may be justly reprov'd, and their Hypocrisie honestly discovered.*

**M**Adam Emilia sitting next to the gentle Lady Fiammetta, perceiving the modest chastisement, which the virtuous Lady Marquess had given to the King of France, was generally graced by the whole Assembly; began (the Queen thereto appointing her) in these words. Nor will I conceal the deserved reprehension, which an honest simple Lay-man, gave to a covetous holy Father, in very few words; yet more to be commended, than derided.

Now long since (worthy Ladies) there dwelt in our own native City, a Friar Minor, an inquisitor after matters of Faith; who, although he laboured greatly to seem a sanctified Man, and an earnest affecter of Christian Religion, (as all of them appear to be in outward shew;) yet he was a much better Inquisitor after them that had their Purse plenteously stored with Money, than of such as were slenderly grounded in Faith. By which diligent continued care in him, he found out a Man more rich in purse, than understanding; and yet not so defective in matters of Faith, as misguided by his own simple speaking, and (perhaps) when his brain was well warmed with Wine, words fell more foolishly from him, than in better judgment they could have done.

Being on a day in company, (very little differing in quality from himself) he chanced to say; that he had been at such good Wine, as God himself did never drink better. Which words (by some Sycophant then in presence) being carried to this curious Inquisitor, and he well knowing that the Mans faculties were great, and his bags swollen up full with no mean abundance: *Sum gladius & fustibus*, with Book, Bell, and Candle, he raised an Host of execrations against him, and the Sumner cited him with a solemn Process to appear before him; understanding sufficiently, that this course would sooner get Money from him, than amend any misbelief in the man; for no further reformation did he seek after.

The Man coming before him, he demanded, if the accusation intimated against him, was true or no? Whereunto the honest Man answered, that he could not deny the speaking of these words, and declared in what manner they were uttered. Presently the Inquisitor, most devoutly addicted to S. John with the golden Beard, said; What? Does thou make our Lord a Drinker, a Glutton, a belly-God, or a Tavern haunter, as thou and other Drunkards are? Being an Hypocrite



Hypocrite as thou art, thou thinkest this to be but a slight matter, because it may seem so in thy own opinion: but I tell thee plainly, that it deserves fire and faggot, if I should proceed in justice to inflict it on thee: with these and other such like threatening words, as also a very stern and angry countenance, he made the man believe himself to be an Epicure, and that he denied the eternity of the Soul; whereby he fell into such a trembling fear, as doubting indeed, lest he should be burned; that to be more mercifully dealt withal, he rounded him in the ear, and by secret means, so anointed his hands with Saint John Golden grease (a very singular remedy against the Disease Pestilential in covetous Priests, especially Friars Minors, that dare touch no Money) as the case became very quickly altered.

This Sovereign Unction was of such vertue (though Galen speaks not a word thereof among all his chiefeſt Medicines) and ſo far prevailed, that the terrible threatening words of Fire and Faggot, became moſtly frozen up, and gracious language blew a more gentle and calmer air; the Inquiſitor delivering him an hallowed Crucifix, creating him a Souldier of the Croſs (becauſe he had paid Croſſes good ſtore for it,) and even as if he were to travel under that Standard to the holy Land; ſo did he appoint him a home-paying penance, namely, to viſit him thrice every week in his Chamber, and to anoint his hands with the ſellſame yellow unguent, and afterward, to hear Maſſ of the holy Croſs, viſiting him alſo at dinner time, which being ended, to do nothing all the reſt of the day, but according as he directed him.

The simple man, yet not so simple, but seeing that this weekly greasing the Inquisitors hands, would in time grasp away all his Gold, grew weary of this anointing, and began to consider with himself, how to stay the course of this chargeable penance. And coming one morning (according to his injunction) to hear Mass, in the Gospel he observed these words; *You shall receive an hundred for one, and so possess eternal life*: which saying he kept perfectly in his memory: and as he was commanded, at dinner time he came to the Inquisitor, (finding him among his fellows) seated at the Table. The Inquisitor presently demanded of him, whether he had heard Mass that morning, or no? Yes Sir, replied the man very readily. Hast thou heard any thing therein (quoth the Inquisitor) whereof thou art doubtful, or desirest to be further informed? Surely Sir, answered the plain-meaning man, I make no doubt of any thing I have heard, but do believe all constantly: only one thing troubleth me much, and maketh me very compassionate of you, and of all these holy Fathers your Brethren, perceiving in what woful and wretched estate you will be, when you shall come into another world. What words are these, quoth the Inquisitor? And why art thou moved to such compassion of us? O good Sir, said the Man, do you remember the words in the Gospel this morning, *You shall receive an hundred for one*? That's very true, replied the Inquisitor, but what moveth thee to urge those words?

I will tell you Sir, answered the plain fellow, so it might please you not to be offended. Since the time of my resorting hither, I have daily seen many poor People at your Door, and ( out of your abundance ) when you and your Brethren have fed sufficiently, every one hath had a good mess of Pottage: now Sir, if for every dishful given, you are sure to receive an hundred again, you will be merely drowned in Pottage. Although the rest (sitting at the Table with the Inquisitor ) laughed heartily at the jest, yet he found himself touched in another nature, having hypocritically received for one poor offence, above three hundred pieces of Gold, and not a Mite to be restored again. But fearing to be further disclosed, yet threatening him with another process in Law, for abusing the words of the Gospel, he was content to dismiss him for altogether, without any more Golden greasing in the hand.

...the important fact being greedily of payment, but he delivered  
...the second half the debt being wiped off the second  
...and bid, except the need to have his lodging, he must  
...it would have been the law what the poor  
...the time of living time upon the last  
...day at dinner, where he presented  
...which Master saw well  
...in any thing that would come  
...the delight in any thing that would come



Bergamino, by telling a Tale of a skilful man, named Primaffo, and of an Abbot of Clough; honestly checked a new kind of Covetousness in M. Can de la Scala.

### The Seventh N O V E L.

Approving, that it is much unfitting for a Prince, or great Person to be covetous; but rather to be liberal to all men.

**T**He courteous demeanour of Madam Emilia, and the quaintness of her discourse, caused the Queen, and the rest of the Company, to commend the invention of carrying the Cross, and the golden vintment appointed for penance. Afterward Philostratus, who was in order to speak next, began in this manner.

It is a commendable thing (fair Ladies) to hit a Butt that never stirreth out of his place: but it is a matter much more admirable, to see a thing suddenly appearing, and seldom or never frequented before, to be as suddenly hit by an ordinary Archer. The vicious and polluted lives of Priests, yieldeth matter of it self in many things, deserving speech and reprehension, as a true Butt of wickedness, and well worthy to be sharply shot at. And therefore, though that honest meaning man did wisely, in touching Master Inquisitor to the quick, with the hypocritical Charity of Monks and Friars, in giving such things to the Poor, as were more meet for Swine, or to be worse thrown away; yet I hold him more to be commended, who by occasion of a former Tale, (and which I purpose to relate) pleasantly reproved Master Can de la Scala, a Magnifico and mighty Lord, for a sudden and unaccustomed Covetousness appearing in him, figuring by other men, that which he intended to say of him, in manner following.

Master Can de la Scala, as fame ran abroad of him in all places, was beyond the infinite favours of Fortune towards him, one of the most notable and magnificent Lords that ever lived in Italy, since the days of Frederick the second Emperour. He determined to procure a very solemn Assembly at Verona, and many People being met there from divers places, especially Gentlemen of all degrees; suddenly (upon what occasion I know not) his mind altered, and he would not go forward with his intention. Most of them he partly recompensed which were come thither, and they were dismissed to depart at their pleasure; one only man remained unrepaid, or in any kind sort sent away, whose name was Bergamino, a man very pleasantly disposed, and so wittily ready in speaking and answering, as none could easily credit it, but such as heard him; and although his recompence seemed over-long delayed, yet he made no doubt of a beneficial ending.

By some Enemies of his, Master Can de la Scala was incensed, that whatsoever he gave, or bestowed on him, was as ill employed and utterly lost, as if it were thrown into the fire, and therefore he neither did or spake any thing to him. Some few days being passed over, and Bergamino perceiving, that he was neither called, nor any account made of; notwithstanding many manly good parts in him; observing beside, that he found a shrewd consumption in his purse, his Inn, Hosts, and Servants, being chargeable to him; he began to grow extremely melancholy, and yet he attended in expectation day by day, as thinking it far unfitting for him to depart before he was bidden farewell.

Having brought with him thither three goodly rich Garments, which had been given him by sundry Lords, for his more lightly appearance at this great meeting; the importunate Host being greedy of payment, first he delivered him one of them, and yet not half the Score being wiped off, the second must needs follow; and beside, except he meant to leave his Lodging, he must live upon the third so long as it would last, till he saw what end his hopes would sort to. It fortuned, during the time of living thus upon the last refuge, that he met with Master Can one day at dinner, where he presented himself before him, with a discontented countenance: which Master Can well observing, more to distaste him, than take delight in any thing that could come from



from him, he said: *Bergamino*, how cheereſt thou? Thou art very melancholy, I pray thee tell us why? *Bergamino* ſuddenly, without any premeditation, yet ſeeming as if he had long conſidered thereon, reported this Tale.

Sir, I have heard of a certain Man, named *Primaffo*, one ſkilfully learned in the Grammar, and (beyond all other) a very witty and ready verſifier: in regard whereof, he was ſo much admired, and far renowned, that ſuch as never ſaw him, but only heard of him, could eaſily ſay, this is *Primaffo*. It came to paſs; that being once at *Paris* in poor eſtate, as commonly he could light on no better fortune (becauſe vertue is ſlenderly rewarded, by ſuch as have the greateſt poſſeſſions) he heard much ſatme of the Abbot of *Clugni*, a man reputed (next to the Pope) to be the richeſt Prelate of the Church. Of him he heard wonderful and magnificent matters, that he alwaies kept an open and hoſpitable Court, and never made refusal of any (from whenceſoever he came or went) but they did eat and drink freely there; provided, that they came when the Abbot was ſet at the Table. *Primaffo* hearing this, and being an earneſt deſirer to ſee magnificent and vertuous men, he reſolved to go ſee the rare bounty of the Abbot, demanding how far he dwelt from *Paris*? Being answered, about ſome three Leagues thence; *Primaffo* made account, that if he went on betimes in the morning, he ſhould eaſily reach thither before the hour for dinner.

Being inſtructed in the way, and not finding any to walk along with him; fearing, if he went without ſome furniſhment, and ſhould ſtay long there for his dinner, he might (perhaps) complain of hunger: he therefore carried three loaves of Bread with him, knowing that he could meet with water every where, albeit he uſed to drink but little. Having aply conveyed his Bread about him, he went on his journey, and arrived at the Lord Abbots Court, an indifferent while before dinner time: wherefore entring into the great Hall, and ſo from place to place, beholding the great multitude of Tables, bountiful preparation in the Kitchen, and what admirable proviſion there was for Dinner, he ſaid to himſelf; Truly this Man is more magnificent than ſatme hath made him, becauſe he ſpeaks too ſparingly of him.

While thus he went about, conſidering on all theſe things very reſpectively, he ſaw the Maſter of the Abbots Houſhold (becauſe then it was the hour of Dinner) command water to be brought for waſhing of hands; ſo every one ſitting down at the Table, it fell to the lot of *Primaffo*, to ſit directly againſt the door, whereat the Abbot muſt enter into the Hall. The cuſtom in this Court was ſuch, that no manner of Food ſhould be ſerved to any of the Table, until ſuch time as the Lord Abbot was himſelf ſet: whereupon, every thing being fit and ready, the Maſter of the houſhold went to tell his Lord, that nothing now wanted but his only preſence.

The Abbot coming from his Chamber to enter the Hall, looking about him, as he was wont to do; the firſt man he ſaw was *Primaffo*, who being but in homely habit, and he having not ſeen him before to his remembrance, a preſent bad conceit poſſeſſed his brain, that he never ſaw an unworthier Perſon, ſaying within himſelf: See how I give my Goods away to be devoured. So returning back to his Chamber again, commanded the door to be made faſt, demanding of every man near about him, if they knew the baſe Knave that ſat before his entrance into the Hall? and all his Servants answered no. *Primaffo* being extreemly hungry, with travelling on foot ſo far, and never uſed to faſt ſo long; expecting ſtill when meat ſhould be ſerved in, and that the Abbot came not at all: drew out one of his Loaves which he brought with him, and very heartily ſet a feeding.

My Lord Abbot, after he had ſtayed within an indifferent while, ſent forth one of his Men, to ſee if the poor fellow was gone, or no. The Servant told him, that he ſtayed there, and ſet upon dry bread, which it ſeemed he had brought thither with him. Let him feed on his own (replied the Abbot) for he ſhall taſte of none of mine this day. Gladly would the Abbot, that *Primaffo* ſhould have gone thence of himſelf; and yet held it ſcarcely honeſt in his Lordſhip, to diſmiſs him by his own command. *Primaffo* having eaten one of his Loaves, and yet the Abbot was not come; began to feed upon the ſecond: the Abbot ſtill ſending to expect his abſence, and answered as he was before. At length, the Abbot not coming, and *Primaffo* having eaten up his ſecond Loaf, hunger compelled him to begin with the third.



When this news was carried to the Abbot, suddenly he brake forth, and said: What new kind of needy trick hath my brain begot this day? Why do I grow disdainful against any man whatsoever? I have long time allowed my meat to be eaten by all comers that did please to visit me, without exception against any person, Gentleman, Yeoman, Poor or Rich, Merchant and Minstrel, honest Man or Knave, never refraining my presence in the Hall, by basely contemning one poor man. Believe me, covetousness of one mans meat, doth ill agree with mine estate and calling. What though he appeareth a wretched fellow to me? He may be of greater merit than I can imagin, and deserve more honour than I am able to give him.

Having thus discoursed with himself, he would needs understand of whence, and what he was, and finding him to be *Primasso*, come only to see the magnificence which he heard reported of him, knowing also (by the general Fame noised every where of him) that he was reputed to be a learned, honest, and ingenious man: he grew greatly ashamed of his own folly, and being desirous to make him an amends, strove many ways how to do him honour. When Dinner was ended, the Abbot bestowed honourable Garments on him, such as becomed his degree and merit, and putting good store of money in his Purse, as also giving him a good Horse to ride on, left it at his own free election, whether he would stay there still with him, or depart at his pleasure. Wherewith *Primasso* being highly contented, yielding him the heartiest thanks he could devise to do, returned to *Paris* on horse-back; albeit he came poorly thither on foot.

Master *Can de la Scala*, who was a man of good understanding, perceived immediately what *Bergamino* meant by this moral, and smiling on him, said: *Bergamino*, thou hast honestly expressed thy vertue and necessities, and justly reproved mine avarice, niggardness, and base folly. And trust me *Bergamino*, I never felt such a fit of covetousness come upon me, as this which I have declared unto thee, and I will banish from me, with the same correction as thou hast taught me. So having paid the Host all his charges, redeeming also his Robes or Garments, mounting him on a good Gelding, and putting plenty of Crowns in his purse, he referred it to his own choice to depart, or dwell there still with him.

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*Guillaume Bourcier, with a few quaint and familiar words, check'd the miserable Covetousness of Signior Herminio de Grimaldi.*

### The Eighth N O V E L.

*Which plainly declareth, that a Covetous Gentleman, is not worthy of any Honour or Respect.*

**M** Adam *Lauretta*, sitting next to *Philoftratus*, when she had heard the witty Conceit of *Bergamino*; knowing that she was to say somewhat, without injunction or command, pleasantly thus began.

This last Discourse (fair and vertuous Company) induceth me to tell you, how an honest Courtier reprehended in like manner (and nothing unprofitably) base Covetousness in a Merchant of extraordinary Wealth. Which Tale, although (in effect) it may seem to resemble the former; yet perhaps it will prove no less pleasing to you, in regard it sorteth to as good an end.

It is no long time since, that there lived in *Genes*, or *Geneway*, a Gentleman named Signior *Herminio de Grimaldi*, who (as every one well knew) was more rich in Inheritances, and ready Sums of Currant Money, than any other known Citizen in *Italy*. And as he surpassed other men in Wealth, so did he likewise excel them in wretched Avarice, being so miserably Greedy and Covetous, as no man in the World could be more wicked that way; because, not only he kept his Purse lockt up from pleasuring any, but denied needful things to himself, enduring many Miseries only to avoid Expenses, contrary to the *Geneways* general custom, who always delighted to be decently Cloathed, and to have their Diet of the best. By reason of which most miserable Baseness, they took away from him the Surname of *Grimaldi*,



*maldis*, whereof he was in right descended, and called him Master *Herminio* the covetous Miser, a Nickname very notably agreeing with his gripple Nature.

It came to pass, that in this time of his spending nothing, but multiplying daily by infinite means, that a civil honest Gentleman (a Courtier of ready Wit, and discourfive in Languages) came to *Geneway*, being named *Guillaume Boursier*. A man very far differing from divers Courtiers in these days, who for soothing shameful and graceless manners in such as allow them Maintenance, are called and reputed to be Gentlemen, yea special Favorites: whereas much more worthily, they should be accounted as Knaves, and Villains, being born and bred in all Filthiness, and skilful in every kind of basest Behaviour, not fit to come in Princes Courts. For, whereas in past times, they spent their days and pains in making Peace, when Gentlemen were at War or Dissention, or treating of honest Marriages between Friends and Familiars, and (with loving speeches) would recreate disturbed minds, desiring none but commendable Exercises in Court, and sharply reprovng disordered Life, or ill Actions in any, albeit with little Recompence: These Upstarts now adays imploy all their pains in Detractions, sowing Questions and Quarrels between one another, making no spare of Lies and Falshoods. Nay, which is worse, they will do this in the presence of any man, upbraiding him with Injuries, Shames, and Scandals, (true, or not true) upon the very least occasion. And by false and deceitful Flatteries and Villanies of their own inventing, they make Gentlemen to become as Vile as themselves. For which detestable Qualities, they are better beloved and respected of their misdeameanored Lords, and recompenced in more bountifull manner, than men of vertuous carrlage and desert. Which is an argument sufficient, that goodness is gone up to Heaven, and hath quite forsaken these loathed lower Regions, where men are drowned in the mud of all abominable vices.

But returning where I left (being led out of my way by a just and religious anger against such deformity) this Gentleman, Master *Guillaume Boursier*, was willingly seen, and gladly welcomed by all the best men in *Geneway*. Having remained some few days in the City, and amongst other matters, heard much talk of the miserable covetousness of Master *Herminio*, he grew very desirous to have a sight of him. Mr. *Herminio* had already understood, that this Gentleman, Mr. *Guillaume Boursier* was vertuously disposed, and having in him some sparks of notable nature, gave him very good words, and gracious entertainment, discourfing with him on divers occasions. In company with other *Geneways* he brought him to a new erected house of his, a building of great beauty; where, after he had shewn him all the variable rarities, he began thus. Mr. *Guillaume*, no doubt but you have heard and seen many things, and you can instruct me in some quaint conceit or device, to be fairly figured in painting, at the entrance into the Hall of my house. Mr. *Guillaume* hearing him speak so simply, returned this answer: Sir, I cannot advise you in any thing, so rare or unseen as you speak of: but how to sneeze (after a new manner) upon a full and over-cloyed stomach, to avoid base humors that stupifie the brain, or other matters of the like quality. But if you would be taught a good one indeed, and had a disposition to see it fairly effected, I could instruct you in an excellent Emblem, wherewith (as yet) you never came acquainted.

Master *Herminio* hearing him say so, and expecting no such answer as he had: said, Good Master *Guillaume*, tell me what it is, and on my Faith I will have it fairly painted. Whereto Master *Guillaume* suddenly replied; Do nothing but this Sir: Paint over the Portall of your Halls entrance, the lively picture of Liberality, to bid all your friends better welcome, than hitherto they have been. When Master *Herminio* heard these words, he became possessed with such a sudden shame, that his complexion changed from the former paleness, and answered thus: Master *Guillaume*, I will have your advice so truly figured over my Gate, and she shall give so good welcome to all my Guests, that both you and all these Gentlemen shall say, I have both seen her, and am become reasonably acquainted with her. From that time forward, the words of Master *Guillaume* were so effectual with Signior *Herminio*, that he became the most bountifull and best house-keeper, which lived in his time in *Geneway*: no man more honouring and friendly welcoming both Strangers and Citizens, than he continually used to do.



*The King of Cyprus was wittily reprehended, by the words of a Gentlewoman of Gascoign, and became vertuously altered from his vicious disposition.*

### THE NINTH N O V E L.

*Giving all men to understand, that Justice is necessary in a King above all things.*

**T**He last command of the Queen, remained upon Madam Elissa, or Eliza, who (without any delaying) thus began. Young Ladies, it hath often been seen, that much pain hath been bestowed, and many reprehensions spent in vain, till a word happening at adventure, and perhaps not purposely determined, hath effectually done the deed: as appeareth by the Tale of Madam Lauretta, and another of my own, wherewith I intend briefly to acquaint you, approving that when good words are discreetly observed, they are of sovereign Power and Vertue.

In the days of the first King of Cyprus, after the Conquest made in the holy Land by Godfrey of Bullen, it fortuned that a Gentlewoman of Gascoign, travelling in pilgrimage to visit the sacred Sepulchre in Jerusalem, returning home again, arrived at Cyprus, where she was villanously abused by certain base wretches. Complaining thereof, without any comfort or redress, she intended to make her moan to the King of the Country. Whereupon it was told her, that therein she should but lose her labour, because he was womanish and faint-hearted; that not only he refused to punish with Justice the offences of others, but also suffered shameful injuries done to himself. And therefore such as were displeased by his negligence, might easily discharge their spleen against him, and do him what dishonour they would.

When the Gentlewoman heard this, despairing of any consolation, or revenge for her wrongs, she resolved to check the Kings denial of Justice, and coming before him weeping, spake in this manner. Sir, I presume not into your presence, as hoping to have redress by you, for divers dishonourable Injuries done unto me; but, as full satisfaction for them, do but teach me how you suffer such vile abuses, as daily are offered to your self. To the end, that being therein instructed by you, I may the more patiently bear mine own; which (as God knoweth) I would bestow on you very gladly, because you know so well how to endure them.

The King, who (till then) had been very bad, dull, and slothful, even as sleeping out his time of Government, began to revenge the wrongs done to this Gentlewoman very severely, and (thence forward) became a most sharp Justice, for the least offence offered against the honour of his Crown, or to any of his Subjects besides.

*Master Albert of Bullen, honestly made a Lady to blush, that thought to have done as much to him, because she perceived him to be amorously affected towards her.*

### THE TENTH N O V E L.

*Wherein is declared, that honest Love agreeth with People of all ages.*

**A**FTER that Madam Eliza late silent, the last charge and labour of like employment, remained to the Queen her self; whereupon she began thus to speak: Honest and vertuous young Ladies, like as the Stars (while the Air is fair and clear) are the adorning and beauty of Heaven, and flowers (while the Spring time lasteth) do graciously embellish the Meadows; even so sweet speeches and pleasing conferences, to pass the time with commendable discourses, are the best habit of the mind, and an outward beauty to the body: which ornaments of words, when they appear to be short and sweet, are much more seemly in Women, than in men; because long and tedious talking when it may be done in lesser time, is a greater blemish in Women than in Men.

A-



Among us Women, this day, I think few or none have therein offended, but as readily have understood short and pithy speeches, as they have been quick and quaintly delivered. But when answering saith not with understanding, it is generally a shame in us, and all such as live, because our modern times have converted that vertue, which was within them who lived before us, into garments of the body, and the whose habits were noted to be most gaudy, fullest of imbroideries and fantastick fashions: she was repused to have most matter in her, and therefore to be most honoured and esteemed. Never considering, that whosoever loadeth the back of an Ass, or puts upon him the richest bravery, he becometh not thereby a jot the wiser; or meriteth any more honour than an Ass should have. I am ashamed to speak it, because in detecting others, I may (perhaps) as justly tax my self.

Such imbroidered bodies, tricked and trimmed in such boasting bravery, are they any thing else but as marble Statues, dumb, dull, and utterly insensible? Or if (perchance) they make an answer, when some question is demanded of them, it were much better for them to be silent. For defence of honest devise and conference among men and women, they would have the world to think, that it proceedeth but from simplicity, and precise opinion, covering their own folly with the name of honesty: as if there were no other honest Woman, but she that confers only with her Chambermaid, Laundress, or Kitchen-woman: as if nature had allowed them, (in their own idle conceit) no other kind of talking.

Most true it is, that as there is a respect to be used in the action of other things, so time and place are necessarily to be considered, and also whom we converse withal; because sometimes it happeneth, that a man or woman, intending (by a word of jest and merriment) to make another body blush or be ashamed; not knowing what strength of wit remaineth in the opposite, do convert the same disgrace upon themselves. Therefore, that we may the more adviſedly stand upon our own guard, and to prevent the common Proverb, *That Women (in all things) make choice of the worst*: I desire that this days last Tale, which is to come from my self, may make us all wise. To the end, that as in gentleness of mind we confer with others, so by excellency in good manners, we may shew our selves not inferior to them.

It is not many years since (worthy assembly) that in *Bellejume* there dwelt a learned Physician, a man famous for skill, and far renowned, whose name was Master *Albert*; and being grown aged, to the estimate of threescore and ten years: he had yet such a sprightly disposition, that though natural heat and vigour had quite shaken hands with him, yet amorous flames and desires had not wholly forsaken him. Having seen (at a Banquet) a very beautiful Woman, being in the estate of Widowhood, named, as some say, *Madam Margaret de Chisollert*, she appeared so pleasing in his eye; that his senses became no less disturbed, than as if he had been of far younger temper, and no night could any quietness possess his Soul, except (the day before) he had seen the sweet countenance of this lovely Widow. In regard whereof, his daily passage was by her door, one while on horseback, and then again on foot; as best might declare his plain purpose to see her.

Both she and other Gentlewomen, perceiving the occasion of his passing, and repassing, would privately jest thereof together, to see a man of such years and discretion, to be amorously addicted, or over-swayed by effeminate passion. For they were partly perswaded, that such wanton Ague fits ill Love, were fit for none but youthful apprehensions; as best agreeing with their cheerful complexion. Master *Albert* continuing his daily walks by the Widows lodging, it chanced upon a Festival day, that she (accompanied with divers other women of great account) being sitting at her door, espied Master *Albert* (far off) coming thitherward, and a resolved determination among themselves was set down, to allow him favourable entertainment, and to jest (in some merry manner) at his loving folly, as afterward they did indeed.

No sooner was he come near, but they all arose, and courteously invited him to enter with them, conducting him into a goodly Garden, where readily was prepared choice of delicate Wines and Banqueting. At length among other pleasant and delightful discourses, they demanded of him; how it was possible for him, to be amorously affected towards so beautiful a Woman, both knowing and seeing how earnestly she was solicited by many graceful, gallant and youthful spirits, and living with her years and desires? Master *Albert* perceiving, that they had drawn him in among them, only to scoff and make mockery of him, let a merry countenance on the matter and honestly thus answered.

Believe



Believe me Gentlewoman (speaking to the Widow her self) it should not appear strange to any of Wisdom and Discretion, that I am amorously inclined, and especially to you, because you are well worthy of it. And although those Powers which naturally appertain to the exercises of Love, are bereft and gone from Aged People; yet good will thereto cannot be taken from them, neither judgment to know such as deserve to be affected: For, by how much they exceed Youth in Knowledge and Experience, by so much the more hath Nature made them meet for respect and reverence. The hope that incited me (being Aged) to love you, that are affected of so many youthful Gallants, grew thus. I have often chanced into divers places, where I have seen Ladies and Gentlewomen, being disposed to a Collation, or Rerebanquet after Dinner, to feed on Lupines, and young Onions, or Leeks; and although it may be so, that there is little or no goodness at all in them; yet the heads of them are least hurtful, and most pleasing in the Mouth. And you Gentlewomen generally (guided by unreasonable appetite) will hold the heads of them in your hands, and feed upon the Blades or Stalks: which not only are not good for any thing, but also are of very bad favour. And what know I (Lady) whether among the choices of Friends, it may fit your fancy to do the like? For if you did so, it were no fault of mine to be chosen of you, but thereby were all the rest of your Suters the sooner answered.

The widowed Gentlewoman, and all the rest in her company, being bashfully ashamed of her own and their folly, presently said: Master *Albert*, you have both well and worthily chastised our overbold presumption, and believe me, Sir, I repute your love and kindness of no mean merit, coming from a man so Wise and Vertuous: And therefore (mine Honour reserved) command my uttermost, as always ready to do you any honest service. Master *Albert* arising from his seat, thanking the fair Widow for her gentle offer, took leave of her and all the Company; and she blushing, as all the rest were therein not much behind her, thinking to check him, became chidden her self; whereby (if we be Wise) let us all take warning.

The Sun was now somewhat far declined, and the heats extremity well worn away: when the Tales of the seven Ladies and three Gentlemen were thus finished; whereupon their Queen pleasantly said: For this day (fair Company) there remaineth nothing more to be done under my Regiment, but only to bestow a new Queen upon you, who (according to her judgment) must take her turn, and dispose what next is to be done, for continuing our time in honest Pleasure. And although the day should endure till dark night; in regard, that when some time is taken before, the better preparation may be made for occasions to follow; to the end also, that whatsoever the new Queen shall please to appoint, may be the better fitted for to Morrow: I am of opinion, that at the same hour as we now cease, the following days shall severally begin. And therefore, in reference to him that giveth Life to all things, and in hope of comfort by our Second Day, Madam *Philomena*, a most wise young Lady shall Govern as Queen of this our Kingdom.

So soon as she had thus spoken, arising from her seat of Dignity, and taking the Lawful Crown from off her own Head; she reverently placed it upon Madam *Philomena*; the first of all humbly saluting her, and then all the rest, openly confessing her to be their Queen, made gracious offer to obey what she commanded. *Philomena*, her Cheeks delivering a Scarlet tincture, to see her self thus Honoured as their Queen, and well remembering the words, so lately uttered by Madam *Pampinea*; that Dulness or Neglect might not be noted in her, took cheerful Courage to her; and first of all, she confirmed the Officers, which *Pampinea* had appointed the day before; then she ordained the Morrow's Provision; as also for the Supper so near approaching, before they departed away from thence, and then thus began.

Lovely Companions, although that Madam *Pampinea*, more in her own Courtship, than any matter of Mirth remaining in me, hath made me your Queen: I am not determined to alter the form of our intended Life, nor to be guided by mine own Judgment, but to associate the same with your assistance. And because you may know what I intend to do, and so (consequently) add or diminish to your pleasure, in very few words, you shall plainly understand my meaning. If you have well considered on the Course, which this day hath been kept by Madam *Pampinea*, methinks it hath been very pleasing and commendable; in which regard, until by over-tedious continuation, or other occasions of Unkind offence, it shall



seem injurious, I am of the mind, not to alter it. Holding on the order then as we have begun to do, we will depart from hence to recreate our selves a while; and when the Sun groweth towards setting, we will Sup in the fresh and open Air: afterward, with Canzonets and other Pastimes, we will out-wear the Hours till Bed-time. To morrow morning, in the fresh and gentle breath thereof, we will rise and walk to such places, as every one shall find fittest for them, even as already this day we have done; until due time shall summon us hither again, to continue our discursive Tales, wherein (me thinks) consisteth both Pleasure and Profit, especially by discreet observation.

Very true it is, that some things which Madam Pampinea could not accomplish, by reason of her small time of Authority, I will begin to undergo, to wit, in restraining some matters whereon we are to speak, that better Premeditation may pass upon them. For, when respite and a little leisure goeth before them, each Discourse will favour of the more Formality; and if it might so please you, thus would I direct the Order. As since the beginning of the World, all Men have been guided (by Fortune) thorow divers accidents and occasions: so beyond all hope and expectation, the issue and success hath been good and successful, and accordingly should every one of our Arguments be chosen.

The Ladies, and young Gentlemen likewise; commended her advice, and promised to imitate it; only *Dioneus* excepted, who when every one was silent, spake thus. Madam, I say as all the rest have done, that the Order by you appointed, is most pleasing and worthy to be allowed. But I intreat one special Favour for my self, and to have it confirmed to me, so long as our Company continueth; namely, that I may not be constrained to this Law of Direction, but to tell my Tale at liberty, after my own mind, and according to the freedom first instituted. And because no one shall imagine, that I urge this Grace of you, as being unfurnished of Discourses in this kind, I am well contented to be the last in every days Exercise.

The Queen, knowing him to be a man full of mirth and matter, began to consider very advisedly, that he would not have moved this Request, but only to the end, that if the Company grew wearied by any of the Tales recounted, he would shut up the days Disport with some mirthful accident. Wherefore willingly, and with consent of all the rest, he had his suit granted. So, arising all, they walked to a Chrystal River, descending down a little Hill into a Valley, graciously shaded with goodly Trees, where washing both their Hands and Feet, much pretty Pleasure passed among them, till Supper time drawing near, made them return home to the Palace. When Supper was ended, Books and Instruments being laid before them, the Queen commanded a Dance, and that Madam *Emilia*, assisted by Madam *Lauretta* and *Dioneus*, should sing a sweet Ditty. At which command, *Lauretta* undertook the Dance, and led it, *Emilia* singing this Song ensuing.

The SONG.

SO much delight my Beauty yields to me,  
That any other Love,  
To wish or prove;  
Can never sute it self with my desire.

Therein I see upon good observation,  
What sweet content due Understanding lends:  
Old or new Thoughts cannot in any fashion  
Rob me of that, which mine own Soul commends.  
What objects then,  
( 'mongst infinites of men )  
Can I never find  
to possess my mind,  
And plant therein another new desire?  
So much delight, &c.

But were it so, the Bliss that I would chuse,  
Is, by continual sight to comfort me:



So rare a Presence never to refuse,  
Which mortal Tongue or Thought, what ere it be  
Must still conceal,  
Not able to reveal,  
Such a sacred sweet,  
For none other meet,  
But Hearts inflamed with the same desire.  
So much delight, &c.

The Song being ended, the Chorus whereof was answered by them all, it passed with general applause: and after a few other Dances, the Night being well run on, the Queen gave ending to this first Days Recreation. So, Lights being brought, they departed to their several Lodgings, to take their rest till the next Morning.

### The end of the First Day.

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## THE SECOND DAY.

Wherein, all the Discourses are under the Government of Madam Philomena: Concerning such Men or Women as (in divers Accidents) have been much molested by Fortune, and yet afterward (contrary to their hope and expectation) have had a happy and successful Deliverance.



Already had the bright Sun renewed the Day every where with his splendant Beams, and the Birds sat merrily singing on the blooming Branches, yielding testimony thereof to the Ears of all Hearers; when the seven Ladies and the three Gentlemen (after they were risen) entred the Gardens, and there spent some time in Walking, as also making of Nose-gays and Chaplets of Flowers. And even as they had done the Day before, so did they now follow the same Course; for after they had Dined, in a cool and pleasant Air, they fell to Dancing, and then went to sleep a while, from which being awaked, they took their places (according as it pleased the Queen to appoint) in the same fair Meadow about her. And she being a goodly Creature, and highly pleasing to behold, having put on her Crown of Lawrel, and giving a gracious Countenance to the whole Company; commanded Madam Neiphila that her Tale should begin this Days delight. Whereupon she, without returning any excuse or denial began in this manner.

Martellino counterfeiting to be Lame of his Members, caused himself to be set on the body of Saint Arriguo, where he made shew of his sudden Recovery; but when his Dissimulation was discovered, he was well Beaten, being afterward taken Prisoner, and in great danger of being Hanged and Strangled by the Neck, and yet he escaped in the end.

### The First N O V E L.

Wherein it is signified, how easie a thing it is, for wicked Men to deceive the World under the shadow and colour of Miracles; and that such Treachery (oftentimes) redoundeth to the harm of the Deviser.

**F**Air Ladies, it hath happened many times, that he who striveth to Scorn and Flout other Men, and especially in occasions deserving to be respected, proveth to mock himself with the self same Matter, yea, and to his no mean Danger



ger beside. As you shall perceive by a Tale, which I intend to tell you, obeying therein the command of our Queen, and according to the subject by her enjoyned. In which Discourse you may first observe, what great Mischance happened to one of our Citizens, and yet afterward, how, (beyond all hope) he happily escaped.

Not long since, there lived in the City of *Trevers*, an *Almain* or *Germaine*, named *Arrigno*, who being a poor man, served as a Porter, or Burden-bearer for Money, when any man pleased to employ him. And yet notwithstanding his poor and mean condition, he was generally reputed to be of good and sanctified Life. In which regard (whether it were true or no, I know not;) it happened that when he died (at least as the men of *Trevers* themselves affirmed) in the very instant hour of his departure, all the Bells in the great Church of *Trevers*, (not being pulled by the help of any man) began to Ring: Which being accounted for a Miracle, every one said; That this *Arrigno* had been, and was a Saint. And presently all the People of the City ran to the House where the dead Body lay, and carried it (as a Sanctified Body) in the great Church, where People, Halt, Lame, and Blind, or troubled with any other Diseases, were brought about it, even as if every one should forthwith be holpen, only by their touching the Body.

It came to pass that in so great a Concourse of People, as resorted thither from all parts; three of our Citizens went to *Trevers*, one of them being named *Stebio*, the second *Martellino*, and the third *Marquiso*, all being men of such condition as frequented Princes Courts, to give them delight by pleasant and counterfeited Qualities. None of these men having ever been at *Trevers* before, seeing how the People crowded thorow the Streets, wondered greatly thereat: But when they knew the reason why the Throngs ran on heaps in such sort together, they grew as desirous to see the Shrine, as any of the rest. Having ordered all Affairs at their Lodging, *Marquiso* said; It is fit for us to see this Saint, but I know not how we shall attain thereto, because (as I have heard) the place is guarded by *Germain* Soldiers, and other Warlike Men, commanded thither by the Governor of this City, lest any Outrage should be there committed: And beside, the Church is so full of People, as we shall never compass to get near. *Martellino* being also as forward in desire to see it, presently replied. All this difficulty cannot dismay me, but I will to the very Body of the Saint it self. But how? quoth *Marquiso*; I will tell thee, answered *Martellino*. I purpose to go in the disguise of an Impotent Lame Person, supported on the one side by thy self, and on the other by *Stebio*, as if I were not able to Walk of my self: And you two thus fastning me, desiring to come near the Saint to cure me; every one will make way; and freely give you leave to go on.

This devise was very pleasing to *Marquiso* and *Stebio*, so that (without any further delaying) they all three left their Lodging, and resorting into a secret Cornor aside, *Martellino* so writhed and misshaped his Hands, Fingers, and Arms, his Legs, Mouth, Eyes, and whole Countenance, that it was a dreadful sight to look upon him, and whosoever beheld him, would verily have imagined, that he was utterly Lame of his Limbs, and greatly Deformed in his Body. *Marquiso* and *Stebio*, seeing all sorted so well as they could wish, took and led him towards the Church, making very pious mean, and humbly desiring (for God's sake) of every one that they met, to grant them free passage, whereto they charitably condescended.

Thus leading him on, crying; Beware there before, and give way for God's sake, they arrived at the Body of Saint *Arrigno*, that (by his help) he might be Healed. And while all Eyes were diligently observing, what Miracle would be wrought on *Martellino*; he having sitten a small space upon the Saints Body, and being sufficiently skilful in Counterfeiting, began first to extend forth the one of his Fingers, next his Hand, then his Arm, and so (by degrees) the rest of his Body. Which when the People saw, they made such a wonderful great Noise in praise and commendation of Saint *Arrigno*, even as if it had Thundred in the Church.

Now it chanced by ill Fortune, that there stood a *Florentine* near to the Body, who knew *Martellino* very perfectly, but appearing so monstrously misshapen, when he was brought into the Church, he could take no knowledge of him. But when he saw him stand up and walk, he knew him then to be a Man indeed; whereupon he said: How cometh it to pass, that this Fellow should be so miraculously



cured, that never truly was any way impotent? Certain men of the City hearing these words, entred into further questioning, demanding, how he knew that the man had no such imperfection? Well enough (answered the Florentine) I knew him to be as direct in his Limbs and Body, as you, I, or any of us all are: but indeed, he knows better how to dissemble counterfeit tricks, than any man else that ever I saw in all the days of my life.

When they heard this, they discoursed no further with the Florentine, but pressed on mainly to the place where *Martellino* stood, crying out aloud, Lay hold on this Traytor, a mocker of God, and his Saints, that had no lameness in his Limbs; but to make a mock of our Saint and us, came hither in false and counterfeit manner. So laying hands upon him, they threw him against the ground, and plucking him by the hair of his head, and tearing the Garments from his back, spurning him with their feet, and beating him with their fists, that many were much ashamed to see it.

Poor *Martellino* was in pitiful case, crying out for mercy, but no man would hear him: for, the more he cryed, the more still they did beat him, as meaning to leave no life in him: which *Stecchio* and *Marquise* seeing, considered with themselves, that they were likewise in a desperate case; and therefore, fearing to be as much misused, they cryed out amongst the rest, Kill the counterfeiting Knave, lay on load, and spare him not; nevertheless, they took care how to get him out of the Peoples hands, as doubting lest they would kill him indeed, by their extreme violences.

Suddenly *Marquise* bethought him how to do it, and proceeded thus. All the Sergeants for Justice standing at the Church door, he ran with all possible speed he could to the *Potestates* Lieutenant, and said unto him: Good my Lord Justice, help me in an hard case; yonder is a Villain that hath cut my purse, I desire that he may be brought before you, that I may have my money again. He hearing this, sent for a dozen of the Sergeants, who went to apprehend unhappy *Martellino*, and recover him from the Peoples fury, leading him on with them to the Palace, no mean crowds thronging after him, when they heard that he was accused to be a Cutpurse. Now durst they meddle no more with *Martellino*, but assisted the Officers; some of them charging him in like manner that he had cut their Purses also.

Upon these clamours and complaints, the *Potestates* Lieutenant (being a man of rude quality) took him suddenly aside, and examined him of the Crimes wherewith he was charged. But *Martellino*, as making no account of these accusations, laughed and returned scoffing answers. Whereat the Judge waxing much displeased, delivered him over to the Strappado, and stood by himself, to have him confess the Crimes imposed on him, and then to hang him afterward. Being let down to the ground, the Judge still demanded of him, whether the accusations against him were true, or no? Affirming, that it nothing availed him to deny it: wherupon he thus spake to the Judge. My Lord, I am here ready before you, to confess the truth; but I pray you demand of all them that accuse me, when and where I did cut their purses? and then I will tell you that, which (as yet) I have not done, otherwise, I purpose to make you no more answer.

Well (quoth the Judge) thou requirest but reason; and calling divers of the accusers, one of them said; that he lost his purse eight days before, another said six, another four, and some said the very same day. Which *Martellino* hearing, replied. My Lord, they all lye in their throats, as I will plainly prove before you. I would God I had never set foot within this City, as it is not many hours since my first entrance, and presently after my arrival, I went (in an evil hour I may say for me) to see the Saints body, where I was thus beaten as you may behold. That all this is true which I say unto you, the Seignieur Officer that keeps your Book of presentations will testify for me, as also the Host where I am lodged. Wherefore good my Lord, if you find all no otherwise, than I have said, I humbly intreat you, that upon these bad mens reports, and false Informations, I may not be thus tormented, and put in peril of my life.

While matters proceeded in this manner, *Marquise*, and *Stecchio*, understanding how roughly the *Potestates* Lieutenant dealt with *Martellino*, and that he had already given him the Strappado, were in heavy perplexity, saying to themselves; we have learned this business very badly, redeeming him out of the Frying-pan, and singeing him with the fire. Wherupon, trudging about from place to place, and



and meeting at length with their Host, they told him truly, how all had happened, whereat he could not refrain from laughing. Afterward, he went with them to one Master Alexander Agolant, who dwelt in Trevers, and was in great credit with the Cities chief Magistrate, to whom he related the whole Discourse; all three earnestly intreating him, to commiserate the case of poor Martellino.

Master Alexander, after he had laughed heartily at this hot piece of service, went with him to the Lord of Trevers; prevailing so well with him, that he sent to have Martellino brought before him. The messengers that went for him, found him standing in his shirt before the Judge, very shrewdly shaken with the Strappado, trembling and quaking pitifully. For the Judge would not hear any thing in his excuse; hating him (perhaps) because he was a Florentine; flatly determined to have him hanged by the neck, and would not deliver him to the Lord, until in meer despair he was compelled to do it.

The Lord of Trevers, when Martellino came before him, and had acquainted him truly with every particular: Master Alexander requested, that he might be dispatched thence for Florence, because he thought the halter to be about his neck, and that there was no other help but hanging. The Lord smiling (a long while) at the accident, and causing Martellino to be handsomely apparelled, delivering them also his Pass, they escaped out of further danger, and tarried no where, till they came unto Florence.

Rinaldo de Este, after he was robbed by Thieves, arrived at Casteau Guillaume, where he was friendly lodged by a fair Widow, and recompenced likewise for all his losses; returning after safe and well home unto his own house.

## The Second NOVEL.

Whereby we may learn, that such things as sometimes seem hurtfull to us, may turn to our benefit and commodity.

**M**uch merriment was among the Ladies, hearing this Tale of Martellino's misfortune, so familiarly reported by Madam Neiphila and of the men, it was best respected by Philostratus, who sitting nearest unto Neiphila, the Queen commanded his Tale to be the next, when presently he began to speak thus.

Gracious Ladies, I am to speak of universal occasions, mingled with some misfortunes in part, and partly with matters leaning to Love, as many times may happen to such People, that trace the dangerous paths of amorous desires, or have not learned perfectly, to say Saint Julian's *Pater noster*, having good Beds of their own, yet casually meet with worse Lodging.

In the time of Azao Marquis of Ferrara, there was a Merchant named Rinaldo de Este, who being one day at Bologna, about some especial business of his own, his occasions there ended, and riding from thence towards Verona, he fell in company with other Horsemen, seeming to be Merchants like himself, but indeed were Thieves, men of most bad life and conversation; yet he having no such mistrust of them, rode on, conferring with them very familiarly. They perceiving him to be a Merchant, and likely to have some store of money about him, concluded between themselves to rob him, so soon as they found apt place and opportunity. But because he should conceive no such suspicion, they rode on like modest men, talking honestly and friendly with him, of good parts and disposition appearing in him, offering him all humble and gracious service, accounting themselves happy by his company, as he returned the same courtesie to them, because he was alone, and but one Servant with him.

Falling from one discourse to another, they began to talk of such prayers, as men (in journey) use to salute God with all: and one of the Thieves (they being three in number) spoke thus to Rinaldo. Sir, let it be no offence to you that I desire to know, what Prayer you most use when thus you travel on the way? Whereto Rinaldo replied in this manner. To tell you true Sir, I am a man gross enough in such Divine matters, as meddling more with Merchandize, than



than I do with Books. Nevertheless, at all times when I am thus in journey, in the morning before I depart my Chamber, I say a *Pater Noster*, and an *Ave Maria* for the Souls of the Father and Mother of Saint *Julian*; and after that, I pray God and Saint *Julian* to send me a good Lodging at night. And let me tell you Sir, that very oftentimes heretofore, I have met with many great dangers upon the way, from all which I still escaped, and evermore (when night drew on) I came to an exceeding good lodging. Which makes me firmly believe that Saint *Julian* (in honour of whom I speak it) hath begged of God such great grace for me; and methinks, that if any day I should fail of this Prayer in the morning: I cannot travel securely, nor come to a good Lodging. No doubt then Sir (quoth the other) but you have said that Prayer this morning? I would be sorry else, said *Rinaldo*, such an especial matter is not to be neglected.

He and the rest, who had already determined how to handle him before they parted, said within themselves: Look thou hast said thy Prayer, for when we have thy Money, Saint *Julian* and thou shift for thy Lodging. Afterward, the same man thus again conferred with him. As you Sir, so I have ridden many journeys, and yet I never used any such Prayer, although I have heard it very much commended, and my Lodging hath proved never the worse. Perhaps this very night will therein resolve us both, whether of us two shall be the best lodged, you that have said the Prayer, or I that never used it at all. But I must not deny, that instead thereof, I have made use of some verses; as *Dirupista*, or the *Intemerata*, or *De profundis*, which are (as my Grandmother hath often told me) of very great virtue and efficacy.

Continuing thus in talk of divers things, winning way and beguiling the time, still waiting when their purpose should sort to effect: it fortuned, that the Thieves seeing they were come near to a Town, called *Casteau Guillaume*, by the foord of a River, the hour somewhat late, the place solitary, and thickly shaded with Trees, they made their assault; and having rob'd him, left him there on foot, stript into his shirt, saying to him. Go now and see, whether thy Saint *Julian* will allow thee this night a good Lodging, or no? for our own we are sufficiently provided; so passing the River, away they rode. *Rinaldo's* Servant, seeing his Master so sharp assailed, like a wicked Villain, would not assist him in any sort, but giving his Horse the spurs, never left galloping, until he came to *Casteau Guillaume*, where he entred upon the point of night, providing himself of a Lodging, but not caring what became of his Master.

*Rinaldo* remaining there in his shirt, bare-foot and bare-legged, the weather extremely cold, and snowing incessantly, and not knowing what to do, dark night drawing on, and looking round about him for some place where to abide that night, to the end he might not die with cold; he found no help at all there for him, in regard that (no long while before) the late War had burnt and wasted all, and not so much as the least Cottage left. Compelled by the colds violence, his teeth quaking, and all his body trembling, he trotted on towards *Casteau Guillaume*, not knowing whether his man was gone thither or no, or to what place else: but perswaded himself, that if he could get entrance there was no fear of finding succour. But before he came within half a mile of the Town, the night grew extremely dark, and arriving there so late, he found the Gates fast locked, and the Bridges drawn up, so that no entrance might be admitted.

Grieving greatly hereat, and being much discomforted, ruefully went spying about the Walls, for some place wherein to throwd himself, at least, to keep the snow from falling upon him. By good hap, he espied an House upon the wall of the Town, which had a terrace jutting out as a Pent-house, under which he purposed to stand all the night, and then to get him gone in the morning. At length, he found a door in the wall, but very fast shut, and some small straw lying by it, which he gathered together, and sitting down thereon very pensively, made many sad complaints to Saint *Julian*, saying: This was not according to the trust he reposed in her. But Saint *Julian*, taking compassion upon him, without any over-long tarrying; provided him of a good Lodging, as you shall hear now.

In this Town of *Casteau Guillaume*, lived a young Lady, who was a Widow, so beautiful and comely of her Person, as seldom seen a more lovely Creature.

The



The Marquess *Azzo* most dearly affected her, and (as his choicest Jewel of delight) gave her that house to live in, under the Terrace whereof poor *Rinaldo* made his shelter. It chanced the day before, that the Marquess was come thither, according to his frequent custom, to wear away that Night in her company, she having secretly prepared a Bath for him, and a costly Supper beside. All things being ready, and nothing wanting but the Marquess his presence: suddenly a Post brought him such Letters, which commanded him instantly to take Horseback, and word he sent to the Lady, to spare him for that Night, because urgent occasions called him thence, and he Rode away immediately.

Much discontented was the Lady at this unexpected accident, and not knowing how to spend the time, resolved to use the Bath which she had made for the Marquess, and (after Supper) betake her self to rest, and so she entred into the Bath. Close to the door where poor *Rinaldo* sat, stood the Bath, by which means, she being therein, heard all his quivering moans, and complaints, seeming to be such, as the Swan singing before her death: Whereupon, she called her Chambermaid, saying to her. Go up above and look over the Terrace on the Wall down to this Door, and see who is there, and what he doth. The Chambermaid went up aloft, and by a little glimmering in the Air, she saw a man sitting in his Shirt, bare on Feet and Legs, trembling in manner before rehearsed. She demanding of whence, and what he was; *Rinaldo's* Teeth so trembled in his Head, as very hardly could he form any words, but (so well as he could) told her what he was, and how he came thither: most pitifully intreating her, that if she could afford him any help, not to suffer him to starve there to death with cold.

The Chambermaid, being much moved to compassion, returned to her Lady and told her all, she likewise pitying his distress, and remembering she had the Key of that Door, whereby the Marquess both entred and returned, when he intended not to be seen of any, said to her Maid. Go and open the Door softly for him; we have a good Supper, and none to help to eat it, and if he be a man likely, we can allow him one nights lodging too. The Chambermaid, commending her Lady for this charitable Kindness, opened the Door, and seeing he appeared as half Frozen, she said unto him, Make haste good man, get thee into this Bath, which yet is good and warm, for my Lady her self came but newly out of it. Wherefo very gladly he condescended, as not tarrying to be bidden twice; finding himself so singularly comforted with the heat thereof, even as if he had been restored from Death to Life. Then the Lady sent him Garments, which lately were her deceased Husbands, and fitted him so aptly in all respects, as if purposely they had been made for him.

Attending in further expectation, to know what else the Lady would command him; he began to remember God and Saint *Julian*, heartily thanking her, for delivering him from so bad a Night as was threatned towards him, and bringing him to so good Entertainment. After all this, the Lady causing a fair Fire to be made in the nearest Chamber beneath, went and sat by it her self, demanding how the honest man fared. Madam, answered the Chambermaid, now that he is in your deceased Lords Garments, he appeareth to be a very goodly Gentleman, and questionless, is of respective Birth and Breeding, well deserving this Gracious favour which you have afforded him. Go then (quoth the Lady) and conduct him hither, to sit by this Fire, and sup here with me, for I fear he hath had but a sorry Supper. When *Rinaldo* was entred into the Chamber, and beheld her to be such a beautiful Lady, accounting his Fortune to exceed all Compassion, he did her most humble Reverence, expressing so much thankfulness, as possibly he could, for this her extraordinary Grace and Favour.

The Lady fixing a stedfast eye upon him, well liking his gentle Language and Behaviour, perceiving also, how fitly her deceased Husband's Apparel was formed to his Person, and resembling him in all familiar respects, he appeared (in her judgment) far beyond the Chambermaids commendations of him; so praying him to sit down by her before the Fire, she questioned with him, concerning this unhappy Nights accident befall him, wherein he fully resolved her, and she was the more persuaded, by reason of his Servants coming into the Town before Night, assuring him that he should be found for him early in the Morning.

Supper being served in to the Table, and he seated according as the Lady commanded; she began to observe him very considerately; for he was a goodly man, compleat in all perfection of Person, a delicate pleasing Countenance, a quick alluring



ring Eye, fixed and constant, not wantonly gadding, in the jovial youthfulness of his time, and truest temper for amorous apprehension; all these were as battering Engins against a Bulwark of no strong resistance, and wrought strangely upon her flexible affections. And though she fed heartily, as occasion constrained, yet her thoughts had entertained a new kind of Diet, digested only by the Eye; yet so cunningly concealed, that no motive to immodesty could be discerned. Her mercy thus extended to him in misery (drew on by Table discourse) his Birth, Education, Parents, Friends, Allies; his wealthy Possessions by Merchandize, and a sound stability in his Estate, but above all (and best of all) the single and sole condition of a Bachelor; an apt and easie Steel to strike fire, especially upon such quick taking Tinder, and in a time favoured by Fortune.

No imbarment remained, but remembrance of the Marquess, and that being summoned to her more advised consideration, her Youth and Beauty stood up as conscious accusers, for blemishing her Honour and fair Repute, with lewd and luxurious Life, far unfit for a Lady of her degree, and well worthy of general Condemnation. What should I further say? Upon a short conference with her Chamber-maid, repentance for sin past, and solemn promise of a constant Conversion, thus she delivered her mind to *Rinaldo*.

Sir, as you have related your Fortunes to me, by this your casual hapning hither, if you can like the motion so well as she that makes it; my deceased Lord and Husband living so perfectly in your Person; this House and all mine is yours; and of a Widow, I will become your Wife, except (unmanly) you deny me. *Rinaldo* hearing these words, and proceeding from a Lady of such absolute Perfections, presuming upon so proud an offer, and condemning himself of Folly if he should refuse it, thus replied. Madam, considering that I stand bound for ever hereafter, to confess that you are the gracious preserver of my Life, and I no way able to return requital; if you please to shadow mine insufficiency, and to accept me and my fairest Fortunes to do you Service: let me die before a thought of denial, any way to yield you the least discontentment.

Here wanted but a Priest to joyn their Hands, as mutual affection already had done their Hearts, which being sealed with infinite Kisses, the Chambermaid called up Friar Roger her Confessor, and Wedding and Bedding were both effected before the bright Morning. In brief, the Marquess having heard of the Marriage, did not mislike it, but confirmed it by great and honourable Gifts. And having sent for his dishonest Servant, he dispatched him (after sound reprehension) to *Ferrara*, with Letters to *Rinaldo's* Father and Friends, and all the Accidents that had befallen him. Moreover, the very same Morning, the three Thieves that had Robbed, and so ill intreated *Rinaldo*, for another Fact by them the same Night committed, were taken, and brought to the Town of *Castellan Guillaume*, where they were Hanged for their Offences, and *Rinaldo* with his Wife rode to *Ferrara*.

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Three young Gentlemen, being Brethren, and having spent all their Lands and Possessions vainly, became poor. A Nephew of theirs (falling almost into as desperate a Condition) became acquainted with an Abbot, whom he afterward found to be the King of England's Daughter, and made him her Husband in Marriage, recompensing all his Uncles Losses, and seating them again in good Estate.

### THE THIRD NOVEL.

Wherein is declared the dangers of Prodigality, and the manifold Mutabilities of Fortune.

**T**He Fortunes of *Rinaldo de Este*, being heard by the Ladies and Gentlemen, they admired his Happiness, and commended his Devotion to St. *Julian*, who (in such extream Necessity) sent him so good Succour. Nor was the Lady to be blamed, for leaving base Liberty, and converting to the chaste embraces of the Marriage Bed, the Dignity of Womens Honour, and eternal Disgrace living otherwise. While thus they danc'd on the happy Night between her and *Rinaldo*, Madam *Pampinea* sitting next to *Philostatus*, considering, that her Discourse must follow in order, and thinking on what she was to say; the

Queen



Queen had no sooner sent out her Command, but she being no less fair than forward, began in this manner.

Ladies of great respect, the more we confer on the accidents of Fortune, so much the more remaineth to consider on her Mutabilities, wherein there is no need of Wonder, if discreetly we observe that all such things as we fondly seem to be our own, are in her power; and so (consequently) change from one to another, without any stay or arrest (according to her concealed judgment) or settled order (at least) that can be known to us. Now, although these things appear thus daily to us, even apparently in all occasions, and as hath been discerned by some of our precedent Discourses; yet notwithstanding, seeing it pleaseth the Queen that our Arguments should aim at these ends, I will add to the former Tales another of my own, perhaps not unprofitable for the Hearers, nor unpleasing in Observation.

Sometimes heretofore, there dwelt in our City, a Knight named Signior *Theobaldo*, who (according as some do report) issued from the Family of *Lamberti*, but others derive him of the *Agolanti*; guiding (perhaps) their Opinion herein, more from the train of Children, belonging to the said *Theobaldo* (evermore equal to that of *Agolanti*) than any other matter elie. But setting aside from which of these two Houses he came, I say, that in his time he was a very wealthy Knight, and had three Sons; the first being named *Lamberto*, the second *Theobaldo*, and the third *Agolanti*, all Goodly and Graceful youths: howbeit, the Eldest had not compleated Eighteen years, when Signior *Theobaldo* the Father deceased, who left them all his Goods and Inheritances. And they, seeing themselves Rich in ready Monies and Revenues, without any other government than their own voluntary disposition, kept no restraint upon their Expences, but maintained many Servants, and store of invaluable Horses, besides Hawks and Hounds, with open House for all Commers, and not only all Delights else fit for Gentlemen, but what Vanities beside best agreed with their wanton and youthful Appetites.

Not long had they run on this Race, but the Treasures left them by their Father, began to diminish, and their Revenues sufficed not, to support such Lavish Expences, as they had begun: but they fell to engaging and pawning their Inheritances, selling one to day, another to morrow, so that they saw themselves quickly come to nothing, and then Poverty opened their Eyes, which Prodigality had before closed up. Hereupon, *Lamberto* (on a day) calling his Brethren to him, shewed them what the Honours of their Father had been, to what height his Wealth amounted, and now to what ebb of Poverty it was fallen, only thorrow their inordinate Expences. Wherefore he counselled them, to make Sale of the small remainder that was left, and then to betake themselves unto some other abiding, where fairer Fortune might chance to shine upon them.

This advice prevailed with them; and so, without taking leave of any Body, or other Solemnity than closest Secresie, they departed from *Florence*, not tarrying in any place until they were arrived in *England*. Coming to the City of *London*, and taking there a small House upon yearly Rent, living on so little Charge as possible might be, they began to lend out Money at Use: wherein Fortune was so favourable to them, that (in few years) they had gathered a great Sum of Money: By means whereof it came to pass, that one while one of them, and afterward another returned back again to *Florence*; where, with those Sums, a great part of their Inheritances were redeemed, and many other more brought beside. Linking themselves in Marriage, and yet continuing their Usances in *England*, they sent a Nephew of theirs thither, named *Alessandro*, a young man, and of fair demeanour, to maintain their Stock in employment: While they three remained still in *Florence*, and growing forgetful of their former Misery, fell again into as unreasonable Expences as ever, never respecting their Household Charges, because they had good Credit among the Merchants, and the Monies still sent from *Alessandro*, supporting their Expences divers years.

The dealings of *Alessandro* in *England* grew very great, for he lent out much Money to many Gentlemen, Lords, and Barons of the Land, upon engagement of their Mannors, Castles, and other Revenues: from whence he derived immeasurable Benefit. While the three Brethren held on in their Lavish Expences, borrowing Monies when they wanted until their Supplies came from *England*, whereon (indeed) was their only dependance: It fortuned, that (contrary to the opinion of all Men) War happened between the King of *England*, and one of his Sons, which occasioned much Trouble in the Country, by taking part on either side,



some with the Son, and other with the Father. In regard whereof, those Castles and Places, pawned to *Alessandro*, were suddenly Seized from him, nothing then remaining, that turned him any profit. But living in hope day by day, that Peace would be concluded between the Father and the Son, he never doubted; but all things then should be restored to him, both the Principal and Interest, and therefore he would not depart out of the Country.

The three Brethren at *Florence*, bounding within no limits, their disordered Spending, borrowed daily more and more. And after some few days, the Creditors seeing no effect of their hopes to come from them, all Credit being left with them, and no repayment of promised dues, they were Imprisoned; their Lands and all they had, not sufficing to pay the moiety of Debts, but their Bodies remained in Prison for the rest; their Wives and young Children being sent thence, some to one Village, some to another, so that nothing now was to be expected, but poverty and misery of Life for ever.

As for honest *Alessandro*, who had awaited long time for Peace in *England*, perceiving there was no likelihood of it; and considering also, that (beside his tarrying there in vain to recover his Dues) he was in danger of his Life; without any further deferring, he set away for *Italy*. It came to pass, that as he issued forth of *Bruges*, he saw a young Abbot also journeying thence, being clothed in White, accompanied with divers Monks, and a great Train before conducting the needful Carriage. Two ancient Knights, Kinsmen to the King, followed after; with whom *Alessandro* acquainted himself, as having formerly known them, and was kindly accepted into their company. *Alessandro* riding along with them, curiously requested to know, what those Monks were that rode before, and such a Train attending on them? Whereunto one of the Knights thus answered.

He that rideth before is a young Gentleman, and our Kinsman, who is newly elected Abbot of one of the best Abbies in *England*, and because he is more young in years, than the degrees of such a Dignity do allow, we Travel with him to *Rome*, to entreat our Holy Father, that his youth may be dispensed withal, and he confirmed in the said Dignity; but he is not to speak a word to any Person. On rode this new Abbot, sometimes before his Train, and otherwhiles after, as we see great Lords use to do, when they ride upon the High-ways.

It chanced on a day, that *Alessandro* rode somewhat near to the Abbot, who stedfastly beholding him, perceived that he was a very comely young man, so affable, lovely, and gracious, that even in his first encounter, he had never seen any man before that better pleased him. Calling him a little closer, he began to confer familiarly with him, demanding what he was, whence he came, and whither he Travelled. *Alessandro* imparted freely to him all his affairs, in every thing satisfying his demands, and offering (although his power was small) to do him all the service he could.

When the Abbot had heard his gentle answers, so wisely and discreetly delivered, considering also (more particularly) his commendable carriage, he took him to be (at the least) a well-born Gentleman, and far differing from his own Logger-headed Train. Wherefore taking compassion on his great Misfortunes, he comforted him very kindly, wishing him to be of good Cheer, and to live always in good hope. For if he were Vertuous and Honest, he should surely attain to the Seat from whence Fortune had thrown him, or rather be Exalted much higher. Intreating him also that seeing he Journeyed towards *Tuscany*, as he himself did the like, to continue still (if he pleased) in his company. *Alessandro* most humbly thanked him for such gracious comfort; protesting, that he would be always ready to do whatsoever he commanded.

The Abbot riding on, with newer Crotchets in his Brain than he had before the sight of *Alessandro*, it fortuned; that after divers days of Travel, they came to a small Country Village, which afforded little store of Lodging, and yet the Abbot would needs lie there. *Alessandro*, being well acquainted with the Host of the House, willed him to provide for the Abbot and his People, and then to lodge him where he thought it meetest. Now before the Abbots coming thither, the Harbinger that marshalled all such matters, had provided for his Train in the Village, some in one place, and others elsewhere, in the best manner that the Town could yield. But when the Abbot had Supr, a great part of the Night being spent, and every one else at his rest; *Alessandro* demanded of the Host what provision he had made for him, and how he should be lodged that night?



In good sadness Sir (quoth the Host) you see that my House is full of Guests, so that I and my People must gladly sleep on the Tables, and Benches: Nevertheless, next adjoining to my Lord Abbots Chamber, there are certain Corn-lofts, whither I can closely bring you, and making shift there with a slender Pallet-bed, it may serve for one Night, in stead of a better. But mine Host (quoth *Alessandro*) how can I pass through my Lords Chamber, which is so little that it would not allow Lodging for any of his Monks? If I had remembred so much (said the Host) before the Curtains were drawn, I could have lodged his Monks in the Corn-lofts, and then both you and I might have slept where now they do. But fear you not, my Lords Curtains are close drawn, he sleepeth (no doubt) soundly, and I can convey you thither quickly enough, without the least disturbance to him, and a Pallet-bed shall be fitted there for you. *Alessandro* perceiving that all this might easily be done, and no dis-ease offered to the Abbot, accepted it willingly, and went thither without any Noise at all.

My Lord Abbot, whose thoughts were so busied about amorous desires, that no sleep at all could enter his Eyes, having heard all this Talk between the Host and *Alessandro*, as also where he was appointed to Lodg, he said thus within himself, Seeing Fortune hath fitted me with a propitious time, to compass the happiness of my hearts desire; I know no reason why I should refuse it. Perhaps I shall never have the like offer again, or ever be enabled with such an opportunity. So, being full intended to prosecute his intention, and persuading himself also, that the silence of the Night had bestowed sleep on all the rest; with a low and slender voice he called *Alessandro*, advising him to come and lie down by him, which (after some few faint excuses) he did, and putting off his Clothes, lay down by the Abbot, being not a little proud of so gracious a favour.

The Abbot, laying his Arm over the others Body, began to imbrace and hug him; even as amorous Friends (provoked by earnest affection) use to do. Whereat *Alessandro* very much marvelling, and being an *Italian* himself, fearing lest this folly in the Abbot, would convert to foul and dishonest action, shrunk modestly from him. Which the Abbot perceiving, and doubting lest *Alessandro* would depart and leave him, pleasantly smiling, and with bashful behaviour baring his Stomach, he took *Alessandro's* hand, and laying it thereon, said; *Alessandro*, let all bad thoughts of Beastial abuse be far off from thee, and feel here, to resolve thee from all such fear. *Alessandro* feeling the Abbots Brest, found there two pretty little Mountains, round, plump, and smooth, appearing as if they had been of Polished Ivory; whereby he perceived, that the Abbot was a Woman: which, setting an edge on his youthful desires, made him fall to embracing, and immediately he offered to kiss her; but she somewhat rudely repulsing him, as offended, said,

*Alessandro*, forbear such boldness, upon thy Lifes peril, and before thou further presume to touch me, understand what I shall tell thee. I am (as thou perceivest) no Man, but a Woman; and departing a Virgin from my Fathers House, am Travelling towards the Pope's Holiness, to the end that he should bestow me in Marriage. But the other day, when first I beheld thee, whether it proceeded from thy happiness in Fortune, or the fatal hour of my own Felicity for ever, I know not; I conceived such an effectual kind of likeness towards thee, as never did a Woman love a Man more truly than I do thee, having sworn within my Soul to make thee my Husband before any other; and if thou wilt not accept me as thy Wife, set a Lock upon thy Lips concerning what thou hast heard, and depart to thine own Bed again.

No doubt, but that this was strange news to *Alessandro*, and seemed meerly as a Miracle to him. What she was, he knew not, but in regard of her Train and Company, he reputed her to be both Noble and Rich, as also she was wonderful Fair and Beautiful. His own Fortunes stood out of future expectation by his Kinsmens overthrow, and his great Losses in *England*; wherefore, upon an opportunity so fairly offered, he held it no wisdom to return refusal, but accepted her gracious motion, and referred all to her disposing. She arising out of her Bed, called him to a little Bed standing by, where hung a fair Crucifix upon the Wall; before which, and calling him to Witness, that suffered such bitter and cruel Torments on his Cross, putting a Ring on his Finger, there she faithfully Espoused him, refusing all the World to be only his: Which being on either side Confirmed, by an holy Vow, and chaste Kisses; she commanded him back to his



Chamber, and she returned to her Bed again, sufficiently satisfied with her Loves acceptance, and so they journeyed on till they came to *Rome*.

When they had rested themselves there some few days, the supposed Abbot, with the two Knights, and none else to accompany but *Alessandro*, went before the Pope, and having done him such Reverence as becomed, the Abbot began to speak in this manner.

Holy Father (as you know much better than any other) ever one that desireth to live well and vertuously, ought to shun (so far as in him lieth) all occasions that may induce to the contrary. To the end therefore that I (who desire nothing more) than to live within the compass of a vertuous Conversation, may perfect my hopes in this behalf: I have fled from my Father's Court, and am come hither in this habit as you see, to crave therein your Holy and Fatherly furtherance. I am Daughter to the King of *England*, and have sufficiently furnished my self with some of his Treasures, that your Holiness may bestow me in Marriage; because my unkind Father, never regarding my Youth and Beauty (inferiour to few in my Native Country) would Marry me to the King of *North-Wales*, an Aged, Impotent, and sickly Man. Yet let me tell your Sanctity, that his weakness hath not so much occasioned my flight as fear of mine own Youth and Frailty; when being Married to him, in stead of loyal and unstained Life, lewd and dishonest desires might make me to wander, by breaking the Divine Laws of Wedlock, and abusing the Royal Blood of my Father.

As I Travelled hither with this vertuous intention, our Lord, who only knoweth perfectly, what is best fitting for all his Creatures; presented mine Eyes, (no doubt in his meer Mercy and Goodness) with a man meet to be my Husband, which (pointing to *Alessandro*) is this young Gentleman standing by me, whose Honest, Vertuous, and Civil Demeanour, deserveth a Lady of far greater worth, although (perhaps) Nobility in Blood be denied him, and may make him seem not so Excellent, as one derived from Royal Descent. Holy and Religious Vows have passed between us both, and the Ring on his Finger is the firm Pledg of my Faith and Constancy, never to accept any other man in Marriage, but him only, although my Father or any else do dislike it. Wherefore (Holy Father) the principal cause of my coming hither, being already effectually concluded on, I desire to compleat the act of my Pilgrimage, by visiting the Sanctified places in this City, whereof there are great plenty: And also, that sacred Marriage, being contracted in the presence of God only, between *Alessandro* and my self, may by you be publicly confirmed, and in an open Congregation. For seeing God hath so appointed it, and our Souls have so solemnly vowed it, that no disaster whatsoever can alter it: you being Gods Vicar here on Earth, I hope will not gainsay, but confirm it with your Fatherly Benediction, that we may live in Gods fear and die in his favour.

Persuade your selves (fair Ladies) that *Alessandro* was in no mean admiration, when he heard, that his Wife was Daughter to the King of *England*, unspeakable Joy (questionless) wholly overcame him: But the two Knights were not a little troubled and offended, at such a strange and unexpected accident; yea, so violent were their Passions, that had they been any where else, than in the Popes presence, *Alessandro* had felt their Fury, and (perhaps) the Princess her self too. On the other outside, the Pope was much amazed at the Habit she went disguised in, and likewise at the election of her Husband; but perceiving there was no resistance to be made against it, he yielded the more willingly to satisfy her desire. And therefore having first comforted the two Knights, and made Peace between them, the Princess, and *Alessandro*, he gave order for the rest that was to be done.

When the appointed day for the Solemnity was come, he caused the Princess (cloathed in most Rich and Royal Garments) to appear before all the Cardinals and many other great Persons then in presence, who were come to this worthy Feast, which he had caused purposely to be prepared, where she seemed so fair and goodly a Lady, that every Eye was highly delighted to behold her, commending her with no mean admiration. In like manner was *Alessandro* greatly Honoured by the two Knights, being most Sumptuous in appearance, and not like a man that had lent Money to Usury, but rather of very Royal Quality; the Pope himself celebrating the Marriage between them, which being finished, with the most magnificent Pomp that could be devised, he gave them his Benediction, and Licenced their departure thence.

*Alessandro*, his Princess and her Train thus leaving *Rome*, they would needs visit  
Florence,



*Florence*, where the news of this accident was (long before) noised, and they received by the Citizens in royal manner. There did she deliver the three Brethren out of Prison, having first payed all their Debts, and re-seated them again (with their Wives) in their former Inheritances and Possessions. Afterward departing from *Florence*, and *Agolanto*, one of the Uncles Travelling with them to *Paris*; they were there also most honourably entertained by the King of *France*. From whence the two Knights went before for *England*, and prevailed so successfully with the King, that he received his Daughter into Grace and Favour, as also his Son in Law her Husband, to whom he gave the Order of Knighthood, and (for his greater Dignity) created him Earl of *Cornwal*.

And such was the noble spirit of *Alessandro*, that he pacified the Troubles between the King and his Son, whereon ensued great comfort to the Kingdom, winning the Love and Favour of all the People; and *Agolanto* (by the means of *Alessandro*) recovered all that was due to him and his Brethren in *England*, returning richly home to *Florence*. Count *Alessandro* (his Kinsman) having first Dub'd him Knight. Long time he lived in Peace and Tranquillity, with the fair Princess his Wife, proving to be so absolute in Wisdom, and so famous a Soldier; that (as some report) by assistance of his Father in Law, he Conquered the Realm of *Ireland*, and was Crowned King thereof.

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*Landolpho Ruffolo*, falling into Poverty, became a Pirate on the Seas, and being taken by the Geneways, hardly escaped drowning: Which yet (nevertheless) he did, upon a little Chest or Coffin, full of very rich Jewels, being carried thereon to *Corfu*, where he was well entertained by a good Woman; And afterward, returned richly home to his own House.

#### The Fourth N o v e l.

Whereby may be discerned, into how many Dangers a Man may fall, through a covetous desire to enrich himself.

**M**Adam *Lauretta*, sitting next to *Madam Pampinea*, and seeing how triumphantly she had finished her Discourse; without attending any thing else, spake thus. Gracious Ladies, we shall never behold (in mine opinion) a greater act of Fortune, than to see a man so suddenly Exalted, even from the lowest depth of Poverty, to a royal estate of Dignity; as the Discourse of *Madam Pampinea* hath made good, by the happy advancement of *Alessandro*. And because it appeareth necessary, that whosoever discourseth on the Subject proposed, should no way vary from the very same terms; I shall not shame to tell a Tale, which, though it contain far greater mishapes than the former, may sort to as happy an issue, albeit not so Noble and Magnificent. In which respect, it may (perhaps) merit the less attention, but howsoever that fault shall be found in me, I mean to discharge my own duty.

Opinion hath made it famous for long time, that the Sea-coast of *Rhegium* to *Gajeta*, is the only delectable part of all *Italy*, wherein, somewhat near to *Salerno*, is a Shore looking upon the Sea, which the Inhabitants there dwelling, do call the Coast of *Malsie*, full of small Towns, Gardens, Springs, and Wealthy men, trading in as many kinds of Merchandizes, as any other People that I know. Among which Towns, there is one, named *Ravello*, wherein (as yet to this day there are rich People) there was (not long since) a very Wealthy man, named *Randolpho Ruffolo*, who being not contented with his Riches, but coveting to multiply them double and treble, fell in Danger, to lose both himself and Wealth together.

This man (as other Merchants are wont to do) after he had considered on his Affairs, bought him a very goodly Ship, lading it with divers sorts of Merchandizes, all belonging to himself only, and making his Voyage to the Isle of *Cyprus*. Where he found, over and beside the Merchandizes he had brought thither, many Ships more there arrived, and all of them laden with the same Commodities, in regard whereof, it was needful for him, not only to make a good Mart of his Goods; but also was further constrained (if he meant to vent his



his Commodities) to Sell them away (almost) for nothing, endangering his utter destruction and overthrow. Whereupon grieving exceedingly at so great a Loss, not knowing what to do, and seeing, that from very abundant Wealth, he was like to fall into as low Poverty: He resolved to die, or to recompence his Losses upon others, because he would not return Home poor, having departed thence so Rich.

Meeting with a Merchant, that bought his great Ship of him; with the Money made thereof, and also his other Merchandizes, he purchased another, being a lighter Vessel, apt and proper for the use of a Pirate, arming and furnishing it in ample manner, for Roving and Robbing upon the Seas. Thus he began to make other mens Goods his own, especially from the *Turks* he took much Wealth, Fortune being always so favourable to him, that he could never compass the like by Trading. So that, within the space of one Year, he had Rob'd and taken so many Gallies from the *Turk*, that he found himself well recovered, not only of all his Losses by Merchandize, but likewise his Wealth was wholly redoubled. Finding his Losses to be very liberally requited, and having now sufficient, it were folly to hazard a second fall; wherefore conferring with his own thoughts, and finding that he had enough, and needed not to covet after more: he fully concluded, now to return Home to his own House again, and live upon his Goods thus gotten.

Continuing still in fear of the Loss he had sustained by Traffique, and minding never more to imploy his Money that way, but to keep this light Vessel, which had holpen him to all his Wealth: He commanded his men to put forth their Oars and shape their Course for his own dwelling. Being aloft in the higher Seas, dark night overtaking them, and a mighty Wind suddenly coming upon them: it not only was contrary to their Course, but held on with such impetuous violence, that the small Vessel, being unable to endure it, made to Land-ward speedily, and in expectation of a more friendly Wind, entred a little Port of the Sea, directing up into a small Island, and there safely sheltered it self. Into the same Port which *Landolpho* had thus taken for his refuge, entred (soon after) two great Carracks of *Geneways*, lately come from *Constantinople*. When the men in them had espied the small Bark, and lockt up her passage from getting forth; understanding the Owners name, and that report had famed him to be very Rich, they determined (as men evermore addicted naturally, to covet after Money and Spoil) to make it their own as a Prize at Sea.

Landing some store of their men, well armed with Cross-bows and other Weapons, they took possession of such a place, where none durst issue forth of the small Bark, but endangered his life with their Darts and Arrows. Entering aboard the Bark, and making it their own by full possession, all the men they threw overboard, without sparing any but *Landolpho* himself, whom they mounted into one of the Carracks: leaving him nothing but a poor Shirt of Male on his Back, and having rifled the Bark of all her Riches, sunk it into the bottom of the Sea. The day following, the rough Winds being calmed, the Carracks set sail again, having a prosperous passage all the day long; but upon the entrance of dark night, the Winds blew more Tempestuously than before, and swell'd the Sea in such rude Storms, that the two Carracks were sundred each from other, and by violence of the Tempest it came to pass, that the Carrack wherein lay poor miserable *Landolpho* (beneath the Isle of *Cephalonia*) ran against a Rock, and even as a Glass against a Wall, so split the Carrack in pieces, the Goods and Merchandizes floating on the Sea, Chests, Coffers, Beds, and such like other things, as often happeneth in such lamentable Accidents.

Now notwithstanding the nights obscurity, and impetuous violence of the Billow, such as could Swim, made shift to save their Lives by Swimming. Others caught hold on such things, as by Fortunes favour, floated nearest to them, among whom, distressed *Landolpho*, desirous to save his Life, if possible it might be, espied a Chest, or Coffer before him, ordained (no doubt) to be the means of his safety from Drowning. Now although the day before, he had wished for Death infinite times, rather than to return Home in such wretched Poverty; yet, seeing how other men strove for safety of their Lives by any help, were it never so little, he took advantage of this favour offered him, and the rather in a necessity so urgent. Keeping fast upon the Coffer so well as he could, and being driven by the Winds and Waves, one while this way, and anon quite contrary, he



he made shift for himself till day appeared; when looking every way about him, seeing nothing but Clouds, the Seas, and the Coffer, which one while shrunk from under him, and another while supported him, according as the Winds and Billows carried it: All that day, and night thus he floated up and down, drinking more than willingly he would, but almost hunger-starved thorow want of Food. The next morning, either by the appointment of Heaven, or power of the Winds, *Landolpho* who was (well-near) become a Sponge, holding his Arms strongly about the Chest, as we have seen some do, who (dreading Drowning) take hold on any the very smallest help; drew near unto the Shore of the Island *Corfu*, where (by good Fortune) a poor Woman was scowring Dishes with the Salt water and Sand, to make them (House-wife like) neat and clean.

When she saw the Chest drawing near her, and not discerning the shape of any man, she grew fearful, and retiring from it, cried out aloud. He had no power of speaking to her; neither did his sight do him the smallest service; but even as the Waves and Winds pleased, the Chest was driven still nearer to the Land, and then the Woman perceived that it had the form of a Coffer, and looking more advisedly, beheld two Arms extended over it, and afterward, she espied the Face of a man, not being able to judge whether he were alive, or no. Moved by charitable and womanly compassion, she stepped in among the Billows, and getting fast hold on the Hair of his Head, drew both the Chest and him to the Land, and calling forth her Daughter to help her, with much ado she unfolded his Arms from the Chest, setting it upon her Daughters Head, and then between them *Landolpho* was led into the Town, and there conveyed into a warm Stove, where quickly he recovered (by her pains) his strength, benumbed with extrem cold.

Good Wines, and comfortable Broths she cherished him withal, that his Senses being indifferently restored, he knew the place where he was; but not in what manner he was brought thither, till the good Woman had shewed him the Coffer that had kept him floating upon the Waves, and (next under God) having saved his Life. The Chest seemed of such slender weight, that nothing of any value could be expected in it, either to recompence the Womans great pains and kindness bestowed on him, or any matter of his own benefit. Nevertheless, the Woman being absent, he opened the Chest, and found innumerable precious Stones therein, some costly and curious set in Gold, and others not fixed in any Metal. Having knowledge of their great worth and value (being a Merchant, and skill'd in such matters) he became much comforted, praising God for his good success, and such an admirable means of deliverance from danger.

Then considering with himself, that (in a short time) he had been twice well buffered, and beaten by fortune, lest a third mishap might follow in like manner, he consulted with his thoughts, how he might safely order the business, and bring so rich a Booty (without peril) to his own Home. Wherefore, wrapping up the Jewels in very unlightly Colours, that no suspicion at all should be conceived of them, he said to the good Woman, that the Chest would not do him any further service; but if she pleased to lend him a small Sack or Bag, she might keep the Coffer, for in her House it would divers ways stead her. The Woman gladly did as he desired, and *Landolpho* returning her infinite thanks, for the loving kindness she had offered him, throwing the Sack on his Neck, passed by a Bark to *Brundisium*, and from thence to *Tranium*, where Merchants in the City bestowed good Garments on him, he acquainting them with his disastrous Fortunes; but not a word concerning his last good success.

Being come Home in safety to *Ravello*, he fell on his Knees and thanked God for all his Mercies towards him. Then opening the Sack and viewing the Jewels at more leisure than formerly he had done, he found them to be of so great Estimation, that selling them but at ordinary and reasonable Rates, he was three times Richer, than when he departed first from his House. And having vented them all, he sent a great Sum of Money to the good Woman at *Corfu*, that had rescued him out of the Sea, and saved his Life in a danger so dreadful. The like he did at *Tranium*, to the Merchants that newly Clothed him; living richly upon the remainder, and never adventuring more to the Sea, but ended his days in Wealth and Honour.



Andrea de Piero, travelling from Perouse to Naples to buy Horses, was (in the space of one night) surprised by three admirable accidents, out of all which he fortunately escaped, and with a rich Ring, returned home to his own house.

### THE FIFTH NOVEL.

Comprehending, how needfull a thing it is, for a man that travelleth in affairs of the world, to be provident and well advised, and carefully to keep himself from the deceitfull allurements of Strumpets.

**T**He precious Stones and Jewels found by Landolpho, maketh me to remember (said Madam Fiammetta, who was next to deliver her discourse) a Tale, containing no less perils, than that reported by Madam Lauretta: but somewhat different from it, because the one happened in sundry years, and this other had no longer time, than the compass of one poor night, as instantly I will relate unto you.

As I have heard reported by many, there sometime lived in Perouse or Perugia, a young man named *Andrea de Piero*, whose profession was to trade about Horses, in the nature of a Horse-courser, or Horse-master, who hearing of a good Fair or Market (for his purpose) at *Naples*, did put five hundred Crowns of gold in his purse, and journeyed thither in the Company of other Horse-courers, arriving there on a Sunday in the evening. According to instructions given him by his Host, he went the next day into the Horse-market, where he saw very many Horses that he liked, cheapning there prizes as he went up and down, but could fall to no agreement; yet to manifest that he came purposely to buy, and not as a cheaper only, oftentimes (like a shallow-brain'd trader in the world) he shewed his purse of gold before all passengers, never respecting who or what they were that observed his folly.

It came to pass that a young *Sicilian* wench (very beautiful, but at command of whosoever would, and for small hire) passing then by, and (without his perceiving) seeing such store of Gold in his purse; presently she said to herself: why should not all those crowns be mine; when the fool that owns them, can keep them no closer? And so she went on. With this young wanton there was (at the same time) an old woman (as commonly such stuff is always so attended) seeming to be a *Sicilian* also, who so soon as she saw *Andrea*, knew him, and leaving her youthful commodity, ran to him, and embraced him very kindly. Which when the younger Lads perceived, without proceeding any further, she staid to see what would ensue thereon. *Andrea* conferring with the old Bawd, and knowing her (but not for any such creature) declared himself very affable to her; she making him promise, that she would come and drink with him at his lodging. So breaking off further speeches for that time, she returned to her young Cammerado; and *Andrea* went about buying his Horses, still cheapning good store, but did not buy any all that morning.

The Punct that had taken notice of *Andrea's* purse, upon the old womans coming back to her (having formerly studied, how she might, get all the gold, or the greater part thereof) cunningly questioned with her, what the man was, whence he came, and the occasion of his business? wherein she fully informed her particularly, and in as ample manner as himself could have done. That she had long time dwelt in *Sicily* with his Father, and afterward at *Perouse*; recounting also at what time she came thence, and the cause which now had drawn him to *Naples*. The witty young housewife, being thorowly instructed, concerning the Parents and kindred of *Andrea*, their names, quality, and all other circumstances thereof leading, began to frame the foundation of her purpose thereupon, setting her resolution down constantly, that the purse and gold was (already) more than half her own.

Being come home to her own house, away she sent the old Pandress about other business, which might hold her time long enough of employment, and hinder her returning to *Andrea* according to promise, purposing not to trust her in that serious piece of service. Calling a young crafty Girl to her, whom she had well tutored



toured in the like ambassages, when evening drew on, she sent her to *Andrea*'s lodging, where (by good fortune) she found him sitting alone at the door, and demanding of him, if he knew an honest Gentleman Lodging there, whose name was *Signior Andrea Piero*; he made her answer that himself was the man: Then taking him aside, she said. Sir, there is a worthy Gentlewoman of this City, that would gladly speak with you, if you please to vouchsafe her so much favour.

*Andrea*, hearing such a kind of salutation, and from a gentlewoman, named of worth: began to go proud in his own imaginations, and to make no mean estimation of himself: As (undoubtedly) that he was an handsome proper man, and of such carriage and perfections, as had attracted the amorous eye of this Gentlewoman, and induced her to like and love him beyond all other, *Naples* not containing a man of better merit. Whereupon he answered the Maid, that he was ready to attend her Mistress, desiring to know, when it should be, and where the Gentlewoman would speak with him? So soon as you please Sir, replied the Damofel, for she tarryeth your coming in her own house.

Instantly *Andrea* (without leaving any direction of his departure in his lodging, or when he intended to return again) said to the Girl: Go before, and I will follow. This little Chamber-Commodity, conducted him to her Mistress dwelling, which was in a street named *Marpeltuis*, a title manifesting sufficiently the streets honesty: but he, having no such knowledg thereof, neither suspecting any harm at all, but that he went to a most honest house, and a gentlewoman of good respect; entred boldly, the Maid going up before, and guiding him up a fair pair of stairs, which he having more than half ascended, the cunning Quean gave a call to her Mistress, saying; *Signior Andrea* is come already, whereupon, she appeared, at the stairs-head, as if she had staid there purposely to entertain him. She was young, very beautiful, comely of person, and rich in adornments, which *Andrea* well observing, and seeing her descend two or three steps, with open arms to embrace him, catching fast hold about his neck; he stood as as a man confounded with admiration, and she contained a cunning kind of silence, even as if she were unable to utter one word; seeming hindred by extremity of joy at his presence, and to make him effectually admire her extraordinary kindness, having tears plenteously at command, intermixed with sighs and broken speeches, at last thus she spake.

*Signior Andrea*, you are the most welcome friend to me in the world; sealing this salutation with infinite sweet kifs and embraces: whereat (in wonderful amazement) he being strangely transported, replied; Madam, you honour me beyond all compass of merit. Then taking him by the hand, she guided him, through a goodly Hall, into her own Chamber, which was delicately embalmed with Roses, Orange-flowers, and all other pleasing smells, and a costly bed in the middst, curtained round about, very artificial Pictures beautifying the walls, with many other embellishments, such as those Countries are liberally stored withal. He being meerly a novice in these kinds of wanton carriages of the world, and free from any base or degenerate conceit; firmly perswaded himself, that (questionless) she was a Lady of no mean esteem, and he more than happy, to be thus respected and honored by her. They both being seated on a curious Chest at the beds feet, tears cunningly trickling down her cheeks, and sighes intermedled with inward sobbings, breathed forth in sad, but very seemly manner, thus she began.

I am sure *Andrea*, that you greatly marvel at me, in gracing you with this solemn and kind entertainment, and why I should so melt my self in sighs and tears, at a man that hath no knowledg of me, or perhaps seldom or never heard any speeches of me: but you shall instantly receive from me matter to augment your greater marvel, meeting here with your own Sister, beyond all hope or expectation in either of us both. But seeing heaven hath been so gracious to me, to let me see one of my brethren before I dye (though gladly I would have seen them all) which is some addition of comfort to me; and that which (haply) thou hast never heard before, in plain and truest manner, I will reveal unto thee.

*Piero*, my Father and thine, dwelt long time (as thou canst not choose but to have understood) in *Palermo*, where, through the bounty, and other gracious good parts remaining in him, he was much renowned, and to this day, is no doubt remembered, by many of his loving Friends and well-willers. Among them that most intimately affected *Piero*, my mother (who was a gentlewoman, and at that time a widow) did dearest of all other love him; so that forgetting the fear of her Father, or Brethren, yea, and her own honour, they became so privately



acquainted; that I was begotten, and am here now such as thou seest me. Afterward occasions so befalling our Father, to abandon *Palermo*, and return to *Perouse*, he left my mother and me his little daughter, never after (for ought that I could learn) once remembering either her or me: so that (if he had not been my father) I could have much condemned him; in regard of his ingratitude to my mother, and love which he ought to have shown me as his child, being born of no Chamber-maid, neither of a City sinner; albeit I must needs say, that she was blame worthy, without any further knowledg of him (moved onely thereto by most loyal affection) to commit both her self and all the wealth she had, into his hands: but things ill done, and so long time since, are more easily controuled, than amended.

Being left so young at *Palermo*, and growing (well near) to the stature as now you see me, my mother (being wealthy) gave me in marriage to one of the *Gergemes* Family, a Gentleman, and of great renews, who in his love to me and my mother, went and dwelt at *Palermo*: where falling into the *Guelfs* Faction, and making one in the enterprize with *Charles* our King, it came to pass, that they were discovered to *Frederick* King of *Aragon*, before there intent could be put in Execution: Whereupon, we were enforced to flee from *Sicily*, even when my hope stood fairly, to be the greatest Lady in all the Island. Packing up then such few things as we could take with us (few I may well call them, in regard of our wealthy possessions, both in Pallaces, Houses and Lands, all which we were constrained to forgoe;) we made our recourse to this City, where we found Kind *Charles* so benign and gracious to us, that recompensing the greater part of our losses, he bestowed Lands and Houses on us here, beside a continual large pension to my husband your brother in Law, as hereafter himself shall better acquaint you withal. Thus came I hither, and thus remain here, where I am able to welcome my brother *Andrea*, thanks more to fortune, than any friendliness in him. With which word she embraced and kissed him many times, sighing and weeping as she did before.

*Andrea* hearing this Fable so artificially delivered, composed from point to point with such like protestations, without faltering or failing in any one words utterance; and remembering perfectly for truth, that his father had formerly dwelt at *Palermo*; knowing also (by some sensible feeling in himself) the custom of young people, who are easily conquered by affection in their youthful heat; seeing beside the tears, trembling speeches, and earnest embracings of this cunning commodity; he took all to be true by her thus spoken, and upon her silence thus replied. Lady let it not seem strange to you, that your words have raised marvel in me, because I had no knowledg of you, even no more than if I had never seen you: never also having heard my Father speak either of you or your mother (for some considerations best known unto himself;) or if at any time he used such language, either my youth then or defective memory since, hath utterly lost it: But truly, it is no little joy and comfort to me, to find a Sister here where I had no expectation, and where also my self am a meer stranger. For to speak my mind of you and the perfections appearing in you, I know not any man of how great repute or quality soever, but you may well beseem his acceptance, much rather than mine, that am but a mean Merchant. But fair Sister, I desire to be resolved in one thing, to wit; by what means you had understanding of my being in the City? whereto she returned him this answer.

Brother, a poor woman of this City, whom I employ sometimes in household occasions, came to me this morning, and (having seen you) told me, that she dwelt a long while with our Father, both at *Palermo* and *Perouse*. And because I held it much better beseeming my condition, to have you visit me in mine own dwelling, than I to come see you at a common Inn, I made the bolder to send for you hither. After which words, in very orderly manner, she enquired of his chiefest kindred and friends, calling them readily by their proper names, according to her former instructions. Whereto *Andrea* still made her answer, confirming simply thereby his belief of her the more strongly, and crediting whatsoever she said, far better than before.

Their conference having long time continued, and the heat of the day being somewhat extraordinary, she called for *Greek* Wine, and banqueting thus, drinking to *Andrea*; and he pledged her very contentedly. After which, he would have returned to his lodging, because it drew near supper time; which by no means she would permit, but seeming more than half dispicaed she said. Now I plainly perceive



perceive brother, how little account you make of me, considering, you are with your own Sister, whom (you say) you never saw before, and in her own house, whither you should always resort when you come to this City; and would you now refuse her, to go and sup at a common Inn? Believe me brother you shall sup with me, for although my husband is now from home, to my no little discontentment: yet you shall find Brother, that his wife, can bid you welcome, and make you good cheer beside.

Now was *Andrea* so confounded with this extremity of courtesie, that he knew not what to say, but only thus replied. I love you as a sister ought to be loved, and accept of your exceeding kindness: but if I return not to my lodging, I shall wrong mine host and his guests too much, because they will not sup untill I come. For that (quoth she) we have a present remedy, one of my servants shall go and give warning, whereby they shall not tarry your coming. Albeit, you might do me a great kindness to send for your friends, to sup with us here, where I assure ye, they shall find that your Sister (for your sake) will bid them welcome, and after supper, you may all walk together to your Inn. *Andrea* answered, that he had no such friends there; as should be so burthenous to her: but seeing she urged him so far, he would stay to sup with her, and referred himself solely to her disposition.

Ceremonious shew was made, of sending a servant to the Inn for not expecting *Andrea's* presence at supper, though no such matter was performed; but after divers other discourtings, the table being covered, and variety of costly viands placed thereon, down they sat to feeding, with plenty of curious Wines liberally walking about, so that it was dark night before they arose from the tables. *Andrea*, then offering to take his leave, she would by no means suffer it, but told him, that *Naples* was a City of such strict Laws and Ordinances, and admitted no night-walkers, although they were Natives, much less strangers, but punished them with great severity. And therefore, as she had formerly sent word to his Inn, that they should not expect his coming to supper, the like had she done concerning his bed, intending to give her brother *Andrea* one nights lodging, which as easily she could afford him, as she had done supper. All which this new caught Woodcock verily crediting, and that he was in company of his own Sister *Fiordeliza* (for so did she cunningly stile her self, and in which belief he was meerly deluded) he accepted the more gladly her gentile offer, and concluded to stay there all that night.

After supper, their conference lasted very long, purposely dilated out in length, that a great part of the night might therein be wasted: when leaving *Andrea* to his Chamber, and a Lad to attend, that he should lack nothing, she with her woman went to their lodgings, and thus our Brother and supposed Sister were parted. The season then being somewhat foultry, *Andrea* put off his hose and doublet, and being in his shirt alone, laid them underneath his beds boulter, as seeming carefull of his money. But finding a provocation to the house of Office, he demanded of the Lad where he might find it; who shewing him a little door in a corner of the Chamber, appointed him to enter there. Safely enough he went in, but chanced to tread upon a board, which was fastened at neither end to the joynts whereon it lay, being a pit-fall made of purpose, to entrap any such coxcomb, as would be trained to so base a place of lodging, so that both he and the board fell down together into the draught; yet such being his good fortune, to receive no harm in the fall (although it was of extraordinary height) only the filth of the place, (it being over full) had foully mired him.

Now for your better understanding the quality of the place, and what ensued thereupon, it is not unnecessary to describe it, according to a common use observed in those parts. There was a narrow passage or entry, as often we see reserved between two houses, for eithers benefit to such a needful place; and loosely lay upon the joynts, which such as were acquainted withal, could easily avoid any peril, in passing to or from the stool. But our so newly created brother, not dreaming to find a Queen to his Sister, receiving so foul a fall into the vault, and knowing not how to help himself, being so sorrowful beyond measure, cried out to the boy for light and aid, who intended not to give him any. For the crafty wag, (a meet attendant for so honest a mistress) no sooner heard him to be fallen, but presently he ran to inform her thereof, and she as speedily returned to the Chamber, where finding his Cloaths under the beds head, she needed no



instruction for search of his pockets. But having found the gold which *Andrea* indiscreetly carried always about him, as thinking it could no where else be so safe: This was all she aimed at, and for which she had ensnared him, feigning herself to be of *Palermo*, and Daughter to *Piero* of *Peronse*, so that not regarding him any longer, but making fast the house of Office door, there she left him in that miserable taking.

Poor *Andrea* perceiving, that his calls could get no answer from the Lad; cryed out louder, but all to no purpose: when seeing into his own simplicity, and understanding his error, though somewhat too late, he made such means constrainedly, that he got over a wall, which severed that foul sink from the worlds eye; and being in the open street, went to the door of the house, which then he knew too well to his cost, making loud exclams with rapping and knocking, but all as fruitless as before. Sorrowing exceedingly, and manifestly beholding his misfortune; Alas (quoth he) how soon have I lost a Sister, and five hundred Crowns besides? with many other words, loud calls, and beatings upon the door without intermission; the neighbours finding themselves disturbed, and unable to endure any such ceaseless vexation, rose from their beds, and called to him, desiring him to be gone and let them rest. A maid also of the same house, looking forth at the window, and seeming as newly raised from sleep, called to him, saying, What noise is that beneath? Why Virgin (answered *Andrea*) know you not me? I am *Andrea*, brother to your Mistris *Fiordeliza*. Thou art a drunken knave replied the maid, more full of drink than wit: go sleep, go sleep, and come again to morrow; for I know no *Andrea de Piero*, neither hath my Mistris any such Brother. Get thee gone good man, and suffer us to sleep I prethee. How now (quoth *Andrea*) dost thou not understand what I say? Thou knowest that I supt with thy Mistris this night; but if our Sicilian kindred be so soon forgot, I prethee give me my cloaths which I left in my Chamber, and then very gladly will I get me gone. Hereat the maid laughing out aloud, said, Surely the man is mad, or walketh the streets in a dream: and so clapsing fast the Window, away she went and left him.

Now could *Andrea* assure himself, that his gold and cloaths were past recovery, which moving him to the more impatience, his former intercessions being converted into fury, and what he could not compass by fair intreats, he intended to win by outrage and violences: so that taking up a great stone in his hand, he laid upon the door very powerful stroaks. The neighbours hearing this molestation still, admitting them not the least respite of rest, reputed him for a troublesome fellow, and that he used those counterfeit words, onely to disturb the Mistris of the house, and all that dwelled near about her; looking again out at their windows, they altogether began to rate and reprove him, even like to so many bawling Curs, barking at a strange dog passing through the street. This is shameful villany (quoth one) and not to be suffered, that honest women should thus be molested in their houses, with foolish idle words, and at such an unseasonable time of the night. For Gods sake (good man) be gone, and let us sleep; if thou hast any thing to say to the Gentlewoman of the house, come to morrow in the day time; and no doubt but she will make thee sufficient answer.

*Andrea*, being somewhat pacified with these speeches, a shag-hair'd swarth-buckler, a grim visag'd Russian (as seldom bawdy-houses are without such swaggering Champions) not seen nor heard by *Andrea*, all the while of his being in the house; rapping out two or three terrible Oaths, opening a Casement, and with a stern dreadful voice, demanded, who durst keep that noise beneath? *Andrea* fearfully looking up, and (by a little glimmering of the Moon) seeing such a rough fellow, with a black beard, strouting like the quills of a Porcupine, and patches on his face, for hurts received in no honest quarrels, yawning also and stretching, as angry to have his sleep disturbed: trembling and quaking, answered; I am the Gentlewomans Brother of the house. The Russian interrupting him, and speaking more fiercely than before, sealing his words with horrible Oaths, said Sirrah, Rascal, I know not of whence, or what thou art; but if I come down to thee, I will so bumbast thy prating Coxcomb, as thou wast never so beaten in all thy life, like a drunken slave and beast as thou art, that all this night wilt not let us sleep. And so he clapt to the window again.

The Neighbours well acquainted with the Russians rude conditions, speaking in gentle manner to *Andrea*, said. Shift for thy self (good man) in time, and tarry



carry not for his coming down to thee, except thou art weary of thy life: Be gone therefore, and say thou hast a friendly warning. These words dismayed *Andrea*, but much more the stern oaths and ugly sight of the Russian, incited also by the Neighbours counsel, whom he imagined to advise him in charitable manner; it caused him to depart thence: taking the way home-ward to his Inn, in no mean affliction and torment of mind, for the monstrous abuse offered him, and loss of his money. Well he remembered the passages, whereby the day before the Girl had guided him, but the loathsome smell about him, was so extremely offensive to himself, that desiring to wash him at the Sea-side, he strayed too far wide on the contrary hand, wandering up the street called *Ruga Gatellana*.

Proceeding on still, even to the highest part of the City, he espied a Lanthorn and light, as also a man carrying it, and another man with him in company, both of them coming towards him. Now, because he suspected them two of the Watch, or some persons that would apprehend him, he slept aside to shun them, and entred into an old house hard by at hand. The other mens intention was to the very same place; and going in without any knowledg of *Andrea's* being there, one of them laid down divers instruments of Iron which he had brought thither on his back, and had much talk with his fellow concerning those Engins. At last one of them said: I smell the most abominable stink that ever I smelt in all my life. So, lifting up the Lanthorn, he espied poor pitiful *Andrea*, closely couched behind the wall. Which sight somewhat affrighted him, he yet boldly demanded, what, and who he was? Whereunto *Andrea* answered nothing, but lay still, and held his peace. Nearer they drew towards him with their light, demanding how he came thither, and in that filthy manner.

Constraint having now no other evasion, but that (of necessity) all must out, he related unto them the whole adventure, in the same sort as it had befallen him. They greatly pitying his misfortune, one of them said to the other: Questionless, this villany was done in the house of *Scarabone Buttafucce*. And then turning to *Andrea*, proceeded thus. In good faith poor man, albeit thou hast lost thy mony, yet art thou much beholden to Fortune, for falling (though in a foul place) yet in a successful manner, and entring no more back into the house. For believe me friend, if thou hadst not fallen, but quietly gone to sleep in the house, that sleep had been thy last in this world, and with thy money, thou hadst lost thy life likewise. But tears and lamentations are now helpless, because as easily thou mayest pluck the Stars from the firmament, as get again the least doot of thy loss. And for that shag-haired Slave in the house, he will be thy death-man, if he but understand that thou makest any enquire after thy mony. When he had thus admonished him, he began also in this manner to comfort him. Honest fellow, we cannot but pity thy present condition: wherefore if thou wilt friendly associate us, in a business as we are instantly going to effect, thy loss hath not been so great, but on our words, we will warrant thee, that thine immediate gain shall far exceed it. What will not a man (in desperate extremity) both well like and allow of, especially when it carrieth appearance of present comfort? so fared it with *Andrea*, he perswaded himself, worse than had already happened, could not befall him; and therefore he would gladly adventure with them.

The self same day preceding this disastrous night to *Andrea*, in the chief Church of the City, had been buried the Archbishop of *Naples*, named *Signior Phillippo Minutolo*, in his richest pontifical Robes and Ornaments, and a Ruby on his finger valued to be worth five hundred duckets of gold: this dead body they purposed to rob and rifle, acquainting *Andrea*, with their whole intent; whose necessity (coupled with a Covetous desire) made him more forward than well advised, to joyn with them in this sacrilegious enterprize. On they went towards the great Church. *Andrea's* unsavory perfume much displeasing them, where the one said to his fellow; Can we devise no ease for this foul and noysom inconvenience? The very smell of him will be a means to betray us. There is a Well-pit hard by, answered the other, with a pully and bucket descending down into it, and there we may wash him from his filthiness. To the Well-pit they came, where they found the rope and pulley hanging ready, but the bucket for safety was taken away, whereon they concluded to fasten the rope about him, and let him down into the Well-pit, and when he had washed himself, he should wagg the rope; and they would draw him up again, which accordingly they forthwith performed.

Now it came to pass, that while he was thus washing himself in the Well-pit, the



the Watch of the City walking the round, and finding it to be a very hot and soulttryng night, they grew dry and thirsty, and therefore went to the Well to drink. The other two men, perceiving the Watch so near unto them, left *Andrea* in the pit to shift for himself, running away to shelter themselves. Their flight was not discovered by the Watch, but they coming to the Well pit, *Andrea* remained still in the bottom, and having cleansed himself so well as he could, he satte wagging the rope, expecting when he should be haled up. This dumb sign the Watch discerned not, but sitting down by the Wells side, they laid down their Bills and other weapons, tugging to draw up the rope, thinking the bucket was fasten'd thereto, and full of water. *Andrea* being haled up to the pits brim, left holding the rope any longer, catching fast hold with his hands for his better safety: and the Watch at the sight hereof being greatly affrighted, as thinking they had dragged up a Spirit; not daring to speak one word, ran away with all the haste they could make.

*Andrea* hereat was not a little amazed, so that if he had not taken very good hold on the brim: he might have fallen to the bottom, and doubtless there his life had perished. Being come forth of the Well, and treading upon Bills and Halberts, which he well knew his companions had not brought thither with them; his marvel so much the more increased, ignorance and fear still seizing on him, with silent bemoaning his many misfortunes, away thence he wandred, but he wist not whither. As he went on, he met his two fellows, who purposely returned to drag him out of the Well, and seeing their intent already performed, desired to know who had done it: wherein *Andrea* could not resolve them, rehearsing what he could, and what weapons he found lying about the Well. Whereat they smiled, as knowing, that the Watch had haled him up, for fear of whom they left him, and so declared to him the reason of their return.

Leaving off all further talk, because now it was about midnight, they went to the great Church, where finding their entrance to be easie: they approaching near the Tomb, which was very great, being all of Marble, and the cover-stone weighty, yet with crows of Iron and other helps, they raised it so high, that a man might without peril pass into it. Now began they to question one another, which of the three should enter into the Tomb. Not I, said the first; so said the second: Nor I, said *Andrea*. Which when the other two heard, they caught fast hold of him, saying. Wilt not thou go into the Tomb? Be advised what thou saicst, for, if thou wilt not go in, we will so beat thee with one of these Iron Crows, that thou shalt never go out of the Church alive.

Thus poor *Andrea* is still made a property, and Fortune (this fatal night) will have no other Fool but he, as delighting in his hourly disasters. Fear of their fury makes him obedient, into the Grave he goes, and being within, thus consults with himself. These cunning Companions suppose me to be simple, and make me enter the Tomb, having an absolute intention to deceive me. For, when I have given them all the riches that I find here, and when I am ready to come forth for my equal portion, away will they run for their own safety, and leave me here, nor only shall I lose my right among them, but must remain to what danger may follow after. Having thus meditated, he resolved to make sure of his own share first, and remembering the rich Ring whereof they had told him: forthwith he took it from the Archbishops finger, finding it indifferently fit for his own. Afterward he took the Cross, Miter, rich Garments, Gloves and all, leaving him nothing but his shirt, giving them all these several parcels, protesting that there was nothing else. Still they pressed upon him, affirming that there was a Ring, urging him to search diligently for it; yet still he answered he could not find it, and for their longer tarrying with him, seemed as if he searched very carefully, but all appeared to no purpose.

The other two Fellows, as cunning in craft, as the third could be, still willed him to search, and watching their aptest opportunity: took away the props that supported the Tomb-stone, and running thence with their got booty, left poor *Andrea* mewed up in the Grave. Which when he perceived, and saw this misery to exceed all the rest, it is far easier for you to guess at his grief, than I am any way able to express it. His head, shoulders, yea all his uttermost strength he imployeth, to remove that over-heavy hinderer of his liberty: but all his labour being spent in vain, sorrow threw him in a swoon upon the Bishops dead body, where if both of them might at that instant have been observed, the Archbishops dead body, and *Andrea* in grief dying, very hardly had been distinguished. But his senses regaining their former Offices,



Officers, among his silent complaints, consideration presented him with choice of these two unavoidable extremities: Die starving must he in the Tomb with Putrefaction of the dead body; or if any man came to open the Grave, then must he be apprehended as a sacrilegious Thief, and so be Hanged according to the Laws in that case provided.

As he continued in these strange Afflictions of mind, suddenly he heard a noise in the Church of divers men, who (as he imagined) came about the like business, as he and his Fellows had undertaken before; wherein he was not a jot deceived, albeit his fear the more augmented. Having opened the Tomb, and supported the stone, they varied also among themselves for entrance, and an indifferent while contended about it. At length, a Priest being one in the company, boldly said; Why, how now you white-liver'd Rascals? What are you afraid of? Do you think he will eat you? Dead men cannot bite, and therefore I my self will go in. Having thus spoken, he prepared his entrance to the Tomb in such order, that he thrust in his feet before, for his easier descending down into it.

*Andrea* sitting upright in the Tomb, and desiring to make use of this happy opportunity, caught the Priest fast by one of his legs, making shew as if he meant to drag him down. Which when the Priest felt, he cryed out aloud, getting out with all the hast he could make, and all his Companions, being well near frightened out of their wits, ran away amain, as if they had been followed by a thousand Devils. *Andrea* little dreaming on such fortunate success, made means to get out of the Grave, and afterward forth of the Church, at the very same place where he entred.

Now began day-light to appear, when he (having the rich Ring on his finger) wandered on he knew not whither: till coming to the Sea side, he found the way directing to the Inn, where all his company were with his Host, who had been very carefull for him. Having related his manifold mischances, his Host friendly advised him with speed to get him out of *Naples*. As instantly he did, returning home to *Perouse*, having adventured his five hundred Crowns on a Ring, wherewith he purposed to have bought Horses, according to the intent of his journey thither.

*Madam Beritola Caracalla*, was found in an Island with two Goats, having lost her two Sons, and thence travelled into *Lunigiana*: where one of her Sons became Servant to the Lord thereof, and was found over-familiar with his Masters Daughter, who therefore caused him to be imprisoned. Afterward when the Country of *Sicily* rebelled against King *Charles*, the aforesaid Son chanced to be known by his Mother, and was married to his Masters Daughter. And his Brother being found likewise, they both returned to great estate and credit.

### The Sixth N O V E L.

Herein all men are admonished, never to distrust the powerful hand of heaven, when Fortune seemeth to be most adverse against them.

**T**He Ladies and Gentlemen also, having smiled sufficiently at the several accidents which did befall the poor Traveller *Andrea*, reported at large by *Madam Fiammetta*, the Lady *Emilia* seeing her tale to be fully concluded, began (by commandment of the Queen) to speak in this manner.

The diversity of changes and alterations in Fortune, as they are great, so must they needs be grievous; and as often as we take occasion to talk of them, so often do they awake and quicken our understandings, avouching that it is no easie matter to depend upon her flatteries. And I am of opinion, that to hear them recounted, ought not any way to offend us, be it of men wretched or fortunate; because, as they instruct the one with good advise, so they animate the other with comfort. And therefore, although great occasions have been already related, yet I purpose to tell a Tale, no less true than lamentable; which albeit it sorted to a successful ending, yet notwithstanding, such and so many were the bitter thwartings, as hardly can I believe, that ever any sorrow was more joyfully sweetned.

You must understand then (most gracious Ladies) that after the death of *Frederick* the second Emperour, one named *Manfred*, was crowned King of *Sicily*, about whom, lived



Heed in great account and authority, a Neapolitan Gentleman, called *Henric Capice*, who had to Wife a beautiful Gentlewoman, and a Neapolitan also, named *Madam Beritola Caracalla*: This *Henric* held the Government of the Kingdom of *Sicily*, and understanding that King *Charles* the first, had won the *Battel* at *Benventum*, and slain King *Manfred*, the whole Kingdom revolting also to his devotion, and little trust to be reposed in the *Sicilians*, or he willing to subject himself to his Lords Enemy: provided for his secret flight from thence. But this being discovered to the *Sicilians*, he and many more, who had been loyal Servants to King *Manfred*, were suddenly taken and imprisoned by King *Charles*, and the sole possession of the Island confirmed to him.

*Madam Beritola* not knowing (in so sudden and strange an alteration of State affairs) what was become of her Husband, fearing also greatly before, those inconveniences which afterward followed; being overcome with many passionate considerations, having left and forsaken all her goods, going aboard a small Bark, with a Son of hers, aged about some eight years, named *Geoffrey*, and grown great with child with another, she fled thence to *Lipary*, where she was brought to bed of another Son, whom she named (answerable both to his and her hard fortune,) *The poor expelled*.

Having provided herself of a Nurse, they altogether went aboard again, setting sail for *Naples* to visit her Parents; but it chanced quite contrary to her expectation, because by stormy winds and weather, the Vessel being bound for *Naples*, was hurried to the Isle of *Pauza*, where entering into a small Port of the Sea, they concluded to make their abode, till a time more furtherous should further their Voyage.

As the rest, so did *Madam Beritola* go on shore in the Island, where having found a separate and solitary place, fit for her silent and sad meditations, secretly by herself, she sorrowed for the absence of her Husband. Resorting daily to this her sad exercise, and continuing there her complaints, unseen by any of the Mariners, or whosoever else: there arrived suddenly a Galley of Pyrates, who seizing on the small Bark, carried it and all the rest in it away with them. When *Beritola* had finished her woful complaints, as daily she was accustomed to do, she returned back to her Children again; but finding no person there remaining, whereat she wondered not a little: immediately suspecting what had happened indeed; she lent her looks on the Sea, and saw the Galley, which as yet had not gone far, drawing the smaller Vessel after her. Hereby she plainly perceived, that now she had lost her Children, as formerly she had done her Husband; being left there poor, forsaken, and miserable, not knowing when, where or how to find any of them again; and calling for her Husband and Children, she fell down in a swoon upon the shore.

Now was not any body near, with cold water or any other remedy to help the recovery of her lost powers; wherefore her spirits might the more freely wander at their own pleasure: but after they were returned back again, and had won their wonted Offices in her body, drowned in tears, and wringing her hands, she did nothing but call for her Children and Husband, straying all about in hope to find them, seeking in Caves, Dens, and every where else, that presented the very least glimps of comfort. But when she saw all her pains sort to no purpose, and dark night drawing swiftly on, hope and dismay raising infinite perturbations, made her yet to be somewhat respective of herself, and therefore departing from the Sea-shore, she returned to the solitary place, where she used to sigh and mourn alone by herself.

The night being over-past with infinite fears and affrights, and bright day saluting the World again, with the expence of Nine hours and more, she fell to her former fruitless travels. Being somewhat sharply bitten with hunger, because the former day and night she had not tasted any food: she made therefore a benefit of necessity, and fed on the green herbs, so well as she could, not without many peircing afflictions, what should become of her in this extraordinary misery. As she walked in these pensive meditations, she saw a Goat enter into a Cave, and (within a while after) come forth again, wandering along through the Woods. Whereupon she stayed, and entered where she saw the Beast issue forth, where she found two young Kids, yeaned (as it seemed) the self same day; which sight was very pleasing to her, and nothing in that distress could more content her.

As yet she had milk freshly running in both her breasts, by reason of her so late delivery in Child-bed; wherefore she lay down unto the two young Kids, and taking them tenderly in her Arms, suffered each of them to suck a teat, whereof they made not any refusal, but took them as lovingly as their Dams, and from that time forward, they made no distinguishing between their Dam and her.

Thus



Thus this unfortunate Lady, having found some company in this solitary desert, fed on herbs and roots, drinking fair running water, and weeping silently to her self, so often as she remembered her Husband, Children, and former days past in much better manner. Here she resolved now to live and die, being at last deprived both of the Dam and younger Kid also, by their wandering further into the near adjoining Woods, according to their natural inclinations; whereby the poor distressed Lady became more savage and wild in her daily conditions, than otherwise she would have been.

After many months were over-passed, at the very same place where she took landing; by chance there arrived another small vessel of certain *Pisans*, which remained there divers dayes. In this Barque was a Gentleman, named *Conrado de Marchesi Malespini*, with his holy and vertuous Wife, were returned back from a Pilgrimage, having visited all the sanctified places that then were in the Kingdom of *Apulia*, and now were bound homeward to their own abiding. This Gentleman, for the expelling of melancholly perturbations, one especial day amongst other, with his Wife, Servants, and waiting Hounds, wandered up into the Island, not far from the place of *Madam Beritolaes* desert solitary dwelling. The Hounds questioning after Game, at last happening on the two Kids where they were feeding, and (by this time) had attained indifferent growth; and finding themselves thus pursued by the Hounds, fled to no other part of the Wood, than to the Cave where *Beritola* remained, and seeming as if they thought to be rescued, only by her, she suddenly caught up a staff, and forced the Hounds thence to flight.

By this time, *Conrado* and his Wife, who had followed closely after the Hounds, was come thither, and seeing what had hapned, looking on the Lady, who was become black, swarthy, meager, and hairy, they wondred not a little at her, and she a great deal more at them. When (upon her request *Conrado* had check'd back his Hounds, they prevailed so much by earnest intreaties, to know what she was, and the reason of her living there; that she entirely related her quality, and strange determination for living there. Which when the Gentleman had heard, who very well knew her Husband, compassion forced tears from his eyes, and earnestly he laboured by kind perswasions, to alter so cruel a deliberation; making an honorable offer, for conducting her home to his own dwelling, where she should remain with him in noble respect; as if she were his own Sister, without parting from him till fortune should smile as fairly on her, as ever she had done before.

When these gentle offers could not prevail with her, the Gentleman left his Wife in her company, with her, saying, that he would go fetch some food for her; and because her Garments were rent and torn, he would bring her other of his Wives, not doubting but to win her thence with them. His Wife abode there with *Beritola*, very much bemoaning her great disasters; and when both Viands and Garments were brought, by extremity of intercession, they caused her to put them on, and also to feed with them, albeit she protested, that she would not depart thence into any place, where any knowledg should be taken of her. In the end, they perswaded her to go with them into *Lunigiana*, carrying also with her the two young Goats and their Dam, which were then in the Cave, altogether, prettily playing before *Beritola*, to the great admiration of *Conrado* and his Wife, as also the Servants attending on them.

When the winds and weather grew favourable for them, *Madam Beritola* went abroad with *Conrado* and his Wife, being followed by the two young Goats and their Dam; and because her name should be known to none but *Conrado*, and his Wife onely, she would be stiled no otherwise but the Goatherdess. Merrily, yet gently blew the Gale, which brought them to enter the River of *Maira*, where going on shore, and into their own Castle, *Beritola* kept company with the Wife of *Conrado*, but in a mourning habit; and a waiting Gentlewoman of theirs, honest, humble, and very dutiful, the Goats always familiarly keeping them company.

Return we now to the Pirates, which at *Ponzo* seized on the small Barque, wherein *Madam Beritola* was brought thither, and carried thence away, without any sight or knowledg of her. With such other spoils as they had taken, they shaped their course for *Geneway*, and there (by consent of the Patrons of the Galley) made a division of their Booties. It came to pass, that (among other things) the Nurse that attended on *Beritola*, and the two Children with her, fell to the share of one *Messer Gasparino d'Oris*, who sent them together to his own house, there to be employed in service as Servants. The Nurse weeping beyond measure for the loss of her Lady,



and bemoaning her own miserable Fortune, wherinto she was now fallen with the two young Lads; and after long lamenting, which she found utterly fruitless and to none effect, though she was used as a servant with them, and being but a very poor Woman, yet was she wise and discreetly advised. Wherefore, comforting both her self and them so well as she could, and considering the depth of their disaster, she conceived thus, that if the Children should be known, it might redound to their greater danger, and she be no way advantaged thereby.

Hereupon, hoping that Fortune (early or late) would alter her stern malice, and that they might (if they lived) regain once more their former condition, she would not disclose them to any one whatsoever, till she should see the time aptly disposed for it. Being thus determined, to all such as questioned her concerning them, she answered that they were her own Children, naming the eldest not *Geoffery*, but *Jehannot de Procida*. As for the youngest, she cared not greatly for changing his name, and therefore wisely informed *Geoffery* upon what reason she had altered his name, and what danger he might fall into, if he should otherwise be discovered; being not fastidious with thus telling him once, but remembering him thereof very often, which the gentle youth (being so well instructed by the wise and careful Nurse) did very warily observe.

The two young Lads, very poorly garmented, but much worse housed and shod, continued thus in the house of *Gassarino*, where both they and the Nurse were long time employed about very base and drudging Offices, which yet they endured with admirable patience. But *Jehannot*, aged already about sixteen years, having a loftier spirit, than belonging to a slavish Servant, despising the baseness of his servile condition; departed from the drudgery of *Messer Gassarino*; and going aboard the Gallies which were bound for *Alexandria*, fortuneed into many places, yet none of them affording him any advancement. In the end, about three or four years after his departure from *Gassarino*, being now a brave young man, and of very goodly form: he understood, that his Father (whom he supposed to be dead) was as yet living, but in captivity, and Prisoner to King *Charles*. Wherefore despairing of any successful fortune, he wandered here and there, till he came to *Lunigiana*, and there (by strange accident) he became servant to *Messer Conrado Malaspino*, where the service proved well liking to them both.

Very seldom times he had a sight of his Mother, because she always kept company with *Conrado's* Wife; and yet when they came in view of each other, she knew not him, nor he her, so much years had altered them both from what they were wont to be, and when they saw each other last. *Jehannot* being thus in the service of *Messer Conrado*, it fortuneed that a Daughter of his, named *Spina*, being the Widdow of one *Messer Nicolas Grignam*, returned home to her Father's house. Very beautiful and amiable she was, young likewise, aged but little above sixteen; growing wonderful amorous of *Jehannot*, and he of her, in extraordinary and most fervent manner: which Love was not long without full effect, continuing many months before any person could perceive it: which making them to build on the more assurance, they began to carry their means with less discretion than is required in such nice cases, and which cannot be too providently managed.

Upon a day, he and she walking to a goodly Wood plentifully furnished with spreading Trees: having out-gone the rest of their company, they made choice of a pleasant place, very daintily shaded and beautified with all sorts of Flowers. There they spent some time in amorous talking, beside some other sweet embraces, which though it seemed overshoot to them; yet was so unadvisedly prolonged, that they were on a sudden surprized, first by the Mother, and next by *Messer Conrado* himself; who grieving beyond measure, to be thus treacherously dealt withal, caused them to be apprehended by three of his Servants, and (without telling them any reason why) led bound to another Castle of his, and sitting with extremity of rage, concluded in his mind, that they should both shamefully be put to death.

The Mother of this regardless Daughter, having heard the angry words of her Husband, and how he would be revenged on the faulty; could not endure that he should be so severe: wherefore, although she was likewise much afflicted in mind, and repured her Daughter worthy (for so great an offence) of all cruel punishment, yet she hastened to her displeased Husband, and began to intreat, that he would not run on in such a furious spleen, now in his aged years to be the Murderer of his own Child, and soil his hands in the blood of his servant. Rather he might find out some mild course for the satisfaction of his anger, by committing them to close imprisonment,



prisonment, there to remain and mourn for their folly committed. The virtuous and religious Lady alledged so many commendable examples, and used such plenty of moving persuasions, that she quite altered his mind, from putting them to death, and he commanded only that they should separately be imprisoned, with little store of Food, and lodging of the uneasiest, until he should otherwise determine of them; and so it was done. What their life now was in captivity and continual tears, with stricter abstinence than was needful for them, all this I must commit to your consideration.

*Jehannot* and *Spina* remaining in this comfortless condition, and an whole year being now outworn, yet *Conrado* keeping them thus still imprisoned, it came to pass, that *Don Pedro* King of *Aragon*, by the means of *Messir John de Procida*, caused the Isle of *Sicily* to revolt, and took it away from King *Charles*; whereat *Conrado* (he being of the *Gibiline* Faction) not a little rejoiced. *Jehannot* having intelligence thereof, by some of them that had him in custody, breathing forth a vehement sigh, spake in this manner. Alas poor miserable wretch as I am, that have already gone begging through the World above fourteen years, in expectation of nothing else but this opportunity: and now it is come, must I be in Prison, to the end, that I should never more hope for any future happiness? And how can I get forth of this Prison, except it be by death only? How now replied the Officer of the Guard? what doth this business of great Kings concern thee; What Affairs hast thou in *Sicily*?

Once more *Jehannot* sighed extremly, and returned him this answer. Methinks my Heart (quoth he) doth cleave in sunder, when I call to mind the charge which my Father had there; for although I was but a little boy when I fled thence, yet I can well remember, that I saw him Governour there, at such time as King *Manfred* lived. The Guard pursuing on still his purpose, demanded of him what, and who his Father was? My Father (replied *Jehannot*?) I may now securely speak of him, being out of the peril which nearly concerned me, if I had been discovered; he was then named (and so still if he be living) *Henriet Capece*, and my name is *Geoffrey*, and not *Jehannot*; and I make no doubt, but if I were freed from hence, and might be returned home to *Sicily*, I should (for his sake) be placed in some authority.

The honest man of the Guard, without seeking after any further information, so soon as he could compass any leisure, reported all to *Messer Conrado*, who having heard this news (albeit he made no shew thereof to the Revealer) went to *Madam Beritola*, graciously demanding of her, if she had any Son by her Husband, who was called *Geoffrey*. The Lady replied in tears, that if her eldest Son were yet living, he was so named, and aged about Twenty two years. *Conrado* hearing this, imagined this same to be the man; considering further withal, that if it fell out to prove so, he might have the better means of mercy, and closely concealing his Daughters shame, joyfully joyn them in marriage together.

Hereupon, he secretly called *Jehannot* before him, examining him particularly of all his passed life, and finding (by most manifest arguments) that his name was truly *Geoffrey*, and the eldest Son of *Henriet Capece*, he spake thus to him. *Jehannot*, thou knowest how great the Injuries are that thou hast done me, and my dear Daughter; gently intreating thee (as became an honest Servant) that thou shouldest always have been respective of mine Honour, and all that appertain unto me. There are many noble Gentlemen, who sustaining the wrong that thou hast offered me, they would have procured thy shameful death, which pity and compassion will not suffer in me. Wherefore seeing (as thou informest me) that thou art honourably derived both by Father and Mother, I will give end to all thy anguishes, even when thy self art so pleased, releasing thee from that Captivity wherein I have so long kept thee, and in one instant, reduce thine Honour and mine into compleat perfection. As thou knowest my Daughter *Spina*, whom thou hast embraced as a friend (although far unfitting for thee and her) is a Widow, and her Marriage is both great and good; what her manners and conditions are, thou indifferently knowest, and art not ignorant of her Father and Mother: concerning thine own Estate, as now I purpose not to speak any thing. Therefore, when thou wilt, I am determined, that where as thou hast immodestly affected her, she shall become thy honest Wife, and accepting thee as my Son, to remain with me so long as you both please.

Imprisonment had somewhat mishapen *Jehannot* in his outward form, but not impaired a jot of his noble spirit; much less the true Love which he bear his Friend. And although most earnestly he desired that which now *Conrado* had so frankly offered him, and was in his power only to bestow on him; yet could he not cloud



any part of his greatness; but with a resolved Judgment, thus replied. My Lord, affectation of rule; desire of wealthy possessions, or any other matter whatsoever, could never make me a Traytor to you or yours; but that I have loved, do love, and for ever shall love your beauteous Daughter: if that be Treason I do freely confess it; and will die a thousand death, before you, or any else shall enforce me to deny it, for I hold her highly worthy of my Love. If I have been more unmannerly with her than became me, I have committed but that error, which evermore is so attendant upon youth; that to deny, is to deny youth also. And if reverend Age would but remember, that once he was young, and measure others offences by his own, they would not be thought so great as you (and many more) account them to be, mine being committed as a friend, and not as an enemy. What you make offer of so willingly, I have always desired; and if I had thought it would have been granted, long since I had most humbly requested it: and so much the more acceptable would it have been to me, by how much the farther off it stood from my hopes. But if you be so forward as your words do witness, then feed me not with any further fruitless expectation; but rather send me back to Prison, and lay as many afflictions on me as you please. For my endeared love to your Daughter *Spina*, maketh me to love you the more for her sake, how hardly so ever you intreat me, and bindeth me in the greater reverence to you, as being the Father of my fairest friend.

*Messer Conrado* hearing these words, stood as confounded with admiration, reporting him to be a man of lofty spirit, and his affection most fervent to his Daughter, which was not a little to his liking. Wherefore, embracing him, and kissing his cheek, without any longer dallying, he sent in like manner for his Daughter. Her restraint in Prison, had made her looks meager, pale, and wan, and very weak was the also of her person, far differing from the Woman she was wont to be before her affection to *Jehannor*. There in presence of her Father, and with free consent of either, they were contracted as Man and Wife, and the Espousals agreed on according to custom. Some few dayes after, (without any ones knowledge of that which was done) having furnished them with all things fit for the purpose, and time aptly serving; that the Mothers should be partakers in this joy; he called his Wife, and *Madam Beritola*, to whom first he spake in this manner.

What will you say *Madam*, if I cause you to see your eldest Son, not long since Married to one of my Daughters? Whereunto *Beritola* thus replied, My Lord, I can say nothing else unto you, but that I shall be much more obliged to you, than already I am; and the rather, because you will let me see the thing which is dearer than mine own life; and rendering it unto me in such manner as you speak of, you will recall back some part of my former lost hopes: and with these words the tears streamed abundantly from her eyes. Then turning to his Wife, he said: And you dear Love, if I shew you such a Son in Law, what will you think of it? Sir (quoth she) what pleaseth you, must and shall satisfy me, be he Gentleman or Beggar. Well said *Madam*, answered *Messer Conrado*. I hope shortly, to make you both joyful. So when the amorous couple had recovered their former feature, and honourable Garments prepared for them, privately thus he said to *Geoffrey*: Beyond the joy which already thou art enriched withal, how would it please thee to meet with thine own Mother here? I cannot believe Sir (replied *Geoffrey*) that her grievous misfortunes have suffered her to live so long; and yet, if heaven hath been so merciful to her, my joys were incomparable, for by her gracious Counsel, I might well hope to recover no mean happiness in *Italy*. Soon after, both the Mothers were sent for, who were transported with unspeakable joy, when they beheld the so lately married couple: being much amazed what inspiration had guided *Messer Conrado* to this extraordinary benignity, in joyning *Jehannor* in marriage with *Spina*.

Hereupon, *Madam Beritola* remembering the speeches between her and *Messer Conrado*, began to observe him very advisedly; and by a hidden virtue which long had silently slept in her, and now with joy of spirit awaked, calling to mind the likenesses of her Sons infancy, without awaiting for any other demonstration, she folded him in her arms with earnest affection. Mothers joy and pitey now contended so violently together, that she was not able to utter one word, the sensitive virtues being so closely combined, that (even as dead) she fell down in the arms of her Son. And he wondering greatly thereat, making a better recollection of his thoughts, remembered that he had before seen her in the Castle, without any other knowledge of her. Nevertheless, by meer instinct of nature, whose power in such actions declares it self to be highly predominant; his very soul assured him, that she

was



was his Mother, and blaming his understanding, that he had not before been better advised, he threw his arms about her, and wept exceedingly.

Afterward, by the loving pains of *Conrado's* Wife, as also her Daughter *Spina*, *Madam Beritola* (being recovered from her passionate traunce, and her vital spirits executing their Offices again) fell once more to the embracing of her Son, kissing him infinite times, with tears and speeches of motherly kindness, he likewise expressing the same dutiful humanity to her. Which ceremonious courtesies being passed over and over, to no little joy in all the beholders, beside repetition of their several misfortunes: *Messer Conrado* made all known to his Friends, who were very glad of this new alliance made by him, which was honoured with many solemn feasting. Which being all concluded, *Geoffrey* having found out fit place and opportunity, for conference with his new created Father, without any sinister opposition, began as followeth.

Honourable Father, you have raised my contentment to the highest degree, and have haped also many gracious favours on my noble Mother; but now in the final conclusion, that nothing may remain unexecuted, which consisteth in your power to perform: I would humbly intreat you to honour my Mother with your company, at a Feast of my making, where I would gladly also have my Brother present. *Messer Gasparino d'Oris* (as I have heretofore told you) questing as a common Pirat on the Seas, took us and sent us home to his house as Slaves, where (as yet) he detaineth him. I would likewise send into *Sicily*, who informing himself more amply in the state of the Country, may understand what is become of *Henriet* my Father, and whether he be living or no. If he be alive, then to know in what condition he is: and being secretly instructed in all things, then to return back again to you.

This motion made by *Geoffrey*, was so pleasing to *Conrado*, that without any reference or further leisure, he dispatched thence two discreet persons, the one to *Genway* and the other to *Sicily*: he which went for *Genway*, having met with *Gasparino*, earnestly intreated him (on the behalf of *Conrado*) to send him the Port expelled, and his Nurse; recommending every thing in order, which *Conrado* had told him concerning *Geoffrey* and his Mother. When *Gasparino* had heard the whole discourse, he marvelled greatly thereat, and said: True it is, that I will do any thing for *Messer Conrado*, which may be to his love and liking, provided that it lie in my power to perform; and (about some fourteen years since) I brought such a Lad as you seek for, with his Mother, home to my house, whom I will gladly send unto him. But you may tell him from me, that I advise him from over-rash crediting the Fables of *Jehannot*, that now terms himself by the name of *Geoffrey*, because he is a more wicked boy than he taketh him to be, and so did I find him.

Having this spoken, and given kind welcome to the Messenger, secretly he called the Nurse unto him, whom he heedfully examined concerning this case. She having heard the Rebellion in the Kingdom of *Sicily*; and understanding withal that *Henriet* was yet living, joyfully threw off all her former fear, relating every thing to him orderly, and the reasons moving her to conceal the whole business, in such manner as she had done. *Gasparino* well perceiving, that the report of the Nurse, and the message received from *Conrado*, varied not in any one circumstance, began the better to credit her words. And being a man most ingenious, making further inquisition into the business, by all the possible means that he could devise; and finding every thing to yield undoubted assurance, ashamed of the vile and base usage wherein he had so long time kept the Lad, and desiring (by his best means) to make him amends, he had a beautiful Daughter, aged about thirteen years, and knowing what manner of man he was, his Father *Henriet* also yet living, he gave her to him in marriage, with a beautiful and honourable dowry.

The joyful days of feasting being past, he went aboard a Galley with the Port expelled, his Daughter, the Ambassador, and the Nurse, departing thence to *Loreo*, where they were nobly welcomed by *Messer Conrado*, and his Galle being not far from thence; with an honourable train they were conducted thither, and entertained with all possible kindness. Now concerning the comfort of the Mother, meeting so happily with both her Sons, the joy of the brethren and Mother together; having also found the faithful Nurse; *Gasparino* and his Daughter, in company now with *Conrado* and his Wife, Friends, Familiars, and all generally in a jubilee of rejoicing: it exceeded capacity in me to express it, and therefore I refer it to your more able imagination.

In the time of this mutual contentment, to the end that nothing might be wanting



to compleat and perfect this universal joy, our Lord, a most abundant bestower where he beginneth, added long wished tidings concerning the life and good estate of *Henriet Capet*. For even as they were feasting, and the concourse great of worthy guests; both Lords and Ladies, the first service was scarcely set on the Tables, but the Ambassadour which was sent to *Sicily*, arrived there before them. Among many other important matters, he spake of *Henriet*, who being so long a time detained in Prison by King *Charles*, when the commotion arose in the City against the King; the People (grudging at *Henriet's* long imprisonment) slew the Guard, and set him at Liberty. Then as Capital Enemy to King *Charles*, he was created Captain General, following the chase, and killing the French.

Now by this means, he grew great in the grace of King *Pedro*, who replanted him in all the goods and honours which he had before, with very high and eminent authority. Hereunto the Ambassadour added, that he was entertained with extraordinary grace, and delivery of publick joy and exaltation when his Wife and Son were known to be living, of whom no tidings had at any time been heard, since the hour of his surprisal. Moreover, that a swift winged Barque was now sent thither (upon the happy hearing of this news) well furnished with noble Gentlemen, to attend till their returning back. We need to make no doubt concerning the tydings, brought by this Ambassadour, nor of the Gentlemens welcome, thus sent to Madam *Beritola* and *Geoffrey*; who, before they would sit down at the Table, saluted *Messer Conrado* and his kind Lady (on the behalf of *Henriet*) for all the great graces extended to her and her Son, with promise of any thing, lying in the power of *Henriet*, to rest continually at their command. The like they did to *Signior Gasparino* (whose liberal favours came unlooked for) with certain assurance, that when *Henriet* should understand what he had done for his other Son, the *Poor expelled*, there would be no default of reciprocal Courtesies.

As the longest joys have no perpetuity of lasting, so all these graceful ceremonies had their conclusion, with as many sighs and tears at parting, as joys abounded at their first encountering. Imagin then, that you see such aboard, as were to have no longer abiding, Madam *Beritola*, *Geoffrey* with the rest; as the *Poor expelled*, the so late married Wives, and the faithful Nurse bearing them company. With prosperous winds they arrived in *Sicily*, where the Wife, Sons, and Daughters, were joyfully met by *Henriet* at *Palermo*; and with such honourable pomp, as a case so important equally deserved. The Histories make further mention, that there they lived (a long while after) in such felicity, with thankful hearts (no doubt) to Heaven, in acknowledgment of so many great mercies received.

The Seldan of Babylon sent one of his Daughters, to be joined in marriage with the King of Cholcos, who by divers accidents (in the space of four years) happened into the custody of nine Men, and in sundry places. At length, being restored back to her Father, she went to the said King of Cholcos, as a Maid, and as at first she was intended to be his Wife.

### THE SEVENTH NOVEL.

A lively demonstration, that the beauty of a Woman (oftentimes) is very hurtful to herself, and the occasion of many evils, yea, and of Death, to divers men.

**P**eradventure the Novel related by Madam *Emilia*, did not extend it self so far in length, as it moved compassion in the Ladies minds, hearing the hard fortune of *Beritola* and her Children, which had incited them to weeping: but that it pleased the Queen (upon the Tales conclusion) to command *Pamphilus*, to follow next in order with his discourse; and he being thereto very obedient, began in this manner.

It is a matter of no mean difficulty (vertuous Ladies) for us to take intire knowledge of every thing we do, because (as oftentimes hath been observed) many men imagin if they were rich, they should live securely, and without any care. And therefore, not only have their prayers and intercessions aimed at that end, but also their studies and daily endeavours, without refusal of any pains or perils, have not meanly expressed their hourly sollicitude. And although it hath happened according-



ly to them, and their covetous desires fully accomplished; yet at length they have met with such kind of People, who likewise thirsting after their wealthy possessions, have bereft them of life, being their kind and intimate friends, before they attained to such riches. Some other being of low and base condition, by adventuring in many skirmishes and having fought ten Battels, trampling in the blood of their Brethren and friends, have been mounted to the sovereign dignity of Kingdoms (believing that therein consisted the truest happiness) but bought with the dearest price of their Lives. For, beside their infinite cares and fears wherewith such greatness is continually attended, at their Royal Tables, they have drunk Poison in a golden Pot. Many other in like manner (with most earnest appetite) have coveted Beauty and bodily strength, not foreseeing with any judgment, that these wishes were not without peril; when being endued with them, they either have been the occasion of their death, or such a lingering lamentable estate of life, as death were a thousand times more welcome to them.

But, because I would not speak particularly of all our frail and human affections, I dare assure you, that there is not any one of these desires to be elected among us mortals; with entire foresight or providence; warrantable against their ominous issue. Wherefore, if we would walk directly, we should dispose our wills and affections, to be guided onely by him, who best knoweth what is needful for us, and will bestow them at his good pleasure. Nor let me lay this blameful imputation upon me only for offending in many things through our lavish desire: because you yourselves (gracious Ladies) sin highly in one, as namely, in coveting to be beautiful. So that it is not sufficient for you, to enjoy those beauries bestowed on you by Nature; but you practise to increase them by the rarities of Art. Wherefore, let it not offend you, that I tell you the hard fortune of a fair *Sarazine*, to whom it happened by strange adventures, that within the compass of four years, nine several times she was married, and only for her beauty.

It is now a long time since there lived a Soldane in *Babylon*, named *Beminidab*, to whom (while he lived) many things happened, answerable to his own desires. Among divers other Children both male and female, he had a Daughter called *Alarbiella*; and she (according to the common voice of every one that saw her) was the fairest Lady then living in all the World. And because the King of *Chalcos* had wonderfully assisted him, in a most valiant fought Battel against a most mighty Army of *Arabians*, who on a sudden had assailed him; he demanded his fair Daughter in marriage, which likewise was kindly granted to him. Whereupon a goodly and well armed Ship was prepared for her, with all furnishment of all necessary provision, and accompanied with an honourable train both of Lords and Ladies, as also most costly and sumptuous accoustrements, commending her to the mercy of Heaven, in this manner was she sent away.

The time being propitious for their parting thence, the Mariners hoysed their sails, leaving the port of *Alexandria*, and sailing prosperously many days together. When they had passed the Country of *Sardinia*, and (as they imagined) were well near to their journeys end; suddenly arose boisterous and contrary winds, which were so imperious beyond all measure, and so tormented the Ship wherein the Lady was; that the Mariners seeing no sign of comfort, gave over all hope of escaping with life. Nevertheless, as men most expert in implacable dangers, they laboured to their utmost power, and contended with infinite blustering tempests, for the space of two days, and nights together, hoping the third day would prove more favourable. But therein they saw themselves deceived, for the violence continued still, increasing in the night time more and more, being not any way able to comprehend either where they were, or what course they took, neither by Marinal judgment, or any apprehension else whatsoever, the Heavens were so clouded, and the Nights darkness so extrem.

Being (unknown to them) near the Isle of *Majorca*, they felt the Ship to split in the bottom: by means wherof, perceiving now no hope of escaping (every one caring for himself, and not any other) they threw forth a Squiff on the troubled waves, reposing more confidence of safety that way, than abiding any longer in the broken Ship. Howbeit, such as were first descended down, made stout resistance against all other followers, with their drawn weapons; but safety of life so far prevailed, that what with the tempests violence, and over-lading of the Squiff, it sunk to the bottom, and all perished that were therein. The Ship being thus split, and more than half full of water, tossed and tormented by the blustering winds, first one way,



way and then another: was at last driven into a strond of the Isle *Majorica*, no other person therein remaining but only the Lady and her Women, all of them (through the rude Tempest and their own conceived fear) lying still, as if they were more than half dead. And there within a stones cast of the neighbouring shore, the ship (by the rough surging billows) was fixed fast on the Sands, and so continued all the rest of the night, without any further molestation of the Winds.

When day appeared, and the violent storms were more mildly appeased, the Lady who seemed well near dead, lifted up her head, and began (weak as she was) to call first one, and then another: but she called in vain, for such as she named were far enough from her. Wherefore hearing no answer, nor seeing any one, she wondered greatly, her fears increasing then more and more. Raising her self so well as she could, she beheld the Ladies that were of her company, and some other of her Women, lying still without any stirring: whereupon, first jogging one, and then another, and calling them severally by their names; she found them bereft of understanding; and even as if they were dead; their hearts were so quailed, and their fear so over-ruling, which was no mean dismay to the poor Lady her self. Nevertheless, necessity now being her Counsellor, seeing herself thus all alone, and not knowing in what place she was, she used such means to them that were living, that (at the last) they came to better knowledg of themselves. And being unable to guess, what was become of the men and Mariners, seeing the Ship also driven on the sands, and filled with water, she began with them to lament most grievously: and now it was about the hour of mid-day, before they could discry any person on the shore, or any to pity them in so urgent a need.

At length, noon being past, a Gentleman named *Bajazeth*, attended by divers of his followers on horseback, and returning from a Country house belonging to him, chanced to ride by on the sands. Upon sight of the Ship lying in that case, he imagined truly what had happened, and commanded one of his men to enter aboard it, which (with some difficulty) he did, to resolve his Lord what remained therein. There he found the fair young Lady, with such small sort of Company as was left her, fairly hidden under the prow of the Ship. So soon as they saw him, they held up their hands, wofully desiring mercy of him: but he perceiving their lamentable condition, and that he understood not what they said to him, their affliction grew the greater, labouring by signs and gestures, to give him knowledg of their misfortune.

The servant gathering what he could by their outward behaviour, declared to his Lord what he had seen in the Ship; who caused the Women to be brought on shore, and all the precious things remaining with them; conducting them with him to a place not far off, where with food and warmth he gave them comfort. By the rich garments which the Lady was clothed withal, he reputed her to be a Gentlewoman well derived, as the great reverence done to her by the rest, gave him good reason to conceive. And although her looks were pale and wan, as also her person mightily altered, by the tempestuous violence of the Sea: yet notwithstanding, she appeared fair and lovely in the eye of *Bajazeth*, whereupon forthwith he determined, that if she were not married, he would enjoy her as his own in Marriage: or if he could not win her to be his Wife, (at least) she should be his friend, because she remained now in his power.

*Bajazeth* was a man of stern looks, rough and harsh both in speech and behaviour; yet causing the Lady to be honourably used divers days together, she became thereby well comforted and recovered. And seeing her beauty to exceed all comparison, he was afflicted beyond measure, that he could not understand her, nor she him, whereby he could not know of whence or what she was. His amorous flames increasing more and more; by kind, courteous, and affable actions, he laboured to compass what he aimed at. But all his endeavours proved to no purpose, for she refused all familiar privacy with him, which so much the more kindled the fury of his fire. This being well observed by the Lady, having now remained there a month and more, and collecting by the customs of the Countrey, that she was amongst Turkes; and in such a place, where although she were known, yet it would little advantage her; beside, long protraction of time would provoke *Bajazeth* by fair means or force to obtain his will: she propounded to herself (with magnanimity of spirit) to tread all misfortune under her feet, commanding her Women (whereof she had but three now remaining alive) that they should not disclose what she was, except it were in some such place, where manifest signs might yield hope of regaining their liberty.



liberty. Moreover, she admonished them stoutly to defend their Honour and Chastity; affirming, that she had absolutely resolved with herself, that never any other should enjoy her, but her intended Husband: wherein her Woman did much commend her, promising to preserve their reputation, according as she had commanded.

Day by day, were the torments of *Bajazeth* wonderfully augmented, yet still his kind offers scornfully refused, and he as far off from compassing his desires, as when he first began to move the matter: wherefore, perceiving that all fair courses served to no effect, he resolved to compass his purpose by craft and subtilty, reserving rigorous extremity for his final conclusion. And having once observed, that Wine was very pleasing to the Lady, she never being used to drink any at all, because (by her Countries Law) it was forbidden her: and no mean store having been lately brought to *Bajazeth* in a Bark of *Geneway*: he resolved to surprize her by means thereof, as a chief Minister of *Venus*, to heat the coolest blood. And seeming now in outward behaviour, as if he had given over his amorous pursuit, and which she strove by all her best endeavours to withstand: one night, after a very majestick and solemn manner, he prepared a delicate and sumptuous Supper, whereto the Lady was invited: and he had given order that he who attended on her Cup, should serve her with many Wines, compounded and mingled together; which he accordingly performed, as being cunning enough in such occasions.

*Alatbiella* mistrusting no such Treachery intended against her, and liking the Wines pleasing tast extraordinarily; drank more than stood with her precedent modest resolution, and forgetting all her passed adversities, became very frolick and merry: so that seeing some women dance after the manner observed there in *Majorca*, she also fell to dancing according to the *Alexandrian* custom. Which when *Bajazeth* beheld, he imagined the Victory to be more than half won, and his hearts desire very near the obtaining: plying her still with Wine upon Wine, and continuing this revelling the most part of the night.

At the length, the invited guests being all gone, the Lady retired to her Chamber, attended on by none but *Bajazeth* himself, and as familiarly as if he had been one of her Women, she no way contradicting his bold intrusion, so far had Wine overgone her senses, and prevailed against all modest bashfulness. These wanton embracings strange to her that had never tasted them before, yet pleasing beyond measure, by reason of his treacherous advantage; afterward drew on many more of the like carowling meetings, without so much as thought of her passed miseries, or those honourable and chaste respects, that ever ought to attend on Ladies.

Now, Fortune envying thus their stolen pleasures, and that she, being the purposed Wife of a Potent King, should thus become the wanton friend of a much meaner man, whose only glory was their shame; altered the course of their too common pastimes, by preparing a far greater infelicity for them. This *Bajazeth* had a Brother, aged about five and twenty years, of most compleat person, in the very beauty of his time, and fresh as the sweetest smelling Rose, he being named *Amurath*. After he had once seen this Lady (whose fair feature pleased him beyond all Women else) she seemed in his sudden apprehension, both by her outward behaviour and civil apparancy, highly to deserve his very best opinion, for she was not meanly entered into his favour. Now he found nothing to his hindrance, in obtaining the height of his hearts desire, but only the strict custody and guard, wherein his Brother *Bajazeth* kept her: which raised a cruel conceit in his mind, wherein followed (not long after) as cruel an effect.

It came to pass, that at the same time; in the Port of the City, called *Cassa*, there lay then a Ship laden with Merchandize, being bound thence for *Smyrna*, of which Ship two *Geneway* Merchants (being brethren) were the Patrons and Owners, who had given direction for hoisting the sails to depart thence when the wind should serve. With these two *Geneways* *Amurath* had covenanted, for himself to go aboard the Ship the night ensuing, and the Lady in his company. When Night was come, having resolved with himself what was to be done: in a disguised habit he went to the House of *Bajazeth*, who stood not any way doubtful of him, and with certain of his most faithful Confederates (whom he had sworn to the intended action) they hid themselves closely in the house. After some part of the night was past, he knowing the several lodgings both of *Bajazeth* and *Alatbiella*, slew his Brother soundly sleeping; and seizing on the Lady, whom he found awake and weeping, threatened to kill her also, if she made any noise. So being well furnished with the greater part of worldly Jewels belonging to *Bajazeth*, unheard



or undiscryed by any body, they went presently to the Port, and there (without any further delay) *Amurath* and the Lady were received into the Ship, but his companions returned back again; when the Mariners, having their sails ready set, and the wind aptly fitting for them, lanch'd forth merrily into the main.

You may well imagin, that the Lady was extraordinarily afflicted with grief, for her first misfortune; and now this second chancing so suddenly, must needs offend her in greater manner: but *Amurath* did so kindly comfort her with mild, modest, and manly perswasions, that all remembrance of *Bajazeth* was quickly forgotten, and she became converted to lovely demeanor, even when fortune prepared a fresh misery for her, as not satisfied with those whereof she had tasted already. The Lady being unequalled for beauty (as I said before) her behaviour also in such exquisite and commendable kind expressed; the two Brethren owners of the Ship, became so deeply enamored of her, that forgetting all their most serious affairs, they studied by all possible means, to be pleasing and gracious in her eye, yet with such a careful carriage, that *Amurath* should not see nor suspect it.

When the Brethren had imparted their loves extremity each to other, and plainly perceived, that though they were equally in their fiery torments, yet their desires were utterly contrary: they began severally to consider, that gain gotten by Merchandize, admitted an equal division, but this purchase was of a different quality, pleading the title of a sole possession, without any partner or intruder. Fearful and jealous were they both, lest either should aim at the others intention, yet willing enough to shake hands, in ridding *Amurath* out of the way, who only was the hinderer of their hopes. Whereupon, they concluded together, that on a day, when the Ship sailed on very swiftly, and *Amurath* was sitting upon the Deck, studiously observing how the Billows combated each with other, and not suspecting any such Treason in them towards him: stealing softly behind him, suddenly they threw him into the Sea, the Ship floating on above half a Leagues distance, before any perceived his fall into the Sea.

When the Lady heard thereof, and saw no likely means of recovering him again, she fell to her wonted tears and lamentations: but the two Lovers came quickly to comfort her, using kind words and pithy perswasions (albeit she understood them not, or at the most very little) to appease the violence of her passions; and to speak uprightly, she did not so much bemoan the loss of *Amurath*, as the multiplying of her own misfortunes, still one succeeding in the neck of another. After divers long and well delivered Orations, as also very fair and courteous behaviour, they had indifferently pacified her complainings: they began to discourse and commune with themselves, which of them had most right and title to *Alabiella*, and consequently ought to enjoy her. Now that *Amurath* was gone, each pleaded his priviledg to be as good as the others, both in the Ship, Goods and all advantages else whatsoever happening: which the elder Brother absolutely denied, alledging first his propriety of birth, a reason sufficient, whereby his younger ought to give his place: Likewise his right and interest both in the Ship and goods, to be more than the others, as being heir to his Father, and therefore in justice to be highest preferred. Last of all, that his strength only threw *Amurath* into the Sea, and therefore gave him the full possession of his prize, no right at all remaining to his Brother.

From temperate and calm speeches they fall to frowns and ruder language, which heated their blood in such violent manner, that forgetting brotherly affection, and all respects of Parents or friends, they drew forth their Poniards, stabbing each other so often and desperately, that before any in the Ship had the power or means to part them, both of them being very dangerously wounded, the younger Brother fell down dead: the elder being in little better case, by receiving so many perilous hurts remained (nevertheless) living. This unhappy accident displeased the Lady very highly, seeing her self thus left alone, without the help or counsel of any body; and fearing greatly, lest the anger of the two Brethrens Parents and friends, should now be laid to her charge and thereon follow severity of punishment. But the earnest entreaties of the wounded survivor, and their arrival at *Smyrna* soon after, delivering him from the danger of death, gave some ease to her sorrow, and there with him she went on shore.

Remaining there with him in a common Inn, while he continued in the Chirurgeon's cure, the fame of her singular and much admired beauty was soon spread abroad throughout all the City, and amongst the rest, to the hearing of the Prince of *Ionia*, who lately before (on very urgent occasions) was come to *Smyrna*. This rare rumor made



made him desirous to see her, and after he had seen her, she seemed far fairer in his eye, than common report had noised her to be, and suddenly grew so enamoured of her, that she was the only Idea of his best desires. Afterward, understanding in what manner she was brought thither, he devised how to make her his own, practising all possible means to accomplish it: which when the wounded Brothers Parents heard of, they not only made tender of their willingness therein, but also immediately sent her to him: a matter most highly pleasing to the Prince, and likewise to the Lady her self; because she thought now to be freed from no mean peril, which otherwise the wounded Merchants friends might have inflicted upon her. The Prince perceiving, that beside her matchless beauty, she had the true character of Royal behaviour, grieved the more, that he could not be further informed of what Country she was. His opinion being so stedfastly grounded, that (less than Noble) she could not be, was a motive to set a keener edge on his affection towards her, yet not to enjoy her as in honourable and loving complement only, but as his espoused Lady and Wife. Which appearing to her by apparent demonstrations, though intercourse of speech wanted to confirm it; remembrance of her so many sad disasters, and being now in a most noble and respected condition, her comfort enlarged it self with a settled hope, her fears grew free from any more molestations, and her beauties became the only theme and argument of private and publick conference in all *Natolia*, that (well-near) there was no other discourse, in any assembly whatsoever.

Hereupon the Duke of *Athens*, being young, goodly, and valiant of person, as also a near Kinsman to the Prince, had a desire to see her; and under colour of visiting his noble Kinsman, (as oftentimes he had done) attended with an honourable train, to *Smyrna* he came, being there most royally welcomed, and bounteously feasted. Within some few days of his there being, conference passed between them, concerning the rare beauty of the Lady: the Duke questioning the Prince, whether she was of such wonder, as fame had acquainted the World withal? Where-to the Prince replied; Much more (Noble Kinsman) than can be spoken of, as your own eyes shall witness, without crediting any words of mine. The Duke soliciting the Prince thereto very earnestly, they both went together to see her, and she having before heard of their coming, adorned herself the more Majestically, entertaining them with ceremonious demeanour (after her Countrys custom) which gave most gracious and unspeakable acceptation.

At the Prince's affable motion, she sat down between them, their delight being beyond expression, to behold her, but abridged of much more felicity, because they understood not any part of her Language, so that they could have no other conference, but by looks and outward signs only, and the more they beheld her, the more they marvelled at her rare perfections, especially, the Duke, who hardly credited that she was a mortal Creature. This not perceiving, what deep carowses of amorous poyson his eyes drank down by the meer sight of her, yet thinking thereby only to be satisfied, he lost both himself and his best senses, growing in love (beyond all measure) with her. When the Prince and he were parted from her, and he was at his own private amorous meditations in his Chamber, he reputed the Prince far happier than any man else, by the enjoying of such a peerless beauty.

After many intricate and distracted cogitations, which molested his brains, incessantly, regarding more his loves wanton heat, than reason, kindred, and honourable hospitality, he resolutely determined (whatsoever ensued thereupon) to bereave the Prince of his fair felicity, that none but himself might possess such a treasure, which he esteemed to be the height of all happiness. His courage being conformable to his bad intent, with all hast it must be put in execution; so that equity, justice, and honesty, being quite abandoned, nothing but subtle Stratagems were now his meditations. On a day according to a fore-compacted treachery which he had ordered with a Gentleman of the Prince's Chamber, who was named *Churiacy*, he prepared his horses to be in readiness, and dispatched all his affairs else for a sudden departure. The night following, he was secretly conveyed by *Churiacy* and a friend of his with him (being both armed into the Prince's Chamber, where he while the Lady was soundly sleeping) stood at a gazing window towards the Sea, naked in his shirt to take the cool air, because the season was exceeding hot. Having formerly instructed his friend what was to be done, very softly they slept to the Prince, and running their weapons quite thorough his Body, immediately they threw him forth of the window.



Here you are to observe, that the Palace was seated on the Sea shore, and very high, and the window whereat the Prince stood looking forth, was directly over divers houses, which the long continuance of time, and incessant beating on by the surges of the Sea, had so defaced and ruinated them, as seldom they were visited by any person; whereof the Duke having knowledg before, was the easier perswaded that the falling of the Prince's body in so vast a place, could neither be heard nor descried by any. The Duke and his Companion, having thus executed what they came for, proceeded yet in their cunning a little further, casting a strangling cord about the neck of *Churiacy*, seemed as if they hugged and embraced him, but drew it with so main strength, that he never spake word after, and so threw him down after the Prince.

This done, and plainly perceiving that they were not heard or seen either by the Lady, or any other: the Duke took a light in his hand, going on to the bed, where the Lady lay most sweetly sleeping; whom the more he beheld, the more he admired and commended: but if in her garments she appeared so pleasing, what did she now in a bed of such state and Majesty? Being no way daunted with his so late committed Sin, but swimming rather in surfeit of joy, his hands all bloody, and his soul much more ugly, he laid him down on the Bed by her, bestowing infinite kisses and embraces on her, she supposing him to be the Prince all this while, not opening her eyes to be otherwise resolved. But this was not the delight he aimed at, neither did he think it safe for him, to delay time with any longer tarrying there: Wherefore, having his agents at hand fit and convenient for the purpose, they surprized her in such sort, that she could not make any noise or outcry, and carrying her through the same false postern, whereat themselves had entered, laying her in a princely litter; away they went with all possible speed, not tarrying in any place, until they were arrived near *Athens*. But thither he would not bring her, because himself was a married man, but rather to a goodly Castle of his own, not distant far from the City; where he caused her to be kept very secretly (to her no little grief and sorrow) yet attended on, and served in most honourable manner.

The Gentlemen usually attending on the Prince, having waited all the next morning till noon, in expectation of his rising, and hearing no stirring in the Chamber, did thrust at the door, which was but only closed together, and finding no body there, they presently imagined, that he was privately gone to some other place, where (with the Lady, whom he so dearly affected) he might remain some few days for his more contentment, and so they rested verily perswaded. Within some few days following, while no other doubt came in question, the Prince's Fool, entering by chance among the ruined houses, where lay the dead bodies of the Prince and *Churiacy*: took hold of the Cord about *Churiacy's* neck, and so went along dragging it after him. The dead body being known to many, with no mean marvel how he should be murdered in so vile manner; by gifts and fair perswasions they won him to bring them to the place where he found it. And there (to the no little grief of the whole City) they found the Prince's body also, which they caused to be interred with all the Majestick pomp that might be.

Upon further inquisition, who should commit so horrid a deed, perceiving likewise that the Duke of *Athens* was not to be found, but was closely gone: they judged (according to the truth) that he had his hand in this bloody business, and had carried away the Lady with him. Immediately, they elected the Prince's Brother to be their Lord and Sovereign, inciting him to revenge so horrid a wrong, and promising to assist him with their utmost power. The new chosen Prince being assured afterwards, by other more apparent and remarkable proofs, that his people informed him with nothing but truth: suddenly, and according as they had concluded, with the help of neighbours, Kindred and friends, collected from divers places; he mustered a good and a powerful Army, marching on towards *Athens*, to make War against the Duke.

No sooner heard he of this warlike preparation made against him, but he likewise levied Forces for his own defence, and to his succour came many great States: among whom, the Emperour of *Constantinople* sent his Son *Constantine*, attended on by his Nephew *Emanuel*, with Troops of fair and towardly force, who were honorably welcomed and entertained by the Duke, but much more by the Dutchess, because she was their Sister in Law.

Military



Military provision thus proceeding on daily more and more, the Dutchess making choice of a fit and convenient hour, took these two Princes with her to a withdrawing Chamber; and there in floods of tears flowing from her eyes, wringing her hands, and sighing incessantly, she recounted the whole History, occasion of the War, and how dishonorably the Duke dealt with her about this strange Woman, whom he purposed to keep in despite of her, and thinking that she knew nothing thereof; and complaining very earnestly unto them, entreated that for the Dukes honour, and her comfort, they would give their best assistance in this case.

The two young Lords knew all this matter, before she thus reported it to them; and therefore, without staying to listen to her any longer, but comforting her so well as they could, with promise of their best employed pains; being informed by her, in what place the Lady was so closely kept, they took their leave, and parted from her. Often they had heard the Lady much commended, and her incomparable beauty highly extolled, yea even by the Duke himself; which made them the more desirous to see her: wherefore earnestly they solicited him to let them have a sight of her, and he (forgetting what happened to the Prince, by shewing her so unadvisedly to him) promised to grant their request. Causing a very magnificent dinner to be prepared in a goodly garden, at the Castle where the Lady was kept; on the morrow, attended on by a small train, away they rode to dine with her.

*Constantine* being seated at the Table, he began (as one confounded with admiration) to observe her judiciously, affirming secretly to his soul, that he had never seen so compleat a Woman before; and allowing it for justice; that the Duke or any other whatsoever, if (to enjoy so rare a beauty) they had committed treason, or any mischief else besides, yet in reason they ought to be held excused. Nor did he bestow so many looks upon her, but his praises infinitely surpassed them, as thinking he could not sufficiently commend her, following the Duke step by step in affection; for being now grown amorous of her, and remembrance of the intended War, utterly abandoned; no other thoughts could come nearer him but how to bereave the Duke of her, yet concealing his love, and not imparting it to any one.

While his fancies were thus amorously set on fire, the time came, that they must make head against the Prince, who already was marching within the Duke's Dominions: Wherefore the Duke, *Constantine*, and all the rest, according to a Counsel held among them, went to defend certain of the Frontiers, to the end that the Prince might pass no further. Remaining there divers dayes together, *Constantine* (who could think on nothing else but the beautiful Lady) considering with himself, that while the Duke was now so far from her, it was an easie matter to compass his intent: Hereupon, the better to colour his present return to *Athens*, he seemed to be surprized with a sudden extream sickness, in regard whereof (by the Duke's free license and leaving all his power to his Cousin *Emanuel*) forthwith he journied back to *Athens*. After some conference had with his Sister, about her dishonourable wrongs endured at his hands only by the Lady, he solemnly protested, that if she were so pleased, he would aid her powerfully in the matter, by taking her from the place where she was, and never more afterward to be seen in that Country any more.

The Dutchess being faithfully perswaded, that he would do this only for her sake, and not in any affection he bare to the Lady, answered, that it highly pleased her; always provided that it might be performed in such sort, as the Duke her Husband should never understand that ever she gave consent thereto; which *Constantine* swore unto her by many deep Oaths, whereby she referred all to his own disposition. *Constantine* hereupon prepared in a readiness a subtle Bark, sending it in an evening, near to the garden where the Lady resorted; having first informed the People which were in it, fully what was to be done. Afterwards, accompanied with some other of his attendants, he went to the Palace, to the Lady, where he was gladly entertained, not only by such as waited on her, but also by the Lady herself.

Leading her along by the Arm towards the Garden, attended on by two of her servants, and two of his own; seeming as if he was sent from the Duke to confer with her; they walked alone to a Port opening on the Sea, which standing ready open, upon a sign given by him to one of his Complices, the

Bark



Bark was brought close to the shore; and the Lady being suddenly seized on, was immediately conveyed into it; and he returning back to her people with his sword drawn, said; Let no man stir, or speak a word, except he be willing to lose his life; for I intend not to rob the Duke of his fair friend, but to expel the shame and dishonour that he hath offered to my Sister; no one being so hardy as to return him any answer. Aboard went *Constantine* with his comforts, and sitting near to the Lady; who wrung her hands, and wept bitterly; he commanded the Mariners to launch forth, flying away on the wings of the wind, till about the break of day following, they arrived at *Melasso*. There they took landing, and reposed on shore for some few days, *Constantine* labouring to comfort the Lady, even as if she had been his own Sister, she having good cause to curse her infortunate beauty.

Going aboard the Bark again, within few days they came to *Setalia*, and there, fearing the reprehension of his Father, and lest the Lady should be taken from him, it pleased *Constantine* to make his stay, as in a place of no mean security. And (as before) after much kind behaviour used towards the Lady, without any means in her self to redress the least of all these great extremities, she became more mild and affable, for discontentment did not a jot quail her.

While occurrences passed on in this manner, it fortuned that *Osbech* the King of *Turky* (who was in continual War with the Emperor) came by accident to *Lajazzo*; and hearing there how lasciviously *Constantine* spent his time in *Setalia*, with a Lady which he had stoln, being but weak and slenderly guarded; in the night with certain well provided Ships, his men and he entered the Town, and surprized many people in their beds, before they knew of their Enemies coming, killing such as stood upon their defence against them, (among whom was *Constantine*,) and burning the whole Town, brought their booty and prisoners aboard their Ships; wherewith they returned back to *Lajazzo*. Being thus come to *Lajazzo*, *Osbech* who was a brave and gallant young man, upon the view of the Pillage, found the fair Lady, whom he knew to be the beloved of *Constantine*, because she was found lying on his bed. Without any further delay, he made choice of her to be his Wife, causing his Nuptials to be honorably solemnized, and many months he lived there in great joy with her.

But before occasions grew to this effect, the Emperour made a confederacy with *Bassano*, King of *Cappadocia*, that he should descend with his forces one way upon *Osbech*, and he would assault him with his power, on the other. But he could not so well bring this pass, because the Emperour would not yield to *Bassano* in any unreasonable matter he demanded. Nevertheless, when he understood what had happened to his Son (for whom his grief was beyond all measure) he granted the King of *Cappadocia*'s request; soliciting him with all instancy, to be the more speedy in assailing *Osbech*. It was not long, before he heard of this conjuration made against him: and therefore he speedily mustered up all his forces, ere he would be encompassed by two such potent Kings, and marched on to meet the King of *Cappadocia*, leaving his Lady and Wife (for her safety) at *Lajazzo*, in the custody of a true and loyal Servant of his.

Within a short while after, he drew near the Camp belonging to the King of *Cappadocia*, where boldly he gave him battel, chancing therein to be slain, his army broken and discomfited: by means whercof, the King of *Cappadocia*, remaining Conquerour, marched on towards *Lajazzo*, every one yielding him obedience all the way as he went. In the mean space, the servant to *Osbech*, who was named *Antiochus*, and with whom the fair Lady was left in guard, although he was aged, yet seeing she was so extraordinary beautiful, he fell in love with her, forgetting the solemn vows he had made to his Master. One happiness he had in this case to help him, namely, that he understood and could speak her language: a matter of no mean comfort to her, who constrainedly had lived divers years together, in the state of a deaf and dumb Woman, because every where else they understood her not, nor she them, but by shews and signs.

This benefit of familiar conference, began to embolden his hopes, elevate his courage, and make him seem more youthful in his own opinion, than any ability of body could speak unto him, or promise him in the possession of her, who was as far beyond him, and so unequal to be enjoyed by him; yet to advance his hopes a great deal higher, News came, that *Osbech* was vanquished and slain; and that *Bassano* made every where great havock of all: whereon they



they concluded together, not to tarry there any longer, but storing themselves with the goods of *Oisech*, secretly they departed thence to *Rhodes*. Being seated there in some indifferent abiding, it came to pass that *Antiochus* fell into a deadly sickness, to whom came a *Cyprian* Merchant, one much esteemed by him, as being an intimate friend and kind acquaintance, and in whom he reposed no small confidence. Feeling his sickness to increase more and more upon him daily, he determined not only to leave such wealth as he had to this Merchant, but the fair Lady likewise. And calling them both to his bed side, he spake in this manner.

Dear Love, and my most worthily respected friend, I perceive plainly and infallibly, that I am now drawing near unto my end, which much discontenteth me; because my hope was to have lived longer in this world, for the enjoying of your kind and most esteemed company. Yet one thing maketh my death very pleasing and welcome to me; namely, that lying thus in my bed of latest comfort in this life, I shall expire and finish my course in the arms of those two persons, whom I most affected in all this World, as you my ever dearest friend, and you fair Lady, whom (since the very first sight of you) I loved and honoured in my soul. It is some and very grievous it is to me, that (if I die) I shall leave you here a stranger, without the counsel and help of any body: and yet much more offensive would it become, if I had not such a friend as you here present, who (I am faithfully perswaded) will have the like care and respect of her (even for my sake) as of my self, if time had allotted my longer tarrying here. And therefore (worthy friend) most earnestly I desire you, that if I die, all mine affairs and she may remain to your trusty care, as being (by my self) absolutely commended to your providence, and so to dispose both of the one and the other, as may best agree with the comfort of my soul. As for you (choice beauty) I humbly intreat, that after my death you would not forget me, to the end, I may make my vaunt in another World, that I was affected here by the fairest Lady that ever Nature framed. If of these two things you will give me assurance, I shall depart from you with no mean comfort.

The friendly Merchant, and likewise the Lady, hearing these words, wept both bitterly: and after he had given over speaking, kindly they comforted him, with promises and solemn vows, that if he died, all should be performed which he had requested. Within a short while after, he departed out of this life, and they gave him honourable burial, according to that Country custom. Which being done, the Merchant dispatching all his affairs at *Rhodes*, was desirous to return home to *Cyprus*, in a Carrack of the *Catelans* then there being: moving the Lady in the matter, to understand how she stood inclined, because urgent occasions called him thence to *Cyprus*. The Lady made answer, that she was willing to pass thither with him, hoping for the love he bare to deceased *Antiochus*, that he would respect her as his Sister. The Merchant was willing to give her any contentment, but yet resolved her, that under the title of being his Sister, it would be no warrant of security to them both. Wherefore, he rather advised her, to stile him as her Husband, and he would term her his Wife, and so he should be sure to defend her from all injuries whatsoever.

Being aboard the Carrack, they had a Cabine and small bed conveniently allowed them, where they slept together, that they might the better be reputed as man and wife; for, to pass otherwise, would have been very dangerous to them both. And questionless, their faithful promise made at *Rhodes* to *Antiochus*, sickness on the Sea, and mutable respect they had of each others credit, was a constant restraint to all wanton desires, and a motive rather to incite Chastity, than otherwise, and so (I hope) you are perswaded of them: But howsoever, the winds blew merrily, the Carrack sailed lustily, and (by this time) they are arrived at *Bassa*, where the *Cyprian* Merchant dwelt, and where she continued a long while with him, no one knowing otherwise, but that she was his Wife indeed.

Now it fortun'd, that there arriv'd also at the same *Bassa*, (about some special occasions of his) a Gentleman whose name was *Antigonus*, well steeped into years, and better stored with wisdom than wealth: because by meddling in many matters, while he followed the service of the King of *Cyprus*, Fortune had been very adverse to him. The ancient Gentleman, passing (on a day) by the

House



house where the Lady lay, and the Merchant being gone about his business into *Armenia*: he chanced to see the Lady at a window of the house, and because she was very beautiful, he observed her the more advisedly, recollecting his senses together, that (doubtless) he had seen her before, but in what place he could not remember. The Lady herself likewise, who had so long time been Fortune's tennis-ball, and the term of her many miseries drawing now near an ending: began to conceive (upon the very first sight of *Antigonus*) that she had formerly seen him in *Alexandria*, serving her Father in place of great degree. Hereupon a sudden hope perswaded her, that by the advice and furtherance of this Gentleman, she could recover her wonted Royal condition: and opportunity now aptly fitting her, by the absence of her pretended Merchant-Husband, she sent for him, requesting to have a few words with him.

When he was come into the house, she bashfully demanded of him, if he was not named *Antigonus* of *Famagosta*, because she knew one like him so called? He answered that he was so named: saying moreover, Madam, methinks, I should know you, but I cannot remember where I have seen you; wherefore I would intreat (if it might stand with your good liking) that my memory might be quickned with better knowledge of you. The Lady perceiving him to be the very man indeed, weeping uncessantly, she threw her arms about his neck, and soon after asked *Antigonus* (who stood as one confounded with marvel) if he had never seen her in *Alexandria*. Upon these words *Antigonus* knew her immediately to be *Alatbiella*, Daughter to the Great Soldan, who was supposed (long since) to be drowned in the Sea: and offering to do her such reverence as became him, she would not permit him, but desired that he would be assistant to her, and willed him also to sit down a while by her.

A goodly chair being brought him, in very humble manner he demanded of her, what had become of her in so long a time, because it was verily believed throughout all *Egypt*, that she was drowned in the Sea. I would it had been so, answered the Lady, rather than to lead such a life as I have done; and I think my Father himself would wish it so, if ever he should come to the knowledge thereof. With these words the tears rained down her fair cheeks: Wherefore *Antigonus* thus spake unto her. Madam, discomfort not your self before you have occasion; but (if you be so pleased) relate your passed accidents to me, and what your course of life hath been: perhaps I shall give you so friendly advice as may stand you in stead, and no way be injurious to you.

Fetching a sigh, even as if her heart would have split in sunder, thus she replied. Ah *Antigonus*! me thinks when I look on thee, I seem to behold my Royal Father, and therefore moved with the like religious zeal and charitable Love, as in duty I owe unto him: I will make known to thee, what I rather ought to conceal and hide from any person living. I know thee to be honorable, discreet, and truly wise; though I am a frail, simple, and weak Woman, therefore I dare discover to thee, rather than any other that I know, by what strange and unexpected misfortunes I have lived so long obscurely in the World. And if in thy great and grave judgment (after the hearing of my many miseries) thou canst any way restore me to my former estate, I pray thee do it: but if you perceive it impossible to be done, as earnestly likewise I intreat thee, never to reveal to any living person, that either thou hast seen me, or heard any speech of me. After these words, the tears still streaming from her fair eyes, she recounted the whole passage of her rare mishaps, even from her shipwreck in the Sea of *Majorica*, until that very instant hour; speaking them in such harsh manner as they happened, and not sparing any jot of them.

*Antiochus* being moved to much compassion, declared how he pitied her by his tears; and having been silent an indifferent while, as considering in this case what was best to be done, thus he began. Madam, seeing you have passed through such a multitude of misfortunes, yet undiscovered, what, and who you are: I will render you as blameless to your Father, and estate you as fairly in his Love, as at the hour when you parted from him; and afterward make you Wife to the King of *Cholebos*. She demanding of him, by what means possibly this could be accomplished, briefly he made it known to her, how, and in what manner he would perform it.

To cut off further tedious circumstances, forthwith he returned to *Famagosta*, and going before the King of the Country, thus he spake to him. Sir, you may



may (if you will be pleased) in an instant, do me an exceeding honour, who have been impoverished by your service, and also a deed of great renown to your self, without any much matter of expence and cost. The King demanding how. *Antigonus* thus answered. The fair Daughter of the Soldan, so generally reported to be drowned, is arrived at *Bassa*, and to preserve her honour from blemishing, hath suffered many crosses, and calamities: being at this instant in very poor estate, yet desirous to visit her Father. If you please to send her home under my conduct, it will be great honour to you, and no mean benefit to me, which kindness will for ever be thankfully remembered by the Soldan. The King in Royal magnificence, replied suddenly, that he was highly pleased with these good tidings; and having sent honourably for her from *Bassa*, with great Pomp she was conducted to *Famagosta*, and there most graciously welcomed both by the King and Queen, with solemn Triumphs, Banquets, and Revelling, performed in most Majestick manner.

Being questioned by the King and Queen, concerning so large a time of strange misfortunes; according as *Antigonus* had formerly instructed her, so did she shape the form of her answers, and satisfied (with honour) all their demands. So, within few days after, upon her request, with an honourable train of Lords and Ladies, she was sent and conducted all the way by *Antigonus*, until she came to the Soldan's Court.

After some days of her reposing there, the Soldan was desirous to understand, how she could possibly live so long in any Kingdom or Province whatsoever, and yet no knowledge to be taken of her. The Lady who perfectly retained by heart, and had all her lessons at her fingers ends, by the wary instruction which *Antigonus* had given her, answered her Father in this manner: Sir, about the Twentieth day after my departure from you, a very terrible and dreadful Tempest overtook us, so that in the dead time of the night, our ship being split in sunder upon the sands, near to a place called *Verna*; what became of all the men that were aboard, I neither knew, nor ever heard of.

Only I remember, then, when death appeared, and I being recovered from death to life, certain Peasants of the Country coming to search the Ship so wreckt, I was first with two of my women brought safely on shore.

No sooner were we there, but certain rude shag-hair'd villains set upon us, carrying away from me both my Women, then hailing me along by the Hair of my Head: neither tears nor intercessions could draw any pity from them. As thus they dragged me in a spacious wood: four horsemen on a sudden came riding by, who seeing how dishonourably the villains used me, rescued me from them, and forced them to flight. But the four Horsemen seeming (in my judgment) to be persons of power and authority, letting them go, came to me; urging sundry questions to me, which neither I understood, nor they my answers. After many deliberations held among themselves, setting me upon one of their horses, they brought me to a Monastery of religious Women, according to the custom of their Law: and there, whatsoever they did or said I knew not, but I was benignly welcomed thither, and honoured of them extraordinarily; where (with them in Devotion) I dedicated my self to the Goddess of Chastity, who is highly revered among the Women of the Country, and to her religious service they are wholly addicted.

After I had continued some time among them, and learned a little of their language; they asked me, of whence, and what I was. Reason gave me so much understanding, to be fearful of telling them the truth, for fear of expulsion from among them, as an Enemy to their Law and Religion, wherefore I answered (according as necessity urged) that I was Daughter to a Gentleman of *Cyprus*, who sent me to be married in *Candia*; but our fortunes (meaning such as had the charge of me) fell out quite contrary to our expectations, by losses, shipwreck, and other mischances, adding many matters more beside, only in regard of fear, and yielding obediently to observe their customs.

At length, she that was in cheifest preheminance among these Women (whom they termed by the name of their Lady Abbess) demanded of me, whether I was willing to bide in that condition of life, or to return home again into *Cyprus*: I answered, that I desired nothing more. But she being very careful of mine honour, would never repose confidence in any that came for *Cyprus*, till two honest Gentlemen of *France*, who happened thither about two months since,



since, accompanied with their Wives, one of them being a near Kinswoman to the Lady Abbess. And she well knowing that they travelled in Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to visit the holy Sepulchre, where (as they believe) that he whom they held for their God was buried, after the Jews had put him to death; recommended me to their loving trust, with special charge, for delivering me to my Father in Cyprus. What honourable love and respect I found in the Company of those Gentlemen and their Wives, during our voyage back to Cyprus, the History would be over-tedious in reporting; neither is it much material to your purpose, because your demand is to another end.

Sailing along prosperously in our ship, it was not long before we arrived at Bassa, where being landed, and not knowing any person, neither what I should say to the Gentlemen, who only were careful for delivering me to my Father, according as they were charged by the reverend Abbess: it was the will of heaven doubtless (in pity and compassion of my passed disasters) that I was no sooner come on shore at Bassa, but I should there happily meet with *Antigonus*, whom I called unto in our Country Language, because I would not be understood by the Gentlemen and their Wives; requesting him to acknowledge me as his Daughter. Quickly he apprehended mine intention, accomplishing what I requested, and (according to his poor power) most bounteously feasted the Gentlemen and their Wives, conducting me to the King of Cyprus, who received me royally, and sent me home to you, with so much honour, as I am no way able to relate. What else remaineth to be said, *Antigonus* who hath oft heard the whole story of my misfortunes, at better leisure will report.

*Antigonus* then turning to the Soldan, said: My Lord, as she hath often told me, and by relation both of the Gentlemen and their Wives, she hath delivered nothing but truth. Only she hath forgotten somewhat worth the speaking, as thinking it not fit for her to utter, because indeed it is not so convenient for her. Namely, how much the Gentlemen and their Wives (with whom she came) commended the rare honesty, and integrity of life, as also the unspeckled virtue wherein she lived, among those chaste, religious Women, as they constantly (both with tears and solemn protestations) avouched to me, when kindly they resigned their charge to me. Of all which matters, and many more beside, if I should make discourse to your Excellency, this whole day, the night ensuing, and the next days full extendure, are not sufficient to acquaint you withal. Let it suffice then that I have said so much, as (both by the reports, and mine own understanding) may give you faithful assurance, to make your Royal vaunt, of having the fairest, most virtuous and honest Lady to your Daughter, of any King or Prince whatsoever.

The Soldan was joyful beyond all measure, welcoming both him and the rest in most stately manner, oftentimes entreating the Gods very heartily, that he might live to requite them with equal recompence, who had so graciously honoured his Daughter: but above all the rest the King of Cyprus, who sent her home so Majestically. And having bestow'd great gifts on *Antigonus*, within a few days after, he gave him leave to return to Cyprus: with thankful favours to the King, as well by Letters, as also by Ambassadors expressly sent, both from himself and his Daughter.

When as this business was fully finished, the Soldan desiring to accomplish what formerly was intended and begun; namely, that she might be Wife to the King of Colchis; he gave him intelligence of all that had happened; writing moreover to him, that (if he were so pleased) he would yet send her in Royal manner to him. The King was exceeding joyful of these glad tidings, and dispatching a worthy train to fetch her, she was conveyed thither very pompously; and she who had been embraced by so many, was received by him as an honest Virgin, living long time after with him in much joy and felicity. And therefore it hath been said as a common Proverb: The mouth well kiss'd comes not short of good Fortune, but is still renewed like the Moon.

The



*The Count D. Angiers being falsely accused, was Banished out of France, and left his two Children in England in divers places. Returning afterward (unknown) through Scotland, he found them advanced unto great Dignity. Then repairing in the habit of a Servitor, into the King of France his Army, and his Innocency made publicly known, he was resealed in his honourable Degree. Vell.*

The Eighth NOVEL.

*Whereby all Men may plainly understand, that Loyalty faithfully kept to the Prince (what Perils soever do ensue) doth yet nevertheless Renown a man, and bring him to far greater Honour.*

**T**He Ladies sighed very often, hearing the variety of woful Miseries happening to *Alabiella*: but who knoweth, what occasion moved them to those sighs? Perhaps there were some among them, who rather sighed they could not be so often Married as she was, rather than for any other compassion they had of her Disasters. But leaving that to their own construction, they smiled merrily at the last Speeches of *Pamphilus*: And the Queen perceiving the Novel to be ended, she fixed her eye on *Madam Eliza*, as signifying thereby, that she was next to succeed in order; which she joyfully imbracing, spake as followeth. The Field is large whercin all this day we have walked, and there is not any one here so wearied with running the former Races, but nimbly would adventure on as many more, so copious are the alterations of Fortune, in sad repetition of her wonderful Changes, and among the infinity of her various Courses, I must make addition of another, which I trust will no way discontent you.

When the *Roman* Empire was translated from the *French* to the *Germans*, mighty dissention grew between both the Nations, insomuch, that it drew a dismal and a lingring War. In which respect, as well for the safety of his own Kingdom, as to annoy and disturb his Enemies; the King of *France* and one of his Sons, having congregated the Forces of their own Dominions, as also of their Friends and Confederates, they resolved manfully to encounter their Enemies. But before they would adventure any rash proceeding, they held it as the chiefest part of Policy and Royal Providence, not to leave the State without a Chief or Governour. And having had good experience of *Gualtier*, Count *D' Angiers*, to be a wise and worthy Lord, singularly expert in Military Discipline, and faithful in all Affairs of the Kingdom (yet fitter for Ease and Pleasure, than laborious Toil and Travel:) he was elected Lieutenant Governour in their stead, over the whole Kingdom of *France*, and then they went on their Enterprize.

Now began the Count to execute his Office committed to his Trust, by orderly proceeding, and with great discretion, yet not entring into any Business, without consent of the Queen and her fair Daughter in Law: who although they were left under his Care and Custody, yet (notwithstanding) he honoured them as his Superiours, and as the dignity of their Quality required. Here you are to observe, concerning Count *Gualtier* himself, that he was a most compleat Person, aged little above Forty Years, as affable and singularly conditioned, as any Noble Man possibly could be, nor did those times afford a Gentleman, that equalled him in all respects. It fortuned that the King and his Son being busie in the aforementioned War, the Wife and Lady of Count *Gualtier* died in the mean while, leaving him only a Son and a Daughter, very young and of tender years, which made his own Home the less welcome to him, having lost his dear Love, and second Self.

Hereupon, he resorted to the Court of the said Ladies the more frequently, often conferring with them, about the weighty Affairs of the Kingdom: In which time of serious Interparlance; the Kings Sons Wife, threw many affectionate regards upon him, conveying such conspiring passions to her Heart (in regard of his Person and Vertues) that her Love exceeded all capacity of Government. Her desires outstepping all compass of Modesty, or the Dignity of her Princely condition, throw off all regard of civil and sober Thoughts, and guide her into a Labyrinth of wanton imaginations. For, she regards not now the eminency



of his Authority, his gravity of years, and those parts that are the true conducts to Honour: but looks upon her own loose and lascivious Appetite, her young, gallant, and over-ready yielding Nature, comparing them with the want of a Wife, and likely hope thereby of her sooner prevailing; supposing that nothing could be her hindrance, but only bashful shamefastness, which she rather chose utterly to forsake and set aside, than to fail of her hot enflamed affection, and therefore she would needs be the discoverer of her own disgrace.

Upon a day, being alone by her self, and the time seeming suitable to her intention, she sent for the Count, under the colour of some other important Conference with him. The Count *D'Angiers*, whose thoughts were quite contrary to hers, immediately went to her, where they both sitting down together on a Bed-side in her Chamber, according as formerly she had plotted her purpose; twice he demanded of her, upon what occasion she had sent for him. She sitting a long time silent, as if she had no answer to make him, pressed by the violence of her amorous Passions, a Vermillion Tincture flushing up into her Face, yet shame enforcing Tears from her Eyes, with words broken and half confused, at last she began to deliver her mind in this manner.

Honourable Lord, and my dear respected Friend, being so wise a man as you are, it is no difficult matter for you to know, what a frail condition is imposed both on Men and Women, yet (for divers occasions) much more upon the one, than the other. Wherefore desertfully, in the censure of a just and upright Judge, a fault of divers conditions (in respect of the Person) ought not to be censured with one and the same punishment. Beside, who will not say, that a Man or Woman of poor and mean Estate, having no other help for maintenance, but Laborious Travel of their Bodies, should worthily receive more sharp reprehension, in yielding to amorous desires, or such passions as are incited by Love, than a wealthy Lady whose living relieth not on her Pains or Cares, neither wanteth any thing that she can wish to have: I dare presume, that you your self will allow this to be equal and just. In which respect, I am of the mind, that the fore-named Allegations, ought to serve as a sufficient excuse, yea, and to the advantage of her who is so possessed, if the passions of Love should over-reach her: always provided, that she can plead in her own defence, the choice of a wise and vertuous Friend, answerable to her own condition and quality, and no way to be taxed with a servile or vile Election.

These two special observations, allowable in my judgment, and living now in me, seizing on my youthful Blood and Years, have found no mean inducement to love, in regard of my Husbands far distance from me, meddling in the rude uncivil actions of War, when he should rather be at home in more sweet employment. You see Sir, that these Orators advance themselves here in your presence, to acquaint you with the extremity of my over-commanding Agony: And if the same power hath dominion in you, which your discretion (questionless) cannot be void of; then let me intreat such advice from you, as may rather help, than hinder my hopes. Believe it then for truth Sir, that the long absence of my Husband from me, the solitary condition wherein I am left, ill agreeing with the hot Blood running in my Veins, and the temper of my earnest desires, have so prevailed against my strongest resistances, that not only so weak a Woman as I am, but any man of much more potent might, (living in Ease and Idleness as I do) cannot withstand such continual assaults, having no other help but Flesh and Blood.

Nor am I so ignorant, but publick knowledge of such an error in me, would be reputed a shrewd taxation of Honesty: whereas (on the other side) secret carriage, and heedful managing such amorous Affairs, may pass for currant without any reproach. And let me tell you, Noble Count, that I repute Love highly favourable to me, by guiding my judgment with such moderation, to make election of a wise, worthy, and honourable Friend, fit to enjoy the grace of a far greater Lady than I am, and the first Letter of his Name, is the Count *D'Angiers*. For if Error have not milled mine Eye, as in Love no Lady can be easily deceived; for Person, Perfections, and all parts most to be commended in a Man, the whole Realm of France containeth not your equal. Observe beside, how forward Fortune sheweth her self to us both in this case, you to be destitute of a Wife, as I am of a Husband; for I account him as dead to me, when he denies me the duties belonging to a Wife. Wherefore, in regard of the unfeigned affection



tion I bear you, and compassion which you ought to have of a Royal Princess, even almost sick to Death for your sake, I earnestly entreat you, not to deny me your loving society, but pitying my youth and fiery affections (never to be quenched but by your kindness) I may enjoy my hearts desire.

As she uttered these words, the Tears streamed abundantly down her fair Cheeks, preventing her of any further Speech: so that dejecting her Head into her Bosom, overcome with the predominance of her passion, she fell upon the Counts Knee, whereas else she had fallen upon the Ground. When he like a loyal and most honourable man, sharply reprehended her fond and idle Love: And when she would have embraced him about the Neck to have kissed him; he repulsed her roughly from him, protesting upon his honourable Reputation, that rather than he would so wrong his Lord and Master, he would endure a thousand Deaths.

The Lady seeing her desire disappointed, and her fond expectation utterly frustrated: grew instantly forgetful of her intemperate Love, and falling into extremity of Rage, converting her former gentle and loving Speeches, into this rash and ruder Language. Villain (quoth she) shall the longing comforts of my Life, be abridged by thy base, and scornful denial? Shall my destruction be wrought by thy most curst unkindness; and all my hoped Joys be defeated in a moment? Know Slave, that I did not so earnestly desire thy sweet embracements before, but now as deadly I hate and despise them; which either thy Death or Banishment shall pay for. No sooner had she thus spoken, but tearing her Hair, and rending her Garments in pieces, she ran about like a distracted Woman, crying out aloud, Help, help, the Count *D' Angiers* will forcibly dishonour me, the lusty Count will violate my Honour.

*D' Angiers* seeing this, and fearing more the malice of the over-credulous Court, than either his own Conscience, or any dishonourable act by him committed, believing likewise, that her slanderous accusation would be credited, above his true and spotless Innocency: Closely he conveyed himself out of the Court, making what haste he could, home to his own House, which being too weak for warranting his safety upon such pursuit as would be used against him, without any further advice or counsel, he seated his two Children on Horse-back, himself also being but meanly Mounted, thus away thence he went to *Calice*.

Upon the clamour and noise of the Lady, the Courtiers flocked thither, and, as Lies soon win belief in hasty opinions, upon any silly or shallow surprize; so did her accusation pass for current, and the Counts advancement being envied by many, made his honest carriage (in this case) the more suspected. In haste and madding fury, they ran to the Counts Houses, to Arrest his Person, and carry him to Prison: but when they could not find him, they rased his goodly Buildings down to the Ground, and used all shameful violence to them. Now, as ill News seldom wants a speedy messenger; so, in less space than you will imagine, the King and *Dolphin* heard thereof in the Camp, and were therewith highly offended, that the Count had a sudden and severe condemnation, all his Progeny being sentenced with perpetual Exile, and promises of great and bountiful rewards, to such as could bring his Body alive or dead.

Thus the innocent Count, by his over-hasty and sudden flight, made himself guilty of this foul Imputation; and arriving at *Calice* with his Children, their poor and homely habits, hid them from being known, and thence they crossed over into *England*, staying no where until he came to *London*. Before he would enter into the City, he gave divers good advertisements to his Children, but especially two Precepts above all the rest. First, with patient souls to support the poor condition, whereto Fortune (without any offence in him or them) had thus dejected them. Next, that they should have most heedful care, at no time to disclose from whence they came, or whose Children they were, because it extended to the peril of their Lives. His Son being named *Lewis*, and now about nine years old, his Daughter called *Violenta*, and aged seven years, did both observe their Fathers direction, as afterwards it did sufficiently appear. And because they might live in the safer security, he thought it for the best to change their Names, calling his Son *Perotto*, and his Daughter *Gianetta*, for thus they might best escape unknown.

Being entred into the City, and in the poor estate of Beggars, they craved every bodies Mercy and Alms. It came to pass that standing one Morning at the Cathedral



thedral Church-doors, a great Lady of *England* being then Wife to the Lord High Marshal, coming forth of the Church, espied the Count and his Children there Begging. Of him she demanded what Country-man he was? and whether those Children were his own, or no? The Count replied, that he was Born in *Piccardy*, and for an unhappy Fact committed by his Eldest Son, (a stripling of more hopeful expectations than proved) he was enforced, with those his two other Children, to forsake his Country. The Lady being by nature very pitiful, looking advisedly on the young Girl, began to grow in good liking of her; because she was Beautiful, whereupon she said. Honest man, thy Daughter hath a pleasing Countenance, and (perhaps) her inward disposition may prove answerable to her outward good parts: If thou wilt be content to leave her with me, I will entertain her, and upon her dutiful carriage, if she live to such years as may require it, I will have her honestly bestowed in Marriage. The motion pleased the Count, who willingly delivered his Daughter to the Lady.

She being thus happily bestow'd, he minded to tarry no longer in *London*; but, in his wonted begging manner, travelling through the Country with his Son *Perotto*, at length he came into *Wales*: but not without much pain and travel, being never used before, to journey so far on foot. There dwelt another Lord, in office of Marshallship to the King of *England*, whose power extended over those parts: a man of very great Authority, keeping a most noble and bountiful House, which they termed the *President of Wales his Court*; whereto the Count and his Son oftentimes resorted, as finding there good relief and comfort.

On a day, one of the Presidents Sons, accompanied with divers other Gentlemens Children, were performing certain youthful Sports and Pastimes, as Running, Leaping, and such like, wherein *Perotto* presumed to make one among them, excelling all the rest in such commendable manner, as none of them came any thing near him. Divers times the President had taken notice thereof, and was so well pleased with the Lads behaviour, that he enquired of whence he was? Answer was made, that he was a poor mans Son, that every day came for an Alms to his Gate.

The President being desirous to make the Boy his, the Count frankly gave his Son to the Noble-man: albeit Fatherly affection urged some unwillingness to part so with him; yet necessity and discretion found it best for the benefit of them both. Being thus eased of care for his Son and Daughter, and they (though in different places) yet under good and worthy Government; the Count would continue no longer in *England*: but, as best he could procure the means, passed over into *Ireland*, arrived at *Stanford*, became Servant to an Earl of that Country, a Gentleman professing Arms, on whom he attended as a Serving-man, and lived a long while in that estate very painfully.

His Daughter *Violenta*, clouded under the borrowed name of *Gianetta*, dwelling with the Lady at *London*, grew so in years, Beauty, comeliness of Person, and was so graceful in the favour of her Lord and Lady, yea, of every one in the House beside, that it was wonderful to behold. Such as but observed her usual Carriage, and what modesty shined clearly in her Eyes, reputed her well worthy of honourable Preferment; in regard, the Lady that had received her of her Father, not knowing of whence, or what she was; but as himself had made report, intended to match her in honourable Marriage, according as her Vertues worthily deserved. But God the just rewarder of all good endeavours, knowing her to be Noble by Birth, and (causeless) to suffer for the sins of another, disposed otherwise of her; and that so worthy a Virgin might be no Mate for a man of ill Conditions, no doubt ordained what was to be done, according to his own good pleasure.

The noble Lady, with whom *Gianetta* dwelt, had but one only Son by her Husband, and he most dearly affected of them both, as well in regard he was to be their Heir, as also for his Vertues and commendable Qualities, wherein he excelled many young Gentlemen. Endued he was with Heroical Valour, compleat in all perfections of Person, and his Mind answerable to his outward Behaviour, exceeding *Gianetta* about six years in Age. He perceiving her to be a fair and comely Maiden, grew to affect her so entirely, that all things else he held contemptible, and nothing pleasing in his eye but she. Now, in regard her Parentage was reputed poor, he kept his Love concealed from his Parents, not daring to desire her in Marriage; for loth he was to lose their Favour, by dis-

closing



closing the vehemency of his afflictions, which proved a greater torment to him, than if it had been openly known.

It came to pass, that love over-awed him in such sort, as he fell into a violent sickness, and store of Physicians were sent for, to save him from death, if possible it might be. Their judgments observing the course of his sickness, yet not reaching the cause of the disease, made a doubtful question of his recovery; which was so displeasing to his Parents, that their grief and sorrow grew beyond measure. Many earnest entreaties they moved to him, to know the occasion of his sickness, whereto he returned no other answer, but heart-breaking sighs, and incessant tears, which drew him more and more into weakness of Body.

It chanced on a day, a Physician was brought unto him, being young in years, but well experienced in his practice: and as he made trial of his pulse, *Gianetta* (who by his Mothers command attended on him very diligently) upon some special occasion entred into the Chamber; which when the young Gentleman perceived, and that she neither spake word, nor so much as looked towards him, his heart grew great in amorous desire, and his pulse did beat beyond the compass of ordinary custom; whereof the Physician made good observation, to note how long that fit would continue. No sooner was *Gianetta* gone forth of the Chamber, but the pulse immediately gave over beating, which perswaded the Physician, that some part of the disease had now discovered it self apparently.

Within a while after, pretending to have some speech with *Gianetta*, and holding the Gentleman still by the arm, the Physician caused her to be sent for, and immediately she came. Upon her very entrance into the Chamber, the pulse began to beat again extreamly, and when she departed, it presently ceased. Now was he thoroughly perswaded, that he had found the true effect of his sickness, when taking the Father and Mother aside, thus he spake to them. If you be desirous of your Son's health, it consisteth not in Physician or Physick, but in the mercy of your fair Maid *Gianetta*; for manifest signs have made it known to me, that he loveth the Damosel very dearly: yet (for ought as I can perceive, the Maid doth not know it,) now if you have respect of his life, you know (in this case) what is to be done. The Nobleman and his Wife, hearing this, became somewhat satisfied, because there remained a remedy to preserve his life: but yet it was no mean grief to them, if it should so succeed, as they feared, namely, the Marriage between this their Son and *Gianetta*.

The Physician being gone, and they repairing to their sick Son, the Mother began with him in this manner. Son, I was always perswaded, that thou wouldest not conceal any secret from me, or the least part of thy desires; especially, when without enjoying them, thou must remain in the danger of death. Full well art thou assured, or in reason oughtest to be, that there is not any thing for thy contentment, be it of what quality soever, but it should have been provided for thee, and in as ample manner as for my own self. But now though thou hast wandred so far from duty, and hazarded both thy life and ours, it cometh so to pass, that Heaven hath been more merciful to thee, than thou wouldest be to thy self, or us. And to prevent thy dying of this disease, a dream this night, hath acquainted me with the principal occasion of thy sickness, to wit, extraordinary affection to a young Maid, in some such place as thou hast seen her. I tell thee Son, it is a matter of no disgrace to love, and why art thou ashamed to manifest as much, as being so apt and convenient for thy youth? For if I were perswaded, thou couldst not love, I should make the less esteem of thee. Son, be not dismayed, but freely discover thy affection. Expel those disastrous drooping thoughts, that have indangered thy life by this long lingering sickness. And let thy soul be faithfully assured, that thou canst not require any thing to be done, remaining within the compass of my power, but I will perform it; for I love thee as dearly as mine own life. Set therefore aside this nice conceit of shame and fear, revealing the truth boldly to me, if I may stead thee in thy loves resolving thy self unfeignedly, that if my care stretch not to compass thy content, account me for the most cruel Mother living, and utterly unworthy of such a Son.

The young Gentleman having heard these protestations made by his Mother, was not a little ashamed of his own folly; but recollecting his better thoughts together



together, and knowing in his soul, that no one could better further his hopes, than she, forgetting all his former fear, he returned her this answer; Madam, and my dearly affected Mother, nothing hath more occasioned my loves so strict concealment, but an especial error, which I find by daily proof in many, who being grown to years of grave discretion, do never remember that they themselves have been young. But because herein I find you to be both discreet and wise, I will not only affirm what you have seen in me to be true, but also will confess, to whom it is: upon condition, that the effect of your promise may follow it, according to the power remaining in you, whereby you only may secure my life.

His Mother, desirous to be resolved, whether his confession would agree with the Physicians words, or no, and reserving another intention to her self: bade him fear nothing, but freely discover his whole desire, and forthwith she doubted not to effect it. Then Madam (quoth he) the matchless beauty, and commendable qualities of your Maid *Gianetta*, to whom (as yet) I have made no motion to commiserate this my languishing extremity, nor acquainted any living creature with my love: the concealing of these afflictions to my self, hath brought me to this desperate condition: and if some means be not wrought, according to your constant promise, for the full enjoying of my longing desires, assure your self (most Noble Mother) that the date of my life is very short.

The Lady well knowing, that the time now rather required kindest comfort, than any severe or sharp reprehension, smiling on him, said: Alas dear Son, wast thou sick for this? Be of good chear, and when thy strength is better restored, then refer the matter to me. The young Gentleman being put in good hope by his Mothers promise, began (in short time) to shew apparent signs of well-forwarded amendment, to the Mothers great joy and comfort, disposing herself daily to prove how in honour she might keep promise with her Son.

Within a short while after, calling *Gianetta* privately to her, in gentle manner, and by the way of pleasant discourse, she demanded of her whether she was provided of a Lover, or no? *Gianetta* being never acquainted with any such questions; a scarlet die covering all her modest countenance, thus replied. Madam, I have no need of any Lover, and very unseemly were it, for so poor a Damosel as I am, to have so much as a thought of Lovers, being banished from my friends and kinsfolk, and remaining in service as I do.

If you have none (answered the Lady) we will bestow one on you, which shall content your mind; and bring you to a more pleasing kind of life; because it is far unfit, that so fair a Maid as you are, should remain destitute of a Lover. Madam, said *Gianetta*, considering with my self, that since you received me of my poor Father, you have used me rather like your Daughter, than a Servant; it becometh me to do as pleaseth you. Notwithstanding, I trust (in regard of mine own good and honour) never to use any complaint in such a case; but if you please to bestow a Husband on me, I purpose to love and honour him only, and not any other. For, of all the inheritance left me by my Progenitors nothing remaineth to me but honorable honesty, and that shall be my Legacy so long as I live.

These words were of a quite contrary complexion to those which the Lady expected from her, and for effecting the promise made unto her Son: howbeit, (like a wise and noble Lady) much she inwardly commended the Maids answers, and said unto her. But tell me *Gianetta*, what if my Lord the King (who is a gallant youthful Prince, and you so bright a beauty as you are) should take pleasure in your Love, would you deny him? Suddenly the Maid returned this answer: Madam, the King perhaps might enforce me, but with my free consent, he shall never have any thing of me that is not honest. Nor did the Lady dislike her Maids courage and resolution, but breaking off all her further conference, intending shortly to put her project in proof, saying to her Son, that when he was fully recovered, he should have private access to *Gianetta*, whom she doubted not, but would be tractable enough to him: for she held it no mean blemish to her honour, to move the Maid any more in the matter, but let him compass it as he could.

Far from the young Gentlemans humour was this Answer of his Mother, because he aimed not at any dishonourable end: true, faithful, and honest love was the sole scope of his intention, foul and loathsome lust he utterly detested; whereupon



whereupon he fell into sickness again, rather more violently than before. Which the Lady perceiving, revealed her whole intent to *Gianetta*, and finding her constancy beyond common comparison, acquainted her Lord with all she had done, and both consented (though much against their minds) to let him enjoy her in honourable Marriage: accounting it better, for preservation of their only Sons life, to march him far inferior to his degree, than by denying his desire, to let him pine and die for her love.

After great consultation with kindred and friends, the match was agreed upon, to the no little joy of *Gianetta*, who devoutly returned infinite thanks to Heaven, for so mercifully respecting her dejected poor estate, after the bitter passage of so many miseries, and never terming herself any otherwise, but the Daughter to a poor *Piccard*. Soon was the young Gentleman recovered and married, no man alive so well contented as he, and setting down an absolute determination, to lead a loving life with his *Gianetta*.

Let us now convert our looks to Wales, to *Perotto*, being left there with the other Lord Marshal, who was the President of that Country: On he grew in years, choicely respected by his Lord, because he was most comely of person and forward to all valiant attempts: so that in Tourneys, Justs, and other actions of Arms, his like was not to be found in all the Island, being named only *Perotto* the valiant *Piccard*, and so was he famed far and near. As God had not forgotten his Sister, so in mercy he became as mindful of him, for, a contagious mortality hapning in the Country, the greater part of the People perished thereby, the rest flying thence into other parts of the Land, whereby the whole Province became dispeopled and desolate.

In the time of this Plague and dreadful visitation, the Lord President, his Lady, Sons, Daughters, Brothers, Nephews, and Kindred died, none remaining alive, but one onely Daughter marriageable, a few of the household servants, beside *Perotto*; whom (after the sickness was more mildly asswaged) with counsel and consent of the Country people, the young Lady accepted to be her Husband, because he was a man so worthy and valiant; and of all inheritance left by her deceased Father, she made him Lord, and sold Commander. Within no long time after the King of *England* understanding that his president of *Wales* was dead, and Fame liberally relating the virtues, valour, and good parts of *Perotto* the *Piccard*, he created him President thereof, and to supply the place of his deceased Lord. These fair fortunes within the compass of so short a time, fell to the two innocent Children of Count D. *Angiers* after they were left by him as lost.

Eighteen years were now fully over-past, since the Count D. *Angiers* fled from *Paris*, having suffered (in miserable sort) many hard and lamentable adversities; and seeing himself now to be grown aged, he was desirous to leave *Ireland*, and to know (if he might) what was become of both his Children. Hereupon, perceiving his wonted form to be so altered, that such as formerly had conversed most with him, could now not take any knowledg of him, and feeling his body (through long labour and exercise endured in service) more lusty than in his idle youthful years, especially when he left the Court of *France*, he purposed to proceed in his determination. Being very poor and simple in apparel, he departed from the Irish Earl his Master, with whom he had continued long in service, to no advantage or advancement, and crossing over into *England*, travelled to the place in *Wales*, where he left *Perotto*, and where he found him to be Lord Marshal and President of that Country, lusty and in good health, a man of goodly feature, and most honorably respected and revered of the People.

Well may you imagin, that this was no small comfort to the poor aged Counts heart, yet would he not make himself known to him, or any other about him, but referred his joy to a further enlarging and diminishing, by sight of the other limb of his life, his dearly affected Daughter *Gianetta*, denying rest to his body in any place, until such time as he came to *London*. Making there secret inquiry concerning the Lady with whom he had left his Daughter, he understood that a young Gentlewoman, named *Gianetta*, was married to that Ladies onely Son, which made addition of joy to his soul, accounting all his passed adversities of no value, both his children being living, and in so high honour.



Having found her dwelling, and (like a kind father) being earnestly desirous to see her; he daily resorted near to the house, where Sir Roger Mandevile (for so was *Gianetta's* husband named) chancing to see him, being moved to compassion, because he was both poor and aged: commanded one of his men, to take him into the house, and to give him some food, for Gods sake, which (accordingly) the servant performed. *Gianetta* had divers Children by her Husband, the eldest being about eight years of age, yet all of them so fair and comely as could be. As the old Count sat eating his meat in the Hall, the Children came all about him, embracing, hugging, and making much of him, even as if Nature had truly instructed them that this was their aged (though poor) Grandfather; and he as lovingly receiving these kind relations from them, wisely and silently kept all to himself, with sighs, tears, and joys intermixed together. Inasmuch that the Children would not part from him, though their Tutor and Master called them often, which being told to their Mother, she came forth of the near adjoining Parlour, and threatened to beat them, if they would not do what their Master commanded them.

Then the Children began to cry, saying, that they would tarry still by the good old man, because he loved them better than their Master did; whereat both the Lady and the Count began to smile. The Count, like a poor beggar, and not as Father to so great a Lady, arose, and did her humble reverence, because she was now a noble Woman, conceiving wonderful joy in his Soul, to see her so fair and goodly a creature, yet could she take no knowledg of him; age, want and misery had so mightily altered him; his head all white, his beard without any comely form, his garments so poor, and his face so wrinkled, lean and meager, that he seemed rather some Carter than a Count. And *Gianetta* perceiving that when her Children were fetched away, they returned again to the old man, and would not leave him, she desired their Master to let them alone.

While thus the Children continued making much of the good old man, Lord *Andrew Mandevile*, Father to Sir Roger, came into the Hall, as being so willed to do by the Childrens Schoolmaster. He being a hally-minded man, and one that ever despised *Gianetta* before, but much more since her marriage to his Son, angrily said, Let them alone with a mischief, and so befall them, their best company ought to be with beggars, for so they are bred and born by the Mothers side: and therefore it is no marvel, if like will to like, a beggars brats to keep company with beggars. The Count hearing these contemptible words, was not a little grieved thereat; and although his courage was greater than his poor condition would permit him to express; yet he clouded all injuries with noble patience, hanging down his head, and shedding many a salt tear, endured this reproach, as he had done many, both before and after.

But honorable Sir Roger, perceiving what delight his Children took in the poor mans company; albeit he was offended at his Father's harsh words, by holding his Wife in such base respect: yet favoured the poor Count so much the more, and seeing him weep, did greatly compassionate his case, saying to the poor man, That if he would accept of his service, he willingly would entertain him. Whereto the Count replied, that very gladly he would embrace his kind offer: but he was capable of no other service, save only to be an horse-keeper, wherein he had imployed the most part of his time. Hereupon more for pleasure and pity, than for any necessity of his service, he was appointed to the keeping of an horse, which was only for his Daughters saddle, and daily after he had done his diligence about the horse, he did nothing else but play with the Children. While fortune pleased thus to dally with the poor Count *D. Angiers*, and his Children: It came to pass, that the King of France (after divers leagues of truces passed between him and the Germans) dyed, and next after him his son the Dauphin was crowned King, and it was his Wife who had wrongfully caused the Counts banishment. After expiration of the last league with the Germans, the Wars began to grow much more fierce and sharp, and the King of England, (upon request made to him by his new brother of France) sent him very honourable supplies of his people, under the conduct of *Perotto*, his lately elected President of Wales, and Sir Roger Mandevile, son to his other Lord high Marshal; with whom also the poor Count went, and continued a long while in the Camp as a common souldier, where yet like a valiant Gentleman



Gentleman (as indeed he was no less) both in advice and actions, he accomplished many more notable matters, than was expected to come from him. It so fell out, that in the continuance of this war, the Queen of France fell into a grievous sickness, and perceiving herself to be at the point of death, she became very penitently sorrowful for all her sins, earnestly desiring that she might be confessed by the Arch-bishop of *Rome*, who was reputed to be an holy and virtuous man. In the repetition of her other offences, she revealed what great wrong she had done to the Count D' *Angiers*, resting not so satisfied, with disclosing the whole matter to him alone, but also confessed the same before many other worthy persons, and of great honor, entreating them to work so with the King, that (if the Count were yet living, or any of his Children) they might be restored to their former honour again. It was not long after, but the Queen left this life, and was most royally interred, when her confession being disclosed to the King, after much sorrow for so injuriously wronging a man of so great valour and honour: Proclamation was made throughout the Camp, and in many other parts of *France* beside, that whosoever could produce the Count D' *Angiers*, or any of his Children, should richly be rewarded for each one of them; in regard he was innocent of the foul imputation, by the Queens own confession; and for his wrongful exile so long, he should be exalted to his former honour with far greater favours, which the King frankly would bestow upon him. When the Count (who walked up and down in the habit of a common Servitor) heard this Proclamation, forthwith he went to his Master Sir Roger Mandevile, requesting his speedy repair to Lord Perotto, that being both assembled together, he would acquaint them with a serious matter concerning the Proclamation published by the King. Being by themselves alone in the Tent, the Count spake in this manner to Perotto. Sir, S. Roger Mandevile here, your equal competitor in this Military service, is Husband to your natural Sister, having as yet never received any dowry with her, but her inherent unblemishable virtue and honour. Now because she may not still remain destitute of a competent dowry: I desire that Sir Roger and none other, may enjoy the royal reward promised by the King. You Lord Perotto, whose true name is *Lewes*, manifest your self to be nobly born, and Son to the wrongfully banished Count D' *Angiers*: avouch moreover, that *Violenta* shadowed under the borrowed name of *Gianetta*, is your own Sister, and deliver me up as your Father, the long exiled Count D' *Angiers*. Perotto hearing this, beheld him more advisedly, and began to know him: then the tears flowing abundantly from his eyes, he fell at his feet, and often embracing him, said: My dear and noble Father, a thousand times more dearly welcome to your Son *Lewes*.

Sir Roger Mandevile hearing first what the Count had said, and seeing what Perotto afterward had performed, became surprized with such extraordinary joy and admiration, that he knew not how to carry himself in this case. Nevertheless, giving credit to his words, and being somewhat ashamed, that he had not used the Count in much more respectful manner, and remembring beside, the unkind language of his furious Father to him: he kneeled down, humbly craving pardon, both for his Father's rudeness and his own, which was courteously granted by the Count, embracing him lovingly in his arms.

When they had a while discoursed their several fortunes, sometime in tears, and then again in joy, Perotto and Sir Roger, would have the Count to be garmented in better manner, but in no wise he would suffer it; for it was his only desire that Sir Roger should be assured of the promised reward, by presenting him in the King's presence, and in the homely habit which he did wear, to touch him with the more sensible shame, for his rash belief, and injurious proceeding. Then Sir Roger Mandevile, guiding the Count by the hand, and Perotto following after, came before the King, offering to present the Count and his Children, if the reward promised in the Proclamation might be performed. The King immediately commanded, that a reward of inestimable value should be produced; desiring Sir Roger upon the sight thereof, to make good his offer, for forthwith presenting the Count and his Children. Which he made no longer delay of, but turning himself about, delivered the aged Count, by the title of his Servant, and presenting Perotto next, said, Sir, here I deliver you the Father and his Son; his Daughter who is my Wife, cannot so conveniently



be here now, but shortly, by the permission of Heaven, your Majesty shall have a sight of her.

When the King heard this, steadfastly he looked on the Count, and notwithstanding his wonderful alteration, both from his wonted feature and form: yet, after he had very seriously viewed him, he knew him perfectly; and the Tears trickling down his Cheeks, partly with remorseful shame, and joy also for his so happy recovery, he took up the Count from kneeling, kissing and embracing him very kindly, welcoming Perotto in the self same manner. Immediately also he gave command that the Count should be restored to his Honours, Apparel, Servants, Horses and Furniture, answerable to his high Estate and Calling, which was as speedily performed. Moreover the King greatly honoured Sir Roger Mandeville, desiring to be made acquainted with all their passed Fortunes.

When Sir Roger had received the Royal Reward, for thus sustaining the Count and his Son, the Count calling him to him, said, Take that Princely Remuneration of my Sovereign Lord and King, and commending me to your unkind Father, tell him your Children are no Beggars Brats, neither basely Born by their Mothers side. Sir Roger returning Home with his bountifull Reward, soon after brought his Wife and Mother to Paris, and so did Perotto his Wife, where in great Joy and Triumph they continued a long while with the Noble Count; who had all his Goods and Honours restored to him in a far greater measure than ever they were before: his Sons in Law returning Home with their Wives into England, left the Count with the King at Paris, where he spent the rest of his days in great honour and felicity.

Bernardo, a Merchant of Geneway, being deceived by another Merchant, named Ambrogino, lost a great part of his Goods, and commanding his innocent Wife to be Murdered, she escaped, and (in the Habit of a Man) became Servant to the Soldane. The deceiver being found at last, she compassed such means, that her Husband Bernardo came into Alexandria, and there after due Punishment inflicted on the false deceiver, she resumed the Garments again of a Woman, and returned Home with her Husband to Geneway.

### The Ninth N o v e L

Wherein is declared, that by an over-literal commending the Chastity of Women, it falleth out (oftentimes) to be very dangerous, especially by the means of Treacherers, who yet (in the end) are justly punished for their Treachery.

**M**Adam Eliza having ended her Compassionate Discourse, which indeed had moved all the rest to sighing, the Queen, who was fair, comely of Stature, and carrying a very Majestical Countenance, smiling more familiarly than the other, spake to them thus. It is very necessary, that the promise made to *Dionens*, should carefully be kept, and because now there remaineth none, to report any more Novels, but only he and my self: I must deliver mine, and he (who takes it for an Honour) to be the last in relating his own last, let him be for his own deliverance. Then pausing a little while, thus she began again, Many times among vulgar People, it hath passed as a common Proverb: That the deceiver is often trampled on, by such as he hath deceived. And this cannot shew it self (by any reason) to be true, except such accidents as await on Treachery, do really make a just discovery thereof. And therefore according to the course of this day observed, I am the Woman that must make good what I have said for the approbation of that Proverb: no way I hope distastful to you in the hearing, but advantageable to preserve you from any such beguiling. There was a fair and goodly Inn in Paris, much frequented by many great Italian Merchants, according to such variety of Occasions and Businesse, as urged their often resorting thither. One night among many other, having had a merry Supper together, they began to discourse on divers Matters, and talking from one Relation to another, they communed in very friendly manner, concerning their Wives, left at home in their Houses. Quoth the first, I cannot well imagine what my Wife is now doing, but I am able to say for my self, that



if a pretty Female should fall into my company, I could easily forget my love to my Wife, and make use of such an advantage offered.

A second replied; And trust me, I should do no less, because I am persuaded, that if my Wife be willing to wander, the Law is in her own hand, and I am far enough from Home: dumb Walls blab no Tales, and Offences unknown are seldom or never called in question. A third man was apt to censure, with his former Fellows of the Jury; and it plainly appeared, that all the rest were of the same opinion, condemning their Wives over-rashly, and alledging, that when Husbands strayed so far from Home, their Wives had wit enough to make use of their time.

Only one man among them all, named *Bernardo Lomellino*, and dwelling in *Geneway*, maintaining the contrary; boldly avouching, that by the special favour of Fortune, he had a Wife so perfectly compleat in all Graces and Vertues, as any Lady in the World possibly could be, and that *Italy* scarcely contained her equal. But she was goodly of Person, and yet very young, quick, quaint, mild, and courteous, and not any thing appertaining to the office of a Wife, either for Domestic Affairs, or any other Employment whatsoever, but in Woman-hood she went beyond all other. No Lord, Knight, Esquire, or Gentleman, could be better served at his Table, than himself daily was, with more Wisdom, Modesty and Discretion. After all this, he praised her for Riding, Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, Reading, Writing, Endring, and most absolute keeping his Books of Accounts, that neither himself, or any other Merchant could therein excel her. After infinite other Commendations, he came to the former point of their Argument, concerning the easie falling of Women into Wantonness, maintaining (with a solemn Oath) that no Woman possibly could be more Chaste and Honest than she: in which respect, he was verily persuaded, that if he staid from her Ten years space, yea (all his Life time) out of his House, yet never would she falsifie her Faith to him, or be lewdly allured by any other man.

Amongst these Merchants thus communing together, there was a young proper man, named *Ambrogino* of *Placentia*, who began to laugh at the last praises which *Bernardo* had used of his Wife, and seeming to make a mockery thereof, demanded, if the Emperour had given him this priviledg above all other Married men? *Bernardo* being somewhat offended, answered: No Emperour hath done it, but the especial blessing of Heaven, exceeding all the Emperours on the Earth in Grace, and thereby I have received this favour; whereto *Ambrogino* presently thus replied. *Bernardo*, without all question to the contrary, I believe that what thou hast said, is true; but (for ought I can perceive) thou hast slender judgment in the Nature of things: because if thou didst observe them well, thou couldst not be of so gross understanding. For, by comprehending matters in their kind and nature, thou wouldst speak of them more correctly than thou dost. And to the end, thou mayest not imagine, that we who have spoken of our Wives, do think any otherwise of them, than as well and honestly as thou canst of thine, nor that any thing else did urge these Speeches of them, or falling into this kind of discourse, but only by a natural instinct and admonition, I will proceed familiarly, a little further with thee, upon the matter already propounded.

I have evermore understood, that Man was the most noble Creature, formed by God to live in this World, and Woman in the next degree to him: but Man, as generally is believed, and as is discerned by apparent effects, is the most perfect of both. Having then the most perfection in him, without all doubt, he must be so much the more firm and constant. So in like manner, it hath been, and is universally granted, that Women are more various and mutable, and the reason thereof may be approved by many natural Circumstances, which were needless now to make any mention of. If a man then be possessed of the greater stability, and yet cannot contain himself from condescending, I say not to one that entreats him, but to desire any other that may please him; and beside, to covet the enjoying of his own pleasing contentment (a thing not chancing to him once in a Month, but infinite times in a days space:) What can you then conceive of a frail Woman, subject (by Nature) to Entreaties, Flatteries, Gifts, Persuasions, and a thousand other enticing means, which a man (that is affected to her) can use? Dost thou think then that she hath any power to contain? Assuredly, though thou shouldst rest so resolved, yet cannot I be of the same



same opinion. For I am sure thou believest, and must needs confess it, that thy Wife is a woman made of Flesh and Blood, as other Women are. If it be so, she cannot be without the same desires, and the weakness or strength as other Women have, to resist natural Appetites as her own are. In regard whereof, it is merely impossible (although she be most honest) but she must needs do that which other Women do: For there is nothing else possible, either to be denied or affirmed to the contrary, as thou most unadvisedly hast done.

*Bernardo* answered in this manner, I am a Merchant, and no Philosopher, and like a Merchant I mean to answer thee. I am not to learn, that these accidents by thee related, may happen to Fools, who are void of understanding or shame: but such as are Wise, and endued with Vertue, have always such a precious esteem of their Honour, that they will contain those principles of Constancy, which men are merely careless of, and I justify my Wife to be one of them. Believe me *Bernardo*, replied *Ambrogino*, if so often as thy Wifes mind is addicted to wanton Folly, a badge of scorn should arise on thy Forehead, to render testimony of her Female frailty, I believe the number of them would be more, than willingly you would wish them to be. And among all Married Men in every degree, the notes are so secret of their Wives imperfections, that the sharpest sight is not able to discern them: and the wiser sort of men are willing not to know them; because shame and loss of Honour is never imposed, but in cases evident and apparent.

Persuade thy self *Bernardo*, that what Women may accomplish in secret, they will rarely fail to do: or if they abstain, it is through fear and folly. Wherefore, hold it for a certain rule, that that Woman is only Chast, that never was solicited personally, or if she endured any such suit, either she answered yea, or no. And albeit I know this to be true, by many infallible and natural Reasons, yet could I not speak so exactly as I do, if I had not tried Experimentally, the humours and affections of divers Women. Yea, and let me tell thee more *Bernardo*, were I in private company with thy Wife, howsoever thou presumest to think her to be, I should account it a matter of no impossibility, to find in her the self-same frailty.

*Bernardo's* blood now began to boil, and Patience being a little put down by Choler, thus he replied. A combat of words requires over-long continuance, for I maintain the matter which thou deniest, and all this sorts to nothing in the end. But seeing thou presumest, that all Women are so apt and tractable, and thy self so confident of thine own power: I willingly yield (for the better assurance of my Wifes constant loyalty) to have my Head smitten off, if thou canst win her to any such dishonest act, by any means whatsoever thou canst use unto her; which if thou canst not do, thou shalt only lose a thousand Duckets of Gold. Now began *Ambrogino* to be heated with these words, answering thus *Bernardo*, if I had won the Wager, I know not what I should do with thy Head, but if thou be willing to stand upon the proof, pawn down Five thousand Duckets of Gold, (a matter of much less value than thy Head) against a thousand Duckets of mine, granting me a lawful limited time, which I require to be no more than the space of three Months, after the day of my departing hence. I will stand bound to go for Geneway, and there win such kind consent of thy Wife, as shall be to mine own content. In witness whereof, I will bring back with me such private and especial Tokens, as thou thy self shalt confess I have not failed. Provided, that thou do first promise upon thy Faith, to absent thy self from thence during my limited time, and be no hindrance to me by thy Letters, concerning the attempt by me undertaken.

*Bernardo* said, be it a Bargain, I am the man that will make good my Five thousand Duckets; and albeit the other Merchants then present, earnestly laboured to break the Wager, knowing great harm must needs ensue thereon: yet both the parties were so hot and fiery, as all the other men spake to no effect, but Writings were made, Sealed, and delivered under either of their hands, *Bernardo* remaining at Paris, and *Ambrogino* departing for Geneway. There he remained some few days, to learn the Streets name where *Bernardo* dwelt, as also the conditions and qualities of his Wife, which scarcely pleased him when he heard them; because they were far beyond her Husbands relation, and she reputed to be the only wonder of Women; whereby he plainly perceived, that he had un-

Adapted



undertaken a very idle enterprize, yet would he not give it over so, but proceeded therein a little further.

He wrought such means, that he came acquainted with a poor Woman, who often frequented *Bernardo's* House, and was greatly in favour with his Wife; upon whose poverty he so prevailed, by earnest persuasions, but much more by large gifts of Money, that he won her to further him in this manner following. A fair and artificial Chest he caused to be purposely made, wherein himself might be aptly contained; and so conveyed into the House of *Bernardo's* Wife, under the colour of a formal excuse, that the poor Woman should be absent from the City two or three days, and she must keep it safe till she return. The Gentlewoman suspecting no guile, but that the Chest was the receptacle of all the Woman's Wealth; would trust it in no other Room, than her own Bed-chamber, which was the place where *Ambrogino* most desired to be.

Being thus conveyed into the Chamber, the night going on apace, and the Gentlewoman fast asleep in her Bed, a lighted Taper stood burning on the Table by her, as in her Husband's absence she ever used to have: *Ambrogino* softly opened the Chest, according as cunningly he had contrived it, and stepping forth in his Socks made of Cloth, observed the situation of the Chamber, the Paintings, Pictures, and beautiful Hangings, with all things else that were remarkable, which perfectly he committed to his memory, going near to the Bed, he saw her lie there sweetly sleeping and her young Daughter in like manner by her, she seeming then as compleat and pleasing a Creature, as when she was attired in her best Bravery. No especial note or mark could he discry, whereof he might make credible report, but only a small Wart upon her left Pap, with some few hairs growing thereon, appearing to be as yellow as Gold.

Sufficient had he seen and durst presume no further; but taking one of the Rings, which lay upon the Table, a Purse of hers, hanging by on the Wall, a light wearing Robe of Silk, and her Girdle, all which he put into the Chest, and being in himself, closed it fast as it was before, so continuing there in the Chamber two several nights, the Gentlewoman neither mistrusting or missing any thing. The third day being come, the poor Woman, according as formerly was concluded, came to have home her Chest again, and brought it safely into her own House; where *Ambrogino* coming forth of it, satisfied the poor Woman to her own liking, returning (with all the forenamed things) as fast as conveniently he could to *Paris*.

Being arrived there long before his limited time, he called the Merchants together, who were present at the passed words and Wager; avouching before *Bernardo* that he had won his Five thousand Duckets, and performed the Task he undertook. To make good his protestation, first he described the form of the Chamber, the curious Pictures hanging about it, in what manner the Bed stood, and every Circumstance else beside. Next he shewed the several things, which he brought away thence with him, affirming that he had received them of her self. *Bernardo* confessed, that his description of the Chamber was true, and acknowledged moreover, that these other things did belong to his Wife: But (quoth he) this may be gotten by corrupting some Servant of mine, both for intelligence of the Chamber, as also of the Ring, Purse, and what else is beside; all which suffice not to win the Wager, without some more apparent and pregnant token. In troth, answered *Ambrogino*, methinks these shou'd serve for sufficient proofs; but seeing thou art so desirous to know more: I plainly tell thee, that fair *Geneway* thy Wife, hath a small round Wart upon her left Pap, and some few little golden hairs growing thereon.

When *Bernardo* heard these words, they were as so many stabs to his Heart, yea, beyond all compass of patient sufferance, and by the changing his colour, it was noted manifestly, (being unable to utter one word) that *Ambrogino* had spoken nothing but the truth. Within a while after, he said; Gentlemen, that which *Ambrogino* hath said is very true, wherefore let him come when he will, and he shall be paid; which accordingly he performed on the very next day, even to the utmost Penny, departing then from *Paris* towards *Geneway* with a most malicious intention to his Wife. Being come near to the City, he would not enter it, but rode to a Country House of his standing about ten miles distant thence. Being there arrived, he called a Servant, in whom he reposed especial trust, sending him to *Geneway* with two Horses, writing to his Wife, that



that he was returned, and she should come thither to see him. But secretly he charged his servant, that so soon as he had brought her to a convenient place, he should there kill her without any pity or compassion, and then return to him again.

When the Servant was come to *Geneway*, and had delivered his Letter and message, *Generra* gave him most joyful welcome, and on the morrow morning mounted on Horse-back with the Servant, rode merrily toward the Country House; divers things she discoursed on by the way, till they descended into a deep solitary Valley, very thickly beset with high and huge spreading Trees, which the servant supposed to be a meet place, for the execution of his Masters command. Suddenly drawing forth his Sword, and holding *Generra* fast by the Arm, he said, Mistress, quickly commend your Soul to God, for you must die, before you may forward pass any further. *Generra* seeing the naked Sword, and hearing the words so peremptorily delivered, fearfully answered; Alas dear friend, mercy for God's sake; and before thou kill me, tell me wherein I have offended thee, and why thou must kill me? Alas, good Mistress, you have not offended me, but in what occasion you have displeased your Husband, it is utterly unknown to me: for he hath strictly commanded me, without respect of pity or compassion, to kill you by the way as I bring you, and if I do it not, he hath sworn to hang me by the Neck. You know, good Mistress, how much I stand obliged to him, and how impossible it is for me, to contradict any thing that he commandeth. God is my witness, that I am truly compassionate of you, and yet (by no means) may I let you live.

*Generra* kneeling before him weeping, wringing her hands, thus replied. Wilt thou turn Monster, and be a murderer of her that never wronged thee, to please another man, and on a bare command? God, who truly knoweth all things, is my faithful Witness, that I never committed any offence, whereby to deserve the dislike of my Husband, much less so harsh a recompence as this is. But flying from mine own justification, and appealing to thy manly mercy, thou mayest (were thou but so well pleased) in a moment satisfy both thy Master and me, in such manner as I will make plain and apparent to thee. Take thou my Garments, spare me only thy Doublet, and such a Bonnet as is fitting for a man, so return with my habit to thy Master, assuring him, that the deed is done. And here I swear to thee, by that Life which I enjoy but by thy mercy, I will so strangely disguise my self, and wander so far off from these Countries, as neither he or thou, nor any person belonging to these parts, shall ever hear any tidings of me.

The Servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitiful, took off her upper Garments, and gave her a poor ragged Doublet, a silly Chaperone, and such small store of Money as he had, desiring her to forsake that Country, and so left her to walk on foot out of the Valley. When he came to his Master, and had delivered him her Garments, he assured him, that he had not only accomplished his command, but also was most secure from any discovery: because he had no sooner done the deed, but four or five very ravenous Wolves, came presently running to the dead Body; and gave it burial in their Bellies: *Bernardo* soon after returning to *Geneway*, was much blamed for such unkind cruelty to his Wife; but his constant avouching of her Treason to him (according then to the Countries custom) did clear him from all pursuit of Law.

Poor *Generra* was left thus alone and disconsolate, and Night stealing fast upon her, she went to a silly Village near adjoining, where (by the means of a good old Woman) she got such provision as the place afforded, making the Doublet fit to her Body, and converted her Petticoat to a pair of Breeches, according to the Mariners fashion: then cutting her Hair, and quaintly disguised like unto a Sailor, she went to the Sea-coast. By good Fortune, she met there with a Gentleman of *Catalogna*, whose name was Signior *Enchararcho*, who came on Land from his Ship, which lay hulling there about *Ullbagia*, to refresh himself at a pleasant Spring. *Enchararcho* taking her to be a man, as she appeared no otherwise by her habit; upon some conference passing between them, she was entertained into his service, and being brought aboard the Ship, she went under the name of *Sicrano de Finale*. There she had better Apparel bestow'd on her by the Gentleman, and her service proved so pleasing and acceptable to him, that he liked her care and diligence beyond all comparison.



It came to pass within a short while after, that this Gentleman of *Catolagna* sailed (with some charge of his) into *Alexandria*, carrying thither certain Falcons, which he presented to the Soldan, who oftentimes welcomed this Gentleman to his table, where he observed the behaviour of *Sicurano*, attending on his Master's Trencher, and therewith was so highly pleased; that he requested to have him from the Gentleman, who (for his more advancement) willingly parted with his so lately entertained Servant. *Sicurano* was so ready and discreet in his daily services, that he grew in as great grace with the Soldan, as before he had done with *Encharco*.

At a certain season in the year, as customary order (there observed) had formerly been in the City of *Aceres* which was under the Soldan's subjection, there yearly met a great assembly of Merchants, as Christians, Moors, Jews, Sarazens, and many other Nations besides, as at a common Mart or Fair. And to the end, that the Merchants (for the better sale of their goods) might be there in the safer assurance, the Soldan used to send thither some of his ordinary Officers, and a strong guard of Soldiers beside, to defend them from all injuries, and molestation, because he reaped thereby no small benefit. And who should be now sent about this business, but his new elected favourite *Sicurano*, because she was skilful and perfect in the Languages.

*Sicurano* being come to *Aceres*, as Lord and Captain of the Guard for the Merchants, and for the safety of their Merchandizes, she discharged her office most commendably, walking with her train through every part of the Fair, where she observed a worthy company of Merchants, *Sicilians*, *Pisans*, *Geneways*, *Venetians*, and other *Italians*, whom the more willingly she noted in remembrance of her native Countrey. At one especial time among other, chancing into a Shop or Booth belonging to the *Venetians*, she espied (hanging up with other costly wares) a Purse and a Girdle, which suddenly she remembered to be sometime her own, whereat she was not a little abashed in her mind. But without making any such outward shew, courteously she requested to know whose they were, and whether they should be sold, or no.

*Ambroginolo* of *Placentia*, was likewise come thither, and great store of Merchandizes he had brought with him, in a Carrack appertaining to the *Venetians*, and he hearing the Captain of the Guard demand whose they were, stepped forth before him, and smiling answered: that they were his, but not to be sold; yet if he liked them gladly, he would bestow them on him. *Sicurano* seeing him smile, suspected lest himself had (by some unfitting behaviour) been the occasion thereof: and therefore, with a more settled countenance, he said: Perhaps thou smilest because I that am a man, professing Arms, should question after such womanish toys. *Ambroginolo* replied, My Lord, pardon me, I smile not at you, or at your demand, but at the manner how I came by these things.

*Sicurano* upon this answer, was ten times more desirous than before, and said: if Fortune favoured thee in friendly manner, by the obtaining of these things: if it may be spoken, tell me how thou hadst them. My Lord (answered *Ambroginolo*) these things (with many more besides) were given me by a Gentlewoman in *Geneway*, named *Madam Geneura*, the Wife to one *Bernardo Lomellino*, in a recompence of one nights lodging with her, and she desired me to keep them for her sake. Now, the main reason of my smiling, was the remembrance of her Husbands folly, in waging five thousand Duckets of Gold, against one thousand of mine, that I should not obtain my will of his Wife, which I did, and thereby won the wager. But he, who better deserved to be punished for his folly than she, who was but sick of all Womans disease, returning from *Paris* to *Geneway*, caused her to be slain, as was reported by himself.

When *Sicurano* heard this horrible lie, immediately she conceived, that this was the occasion of her Husband's hatred to her, and all the hard haps which she had since suffered: whereupon, she reputed it for more than a mortal sin, if such a villain should pass without due punishment. *Sicurano* seemed to like well this report, and grew into such familiarity with *Ambroginolo*, that (by her persuasions) when the Fair was ended, she took him higher with her into *Alexandria*, and all his Wares along with him, furnishing him with a fit and convenient shop, where he made great benefit of his Merchandizes, trusting all his moneys in the Captain's custody, because it was the safest course for him, and so he continued there with no mean contentment.

Much did she pity her Husband's perplexity, divising by what good and warrantable



table means she might make known her innocency to him; wherein her place and authority did greatly stead her, and she wrought with divers gallant Merchants of *Geneway* that then remained in *Alexandria*, and by vertue of the Soldan's friendly letters beside, to bring him thither upon an especial occasion. Come he did, albeit in poor and mean order, which soon was better altered by her appointment, and he very honorably (though in private) entertained by divers of her worthy friends, till time did favour what she further intended.

In the expectation of *Bernardo's* arrival, she had so prevailed with *Ambrogino*, that the same tale which he formerly told to her, he delivered again in presence of the Soldan, who seemed to be well pleased with it. But after she had once seen her Husband, she thought upon her more serious business, providing herself of an apt opportunity, when she entreated such favour of the Soldan, that both the men might be brought before him; where if *Ambrogino* would not confess (without constraint) that which he had made his vaunt of concerning *Bernardo's* Wife, he might be compelled thereto perforce.

*Sicurano's* word was a law with the Soldan, so that *Ambrogino* and *Bernardo* being brought face to face, the Soldan with a stern and angry countenance, in the presence of a most Princely Assembly, commanded *Ambrogino* to declare the truth, upon peril of his life, by what means he won the wager of the five thousand golden Duckets he received of *Bernardo*. *Ambrogino* seeing *Sicurano* there present, upon whose favour he wholly relied, yet perceiving her look likewise to be as dreadful as the Soldan's, and hearing her threatening him most grievous torments except he revealed the truth indeed, you may easily guess in what condition he stood at that instant.

Frowns and fury he beheld on either side, and *Bernardo* standing before him, with a world of witnesses, to hear his lie confounded by his own confession, and his tongue to deny what it had before so constantly avouched. Yet dreaming on no other pain or penalty, but restoring back the five thousand Duckets of Gold, and the other things by him pilloyned, truly he revealed the whole form of his falshood. Then *Sicurano* according as the Soldan formerly had commanded him, turning to *Bernardo*, said. And thou, upon the suggestion of this foul lie, what didst thou to thy Wife? Being (quoth *Bernardo*) overcome with rage, for the loss of my money, and the dishonour I supposed to receive by my Wife; I caused a servant of mine to kill her, and as he credibly avouched, her body was devoured by ravenous Wolves in a moment after.

These things being spoken and heard, in the presence of the Soldan, and no reason (as yet) made known, why the case was so seriously urged, and to what end it would succeed: *Sicurano* spake in this manner to the Soldan. My gracious Lord, you may plainly perceive, in what degree that poor Gentlewoman might make her vaunt, being so well provided both of a loving friend, and a Husband. Such was the friends love, that in an instant, and by a wicked lie, he robbed her both of renown and honour, and bereft her also of her Husband. And her Husband, rather crediting falshood, than the invincible truth, whereof he had faithful knowledg, by long and very honourable experience, caused her to be slain, and made food for devouring Wolves. Beside all this, such was the good will and affection born to that Woman, both by friend and Husband, that the longest continuer of them in their company, makes them alike in knowledg of her. But because your great wisdom knoweth perfectly what each of them hath worthily deserved: if you please (in your ever-known gracious benignity) to permit the Punishment of the deceiver, and pardon the party so deceived; I will procure such means, that she shall appear here in your presence, and theirs.

The Soldan being desirous to give *Sicurano* all manner of satisfaction, having followed the course so industriously: bad him to produce the Woman, and he was well contented. Whereat *Bernardo* stood much amazed, because he verily believed that she was dead. And *Ambrogino* foreseeing already a preparation for punishment, feared, that the repayment of the money would now serve his turn: not knowing also, what he should further hope or suspect, if the Woman her self did personally appear, which he imagined would be a miracle. *Sicurano* having thus obtained the Soldan's permission, in tears, humbling herself at his feet, in a moment she lost her manly voice and demeanour, as knowing that she was now no longer to use them, but must truly witness what she was indeed, and therefore thus spake.

Great



Great Soldan, I am the miserable and unfortunate *Geneura*, that for the space of six whole years have wandred through the World, in the habit of a man, fallly and most maliciously slandered, by the villanous Traytor *Ambrogino*, and by this unkind cruel Husband, betrayed to his Servant to be slain, and left to be devoured by savage beasts. Afterward, desiring such garments as better fitted for her, and shewing her breasts, she made it appatent before the Soldan and his Assistance, that she was the very same Woman indeed. Then turning herself to *Ambrogino*, with more than manly courage, she demanded of him, when, and where it was, that he lay with her, as (villainously) he was not ashamed to make his vaunt? But he, having already acknowledged the contrary, being stricken dumb with shameful disgrace, was not able to utter one word.

The Soldan who had always reputed *Sicurano* to be a man, having heard and seen so admirable an accident, was so amazed in his mind, that many times he was very doubtful whether this was a dream, or an absolute relation of truth. But, after he had more seriously considered thereon, and found it to be real and infallible: with extraordinary gracious praises, he commended the life, constancy, condition, and vertues of *Geneura*, whom (till that time) he had always called *Sicurano*. So committing her to the company of honourable Ladies, to be changed from her manly habit; he pardoned *Bernardo* her Husband (according to her request formerly made) although he had more justly deserved death: which likewise himself confessed, and falling at the feet of *Geneura*, desired her (in tears) to forgive his rash transgression, which most lovingly she did, kissing and embracing him a thousand times.

Then the Soldan strictly commanded, that on some high and eminent place of the City, *Ambrogino* should be bound, and impaled on a stake, having his naked body anointed all over with honey, and never to be taken off, until of it self it fell in pieces, which according to the sentence, was presently performed. Next, he gave expresse charge, that all his money and goods should be given to *Geneura*, which was valued above ten thousand double Duckets. Forthwith a solemn feast was prepared, wherein much honour was done to *Bernardo*, being the Husband of *Geneura*: and to her, as to a most worthy Woman, and matchless Wife, he gave in costly Jewels, as also vessels of Gold, and Silver Plate, so much as did amount to above ten thousand double Duckets more.

When the feasting was finished he caused a Ship to be furnished for them, granting them licence to depart for *Geneway* when they pleased; whither they returned most richly and joytully, being welcomed home with great honour, especially Madam *Geneura*, whom every one supposed to be dead: and always after, so long as she lived, she was most famous for her manifo'd vertues. But as for *Ambrogino*, the very same day that he was impaled on the stake, anointed with hony, and fixed in the place appointed, to his no mean torment: he not only died, but likewise was devoured to the bare bones by Flies, Wasps, and Hornets, whereof the Country notoriously aboundeth. And his bones in full form and fashion, remained strangely black for a long time after, knit together by the sinews, as a witness to many thousands of people, which afterward beheld the Carcass of his wickedness, against so good and vertuous a Woman, that had not a thought of evil towards him. And thus was the Proverb truly verined, that shame succeedeth after ugly sin, and the deceiver is trampled and trod, by such as himself hath deceived.



Pagamino da Monaco a roving Pyrate on the Seas, carried away the fair Wife of Signior Ricciardo de Chinzica, who understanding where she was, went thither; and falling into friendship with Pagamino, demanded his Wife of him; whereto he yielded. Provided, that she would willingly go away with him. She denied to part thence with her Husband, and Signior Ricciardo dying, she became the Wife of Pagamino.

### The Tenth N O V E L.

Wherein old men are wittily reprehended, that will match with younger Women than is fit for their years, and insufficient, never considering what afterward may happen to them.

Every one in this honest and gracious Assembly, most highly commended the Novel recounted by the Queen; but especially *Dioneus*, who remained to finish that days pleasure with his own discourse, and after many praises of the former Tale were past, thus he began. Fair Ladies, part of the Queens Novel hath made an alteration of my mind, from that which I intended to proceed next withal, and therefore I will report another. I cannot forget the unmanly indiscretion of *Bernardo*, but much more the base arrogance of *Ambrogino*, how justly deserved shame fell upon him, as well it may happen to all other, that are so vile in their own opinions, as he apparently approved himself to be. For, as men wander abroad in the World, according to their occasions in diversity of Countries and observations of the Peoples behaviours; so are their humors as variously transported. And if they find Women wantonly disposed abroad, the like judgment they give of their Wives at home; as if they had never known their birth and breeding, or made proof of their loyal carriage towards them. Wherefore, the Tale that I purpose to relate, will likewise condemn all the like kind of men, but more especially such as think themselves endued with more strength than Nature meant to bestow on them, foolishly believing, that they can cover their own defects by fabulous demonstrations, and thinking to fashion other of their own complexions, that are merely strangers to such gross follies.

Know then, that their lived in *Pisa* (some hundred years before *Tuscany* and *Liguria* embraced the Christian Faith) a Judg better stored with wisdom and ingenuity, than corporal abilities of the body, named Signior *Ricciardo Chinzica*. He being more than half perswaded, that he could content a Woman with such satisfaction as he daily bestowed on his studies, being a Widower, and extraordinary wealthy, laboured with no mean pains, to enjoy a fair and youthful Wife in marriage: both which qualities he should have considered as good counsel to himself, as he gave to others, resorting to him for advice. Upon this his amorous and diligent inquisition, it came to pass, that a worthy Gentlewoman, called *Bertolomea*, one of the fairest and choicest young Majds in *Pisa*, whose youth did hardly agree with his age; but much was the motive of this marriage, and no expectation of mutual contentment. The Judg being married, and the Bride brought solemnly home to his house, we need make no question of brave delicate cheer and banqueting, well furnished by their friends on either side; and other matters were now hammering in the Judges head, for though he could please all his Clients with Counsel, yet now such a suit was commenced against himself, and in Beauties Court of continual Requests, that the Judg failing in plea for his own defence, was often non-suited by lack of answer; yet he wanted not good Wines, Drugs, and all sorts of restoratives to comfort the heart, and increase good blood: but all availed not.

But well fare a good courage, where performance faileth, he could liberally commend his passed jovial days, and make a promise of as fair felicities yet to come; because his youth would renew it self like to the Eagle, and his vigor be in as full force as before. But besides all these idle allegations, he would needs instruct his Wife in an Almanack or Kalender, which he had (formerly) bought at *Ravenna*, and wherein he plainly shewed her, that there was not one day in the year, but it was dedicated to some Saint or other. In reverence of whom, and for their sakes, he approved by divers arguments and reasons, that a man and his Wife ought to abstain from



from bedding together. Adding withal, that those Saints days had their Feasts and Fasts, besides the four seasons of the year, the Vigils of the Apostles, and a thousand other Holidays, with Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, in honour of our Lords rest, and all the holy time of Lent; as also certain observations of the Moon, and infinite other acceptions beside; thinking perhaps, that it was as convenient for men to refrain from their Wives conversation, as he did oftentimes from sitting in the Court. These were his daily documents to his young Wife, wherewith (poor soul) she became so tired, as nothing could be more irksome to her; and very careful he was, lest any should teach her what belonged to working-days, because he would have her know none but holidays. It came to pass, that the season waxing extremely hot, Signior *Ricciardo* would go to recreate himself at his house in the Country near to the black Mountain, where for his fair Wives more contentment, he continued divers days together. And for her further recreation, he gave order to have a day of fishing: he going aboard a small Pinnace among the fishers, and she in another, comforted with divers other Gentlewomen, in whose company she was very well pleased. Delight made them launch further into the Sea, than either the Judge was willing they should have done, or agreed with their own safety. For suddenly a Galliot came upon them, wherein was one *Pagamino* a famous Pirate, who espying the two Pinnaces, made presently to them, and seized on that wherein the Women were. When he beheld there so fair a young Woman, he coveted after no other purchase, but mounting her into his Galliot, in the sight of Signior *Ricciardo*, who by this time was fearfully landed, he carried her away with him. When Signior Judge had seen this theft (he being so jealous of his Wife, as scarcely he would let the air breath on her) it were needless to know whether he was offended, or no. He made great complaint at *Pisa*, and in other places beside, what injury he had sustained by those Pyrates in carrying away his Wife from him: but all in vain, he neither (as yet) knew the man, nor what was become of him. *Pagamino* perceiving what a beautiful Woman she was, made the more precious esteem of his purchase, and being himself a Bachelor, intended to keep her as his own, comforting her with kind and pleasing speeches, not using any ill demeanour to her, because she wept and lamented grievously. But when night came, her Husband's Kalender falling from her girdle, and all the fasts and feasts quite out of her remembrance, she received such courtesies from *Pagamino*, that before they could arrive at *Monaco*, the Judge and his Law Causes were almost out of memory; such was his affable behaviour to her, and she began to converse with him in more friendly manner, and he entreated her, as if she had been his espoused Wife.

Within a short while after, report had acquainted the Judge, where, and how his Wife was kept from him: whereupon he determined not to send, but rather to go himself in person, and to redeem her from the Pirate, with what sums of money he could demand. By Sea he passed to *Monaco*, where he saw his Wife, and she him, as (soon after) she made known to *Pagamino*. The next morning Signior *Ricciardo* meeting with *Pagamino*, made means to be acquainted with him, and within less than an hours space, they grew into familiar conference; *Pagamino* yet pretended not to know him, but expected what issue this talk would sort to. When time served, the Judge discoursed the occasion of his coming thither, desiring him to demand what ransom he pleased, and that he might have his Wife home with him. Where-to *Pagamino* answered.

My Lord Judge, you are welcome hither, and to answer you briefly, very true it is, that I have a young Gentlewoman in my house, whom I neither know to be your Wife, or any mans else whatsoever: for I am ignorant both of you and her, albeit she hath remained a while here with me. If you be her Husband, as you seem to avouch, I will bring her to you, for you appear to be a worthy Gentleman, and (questionless) she cannot chuse but know you perfectly. If she do confirm that which you have said, and be willing to depart hence with you: I shall rest well satisfied, and will have no other recompence for her ransom (in regard of your grave and reverend years) but what your self shall please to give me. But if it tall out other than you have affirmed, you shall offer me great wrong in seeking to take her from me; because I am a young man, and can as well maintain so fair a Wife, as you, or any man else that I know. Believe it certainly, replied the Judge, that she is my Wife, and if you please to bring me where she is, you shall soon perceive it: for she will presently cast her arms about my neck, and I durst adventure the loss of her if she deny to do it in your presence. Come on then, said *Pagamino*, and let us delay the time no longer.

When



When they were entred into *Pagamino's* house, and sate down in the Hall, he caused her to be called, and she being readily prepared for the purpose, came forth of her Chamber before them both, where friendly they sate conversing together, never uttering any word unto Signior *Ricciardo*, or knowing him from any other stranger, that *Pagamino* might bring into the house with him. Which when my Lord the Judg beheld, (who expected to find a far more gracious welcome) he stood as a man amazed, saying to himself. Perhaps my extraordinary grief and malancholy suffered by me since the time of her loss, hath so altered my wonted complexion, that she is not able to make knowledg of me. Wherefore going nearer to her, he said. Fair Love, dearly have I bought your going on fishing, because never man felt the like afflictions as I do since the day when I lost you: but by this your uncivil silence, you seem as if you did not know me. Why dearest love, seest thou not that I am thy Husband *Ricciardo*, who am come to pay what ransom this Gentleman shall demand, even in the house where now we are, so to convey thee home again, upon his kind promise of thy deliverance, after the payment of thy ransom?

*Bertolomea* turning towards him, and seeming as if she smiled to herself, thus answered: Sir, speak you to me? advise your self well, lest you mistake me for some other; for mine own part, I never saw you till now. How now, quoth *Ricciardo*? Consider better what you say, look more circumspectly on me, and then you will remember, that I am your loving Husband, and my name is *Ricciardo de Chinzica*. You must pardon me Sir, replied *Bertolomea*, I know it is not so fitting for a modest Woman to stand gazing in the faces of men: and let me look upon you never so often, certain I am, that (till this instant) I have not seen you. My Lord Judg conveyed in his mind, that thus she denied all knowledg of him, as standing in fear of *Pagamino*, and would not confess him in his presence. Wherefore he entreated of *Pagamino*, to afford him so much favour, that he might speak alone with her in her chamber. *Pagamino* answered that he was well content, provided, that he would not kiss her against her will. Then he requested *Bertolomea*, to go with him alone into her Chamber, there to hear what he could say, and to answer him as she found occasion. When they were come together into the chamber, and none there present but he and she, Signior *Ricciardo* began in this manner. Heart of my heart, life of my life, the sweetest hope that I have in this World; wilt not thou know thine own *Ricciardo*, who loveth thee more than he doth himself? Why art thou so strange? Am I so dishgured, that thou knowest me not? Behold me with a more pleasing eye, I pray thee.

*Bertolomea* smiled to herself, and without suffering him to proceed any further in speech, returned to him this answer. I would have you to understand Sir, that my memory is not so oblivious, but I know you to be Signior *Ricciardo de Chinzica*, and my Husband by title, but during the time that I was with you, it very ill appeared that you had any knowledg of me. For if you had been so wise and considerate, as (in your own judgment) the World reputed you to be, you could not be void of so much apprehension, but did apparently perceive, that I was young, fresh, and chearfully disposed; and so (by consequent) meet to know matters requisite for such young Women, beside allowance of food and garments, though bashfulness and modesty forbid to utter it. But if studying the Laws were more welcome to you than a Wife, you ought not to have married, and you lose the worthy reputation of a Judg, when you fall from that venerable profession, and make your self a common proclaimer of Feasts and Fasting-days, Lenten seasons, Vigils, and solemnities due to Saints, which prohibit the household conversation of Husbands and Wives.

Here am I now with a worthy Gentleman, that entertaineth me with very honorable respect, and here I live in this Chamber, not so much as hearing of any feasts or fasting days; for, neither Fridays, Saturdays, Vigils of Saints, or any lingring of Lent, enter at this door: but here is honest and civil conversation, better agreeing with a youthful disposition than those harsh documents wherewith you tutor'd me. Wherefore my purpose is to continue here with him, as being a place futable to my mind and youth, referring feasts, vigils, and fasting days, to a more mature and stayed time of age; when the body is better able to endure them: and the mind may be prepared for such ghostly meditations: depart therefore at your own pleasure, and make much of your Calender, without enjoying any company of mine, for you hear my resolved determination.



The Judge hearing these words, was overcome with exceeding grief, and when she was silent, thus he began: Alas dear Love, what an answer is this? Hast thou no regard of thine own honour, thy Parents and Friends? Canst thou rather affect to abide here, for the pleasures of this man, and so sin capitally, than to live at *Pisa* in the state of my Wife? Consider dear heart, when this man shall wax weary of thee, to thy shame, and his own disgrace, he will reject thee. I must and shall love thee for ever, and when I die, I leave thee Lady and commandress of all that is mine. Can an inordinate appetite, cause thee to be careless of thy honour, and of him that loves thee as his own life? Alas, my fairest hope, say no more so, but return home with me; and now that I am acquainted with thy inclination, I will endeavour hereafter to give thee better contentment. Wherefore (dear heart) do not deny me, but change thy mind, and go with me, for I never saw merry day since I lost thee.

Sir (quoth she) I desire no body to have care of mine honour, beside my self, because it cannot be here abused. And as for my Parents, what respect had they of me, when they made me your Wife? If then they could be so careless of me, what reason have I to regard them now? And whereas you tax me, that I cannot live here without capital sin, far is the thought hereof from me, for here I am regarded as the Wife of *Pagamino*, but at *Pisa*, you reputed me not worthy your society: because by the point of the Moon, and the quadratures of Geometry, the Planets held conjunction between you and me, whereas here I am subject to no such constellations: you say beside, that hereafter you will strive to give me better contentment than you have done: surely in mine opinion it is no way possible, because our complexions are so different, as ice is from fire, or gold from dross. As for your allegation, of this Gentleman rejecting me, when his humour is satisfied; if it should prove to be so, what fortune soever shall befall me, never will I make any means to you, what miseries or misadventures may happen to me; but the World will afford me one resting place or other, and more to my contentment, than if I were with you. Therefore I tell you again, to live secured from all offence to holy Saints, and not to injure their Feasts, Fasts, Vigils, and other Seasons, here is my demourance, and from hence I purpose not to depart.

Our Judge was now in a woful perplexity, and confessing his folly, in marrying a Wife so young, and far unfit for his age and ability: being half desperate, sad, and displeased, he came forth of the Chamber, using divers speeches to *Pagamino*, whereof he made little or no account at all; and in the end, without any other success, left his Wife there, and returned home to *Pisa*. There further afflictions fell upon him, because the People began to scorn him, demanding daily of him, what was become of his gallant young Wife, making horns, with ridiculous pointings at him, whereby his senses became distracted, so that he ran raving about the streets, and afterwards died in miserable manner. Which news came no sooner to the ear of *Pagamino*, but, in the honorable affection he bare to *Bertolomea*, he married her, with great solemnities, banishing all Feasts, Vigils, and Lents from his House, and living with her in much felicity. Wherefore (fair Ladies) I am of opinion, that *Bernardo* of *Geneway*, in his disputation with *Ambrogino*, might have shewn himself a great deal wiser, and spared his rash proceeding with his wife.

This Tale was so merrily entertained among the whole company, that each one smiling upon another, with one consent commended *Dionius*, maintaining that he spake nothing but the truth, and condemning *Bernardo* for his cruelty. Upon a general silence commanded, the Queen perceiving that the time was now very far spent, and every one had delivered their several Novels, which likewise gave a period to her Royalty: she gave the Crown to Madam *Neiphila*, pleasantly speaking to her in this order. Hereafter, the government of this poor people is committed to your trust and care, for with the day coucludeth my dominion. Madam *Neiphila* blushing at the honour that was done unto her, her cheeks appeared of a vermilion tincture, her eyes glittering with graceful desires, and sparkling like the morning-star. And after the modest murmur of the Assistants was ceased, and her courage in cheerful manner settled, seating herself higher than she did before, thus she spake.

Seeing it is so, that you have elected me your Queen; to vary somewhat from the course observed by them that went before me, whose Government

you



you have all so much commended: by approbation of your Council, I am desirous to speak my mind concerning what I would have to be next followed. It is not unknown to you all, that to-morrow shall be Friday, and Saturday the next day following, which are days somewhat molestation to the most part of men; for preparation of their weekly food and sustenance. Moreover, Friday ought to be reverently respected, in remembrance of him, who died to give us life, and endured his bitter passion as on that day, which makes me hold it fit and expedient, that we should mind more weighty matters, and rather attend our prayers and devotions, than the repetition of Tales or Novels. Now concerning Saturday, it hath been a custom observed among Women, to bath and wash themselves from such immundities as the former Weeks toil hath imposed on them. Beside, it is a day of Fasting, in honour of the ensuing Sabbath, whereon no labour may be done, but the observation of holy exercises.

By that which hath been said, you may easily perceive, that the course which we have hitherto continued, cannot be prosecuted in one and the same manner: wherefore, I would advise, and do hold it an action well performed by us, to cease for these few days, from recounting any other Novels. And because we have remained here four days already, except we would allow the enlarging of our company, with some other friends, that may resort unto us: I think it necessary to remove from hence, and take our pleasure in another place, which is already by me determined. When we shall be there assembled, and have slept on the discourses formerly delivered, let our next argument be still the mutabilities of Fortune, but especially to concern such persons, as by their wit and ingenuity, industriously have attained to some matter earnestly desired, or else recovered again after the loss. Hereon let us severally study and premeditate, that the hearers may receive benefit thereby, with the comfortable maintenance of our harmless recreations; the priviledge of *Dionius* always reserved to himself.

Every one commended the Queens deliberation, concluding that it should be accordingly prosecuted, and thereupon, the Master of the household was called; to give him order for that evenings Table service, and what else concerned the time of the Queens royalty, wherein he was sufficiently instructed: which being done, the Company arose, licensing every one to do what they listed. The Ladies and Gentlemen walked to the Garden, and having sported there a while, when the hour of Supper came, they sat down, and sat very daintily. Being risen from Table, according to the Queens command, Madam *Emilia* led the dance, and the dirty following, was sung by Madam *Pampinea*, being answered by all the rest, as a Chorus.

### The S O N G.

And if not I, what Lady else can sing,  
Of those delights, which kind contentments bring?  
Come, come, sweet Love, the cause of my chief good,  
Of all my hopes, the firm and full effect;  
Sing we together, but in no sad mood,  
Of Sighs or tears, which joy doth countercheck:  
Stolen pleasures are delightful in the taste,  
But yet Loves fire is oftentimes too fierce;  
Consuming comfort with ore-speedy haste,  
Which into gentle hearts too far doth pierce,  
And if not I, &c.

The first day that I felt this fiery heat,  
So sweet a passion did possess my Soul,  
That though I found the torment sharp and great;  
Yet still me thought 'twas but a sweet controul.  
Nor could I count it rude, or rigorous,  
Taking my wound from such a piercing eye:  
As made the pain most pleasing, gracious,  
That I desire in such assaults to die.  
And if not I, &c.



Grant then great God of Love, that I may still

Enjoy the benefit of my desire;

And honour her with all my deepest skill.

That first inflam'd my heart with holy fire.

To her my bondage is free liberty,

My sickness, health, my tortures sweet repose;

Say she the word, in full felicity,

All my extremes join in an happy close.

Then if not I, what Lover else can sing

Of those delights which kind contentment bring?

After this Song was ended, they sung divers other beside, and having great variety of instruments, they played to them as many pleasing dances. But the Queen considering that the meet hour for rest was not yet come, with their lighted Torchers before them, they all repaired to their Chambers, spending the other days next succeeding, for those seasons by the Queen alledged, and spending the Sunday in solemn devotion.

The end of the Second Day.

[illegible][illegible]



## The THIRD DAY.

*Upon which Day, all Matters to be discoursed on do pass under the Regiment of Madam Neiphila: Concerning such Persons as (by their Wit and Industry) have attained to their long wished desires, or recovered something, supposed to be lost.*

## The Induction.



The Morning put on a Vermillion countenance, and made the Sun to rise blushing red, when the Queen (and all the fair Company) were come abroad forth of their Chambers; the Seneschal or great Master of the Household, having (long before) sent all things necessary to the place of their next intended meeting; and the People which prepared there every needful matter, suddenly when they saw the Queen was setting forward, charged all the rest of their Followers, as if it had been preparation for a Camp; to make haste away with the Carriages, the rest of the Family remaining behind, to attend upon the Ladies and Gentlemen.

With a mild, majestick, and gentle pace, the Queen rode on, being followed by the other Ladies, and the three young Gentlemen, taking the way towards the West; conducted by the musical Notes of sweet singing Nightingales, and infinite other pretty Birds beside, riding in a Tract not much frequented, but richly abounding with fair Herbs and Flowers; which by reason of the Suns high mounting, began to open their Bosom, and fill the fresh Air with their odoriferous perfumes. Before they had Travelled two small Miles distance, all of them pleasantly conversing together, they arrived at another goodly Palace, which being somewhat mounted above the Plain, was seated on the side of a little rising Hill.

When they were entred thereinto, and had seen the great Hall, the Parlors, and beautiful Chambers, every one so stupendously furnished, with all convenient Commodities to them belonging, and nothing wanting that could be desired; they highly commended it, reputing the Lord thereof for a most worthy man, that had adorned it in such Princely manner. Afterward, being descended lower, and noting the most spacious and pleasant Court, the Cellars stored with the choicest Wines, and delicate Springs of Waters every where running, their praises exceeded more and more. And being weary with beholding such variety of Pleasures, they sat down in a fair Gallery, which took the view of the whole Court, it being round engirt with Trees and Flowers, whereof the Season then yielded great plenty. And then came the discreet Master of the Household, with divers Servants attending on him, presenting them with Cornfits, and other Banqueting, as also very singular Wines, to serve in stead of Breakfast.

Having thus reposed themselves a while, a Garden Gate was set open to them, coasting on one side the Palace, and round enclosed with high mounted Walls. Whereinto when they were entred, they found it to be a most beautiful Garden, stored with all varieties that possibly could be devised; and therefore they observed it the more respectfully. The Walks and Allies were good and spacious, yet directly straight as an Arrow, environed with spreading Vines, whereon the Grapes hung in copious Clusters; which being come to their full ripeness, gave so rare a smell throughout the Garden, with other sweet Flavours intermixed among, that they supposed to feel the fresh Spiceries of the East.

It would beside require much time, to describe all the Varieties of this place, deserving much more to be commended, than my best Faculties will afford me. In the midst of this Garden was a square Plot, after the resemblance of a Meadow, flourishing with high Grass, Herbs, and Plants, beside a thousand diversities of Flowers, as if by the Art of planting they had been there deputed. Round

was



was it, circled with very verdent Orange and Cedar Trees, their Branches plentifully stored with Fruit both old and new, as also the Flowers growing among them, yielding not only a rare Aspect to the Eye, but also a delicate savour to the smell.

In the midst of this Meadow, stood a Fountain of white Marble, whereon was engraven most admirable Workmanship, and within it (I know not whether it were by a natural Vein, or Artificial) flowing from a Figure, standing on a Column in the midst of the Fountain, such abundance of Water, and so mounting up towards the Skies, that it was a wonder to behold. For after the high Ascent, it fell down again into the womb of the Fountain, with such a noise and pleasing murmur, as the stream that glideth from a Mill. When the receptacle of the Fountain did overflow the bounds, as streamed along the Meadow, by secret passages, and Channels, very fair and artificially made, returning again into every part of the Meadow, by the like ways of cunning conveyance, which allowed it a full course into the Garden, running swiftly thence down towards the Plain; but before it came thither, the very swift current of the Stream did drive two goodly Mills, which brought in great benefit to the Lord of the Soil.

The sight of this Garden, the goodly Grafts, Plants, Trees, Herbs, Frutages, and Flowers, the Springs, Fountains, and pretty Rivolets streaming from it, so highly pleased the Ladies and Gentlemen, that among other infinite Commendations, they spared not to say, If any Paradise remained on the Earth to be seen, it could not possibly be in any other place, but only was contained within the compass of this Garden. With no mean pleasure and delight they walked round about it, making Chaplets of Flowers, and other fair Branches of the Trees, continually hearing the Birds in melodious Notes, echoing and warbling one to another, even as if they envied each others felicities.

But yet another Beauty (which before had not presented it self to them) on a sudden they perceived divers Creatures in many parts of the Garden. In one place Conies tripping about; in another place Hares; in a third part Goats browsing on the Herbs, and little young Hiads feeding every where: yet without strife or warring together, but rather living in such a Domestick and pleasing kind of Company, even as if they were appointed to instruct the most noble of all Creatures, to imitate their sociable conversation.

When their Senses had sufficiently barqueted on those several Beauties, the Tables were suddenly prepared about the Fountain; where first they sung six Canzonets; and having paced two or three Dances, they sat down to Dinner, according as the Queen ordained, being served in very sumptuous manner, with all kind of costly and delicate Viands, yet not any babling noise among them. The Tables being withdrawn, they plaid again upon their Instruments, Singing and Dancing gracefully together, till, in regard of the extream heat, the Queen commanded to give over, and permitted such as were so pleased, to take their ease and rest. But some, as not satisfied with the places Pleasures, gave themselves to Walking, others fell to reading the Lives of the Romans; some to the Chess, and the rest to other Recreations.

But after the days warmth was more mildly qualified, and every one had made benefit of the best content: they went (by order sent from the Queen) into the Meadow where the Fountain stood, and being set about it, as they use to do in telling their Tales (the Argument appointed by the Queen being propounded) the first that had the Charge imposed, was *Philoftratus*, who began in this manner.



Massetto di Lamporechio, by counterfeiting himself to be Dumb, became a Gardiner in a Monastery of Nuns, where he had familiar conversation with them all.

### The First N O V E L.

Wherein is declared, that Virginity is very hardly to be kept in all places.

**M**ost worthy Ladies, there wants no store of Men and Women, that are so simple, as to credit for a certainty, that so soon as a young Virgin hath the Veil put on her Head, and the black Cowl given to cover her withal, she is no longer a Woman, nor more sensible of Feminine affections, than as if in turning Nun, she became converted to a Stone. And if (perchance) they hear some matters contrary to their former persuasion; then they grow so furiously offended, as if one had committed a most foul and enormous Sin, directly against the course of Nature. And the torrent of this opinion hurries them on so violently, that they will admit no leisure to consider, how (in such a scope of liberty) they have power to do what they list, yea, beyond all means of sufficient satisfying, never remembering how potent the priviledg of idleness is, especially when it is backt by solitude. In like manner, there are other People now, who verily believe, that the Spade and Pickaxe, gross Feeding and Labour, do quench all sensual and fleshly Concupiscence, yea, in such as Till and husband the Ground, by making them dull, blockish, and (almost) meer senseless of understanding. But I will approve (according as the Queen hath commanded me, and within the compass of her direction) by a short and pleasant Tale how greatly they are abused by error, that build upon so weak a foundation.

Nor far from *Alexandria*, there was a great and goodly Monastery, belonging to the Lord of those parts, who is termed the Admiral. And therein, under the care and trust of one Woman, divers Virgins were kept as Recluses, or Nuns, vowed to chastity of Life; out of whose number, the Soldan of *Babylon* (under whom they lived in subjection) at every three years end, had usually three of these Virgins sent him. At the time whereof I am now to speak, there remained in the Monastery, no more but eight religious Sisters, only, beside the Lady Abbess, and an honest poor man, who was a Gardiner, and kept the Garden in a most commendable and fit order.

His wages being small, and he not well contented therewith, would serve there no longer, but making his Accounts even with the *Fac-totum*, or Bayliff belonging to the House, returned thence to the Village of *Lamporechio*, being a Native of the place. Among many other that gave him welcome home, was a young Hebrew Pezant of that Country, sturdy, strong, and yet comely of person, being named *Masset*. But because he was born not far off from *Lamporechio*, and had there been brought up all his younger days, his name of *Masset* (according to their vulgar speech) was turned to *Massetto*, and therefore he was usually called and known by the name of *Massetto of Lamporechio*.

*Massetto*, falling in talk with the honest poor man, whose name was *Lurco*; demanded of him what services he had done in the Monastery, having continued there so long a time? Quoth *Lurco*, I laboured in the Garden, which is very fair and great; then I went to the Forest to fetch home Wood, and cleft it for their Chamber fuel, drawing up all their Water beside, with many other toilsom services else: but the allowance of my Wages was so little, as it would not pay for the Shooes I wore. And that which was worst of all, they being all young Women, I think the Devil dwells among them, for a man cannot do any thing to please them. When I have been busie at my work in the Garden, one would come and say, put this here, put that there; and others would take the Dibble out of my hand, telling me, that I did not perform any thing well, making me so weary of their continual trifling, as I have left all Business, given over the Garden, and what for one molestation, as also many other; I intended to tarry no longer there, but came away as thou seest. And yet the *Fac-totum* desired me at my departing, that if I knew any one who would undertake the aforesaid Labours, I would send him



him thither, as (indeed) I promised to do: but let me fall sick and die before I help to send them any.

When *Massetto* had heard the words of *Lurco*, he was so desirous to live among the Nuns, that nothing else now hammered in his Head: for he meant more subtilly than poor *Lurco* did, and made no doubt to please them sufficiently. Then considering with himself, how best he might bring his intent to effect, which appeared not easily to be done. He would question no further therein with *Lurco*, but only demanded other matter of him, saying: In troth thou didst well *Lurco*, to come away from so tedious a dwelling, had he not need to be more than a man that is to live with such women? It were better for him to dwell among so many Devils, because they understand not the tenth part that womens wily wits can dive into.

After their Conference was ended, *Massetto* began to beat his Brains how he might compass to dwell among them, and knowing that he could well enough perform all the Labours whereof *Lurco* had made mention: he cared not for any loss he could sustain thereby, but only stood in doubt of his entertainment, because he was too young and sprightly. Having pondered on many imaginations, he said to himself. The place is far enough distant hence, and none there can know me; if I have wit sufficient, cleanly to make them believe that I am Dumb, then (questionless) I shall be received. And resolving to prosecute this determination, he took a Spade on his Shoulder, and without revealing to any body whither he went, in the disguise of a poor labouring Countryman, he Travelled to the Monastery.

When he was there arrived, he found the great Gate open, and entering in boldly, it was his good hap to espy the *Fac-totum* in the Court, according as *Lurco* had given description of him. Making signs before him, as if he were both Dumb and Deaf; he manifested, that he craved an Alms for God's sake; making shew, beside, that if need required, he could cleave Wood; or do any reasonable kind of Service. The *Fac-totum* gladly gave him food, and afterward shewed him divers knotty Logs of Wood, which the weak strength of *Lurco* had left uncloven; but this Fellow being more active and lusty, quickly rent them all to pieces. Now it so fell out, that the *Fac-totum* must needs go to the Forrest, and took *Massetto* along with him thither: where causing him to Fell divers Trees, by signs he bad him to lade the two Asses therewith, which commonly carried home all the Wood, and so drive them to the Monastery before him, which *Massetto* knew well enough how to do, and performed it very effectually.

Many other servile Offices were there to be done, which caused the *Fac-totum* to make use of his pains divers other days beside; in which time, the Lady Abbess chancing to see him, demanded of the *Fac-totum* what he was? *Madam* (quoth he) a poor labouring man; who is both Deaf and Dumb; came to crave an Alms the other day, the which in charity I could do no less but give him; for which he hath done many honest services about the House. It seems beside, that he hath pretty skill in Gardening, so that if I can persuade him to continue here, I make no question of his able Services: for the old silly man is gone, and we have need of such a stout Fellow, to do the business belonging to the Monastery, and one fitter for the turn comes seldom hither. Moreover, in regard of his double imperfections, the Sisters can sustain no impeachment by him. Wherefore the Abbess answered, saying, By the faith of my body, you speak but the truth: understand then if he have any knowledge in Gardening, and whether he will dwell here, or no: which compass so kindly as you can. Let him have a new pair of Shoes, fill his Belly full of meat, flatter and make much of him, for we shall find him work enough to do. All which, the *Fac-totum* promised to fulfil sufficiently.

*Massetto*, who was not far off from them all this while, but seemed seriously busied about sweeping and making clean the Court, heard all these Speeches; and being not a little joyful of them, said to himself: If once I come to work in your Garden, let my proof yield praise of my skill and knowledge. When the *Fac-totum* perceived, that he knew perfectly how to undergo his business, and had questioned him by signs, concerning his willingness to serve there still, and received the like answer also, of his dutiful readiness thereto, he gave him order to work in the Garden, because the season did now require it; and to leave all other affairs for the Monastery, attending now only the Gardens preparation.



As *Maffetto* was thus about his Garden employment, the Nuns began to resort thither, and thinking the man to be Dumb and Deaf indeed, were the more lavish of their Language, mocking and flouting him very immodestly, as being persuaded, that he heard them not. And the Lady Abbess, thinking he might as well be an Eunuch, as deprived both of hearing and speaking, stood the less in fear of the Sisters walks, but referred them to their own care and providence. On a day, *Maffetto* having laboured somewhat extraordinarily, lay down to rest himself a while under the Trees, and two delicate young Nuns, walking there to take the Air, drew near to the place where he dissembled sleeping, and both of them observing his comeliness of Person, began to pity the poverty of his condition, but much more the misery of his great defects. Then one of them, who had a little livelier spirit than the other, thinking *Maffetto* to be fast asleep, began in this manner.

Sister (quoth she) if I were faithfully assured of thy secrecy, I would tell thee a thing which I have often thought on, and it may (perhaps) redound to thy profit. Sister, replied the other Nun, speak your mind boldly, and believe it (on my Maiden-head) that I will never reveal it to any Creature living. Encouraged by this solemn answer, the first Nun thus prosecuted her former purpose, saying, I know not Sister, whether it hath entered into thine understanding or no, how strictly we are here kept and attended, never any man daring to adventure among us, except our good and honest *Fac-totum*, who is very Aged; and this dumb Fellow maimed, and made imperfect by Nature, and therefore not worthy of the title of a man. Ah Sister, it hath oftentimes been told me, by Gentlewomen coming hither to visit us, that all other sweets in the world are Mockeries, to the incomparable pleasures of man and woman, of which we are barred by our unkind Parents, binding us to perpetual Chastity, which they were never able to observe themselves.

A Sister of this House once told me, that before her turn came to be sent to the Soldane, she fell in frailty with a man that was both Lame and Blind, and discovering the same to her Ghostly Father in Confession; he absolved her of that sin; affirming, that she had not transgressed with a man, because he wanted his rational and understanding parts. Behold Sister, here lies a Creature, almost formed in the self-same mold, Dumb and Deaf, which are two the most rational and understanding parts that do belong to any man, and therefore no man, wanting them. If folly and frailty should be committed with him (as many times since he came hither it hath run in my mind) he is by Nature sworn to such secrecy, that he cannot (if he would) be a blab thereof. Beside, the Laws and Constitution of our Religion doth teach us, that a sin so assuredly concealed, is more than half absolved.

*Aus-Moris* Sister (said the other Nun) what kind of words are these you utter? Do you not know, that we have promised our Virginity to God? Oh Sister (answered the other) how many things are promised to him every day, and not one of a thousand kept or performed? if we have made him such a promise, and some of our weaker-witted Sisters do perform it for us, no doubt but he will accept it in part of payment. Yea, but Sister, replied the second Nun again, there is another danger lying in the way: If we prove to be with Child, how shall we do then? Sister (quoth our courageous Wench) thou art afraid of harm before it happen: if it come so to pass, let us consider on it then: thou art but a Novice in matters of such moment, we are provided of a thousand means, whereby to prevent Conception. Or if they should fail, we are so surely fitted, that the World shall never know it. Let it suffice, our Lives must not be by any so much as suspected, our Monastery questioned, or our Religion rashly scandalized. Thus she schooled her younger Sister in wit, albeit as forward as she in will, and longed as desirously, to know what kind of Creature man was.

After some other questions, how this intention of theirs might be safely brought to full effect: the sprightly Nun that had Wit at will, thus answered. You see Sister (quoth she) it is now the hour of Midday, when all the rest of our Sisterhood are quiet in their Chambers, because we are then allowed to sleep for our earlier rising to Morning Mattins. Here are none in the Garden now but our selves, and while I awake him be you the Warch, and afterward follow me in my fortune, for I will valiantly lead you the way. *Maffetto* imitating a Dogs Bep, heard all this conspiracy intended against him, and longed as earnestly till she



she came to awake him. Which being done, he seemed very simple and foolish, and she chearing him with flattering behaviour: into the close Arbour they went, which the Sun's bright Eye could not pierce into, and there I leave to the Nuns own approbation, whether *Massetto* was a man rational, or no. All deeds require longer time to contrive, than act, and both the Nuns having been with *Massetto* at this new form of Confession, were c<sup>o</sup>yned (by him) to an easy and silent Penance, as brought them the offer to shrift, and made him to prove a very perfect Confessor.

Desires obtained, but not fully satisfied, do commonly urge more frequent access, than wisdom thinks expedient, nor can continue without discovery. Our two joyful Nuns, not a little proud of their private Holy pleasures, so long resorted to the close Arbour, till another Sister, who had often observed them thither, by means of a little hole in her Window; that she began to suspect them with *Massetto*, and imparted the same to two other Sisters, all three concluding, to accule him before the Lady Abbess. But upon a further conference had with the Offenders, they changed opinion, took the same Oath as the fore Women had done, and because they would be free from any Taxation at all, they revealed their adventures to the other three Ignorants, and so fell all eight into one formal Confederacy, but by good and wary observation, lest the Abbess her self should descry them; finding poor *Massetto* such plenty of Garden-work, as made him very doubtful in pleasing them all.

It came to pass in the end, that the Lady Abbess who all this while imagined no such matter, walking all alone in the Garden on a day, found *Massetto* sleeping under an Almond Tree, having then very little business to do, because he had wrought hard all the Night before. She observed him to be an handsome man, young, lusty, well Limb'd and Proportioned, having a merciful commiseration of his Dumbness and Deafness, being persuaded also in like manner, that if he were an Eunuch too, he deserved a thousand times the more to be pitied. The Season was exceeding hot, and he lay down so carelessly to sleep, that something was noted; wherein he intended to be better resolved, almost falling sick of the other Nuns disease. Having awaked him, she commanded him by signs that he should follow her to her Chamber, where he was kept close so long, that the Nuns grew offended, because the Gardiner came not to his daily labour.

Well may you imagine that *Massetto* was no Mills-proud man, now to be thus advanced from the Garden to the Chamber, and by no worse woman than the Lady Abbess her self: what signs, shews, or language he spake there, I am not able to express: only it appeared, that his behaviour pleased her so well, as it procured his daily repairing thither, and acquainted her with such familiar Conversation, as she would have condemned in the Nuns her Daughters, but that they were wise enough to keep it from her. Now began *Massetto* to consider he had undertaken a task belonging to great *Heracles*, in giving content to so many; and by continuing dumb in this manner, it would rebound to his no mean detriment. Whereupon, as he was one night sitting by the Abbess, the string that retained his Tongue from speech, brake on a sudden, and thus he spake.

Madam, I have often heard it said, that one Cock may do service to ten several Hens, but ten men can very hardly even with all their best endeavour, give full satisfaction every way to one Woman; and yet I am tied to content nine, which is far beyond the compass of my power to do. Already have I performed so much Garden and Chamber-work, that I confess my self stark tired, and can travel no further, and therefore let me intreat you to license my departure hence, or find some means for my better ease. The Abbess hearing him speak, who had so long been there Dumb, being stricken into admiration, and accounting it almost a Miracle, said. How cometh this to pass? I verily believed thee to be Dumb. Madam (quoth *Massetto*) so I was indeed, but not by Nature; only I had a long lingering Sickness which bereft me of Speech, and which I have not only recovered again this Night, but shall ever remain thankful to you for it.

The Abbess verily credited his answer, demanding what he meant in saying, That he did serve to nine? Madam, quoth he, this were a dangerous question, and not easily answered before all the eight Sisters. Upon this reply, the Abbess plainly perceived that not only she had fallen into folly, but all the Nuns cried guilty too; wherefore being a Woman of sound discretion; she would not grant that



that *Massetto* should depart, but to keep him still about the Nuns business, because the Monastery should not be scandalized by him. And the *Fac-totum*, being dead a little before his strange recovery of Speech revealed, and some things else more nearly concerning them: by general consent, and with the good liking of *Massetto*, he was created the *Fac-totum* of the Monastery.

All the neighbouring People dwelling thereabout, who knew *Massetto* to be Dumb, by fetching home Wood daily from the Forrest, and divers employments in other places, were made to believe, that by the Nuns devout Prayers and Discipline, as also the merit of the Saint, in whose honour the Monastery was Built and Erected, *Massetto* had his long restrained Speech restored, and was now become their sole *Fac-totum*, having power now to employ others in Drudgeries, and ease himself of all such Labours. And albeit he made the Nuns to be fruitful, by encreasing some store of younger Sisters, yet all matters were so close and cleanly carried, as it was never talkt of till after the death of the Lady Abbess, when *Massetto* began to grow in good years, and desired to return home to his Native abiding, which (within a while after) was granted him.

Thus *Massetto* being Rich and Old, returned Home like a wealthy Father, taking no care for the Nurling of his Children, but bequeathed them to the place where they were bred and born; having (by his wit and ingenious apprehension) made such a Benefit of his youthful years, that now he took ease in his Age.

*A Query of the Stable, belonging to Agilulfo, King of the Lombards, found the means of access to the Queens Bed, without any knowledg or consent in her. This being secretly discovered by the King, and the party known, he gave him a Mark, by shearing the Hair of his Head. Whereupon he that was so shorn, sheared likewise all his Fellows in the Lodging, and so escaped the Punishment intended towards him.*

### The Second N O V E L.

*Wherein is signified, the Providence of a Wise Man, when he shall have reason to use Revenge. And the cunning means of another, when he compasseth Craft to defend himself from Peril.*

**W**hen the Novel of *Philostratus* was concluded, which made some of the Ladies blush, and the rest to smile; it pleased the Queen, that *Madam Pampinea* should follow next, to second the other gone before; when she smiling on the whole Assembly, began thus. There are some men so shallow of Capacity, that they will (nevertheless) make shew of knowledg and understanding such things, as neither they are able to do, nor appertain to them: whereby they will sometimes reprehend other new Errors, and such faults as they have unwillingly committed, thinking thereby to hide their own shames, when they make it much more apparent and manifest. For proof whereof, fair Company, in a contrary kind, I will shew you the subtil cunning of one, who (perhaps) might be reputed of less reckoning than *Massetto*; and yet he went beyond a King, that thought himself to be a much wiser man.

*Agilulfo*, King of *Lombardy*, according as his Predecessors had done before him, made the principal Seat of his Kingdom, in the City of *Pavia*, having embraced in Marriage *Tendelinga*, the late left Widow of *Veteria*, who likewise had been King of the *Lombards*; a most Beautiful, Wise, and Vertuous Lady, but made unfortunate by a Mischance. The occurrences and estate of the whole Realm, being in an honourable, quiet and well settled condition, by the discreet care and providence of the King; a *Query* appertaining to the Queens Stable of Horse, being a man but of mean and low quality, though comely of Person, and unequal stature to the King; became immeasurably amorous of the Queen. And because his base and servile condition, had endued him with so much understanding, as to know infallibly, that his affection was mounted beyond the compass of Convenience: wisely he concealed it to himself, not acquainting any one therewith, or daring so much as to discover it either by looks, or any other affectionate behaviour.



And although he lived utterly hopeless, of ever attaining to his hearts desires, yet notwithstanding, he proudly gloried, that his Love had soared so high a pitch, to be enamoured of a Queen. And daily, as the fury of his flame encreased; so his carriage was far above his Fellows and Companions, in the performing of all such serviceable duties, as any way he imagined might content the Queen. Whereon ensued, that whensoever she rode abroad to take the Air, she used oftner to mount on the Horse, which this Querry brought when she made her choice, than any of the other that were led by his fellows. And this did he esteem as no mean happiness to him, to order the stirrop for her mounting, and therefore gave daily his due attendance: so that, to touch the stirrop, but (much more) to put her foot into it, or touch any part of her Garments, he thought it the only Heaven on Earth.

But, as we see it oftentimes comes to pass, that by how much the lower hope declineth, so much the higher Love ascendeth; even so fell it out with this poor Querry; for most irksom was it to him, to endure the heavy weight of his continual oppressions, not having any hope at all of the very least mitigation. And being utterly unable to relinquish his Love, divers times he resolved on some desperate conclusion, which might give the World an evident testimony, that he died for the love he bare to the Queen. And upon this determination, he grounded the success of his future Fortune to die in compassing some part of his desire, without either speaking to the Queen, or sending any missive of his Love; for to speak or write, were merely in vain, and drew on a worse consequence than Death, which he could bestow on himself more easily and when he listed.

No other course now beleaguers his Brains, but only for secret access to the Queens Bed, and how he might get entrance into her Chamber, under colour of the King, who (as he knew very well) slept many nights together from the Queen. Wherefore to see in what manner, and what the usual habit was of the King, when he came to keep company with the Queen: he hid himself divers nights in a Gallery; which was between both their Lodging Chambers. At length he saw the King come forth of his Chamber, himself all alone, with a fair Night Mantle wrapt about him, carrying a lighted Taper in one hand, and a small white Wand in the other, so went he on to the Queens Lodging; and knocking at the Door once or twice with the Wand, and not using any word, the Door opened, the Light was left without, and he entred the Chamber, where he stayed not long, before his returning back again, which likewise very diligently he observed.

So familiar was he with the Wardrobe, by often fetching and returning the King and Queens Furnitures; that the fellows to the same Mantle which the King wore when he went to the Queen, very secretly he conveyed away thence with him, being provided of a Light, and the very like Wand. Now bestows he cost-ly Bathings on his Body, that the least scent of the Stable might not be felt about him; and finding a time suitable to his desire, when he knew the King to be at rest in his own Lodging, all else sleeping in their Bed; closely he steals into the Gallery, where lighting his Taper, with the Tinder purposely brought thither, the Mantle folded about him, and the Wand in his Hand, valiantly he adventures upon his Lives peril. Twice he knockt softly at the Door, which a waiting Woman immediately opened, and receiving the Light, went forth into the Gallery, while the supposed King was conversing with the Queen.

Alas good Queen, here is a sin committed, without any guilty thought in thee, as (within a while after) it plainly appeared, for, the Querry having compassed what he most coveted, and fearing to forfeit his Life by delay, when his amorous desire was indifferently satisfied: returned back as he came, the sleepy waiting woman not so much as looking on him, but rather glad, that she might get her to rest again. Scarcely was the Querry slept into his Bed, unheard or discerned by any of his Fellows, divers of them Lodging both in that and the next Chamber; but it pleased the King to visit the Queen, according to his wonted manner, to the no little marvel of the drowsie waiting woman, who was never twice troubled in a night before. The King being in Bed, whereas always till then, his resort to the Queen, was altogether in sadness and melancholy, both coming and departing, without speaking one word: Now his Majesty was become more pleasantly disposed, wherat the Queen began not a little to mar-



vel. Now trust me Sir, quoth she, this hath been a long wished, and now most welcome alteration, vouchsafing twice in a night to visit me, and both within the compass of one Hour; for it cannot be much more, since your being here, and now coming again.

The King hearing these words, suddenly presumed, that by some Counterfeit person or other, the Queen had been this night beguiled: Wherefore (very advisedly) he considered, that in regard the party was unknown to her, and all the Women about her, to make no outward appearance of knowing it, but rather concealed it to himself. Far from the indiscretion of some Hare-brained men, who presently would have answered and sworn; I came not hither this night, till now. Whereupon many dangers might ensue, to the dishonour and prejudice of the Queen: beside, her Errour being discovered to her, might afterward be an occasion, to urge a wandering in her Appetite, and to covet after change again. But by this silence, no shame redounded to him or her, whereas Prating, must needs be the publisher of open Infamy: yet was he much vexed in his mind, which neither by looks or words he would discover, but pleasantly said to the Queen, Why Madam, although I was once here before to night, I hope you will like not my second seeing you, nor if I should please to come again. No truly Sir, quoth she, I only desire you to take care of your health. Well, said the King, I will follow your counsel, and now return to mine own Lodging again, committing my Queen to her good rest.

His Blood boiling with rage and dislemper, by such a monstrous injury offered him; he wrapt his Night-mantle about him, and leaving his Chamber, imagining, that whatsoever he was, needs he must be one of his own House: he took a Light in his hand, and conveyed it into a little Lanthorn, purposing to be resolved in his suspicion. No Guests or Strangers were now in the Court, but only such as belonged to his Household, who lodged all together about the Escury and Stables, being there appointed to divers Beds. Now this was his conceit, that whosoever had been so lately familiar with the Queen, his Heart and his Pulse could (as yet) be hardly at rest, but rather would be troubled with apparent agitation, as discovering the guilt of so great an Offender. Many Chambers had he passed thorow, where all were soundly sleeping, and yet he felt both their Breasts and Pulses.

At last he came to the Lodging of the man indeed, that had so impudently usurped his place, who could not as yet sleep, for joy of his achieved adventure. When he espied the King come in, knowing well the occasion of his search, he began to wax very doubtful, so that his Heart and Pulse beating extremely, he felt a further addition of fear, as being confidently persuaded, that there was no other way but death, especially if the King discovered his Agony. And although many considerations were in his Brain, yet because he saw the King was unarmed, his best refuge was, to make shew of sleep, in expectation what the King intended to do. Among them all he had sought, yet could not find any likelihood, whereby to gather a grounded probability, until he came to this Querry, whose Heart and Pulse laboured so strongly, that he said to himself, yea marry, this is the man that did the deed.

Nevertheless, purposing to make no appearance of his further intention, he did nothing else to him, but drawing forth a pair of Shears which purposely he brought thither with him, he clipped away a part of his Lock, which (in those times) they used to wear very long, to the end that he might the better know him the next Morning, and so returned back to his Lodging again. The Querry, who partly saw, but felt what was done to him; perceived plainly (being a subtil ingenious Fellow) for what intent he was thus marked. Wherefore, without any longer dallying, up he rose, and taking a pair of Shears, wherewith they used to trim their Hortes, softly he went from Bed to Bed, where they all lay yet soundly sleeping, and clip away each mans Lock from his right Ear, in the self same manner as the King had done his, and being not perceived by any one of them, quietly he laid him down again.

In the Morning, when the King was risen, he gave command that before the Palace Gates were opened, all his whole Family should come before him, as instantly his will was fulfilled. Standing all uncovered in his presence, he began to consider with himself, which of them was the man that he had marked: And seeing the most part of them to have their Locks cut, and after one and the self same



same manner, marveling greatly, he said to himself. The man whom I seek for though he be but of mean and base condition, yet it plainly appeareth, that he is of no deject or common understanding. And seeing, that without further clamour and noise, he could not find out the party he looked for, he concluded, not to win eternal shame, by compassing a poor revenge: but rather (by way of admonition) to let the offender know in a word; that he was both noted and observed. So turning to them all, he said; He that hath done it, let him be silent, and do so no more, and now depart about your business.

Some other turbulent spirited man, no imprisonments, tortures, examinations, and interrogations, could have served his turn; by which course of proceeding, he makes the shame to be publickly known, which reason requireth to keep concealed. But admit that condign vengeance were taken, it diminisheth not one title of the shame, neither qualifyeth the peoples bad affections, who will last out as liberally in scandal, and upon the very least babling rumor. Such therefore as heard the King's words, few though they were, yet truly wise; marvelled much at them, and by long examinations among themselves, questioned, but came far short of his meaning; the man only excepted whom indeed they concerned, and by whom they were never discovered, so long as the King lived, neither did he dare at any time after, to hazard his life in the like action, under the frowns or the favour of Fortune.

*Under colour of confession, and of a most pure conscience, a fair young Gentlewoman being amorously affected to an honest man, induced a devout and solemn religious Friar to advise her in the means (without his suspicion or perceiving) how to enjoy the benefit of her friend, and bring her desires to their full effect.*

### The Third N O V E L.

*Declaring that the lewd qualities of some persons, oftentimes misguide good People into great and grievous errors.*

**W**Hen Madam Pampinea sate silent, and the Querries boldness equalled with his crafty cunning, and great wisdom in the King had passed amongst them with a general applause; the Queen turning herself to Madam Philomena, appointed her to follow next in order, as the rest had done before her: whereupon Philomena began after this manner.

It is my purpose, to acquaint you with a notable mockery which was performed (not in jest, but earnest) by a fair Gentlewoman, to a grave and devout religious Friar, which will yield so much the more pleasure and recreation, to every secular understander, if but diligently he or she do observe, how commonly those religious persons (at least the most part of them) like notorious fools, are the inventers of new courses and customs, as thinking themselves more wise and skillful in all things, than any other; yet prove to be of no worth or validity, adicting the very best of all their devices, to express their own vileness of mind, and fatten themselves in their styes like to pampered swine. And assure your selves worthy Ladies, that I do not tell this Tale only to follow the order enjoyned me; but also to inform you, that such Saint-like holy Sirs, of whom we are too opinionate and credulous, may be, yea and are (divers times) cunningly met withal in their craftins, not only by men, but likewise some of our own sex, as I shall make it apparent to you.

In our own City (more full of craft and deceit, than love or faithful dealing) there lived not many years since, a Gentlewoman of good spirit, highly minded, endued with beauty, and all commendable qualities, as any other woman (by nature) could be. Her name, or any others, concerned in this Novel; I mean not to make manifest, albeit I know them, because some are yet living, and thereby may be scandalized; and therefore it shall suffice to pass them over with a smile. This Gentlewoman, seeing herself to be descended of very great parentage, and (by chance) married to an Artizan, a Clothier or Draper, that lived by the making and selling of cloth; She could not (because he was a Tradesman) take down the height of her mind; conceiving,



that no man of mean condition (how rich soever) was worthy to enjoy a Gentlewoman in marriage. Observing that with all his Wealth and treasure, he understood nothing better, than to open skeins of yarn, oversee weaving, fill shuttles, lay webbs in his Looms, or dispute with his Spinsters, about their business.

Being thus overswayed with her proud opinion, she would no longer be embraced or regarded by him in any manner, saving only because she could not refuse him, but would find some other for her better satisfaction, who might seem more worthy of her respect, than the Draper her Husband did. Hereupon she fell so deeply in love with a very honest man of our City also, and of indifferent years, as what day she saw him not, she could take no rest the night ensuing. The man himself knew nothing hereof, and therefore was the more careless: and she being curious, nice, yet wisely considerate, durst not let him understand it, neither by any Womans close conveyed message, nor yet by Letters, as fearing the perils which happen in such cases: but her eye observing his daily walks and resorts, gave her notice of his often conversing with a religious Friar, who albeit he was a fat and corpulent man, yet notwithstanding, because he seemed to lead a sanctimonious life, and was reported to be a most honest man; she perswaded her self, that he might be the best means between her and her Friend.

Having considered with her self, what course was best to be observed in this case; upon a day apt and convenient, she went to the Convent where he kept, and having caused him to be called, she told him, that if his leisure so served very gladly would she be confessed, and only had made her choice of him. The holy man seeing her to be a Gentlewoman (as indeed she was) willingly heard her; and when she had confessed what she could, she had yet another matter to acquaint him withal, and thereupon thus began.

Holy Father, it is no more than convenient that I should have recourse to you, to be assisted by your help and counsel, in a matter which I will impart unto you. I know, that you are not ignorant of my parents and Husband, of whom I am affected as dearly as his life, for proof whereof, there is not any thing that I can desire, but immediately I have it of him, he being a rich man, and may very sufficiently afford it. In regard whereof, I love him equally as my self, and (setting aside my best endeavours for him) I must tell you one thing quite contrary to his liking and honour: no Woman could more worthily deserve death, than my self. Understanding then (good Father) that there is a man, whose name I know not, but he seemeth to be honest, and of good worth; moreover (if I am not deceived) he resorteth oftentimes to you, being fair and comely of person, going always in black garments of good price and value. This man, imagining (perhaps) no such mind in me, as truly there is, hath often attempted me, and never can I be at my door, or window, but he is always present in my sight, which is not a little displeasing to me; he watcheth my walks, and much I marvel, that he is not now here.

Let me tell you holy Sir, that such behaviours do many times lay bad imputations upon very honest women, yet without any offence in them. It hath often run in my mind, to let him have knowledg thereof by my brethren: but afterward I considered, that men (many times) deliver messages in such sort, as draw on very ungentle answers, whereon grow words, and words beget actions. In which regard, because no harm or scandal should ensue, I thought it best to be silent; determining to acquaint you rather therewith, than any other, as well because you seem to be his friend, as also in regard of your office, which priviledgeth you to correct such abuses, not only in friends, but also in strangers. Enough other Women there are, (more is the pity) who perhaps are better disposed to such suits than I am, and can both like and allow of such courting, otherwise than I can do; as being willing to embrace such offers, and (happily) loath to yield denial. Wherefore I must humbly entreat you good Father (even for our blessed Ladies sake) that you would give him a friendly reprehension, and advise him to use such unmanly means no more hereafter. With which words, she hung down her head in her bosom, cunningly dissembling, as if she wept, wiping her eyes with her Handkerchief, when not a tear fell from them, but indeed were dry enough.

The holy religious man, so soon as he heard her description of the man, presently



sently knew whom she meant, and highly commending the Gentlewoman for her good and vertuous seeming disposition, believed faithfully all that she had said: promising her, to order the matter so well and discreetly, as she should not any more be offended. And knowing her to be a Woman of great wealth (after all their usual manner, when they cast forth their fishing Nets for gain:) liberally he commendeth Alms-deeds, and daily works of Charity, recounting to her (beside) his own particular necessities. Then, giving him two pieces of Gold, she said: I pray you (good Father) to be mindful of me, and if he chance to make any denial, tell him I spake it my self to you: and by the way of a sad complaint. Her confession being ended, and penance easie enough enjoyned her, she promised to make her parents bountifull Benefactors to the Convent, and put more money into his hand, desiring him in his Masses, to remember the Souls of her deceased friends, and so returned home to her house.

Within a short while after her departure, the Gentleman of whom she had made this counterfeit complaint, came thither, as was his usual manner, and having done his duty to the holy Father, they sate down together privately, falling out of one discourse into another. At the length, the Friar (in very loving and friendly sort) mildly reprov'd him for such amorous glaunces, and other pursuits, which (as he thought) he daily used to the Gentlewoman, according to her own speeches. The Gentleman marvelled greatly thereat, as one that had never seen her, and very seldom passed by the way where she dwelt, which made him the bolder in his answers; wherein the Confessor interrupting him said: Never make such admiration at the matter, neither wast more words in denial, because they cannot serve thy turn; I tell thee plainly, I heard these words even from her own self, in a very sorrowful and sad complaint. And though (perhaps) hereafter, thou canst very hardly refrain such follies; yet let me tell thee so much of her (and under the seal of absolute assurance) that she is the only Woman of the World, who to my judgment, doth abhor all such base behaviour. In regard therefore of thine own honour; as also not to vex and prejudice so vertuous a Gentlewoman, I pray thee refrain such idleness henceforward, and suffer her to live in peace.

The Gentleman being a little wiser than his ghostly Father, perceived immediately, the notable policy of the Woman. Whereupon, making somewhat bashful appearance of any error already committed, he said; He would afterward be better advised. So departing from the Friar he went on directly to pass by the house where the Gentlewoman dwelt, and she stood always ready on her watch, at a little window, to observe when he would take that way. And seeing him coming, she shewed herself so joyful and gracious to him, as he easily understood, whereto the substance of the holy Fathers chiding tended. And from that time forward, he used daily, though in covert manner (to the no little liking of the Gentlewoman and himself) to make his passage through that street, under colour of some important occasions there concerning him.

Soon after, it being plainly discerned on either side, that the one was as well contented with these walks, as the other could be: she desired to enflame him a little further, by a more liberal illustration of her affection towards him, when time and place afforded convenient opportunity. To the holy Father again she went, (for she had been too long from shrift) and kneeling down at his feet, intended to begin her confession in tears; which the Friar perceiving, sorrowfully demanded of her; what new accident had happened? Holy Father (quoth she) no novel accident, but only your wicked and ungracious friend, by whom (since I was here with you, yea, no longer ago than yesterday) I have been so wronged, as I verily believe that he was born to be my mortal Enemy, and to make me do something to my disgrace for ever; and whereby I shall not dare to be seen any more of you my dear Father. How is this? answered the Friar, hath he not refrained from afflicting you so abusively?

Pausing a while, and breathing forth many dissembling sighs, thus she replied. No truly, holy Father, there is no likelihood of his abstaining; for since I made my complaint to you, he belike taking it in evil part, to be contraried in his wanton humours, hath (meerly in despight) walked seven times in a day by my door, whereas formerly he never used it above once or twice. And well were it (good Father) if he could be content with those walks, and gazing glances which he darts at me: but he grows so bold and shameless, that



that even yesterday, (as I told you) he sent a Woman to me, one of his Pandoræes as it appeared, and as if I had wanted either Purfes or Girdles, he sent me by her a Purfe and a Girdle. Whereat I grew so grievously offended, as had it not been for my due respect and fear of God, and next the sacred reverence I bare to you my ghostly Father, doubtless I had done some wicked deed. Nevertheless, happily I withstood it, and will neither say or do any thing in this case, till first I have made it known to you.

Then I called to mind, that having delivered the Purfe and Girdle to his she-messenger, which brought them, with looks sufficient to declare my discontentment: I called her back again, fearing lest she would keep them to herself, and make him believe that I had received them, (as I have heard such kind of Women use to do sometimes:) and in an anger I snatcht them from her, and have brought them to you, to the end, that you may give him them again; and tell him, I have no need of any such things, thanks be to Heaven and my Husband, as no Woman can be better stored than I am. Wherefore good Father, purposely am I now come to you, to let him know, that if he will not abstain from thus molesting me, I will disclose it to my Husband, Father, and Brethren, whatsoever befall. For I had rather he should receive the injury, than I to be causelessly blamed for him; wherein good Father tell me, if I do not well. With many counterfeit sobs, sighs, and tears, these words were delivered: and drawing forth from under her gown, a very fair and rich Purfe, as also a Purfe of great worth, she threw them into the Friars lap.

He verily believing all these false reports, being troubled in his mind beyond measure, took the Gentlewoman by the hand, saying: Daughter, if thou be offended at these impudent follies, assuredly I cannot blame thee, nor will any wise man reprove thee for it; and I commend thee for following my counsel. But let me alone for schooling my Gentleman, ill hath he kept his promise made to me: wherefore, in regard of his former offence, as also this other so lately committed, I hope to set him in such a heat, as shall make him leave off from injuring thee. Suffer not thy self to be conquered by choler, in disclosing this to thy kindred or Husband, because too much harm may ensue thereon. But fear not any wrong to thy self, for I am a true witness of thy honesty and vertue.

Now began she to be better comforted, and forbearing to play on this string any longer, as well knowing the covetousness of him and his equals, she said: Holy Father some few nights past, me thought in my sleep, that divers spirits of my kindred appeared to me in a vision, who me thought were in very great pains, and desired nothing else but Almes; especially my Godmother, who seemed to be afflicted with such extream poverty, that it was most pitiful to behold. And I am half perswaded, that her torments are the greater, seeing me troubled with such an enemy to goodness. Wherefore (good Father) to deliver her soul and the others out of those fearful flames, among your infinite other devout prayers, I would have you to say the forty Masses of *S. Gregory*, as a means for their happy deliverance; and so she put ten duckets into his hand. Which the holy man accepted thankfully, and with good words, as also many singular examples, confirmed her bountiful devotion: and when he had given her his benediction, home she departed.

After that the Gentlewoman was gone, he sent for his friend, whom she so much seemed to be troubled withal; and when he was come, he beholding his holy Father to look discontentedly, thought, that now he should hear some news from his Mistress, and therefore expected what he would say. The Fryar, falling into the course of his former reprehensions, but yet in more rough and impatient manner, sharply chekt him for his immodest behaviour towards the Gentlewoman, in sending her the Purfe and Girdle. The Gentleman, who as yet could not guess whereto his speeches tended; somewhat coldly and temperately, denied the sending of such tokens to her, to the end that he would not be utterly discredited with the good man, if so be the Gentlewoman had shown him any such things. But then the Fryar, waxing much more angry, sternly said: Bad man as thou art, how canst thou deny a manifest truth? See sir, these are none of your amorous tokens? No, I am sure you do not know them, nor ever saw them till now.

The Gentleman, seeming as if he were much ashamed, said, Truly Father I do



do know them, and confess that I have done ill, and very greatly offended: but now I will swear unto you, seeing I understand how firmly she is affected, that you shall never hear any more complaint of me. Such were his vows and protestations, as in the end the ghostly Father gave him both the Purse and the Girdle: then after he had preached, and severely conjured him, never more to vex her with any gifts at all, and he binding himself thereto by a solemn promise, he gave him license to depart. Now grew the Gentleman very jocond, being so surely certified of his Mistress's love, and by tokens of such worthy esteem; wherefore no sooner was he gone from the Friar, but he went into such a secret place, where he could let her behold at her window what precious tokens he had received from her, whereof she was extraordinary joyful, because her devices grew still better and better; nothing now wanting but her Husband's absence, upon some journey from the City, for the full effecting of her desire.

Within a few days after, such an occasion happened, as her Husband of necessity must journey to *Geneway*; and no sooner was he mounted on horseback, taking leave of her, and all his friends, but she, being sure he was gone, went with all hast to her ghostly Father; and, after a few feigned outward shews, thus she spake. I must now plainly tell you, holy Father, that I can no longer endure this wicked friend of yours; but because I promised you the other day, that I would not do any thing, before I had your counsel therein, I am come now to tell you the just reason of my anger, and full purpose to avoid all further molestations.

Your friend I cannot term him, but (questionless) a very devil of Hell: this morning, before the break of day, having heard (but how, I know not) that my Husband was ridden to *Geneway*: got over the wall into my Garden, and climbing up a tree which standeth close before my Chamber window, when I was fast asleep, opened the Casement, and would have entred in at the window. But, by great good fortune, I awaked, and made shew of an open out-cry: but that he intreated me, both for Gods sake and yours, to pardon him this error, and never after he would presume any more to offend me. When he saw (that for your sake) I was silent, he closed fast the window again, departed as he came, and since I never saw him, or heard any tidings of him. Now judge you, holy Father, whether these be honest courses, or no, and to be endured by any civil Gentlewoman, neither would I be so patient, but only in my dutiful reverence to you.

The ghostly Father hearing this, became the sorrowfullest man in the World, not knowing how to make her an answer, but only demanded of her divers times, whether she knew him so perfectly that she did not mistake him for some other? Quoth she, I would I did not know him from any other. Alas dear Daughter (replied the Friar) what can more be said in this case, but that it was over-much boldness, and very ill done, and thou shewedst thy self a worthy wise Woman, in sending him away so mercifully, as thou didst. Once more I would entreat thee (dear Daughter) seeing grace hath hitherto kept thee from dishonour, and twice already thou hast credited my counsel, let me now advise thee this last time. Spare speech, or complaining to any other of thy friends, and leave it to me, to try if I can overcome this unchained devil, whom I took to be much a more holy man. If I can recal him from this sensual appetite, I shall account my labour well employed; but if I cannot do, henceforward (with my blessed benediction) I give thee leave to do even what thy heart will best tutor thee to. You see Sir (said she) what manner of man he is, yet would I not have you troubled or disobeyed, only I desire to live without disturbance, which work (I beseech you) as best you may: for I promise you, good Father, never to sollicite you more upon this occasion. And so in a pretended rage she returned back from the ghostly Father.

Scarcely was she gone forth of the Church, but in cometh the man that had supposedly so much transgressed; and the Friar taking him aside, gave him the most injurious words that could be used to a man, as disloyal, perjured, and a Traytor. He who had formerly twice perceived how high the holy mans anger mounted, did nothing but expect what he would say; and, like a man extremely perplexed, strove how to get it from him, saying: Holy Father, how come you to be so heinously offended? What have I done to incense you so strangely? Hear me, dishonest wretch, answered the Friar, listen



listen to what I shall say unto thee. Thou answerest me as if it were a year or two past, since so foul abuses were by thee committed, and they almost quite out of thy remembrance. But tell me, wicked man, where wast thou this morning, before break of the day? Wheresoever I was replied the Gentleman, me thinks the tydings come very quickly to you. It is true, said the Friar, they are speedily come to me indeed, and upon urgent necessity.

After a little curbing of his wrath, somewhat in a milder strain, thus he proceeded: Because the Gentlewomans Husband is journeyed to *Geneway*, proves this a ladder to your hope, that to embrace her in your arms, you must climb over the Garden wall, like a treacherous robber in the night season, mount up a tree before her Chamber window, open the Casement, and hoping to compass that by opportunity, which her spotless chastity will never permit. There is nothing in the World, that possibly she can hate more than you; and yet you will love her whether she will or no. Many demonstrations her self hath made to you, how retrograde you are to any good conceit of her, and my loving admonishments might have had better success in you, than as yet they shew of outward appearance. But one thing I must tell you, her silent sufferance of your injuries all this while, hath not been in any respect of you, but at my earnest entreaties, and for my sake. But now she will be patient no longer, and I have given her free license, if ever hereafter you offer to attempt her any more, to make her complaint before her brethren, which will redound to your no mean danger.

The Gentleman, having wisely collected his Love-lesson out of the holy Fathers angry words, pacified the good old man so well as he could, with very solemn promises and protestations, that he should hear (no more) any misbehaviour of his. And being gone from him, followed the instructions given in her complaint, by climbing over the Garden wall, ascending the Tree, and entering at the Casement, standing ready open to welcome him. Thus the Friar's simplicity, wrought on by her most ingenious subtilty, made way to obtain both their longing desires.

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*A young Scholar, named Felice, instructed Puccio di Rinieri, how to become rich in a very short time. While Puccio made experience of the instructions taught him, Felice obtained the favour of his Daughter.*

#### THE FOURTH NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, what craft and subtilty some wise wits can devise to deceive the simple, and compass their own desires.*

**A**FTER that *Philomena* had finished her Tale, she sat still; and *Dionens* (with fair and pleasing language) commended the Gentlewomans quaint cunning, but smiling at the Confessors witless simplicity. Then the Queen, turning with chearful looks towards *Pamphilus*, commanded him to continue on their delight, who gladly yielded, and thus began. Madam, many men there are, who while they strive to climb from a good estate, to a seeming better, do become in much worse condition than they were before. As hapned to a neighbour of ours, and no long time since, as the accident will better acquaint you withal.

According as I have heard it reported, near to *Saint Brancazio*, there dwelt an honest man, and somewhat rich, who was called *Puccio de Rinieri*, and who adicted all his pains and endeavours to Alchimy: wherefore, he kept no other Family, but only a widowed Daughter, and a servant, and because he had no other Art or exercise, he used often to frequent the Market-place. And in regard he was but a weak-witted man, and a gormand or grots feeder, his language was the more harsh and rude; like to our common Porters or sottish men; and his carriage also absurd, boar-like and clownish. His Daughter, being named *Monna Isabetta*, aged not above eight and twenty, or thirty years; was a fresh, indifferent fair, plump, round Woman, cherry-check'd, like a Queen-apple; and, to please her Father, fed not so sparingly, as otherwise she would have done; but



but when she communed or jested with any body, she would talk of nothing, but only concerning the great vertue in Alchimy, extolling it above all Arts.

Much about this season of the year, there returned a young Scholar from *Paris*, named *Felice*, fair of complexion, comely of person, ingeniously witted, and skilfully learned, who (soon after) grew into familiarity with *Puccio*: now because he could resolve him in many doubts, depending on profession of Alchimy, (himself having only practice, but no great learning) he used many questions to him, shewed him very especial matters of secrecie, entertaining him often to dinners and suppers, whensoever he pleased to come and converse with him; and his Daughter likewise, perceiving with what favour her Father respected him, became the more familiar with him, allowing him good regard and reverence.

The young man continuing his resort to the house of *Puccio*, and observing the Widow to be fair, fresh, and prettily formal; he began to consider with himself what those things could be, wherein she was most wanting; and (if he could) to save anothers labour, supply them by his best endeavours. Thus not always, carrying his eyes before him, but using many back and circumspect regards, he proceeded so far in his wily apprehensions, that (by a few sparks close kept together) he kindled part of the same fire in her, which became to flame apparently in him. And he very wittily observing the same, as occasion first smiled on him, and allowed him favourable opportunity, so did he impart his intention to her. Now albeit he found her plyant enough, to gain Physick for her own grief, as soon as his; yet the means and manner were (as yet) out of all apprehension. For she in no other part of the World, would trust her self in the young mans company, but only in her Fathers house, and that was a place out of all possibility, because *Puccio* (by a long continued custom) used to watch well-near all the night, as commonly he did, each night after other, never stirring forth of the rooms, which much abated the edge of the young mans appetite. After infinite intricate revolvings, wheeling about his busied brain, he thought it not altogether an *Herculean* task to enjoy his happiness in the house, and without any suspicion, albeit *Puccio* kept still within doors, and watched as he was wont to do.

Upon a day as he sate in familiar conference with *Puccio*, he began to speak unto him in this manner; I have many times noted, kind friend *Puccio*, that all thy desire and endeavour is, by what means thou mayest become rich, wherein (me think) thou takest too wide a course, when there is a much nearer and shorter way, which *Miguel Scotus*, and other his associates, very diligently observed and followed, yet were never willing to instruct other men therein, whereby the mystery might be drowned in oblivion; and prosecuted by none but only great Lords, that are able to undergo it. But because thou art mine especial friend, and I have received from thee infinite kind favours; whereas I never intended, that any man (by me) should be acquainted with so rare a secret; if thou wilt imitate the course as I shall shew thee, I purpose to teach it thee in full perfection. *Puccio* being very earnestly desirous to understand the speediest way to so singular a Mystery, first began to entreat him (with no mean instance) to acquaint him with the rules of so rich a Science, and afterward sware unto him never to disclose it to any person, except he gave his consent thereto; affirming beside, that it was a rarity not easie to be comprehended by very apprehensive judgments. Well (quoth *Felice*) seeing thou hast made me such a found and solemn promise, I will make it known unto thee.

Know then, friend *Puccio*, the Philosophers do hold, that such as covet to become rich indeed, must understand how to make the Stone: as I will tell thee how, but mark the manner very heedfully. I do not say, nor mean, that after the Stone is obtained, thou shalt be even as rich as now thou art; but thou shalt plainly perceive, that the very grossest substances, which hitherto thou hast seen, all of them shall be made pure gold: and such as afterward thou makest, shall be more certain, than to go or come with *Aqua fortis*, as now they do. Most expedient is it therefore, that when a man will go diligently about this business, and purposeth to prosecute such a singular labour, which will and must continue for the space of Forty nights, he must give very careful attendance, wholly abstaining from sleep, slumbring, or so much as nodding all that while.

Moreover, in some apt and convenient place of thy house, there must be a



forge or furnace erected, framed in decent and formal fashion, and near it a large table placed, ordered in such sort, as standing upright on thy feet, and leaning the reins of thy back against it, thou mayest stand stedfastly in that manner every night, without the least motion or stirring, until the break of day appeareth, and thine eyes still upon the Furnace fixed, to keep ever in memory, the true order which I have prescribed. So soon as the morning is seen, thou mayest (if thou wilt) walk, or rest a little upon thy bed, and afterward go about thy business, if thou have any. Then go to dinner, attending readily till the evenings approach, preparing such things as I will readily set thee down in writing, without which there is not any thing to be done; and then return to the same task again, not varying a jot from the course directed. Before the time be fully expired, thou shalt perceive many apparent signs, that the Stone is still in absolute forwardness, but it will be utterly lost if thou fail in the least of all the observances. And when the experience hath crowned thy labour, thou art sure to have the Philosophers Stone, and thereby shalt be able to enrich, and work wonders beside.

*Puccio* instantly replied: Now trust me Sir, there is no great difficulty in this labour, neither doth it require any extraordinary length of time: but it may very easily be followed and performed, and (by your friendly favour, in helping to direct the Furnace and Table, according as you imagin most convenient) on Sunday at night next, I will begin my task. The Scholar being gone, he went to his Daughter, and told her all the matter, and what he had determined to do: which she immediately understood sufficiently, and what would ensue on his nightly watching in that manner, returning him answer; that whatsoever he liked and allowed of, it became not her way to mislike. Thus they continued in this kind concordance, till Sunday night came. When *Puccio* was to begin his experience, and *Felice* to set forward upon his adventure. Concluded it was, that every night the Scholar must come to Supper, partly to be a witness of his constant performance, but more especially for his own advantage.

The place which *Puccio* had chosen, for his hopeful attaining to the Philosophers Stone, was close to the Chamber where his Daughter lay, having no other separation or division, but an old tottering Wall. So that, when the Scholar was playing his prize, *Puccio* heard an unwonted noise in the house, which he had never observed before, neither knew the Wall to have any such motion: wherefore, not daring to stir from his standing, lest all should be marr'd in the very beginning, he called to his Daughter, demanding what business she was about? The Widow, being much addicted to frumping, according as questions were demanded of her, and (perhaps) forgetting who spake to her, pleasantly replied: Whoop Sir, where are we now? Are the Spirits of Alchemy walking in the house, that we cannot lie quietly in our beds.

*Puccio* marvelling at this answer, knowing she never gave him the like before; demanded again, what she did? The subtle Wench, remembering that she had not answered as became her, said: Pardon me Father, my wits were not mine own, when you demanded such a sudden question; and I have heard you say an hundred times, that when folk go supperless to bed, either they walk in their sleep, or being awake, talk very idly, as (no doubt) you have discern'd by me. Nay Daughter (quoth he) it may be, that I was in a waking dream, and thought I heard the old Wall totter: but I see I was deceived, but now it is quiet and still enough. Talk no more good Father, said she, lest you stir from your place, and hinder your labour: take no care for me, I am able enough to have a care of my self.

To prevent any more of these nightly disturbances, they went to lodg in another part of the house, where they continued out the time of *Puccio's* pains, with equal contentment to them both, which made her divers times say to *Felice*: You teach my Father the chief grounds of Alchemy, while we help to waste away his treasure. Thus the Scholar being but poor, yet well forwarded in learning, made use of *Puccio's* folly, and found benefit thereby, to keep out of wants, which is the bane and overthrow of numberless good wits. And *Puccio* dying, before the date of his limited time, because he failed of the Philosophers Stone, *Isabella* joyned in marriage with *Felice*, to make him amends for instructing her Father, by which means he came to be her Husband.



Ricciardo surnamed the Magnifico, gave a Horse to Signiour Francesco Virgillisi, on condition that he might speak to his Wife in his presence; which he did: and she not returning him any answer, made answer to himself on her behalf, and according to his answer, so the effect followed.

The Fifth N O V E L.

Wherein is described the frailty of some Women, and folly of such Husbands, as leave them alone to their own disposition.

**P**Amphilus having ended his Novel of Puccio the Alchymist, the Queen fixing her eye upon Madam Eliza, gave order that she should succeed. She looking somewhat more austere than any of the rest, not in any spleen, but as it was her usual manner, thus began: The World containeth some particular people, who believe (because they know something) that others are ignorant in all things, who for the most part, while they intend to make a scorn of other men, upon tryal, find themselves to carry away the scorn. Therefore, I account it no mean folly in them, who (upon no occasion) will tempt the power of another mans wit or experience. But because all men and women are of my opinion; I mean that you shall perceive it more apparently by an accident hapning to a Knight of Pistoia, as you shall hear by me related.

In the Town of Pistoia, bordering upon Florence, there lived not long since a Knight, named Signiour Francesco, descended of the lineage or family of the Virgillisi, a man very rich, wise, and in many things provident; but grapple, covetous, and too close handed, without respect to his worth and reputation. He being called to the Office of Podesta, in the City of Millain, furnished himself with all things (in honourable manner) becoming such a charge; only a comely horse (for his own saddle) excepted, which he knew not by any means how to compass, so loth he was to lay out mony, albeit his credit much depended thereon.

At the same time, there lived in Pistoia likewise, a young man, named Ricciardo, derived of mean birth, but very wealthy, quick witted, and of commendable person, always going so neat, fine, and formal in his apparel, that he was generally termed the Magnifico, who had long time affected, yea, and closely courted, (though without any advantage or success) the Lady and Wife of Signiour Francesco, who was very beautiful, vertuous, and chaste. It so chanced, that this Magnifico had the very choicest and goodliest ambling Gelding in all Tuscany, which he loved dearly, for his fair form, and other good parts. Upon a flying rumor throughout Pistoia, that he daily made love to the aforesaid Lady, some busie-body put it into the head of Signiour Francesco, that if he pleased to request the Gelding, the Magnifico would frankly give it him, in regard of the love he bare to his Wife.

This base-minded Knight, coveting to have the horse, and yet not to part with any mony, sent to the Magnifico, desiring to buy his fair Gelding of him, because he hoped to have him of free gift. The Magnifico hearing of this request, was very joyful, and thus answered; Sir, if you would give me all the wealth which you possess in the World, I will not sell you my horse, rather I will bestow him on you as a Gentlemans gift: but yet upon this condition, that before you have him delivered, I may with your license, and in your presence, speak a few words to your vertuous Lady, so far off in distance from you, as I may not be heard by any, but only her self. Signiour Francesco wholly conducted by his base avaricious desire, and meaning to make a scorn at the Magnifico, made answer, that he was well contented to let him speak with her when he would; and leaving him in the great Hall of the house, went forthwith directly to his Wives Chamber, and told her how easily he might enjoy the horse, commanding her forthwith to come and hear what he could say to her, only she should abstain, and not return him answer. The Lady with a modest blush, much condemned this folly in him, that his covetousness should serve as a cloak to cover any unfitting speeches, which her chaste ears could



never endure to hear. Nevertheless, being to obey her Husbands will, She promised to do it, and followed him down into the Hall, to hear what the *Magnifico* would say. Again, he there confirmed the Bargain made with her Husband, and sitting down in a corner of the Hall, far enough off from any ones hearing, taking her courteously by the hand, thus he spake.

Worthy Lady, it seemeth to me, that you are so truly wise, as no doubt you have long since perceived, what unfeigned affection your Beauty (far excellling) hath compelled me to bear you. Setting aside those commendable Qualities and singular Vertues gloriously shining in you, and powerful enough to make a conquest of the stoutest Courage: I held it utterly needless to let you understand by words, how faithful the love is I bear you, were it not much more fervent and constant, then ever any other man can expresse to a woman. In which condition it shall still continue, without the least blemish, or impair, so long as I enjoy Life or motion; yea, and I dare assure you, that if in the future World, affection may contain the same powerful dominion, as it doth in this, I am the man born to love you perpetually. Whereby you may rest confidently persuaded, that you enjoy not any thing, how poor or precious soever it be, which you can so solemnly account to be your own, and in the truest title of right, as you may my self, in all that I have, or for ever shall be mine.

To confirm your opinion in this case by any Argument of greater power, let me tell you, that I should repute it as my fairest and most gracious fortune, if you would command me some such Service, as consisteth in mine Ability to perform, and in your courteous favour to accept, yea, if it were to Travel thorow the whole World, right willing I am, and obedient. In which regard, fair Madam, if I be so much yours, as you hear I am, I may boldly adventure (and not without good reason) to acquaint your chaste Ears with my earnest desires; for on you only depends my Happiness, Life, and absolute Comfort, and as your most humble Servant, I beseech you (my dearest Good, and sole hope of my Soul) that rigour may dwell no longer in your gentle Brest, but Lady-like pity and compassion, whereby I shall say, that as your divine Beauty enflamed mine Affections, even so it extended such a merciful qualification, as exceeded all my hope, but not the half part of your pity.

Admit (Miracle of Ladies) that I should die in this distress: Alas, my death would be but your dishonour; I cannot be termed mine own Murtherer, when the Dart came from your own Eye that did it, and must remain a witness of your Rigour. You cannot then chuse but call to mind, and say within your own soul: Alas, what a sin have I committed, in being so unmerciful to my *Magnifico*. Repentance then serves to no purpose, but you must answer for such unkind cruelty. Wherefore to prevent so black a scandal to your Beauty, beside the ceaseless acclamations which will dog your walks in the day time, and break your quiet sleeps in the night season, with fearful sights and ghastly Apparitions, hovering and haunting about your Bed; let all these move you to mild mercy, and spill not Life when you may save it.

So the *Magnifico* ceasing, with tears streaming from his Eyes, and sighs from his Heart, he sat still in expectation of the Ladies answer, who made neither long nor short of the matter, neither Tilts nor Tourneying, nor many lost Mornings and Evenings, nor infinite other such like Offices, which the *Magnifico* (for her sake) from time to time had spent in vain, without the least shew of acceptance, or any hope at all to win her Love: moved now in this very Hour, by these solemn Protestations, or rather most prevailing Asseverations, she began to find that in her, which (before) she never felt, namely Love: And although (to keep her promise made to her Husband) she spake not a word, yet her Heart heaving, her Soul throbbing, sighs intermixing, and Complexion altering, could not hide, nor any whit conceal her intended answer to the *Magnifico*, if promise had been no hinderance to her will. All this while the *Magnifico* sat as mute as she, and seeing she would not give him any answer at all, he could not chuse but wonder thereat, yet at length perceived that it was thus cunningly contrived by her Husband. Notwithstanding, observing well her Countenance, that it was in a quite contrary temper, another kind of fire sparkling in her Eye, other Humors flowing, her Pulses strongly beating, her Stomach rising, and sighs swelling, all these were arguments of a change, and motives to advance his hope. Taking courage by this ticklish persuasion, and instructing his mind with a new kind of counsel,



counsel, he would needs answer himself on her behalf, and as if she had uttered the words, thus he spake.

*Magnifico*, and my friend, surely it is a long time since, when I first noted thine affection toward me to be very great, and most perfect, but now I am much more certain thereof, by thine own honest and gentle Speeches, which content me as they ought to do. Nevertheless, if heretofore I have seemed cruel and unkind to thee, I would not have thee think, that my heart was any way guilty of my outward severity, but did evermore love thee, and held thee dearer than any man living. But yet it became me to do so, as well in fear of others, as for the renown of mine own reputation. But now is the time at hand, to let thee know more clearly, whether I do affect thee or no; as a just guerdon of thy constant love which long thou hast, and still dost bear to me. Wherefore comfort thy self, and dwell on this undoubted hope, because Signior *Francesco* my Husband, is to be absent from hence for many days, being chosen *Podesta* at *Millain*, as thou canst not chuse but hear, for it is common through the Country.

I know (for my sake) thou hast given him thy goodly ambling Gelding, and so soon as he is gone, I promise thee upon my word, and by the faithful love I bear thee; that I will have further conference with thee, and let thee understand somewhat more of my mind. And because this is neither fitting time nor place to discourse on matters of such serious moment: observe hereafter, as a Signal, when thou seest my Crimson Skarfe hanging in the Window of my Chamber, which is upon the Garden side, that evening (so soon as it is night) come to the Garden Gate, with wary respect that no Eye do discover thee, and there thou shalt find me walking, and ready to acquaint thee of other matters, according as I shall find occasion.

When the *Magnifico*, in the person of the Lady, had spoken thus, then he returned her this answer. Most vertuous Lady, my Spirits are so transported with extraordinary joy, for this your gracious and welcome answer, that my Senses fail me, and all my Faculties quite forsake me, that I cannot give you such thanks as I would. And if I could speak equally to my desire, yet the season suites not therewith, neither were it convenient that I should be so troublesome to you. Let me therefore humbly beseech you, that the desire I have to accomplish your will (which words avail not to express) may remain in your kind consideration. And as you have commanded me, so I will not fail to perform it accordingly, and in more thankful manner, than (as yet) I am able to let you know. Now there resteth nothing else to do, but under the protection of your gracious pardon, I to give over speech, and you to attend your worthy Husband.

Notwithstanding all that he had spoken, yet she replied not one word; wherefore the *Magnifico* arose, and returned to the Knight, who went to meet him, saying, in a loud Laughter: How now man? Have I not kept my promise with thee? No Sir, answered the *Magnifico*, for you promised I should speak with your Wife, and you have made me talk to a Marble Statue. This answer was greatly pleasing to the Knight, who although he had an undoubted opinion of his Wife; yet this did strengthen his belief, and he said: Now thou confessest thy Gelding to be mine? I do, replied the *Magnifico*, but if I had thought, that no better success would have ensued on the Bargain, without your motion for the Horse, I would have given him you: and I am sorry that I did not, because now you have bought my Horse, and yet I have not sold him. The Knight laughed heartily at this answer, and being thus provided of so fair a Beast he rode on his Journey to *Millain*, and there entered into his authority of *Podesta*.

The Lady remained now in liberty at Home, considering on the *Magnifico's* words, and likewise the Gelding, which (for her sake) was given to her Husband. Oftentimes she saw him pass to and fro before her Window, still looking when the Flag of Defiance should be hanged forth, that he might fight valiantly under her Colours. The story saith, that among many of her much better meditations, she was heard to talk thus idly to her self. What do I mean? Wherefore is my youth? The old miserable man is gone to *Millain*, and God knoweth when he comes back again, ever, or never. Is Dignity preferred before Wedlocks holy duty, and pleasures abroad, more than comforts at Home? Ill can age pay youths Arrearages, when time is spent, and no hope spared. Actions omitted, are oftentimes repented, but done in due season, they are seldom sorrowed



rowed for. Upon these un-Lady like private consultations, whether the Window shewed the Signal or no, it is no matter belonging to my charge: I say, Husbands are unwise to grant such ill advantages, and Wives much worse if they take hold of them, only judg you the best, and so the Tale is ended.

Ricciardo Minutolo loved the Wife of Philippello Fighinolfi, and knowing her to be very jealous of her Husband, gave her to understand, that he was greatly enamored of his Wife, and had appointed to meet her privately in a Bathing-House on the next day following: where she hoping to take him Tardy with his close compacted Mistris, found her self to be deceived by the said Ricciardo.

### The Sixth N O V E L.

*Declaring, how much Perseverance, and a Courageous Spirit is available in Love.*

**N**O more remained to be spoken by Madam Eliza, but the cunning of the Magnifico, much commended by all the Company: the Queen commanded Madam Fiammetta, to succeed next in order with one of her Novels, who (smiling) made answer that she would, and began thus. Gracious Ladies, me-thinks we have spoken enough already concerning our own City, which as it aboundeth copiously in all Commodities, so it is an Example also to every convenient purpose. And as Madam Eliza hath done, by recounting occasions happening in another World, so must we now leap a little further off, even so far as Naples, to see how one of those Saint-like Dames, that nicely seems to shun Loves allurings, was guided by the good Spirit to a Friend of hers, and tasted of the Fruit before she knew the Flowers. A sufficient warning for you to apprehend beforehand what may follow after, and to let you see beside, that when an Error is committed, how to be discreet in keeping it from publick shame.

In the City of Naples, it being of great Antiquity, and (perhaps) as pleasantly situated, as any other City in all Italy, there dwelt sometime a young Gentleman, of noble Parentage, and well known to be Wealthy, named Ricciardo Minutolo, who, although he had a Gentlewoman of excellent Beauty, and worthy the very kindest affecting, to his Wife, yet his gadding Eye gazing elsewhere, he became enamoured of another, which (in general opinion) surpassed all the Neapolitane Women else, in Feature, Favour, and the choicest Perfections, she being named Madam Catulla, Wife to as gallant a young Gentleman, called Philippello Fighinolfi, whom most dearly he loved beyond all other, for her rare Vertue and admired Chastity.

Ricciardo loving this Madam Catulla, and using all such means whereby the grace and liking of a Lady might be obtained; found it yet a matter beyond possibility, to compass the height of his desire: so that many desperate and dangerous resolutions beleagred his Brain, seeming so intricate and unlikely to afford any hopeful issue, as he wished for nothing more than death. And Death as yet being deaf to all his earnest Imprecations, delayed him on in lingering Afflictions: and continuing still in such an extream condition, he was advised by some of his best Friends, utterly to abstain from this fond pursuit, because his hopes were merely in vain, and Madam Catulla prized nothing more precious to her in the World, than unstained loyalty to her Husband; and yet she lived in such extream jealousy of him, as fearing least some Bird flying in the Air should snatch him from her.

Ricciardo not unacquainted with this her jealous humour, as well by credible hearing thereof, as also by daily observation, began to consider with himself, that it were best for him, to dissemble amorous affection in some other place, and (henceforward) to set aside all hope of ever enjoying the love of Madam Catulla, because he was become the servant of another Gentlewoman, pretending to perform many worthy actions of Arms, Joustes, Tournaments, and all such like noble Exercises, as he was wont to do for Madam Catulla. So that most of the People of Naples, but especially Madam Catulla, became verily persuaded, that his former fruitless love to her was quite changed, and the new elected Lady had all the glory of his best endeavours, persevering so long in this opinion,



opinion, as now it passed absolutely for currant. Thus seemed he now as a meer stranger to her, whose House before he familiarly frequented, yet as a Neighbour gave her the days salutations, according as he chanced to see her or meet her.

It came so to pass, that it being now the delightful Summer Season, when all Gentlemen and Gentlewomen used to meet together (according to a custom long observed in that Country) Sporting along on the Sea Coast, Dining and Supping there very often, *Ricciardo Minutolo* happened to hear, that Madam *Catulla* (with a company of her Friends) intended also to be present there among them; at which time consoorted with a seemly Train of his Confederates, he resorted thither, and was graciously welcomed by Madam *Catulla*, where he pretended no willing long time of tarrying, but that *Catulla* and the other Ladies were fain to intreat him, discoursing of his Love to his new elected Mistress: which *Minutolo* graced with so solemn a Countenance, as it ministred much more matter of Conference, all converting to know what she was.

So far they walked, and held on this kind of Discourfing, as every Lady and Gentlewoman waxing weary of too long a continued Argument, began to separate her self with such an associate as she best liked, and as in such walking Women are wont to do; so that Madam *Catulla*, having few Females left with her, staid behind with *Minutolo*, who suddenly shot forth a word concerning her Husband *Philippello*, and of his loving another Woman beside her self. She that was overmuch jealous before, became so suddenly set on fire to know what she was, of whom *Minutolo* spake, as she sat silent a long while, till being able to continue no longer, she entreated *Ricciardo* even for the Ladies sake, whose love he had so devoutly embraced, to resolve her certainly in this strange alteration of her Husband; whereunto thus he answered.

Madam, you have so straightly conjured me, by urging the remembrance of her, for whose sake I am not able to deny any thing you can demand, as I am ready therein to pleasure you. But first you must promise me, that neither you, nor any other Person for you, shall at any time disclose it to your Husband, until you have seen by effect, that which I have told you proveth to be true: and when you please, I will instruct you how your self shall see it. The Lady was not a little joyful to be thus satisfied in her Husbands folly, and constantly crediting his words to be true, she sware a solemn Oath, that no one alive should ever know it. So stepping a little further aside, because no listening Ear should hear him, thus he began.

Lady, if I did love you now so effectually as heretofore I have done, I should be very circumspect in uttering any thing which I imagined might distaste you. I know not whether your Husband *Philippello*, were at any time offended because I affected you, or believed that I received any kindness of you: but whether it were so or no, I could never discern it by any outward appearance. But now awaiting for the opportunity of time, which he conceived should afford me the least suspicion, he seeks to compass that, which (I doubt) he fears I would have done to him, in plain terms, Madam, to have his pleasure of my Wife. And as by some carriages I have observed; within few days past he hath solicited and pursued his purpose very secretly, by many Ambassages and means, as (indeed) I have learned from her self, and always she hath returned him such answers as she received by my direction.

And no longer ago, Madam, than this very Morning, before my coming hither, I found a Woman messenger in my House, in very close conference with my Wife, when growing doubtful of that which was true indeed, I called my Wife, enquiring what the woman would have with her; and she told me, it was another pursuit of *Philippello Fighinolfi*, who (quoth she) upon such Answers as you have caused me to send him from time to time, perhaps doth gather some hope of prevailing in the end, which makes him still to importune me as he doth. And now he adventureth so far, as to understand my final intentions; having thus ordered his complot, that when I please I must meet him secretly in a House of this City, where he hath prepared a Bath ready for me, and hopeth to enjoy the end of his desire, as very earnestly he hath solicited me thereto. But if you had not commanded me to hold him in suspense with so many frivolous answers, I should ere this, have sent him such a message as should have been little to his liking.

With patience, Madam, I endured all before, but now (me thinks) he proceed eth



ceedeth too far, which is not any way to be suffered; and therefore I intended to let you know it, that you may perceive how well you are rewarded for the faithful and loyal love you bare him, and for which I was even at death's door. Now, because you may be the surer of my speeches, not to be any Lyes or Fables, and that you may (if you please) approve the truth by your own experience, I caused my Wife to lend him word, that she would meet him to Morrow at the Bathing-House appointed, about the hour of Noon-day; when People repose themselves in regard of the heats violence; with which answer the woman returned very joyfully. Let me now tell you, Lady, I hope you have better opinion of my Wit, than any meaning in me, to send my Wife thither; I rather did it to this end, that having acquainted you with this treacherous intent, you should supply my Wives place, saving both his Reputation and your own, and frustrating his unkind purpose to me. Moreover, upon the view of his own delusion, wrought by my Wife in meer love to you, he shall see his foul shame, and your most noble care, to keep the Rites of Marriage between you still unstained.

Madam Catulla, having heard this long and displeasing report, without any consideration, either what he was that told the Tale; or what a Treason he intended against her: immediately (as jealous persons use to do) she gave faith to his forgery, and began to discourse many things to him, which imagination had often misguided her in, against her honest minded Husband, and inflamed with rage, suddenly replied; That she would do according as he had advised her, as being a matter of no difficulty. But if he came, she would so shame and dishonour him, as no woman whatsoever should better school him. Ricciardo highly pleased therewith, and being persuaded, that his purpose would take the full effect: confirmed the Lady in her determination with many words more; yet putting her in memory, to keep and truly perform her promise made, without revealing the matter to any living Person, as she had Sworn upon her Faith.

On the morrow morning, Ricciardo went to an Ancient woman of his Acquaintance, who was the Mistress of a Bathing-House, and there where he had appointed Madam Catulla, that the Bath should be prepared for her, giving her to understand the whole Business, and desiring her to be favourable therein to him. The woman, who had been much beholden to him in other matters, promised very willingly to fulfil his request, concluding with him both what should be done and said. She had in her House a very dark Chamber, without any Window to afford it the least Light, which Chamber she had made ready, according to Ricciardo's direction, with a rich Bed therein, so soft and delicate as possibly could be, wherein he entered so soon as he had Dined, to attend the arrival of Madam Catulla. On the same day, as she had heard the Speeches of Ricciardo, and gave more credit to them than became her, she returned home to her House in wonderful impatience. And Philippello her Husband came home discontentedly too, whose Head being busied about some Worldly Affairs, perhaps he looked not so pleasantly, neither used her so kindly, as he was wont to do. Which Catulla perceiving, she was ten times more suspicious than before, saying to her self. Now apparent truth doth disclose it self, my Husband's head is troubled now with nothing else, but Ricciardo's Wife, with whom (to Morrow) he purposeth his meeting; wherein he shall be disappointed, if I live; taking no rest at all the whole Night, for thinking how to handle her Husband.

What shall I say more? On the morrow, at the hour of Mid-day accompanied only with her Chambermaid, and without any other alteration in opinion; she went to the House where the Bath was promised, and meeting there with the old woman, demanded of her, if Philippello were come thither as yet or no? The woman, being well instructed by Ricciardo, answered: Are you she that should meet him here? Yes, replied Catulla. Go in then to him (quoth the woman) for he is not far off before you.

Madam Catulla, who went to seek that which she would not find, being brought Vailed into the dark Chamber where Ricciardo was, entered into the Bath, hoping to find none other there but her Husband, and the Custom of the Country never disallowed such meetings of Men with their Wives, but held them to be good and commendable. In a counterfeit Voice he bad her welcome, and she, not seeming to be any other than she was indeed, entertained his embracings in as loving manner; yet not daring to speak, lest he should know her, but suffered him to proceed in his own error.

Let



Let pass the wanton Follies passing between them, and come to *Madam Catulla*, who finding it a fit and convenient time to vent forth the tempest of her Spleen, began in this manner. Alas! how mighty are the Misfortunes of Women, and how ill requited is all the loyal love of many Wives to their Husbands? I, a poor miserable Lady, who, for the space of eight years now fully compleated, have loved thee more dearly than mine own Life, find now (to my hearts endless grief) how thou wastest and consumest thy desires, to delight them with a strange woman, like a most vile and wicked man as thou art. With whom dost thou now imagine thy self to be? Thou art with her, whom thou hast long time deluded by false Blandishments, feigning to affect her, when thou doatest in thy desires else-where. I am thine own *Catulla*, and not the Wife of *Ricciardo*, traitorous and unfaithful man as thou art. I am sure thou knowest my Voice, and I think it a thousand years until we may see each other in the Light, to do thee such dishonour as thou justly deservest, thou dogged, disdainful and villanous Wretch. By conceiving to have another woman in thy wanton embraces, thou hast declared more jovial disposition, and demonstrations of far greater kindness, than domestick familiarity. At home thou lookest sowre, sullen, or surly, often froward, and seldom well pleased. But the best is, whereas thou intendedst this Husbandry for another mans Ground, thou hast (against thy will) bestowed it on thy own, and the Water hath run a contrary course, quite from the Current where thou mean'dst it.

What answer canst thou make, Devil, and no Man? What have my words smitten thee Dumb? Thou mayst (with shame enough) hold thy peace, for with the face of a Man, and love of an Husband to his Wife, thou art not able to make any answer.

*Ricciardo* durst not speak one word, but still expressed affable behaviour towards her, bestowing infinite Embraces and Kisses on her: which so much the more augmented her rage and anger, continuing on her Chiding thus. If by these Flatteries and idle Follies thou hopest to comfort or pacifie me, thou runnest quite by as from thy reckoning, for I shall never imagine my self half satisfied, until in the presence of my Parents, Friends, and Neighbours, I have revealed thy base behaviour. Tell me, treacherous man, am not I as Fair as the Wife of *Ricciardo*? Am I not as good a Gentlewoman Born, as she is? What canst thou more respect in her, than is in me? Villain, Monster, why dost thou not answer me? I will send to *Ricciardo*, who loveth me beyond all other women in *Naples*, and yet could never vaunt, that I gave him so much as a friendly look: he shall know what a dishonour thou hast intended towards him; which both he and his Friends will revenge soundly upon thee.

The exclamations of the Lady were so irksome, that *Ricciardo* perceiving, if he continued longer in these Complaints, worse would ensue thereon, than could be easily remedied: resolved to make himself known unto her, to reclaim her out of this violent Extasie, and holding her somewhat strictly, to prevent her escaping from him, he said: Madam, afflict your self no further, for, what I could not obtain by simply loving you, subtilty hath better taught me, and I am your *Ricciardo*: which she hearing, and perfectly knowing him by his Voice; she would have leapt out of the Bath, but she could not: and to avoid her crying out, he laid his hand on her Mouth, saying: Lady, what is done, cannot now be undone, albeit you cryed out all your life time. If you exclaim, or make this known openly by any means; two unavoidable dangers must needs ensue thereon. The one (which you ought more carefully to respect) is the wounding of your good Renown and Honour, because, when you shall say, that by Treachery I drew you hither: I will boldly maintain the contrary, avouching, that having corrupted you with Gold, and not giving you so much as covetously you desired, you grew offended, and thereon made the out-cry: and you are not to learn, that the World is more easily induced to believe the worst, than any goodness, be it never so manifest. Next unto this, mortal hatred must arise between your Husband and me, and (perhaps) I shall assoon kill him, as he me; whereby he can hardly live in any true contentment after. Wherefore, Joy of my Life, do not in one moment both shame your self, and cause such Peril between your Husband and me: for you are not the first, neither can be the last, that shall be deceived. I have not beguiled you, to take any Honour from you, but only declared the faithful affection I bear you, and so shall do for ever, as being your



bounden and most obedient Servant; and as it is a long time ago, since I dedicated my self and all mine to your service, so henceforth must I remain for ever. You are wise enough (I know) in all other things; then shew your self not to be silly or simple in this.

*Ricciardo* uttered these words, Tears streaming abundantly down his Cheeks, and Madam *Catulla* (all the while) likewise shewred forth her Sorrows equally to his: Now, although she was exceedingly troubled in mind, and saw what her own jealous folly had now brought her to, a shame beyond all other whatsoever: in the midst of her tormenting Passions, she considered on the words of *Ricciardo*, found good reason in them, in regard of the undeniable evils, whereupon she thus spake: *Ricciardo*, I know not how to bear the horrible Injury, and notorious Treason used by thee against me, Grace and Goodness having forsaken me, to let me fall in so foul a manner. Nor becometh it me, to make any noise or out-cry here, whereto Simplicity, or rather devilish Jealousie, did conduct me. But certain I am of one thing, that I shall never see one joyful day, till (by one means or other) I be revenged on thee. Thou hast glatted thy desire with my disgrace; let me therefore go from thee, never more to look upon my wronged Husband, nor let any honest woman ever see my Face.

*Ricciardo* perceiving the extremity of her perplexed mind, used all manly and mild persuasions, which possibly he could devise to do, to turn the torrent of this high Tide, to a calm Course; as by outward shew she made appearance of, until (in frightful fears shunning every one she met withal, as arguments of her Guiltiness) she recovered her own House, where remorse so tortured her distressed Soul, that she fell into so fierce a Melancholy, as never left her till she Died. Upon report whereof, *Ricciardo* becoming likewise a Widower, and grieving extraordinarily for his hainous Transgression, penitently betook himself to Live in a Wilderness, where (not long after) he ended his days.

*Theobaldo Elisei*, having received an unkind repulse by his Beloved, departed from Florence, and returning thither (a long while after) in the Habit of a Pilgrim; he spake with her, and made his Wrongs known to her. He delivered her Father from the danger of Death, because it was proved, that he had slain *Theobaldo*: he made Peace with his Brethren, and in the end, wisely enjoyed his Hearts desire.

### The Seventh N O V E L.

Wherein is signified the power of Love, and the diversity of Dangers, whereinto men may daily fall.

**S**O ceased *Fiametta* her Discourse, being generally commended, when the Queen, to prevent the loss of time, commanded *Emilia* to follow next, who thus began. It liketh me best (gracious Ladies) to return Home again to our own City, which it pleased the former two Discourers to depart from: And there I will shew you, how a Citizen of ours recovered the kindness of his Love, after he had lost it.

Sometime there dwelt in Florence a young Gentleman, named *Theobaldo Elisei*, descended of a noble House, who became earnestly enamoured of a Widow, called *Hermelina*, the Daughter to *Aldobrandino Palermi*, well deserving for his Vertues and commendable Qualities, to enjoy of her whatsoever he could desire. Secretly they were Espoused together, but Fortune the enemy to Lovers Felicities, opposed her Malice against them, in depriving *Theobaldo* of those dear Delights which sometime he held in free possession, and making him a stranger to her gracious Favours. Now grew she contemptibly to despise him, not only denying to hear any Message sent from him, but scorning also to vouchsafe so much as a sight of him, causing in him extream Grief and Melancholy, yet concealing all her unkindness to himself, as no one could understand the reason of his Sadness.

After he had laboured by all hopeful courses, to obtain that favour of her, which he had formerly lost, without any offence in him, as his innocent soul truly witnessed with him, and saw that all his further endeavours were fruitless



less and in vain; he concluded to retreat himself from the World, and not to be any longer irksome in her eye, that was the only occasion of his unhappiness. Hereupon, storing himself with such sums of money as suddenly he could collect together, secretly he departed from *Florence*, without speaking any word to his friends or kindred; except one kind Companion of his, whom he acquainted with most of his secrets, and so travelled to *Ancona*, where he termed himself by the name of *Sandoloscio*. Repairing to a wealthy Merchant there, he placed himself as his Servant; and went in a Ship of his with him to *Cyprus*; his actions and behaviour proved so pleasing to the Merchant, as not only he allowed him very sufficient wages, but also grew into such association with him, as he gave the most of his affairs into his hands; which he guided with such honest and discreet care, that himself (in few years compass) proved to be a rich Merchant, and of famous report.

While matters went on in this successful manner; although he could not chuse, but still he remembered his cruel Mistress, and was very desperately transported for her love, as coveting (above all things else) to see her once more; yet was he of such powerful constancy, as seven whole years together, he vanquished all those fierce conflicts. But on a day it chanced he heard a song sung in *Cyprus*, which he himself had formerly made, in honour of the love he bare to his Mistress, and what delight he conceived, by being daily in her presence; whereby he gathered, that it was impossible for him to forget her, and proceeded on so desirously, as he could not live, except he had a sight of her once more, and therefore determined on his return to *Florence*. Having set all his affairs in due order, taking one of his servants, he passed to *Ancona*, where when he was arrived, he sent his Merchandises to *Florence*, in name of the Merchant of *Ancona*, who was his especial Friend, and Partner; travelling himself alone with his Servant in the habit of a Pilgrim, as if he had been newly returned from *Jerusalem*.

Being come to *Florence*, he went to an Inn kept by two Brethren, near Neighbours to the dwelling of his Mistress, and the first thing he did, was passing by her door, to get a sight of her if he were so happy. But he found the Windows, doors, and all the parts of the house fast shut up, whereby he suspected her to be dead, or else to be changed from her dwelling: wherefore (much perplexed in mind) he went on to the two Brothers Inn, finding four persons; standing at the gate, attired in mourning, whereat he marvelled not a little; knowing himself to be so transfigured both in body and habit, far from the manner or common use of his parting thence, as it was a difficult matter to know him: He stept boldly to a Shoo-maker's shop near adjoining, and demanded the reason of their wearing mourning. The Shoo-maker made answer thus; Sir, those men are clad in mourning, because a Brother of theirs, being named *Theobaldo* (who hath been absent hence a long while) about some fifteen days since was slain. And they have heard, by proof made in the Court of Justice, that one *Aldobrandino Palermi* (who is kept close prisoner) was the murthrer of him, as he came in a disguised habit to his Daughter, of whom he was most affectionately enamoured; cannot chuse but let the World know by their outward habits, the inward affliction of their hearts, for a deed so dishonourably committed.

*Theobaldo* wondered greatly hereat, imagining, that some man by like resembling him in shape, might be slain in this manner, and by *Aldobrandino*, for whose misfortune he grieved marvellously. As concerning his Mistress, he understood that she was living, and in good health; and night drawing on apace, he went to his lodging, with an infinite number of molestations in his mind, where after supper, he was lodged in a Corn-loft with his man. Now by reason of many disturbing imaginations, which incessantly wheeled about his brain, his bed also being none of the best, and his supper (perhaps) somewhat of the coarsest; a great part of the night was spent, yet could he not close his eyes together. But lying still broad awake, about the dead time of the night, he heard the treading of divers persons over his head, who descended down a pair of stairs by his Chamber, into the lower parts of the house, carrying a light with them, which he discerned by the chinks and crannies in the wall. Stepping softly out of his bed, to see what the meaning hereof might be, he espied a fair young Woman, who carried a light in her hand, and three men in her company, descending down the stairs together, one of them speaking thus



to the young Woman. Now we may boldly warrant our safety, because we have heard it assuredly, that the death of *Theobaldo Elisei*, hath been sufficiently proved by the Brethren, against *Aldobrandino Paternini*; and he hath confessed the fact; whereupon the Sentence is already set down in writing. But yet it behoveth us notwithstanding, to conceal it very secretly, because if ever hereafter it should be known that we are they who murdered him, we should be in the same danger as now *Aldobrandino* is.

When *Theobaldo* had heard these words, he began to consider with himself, how many and great the dangers are, wherewith mens minds may daily be molested. First, he thought on his own Brethren, in their sorrow, who buried a stranger instead of him, accusing afterward (by false opinion, and upon the testimony of as false witnesses) a man most innocent, making him ready for the stroke of death. Next, he made a strict observation in his soul, concerning the blinded severity of Law, and the ministers thereto belonging, who pretending a diligent and careful inquisition for truth, do oftentimes (by their tortures and torments) hear lies avouched (only for ease of pain) in the place of a true confession, yet thinking themselves (by doing so) to be the ministers of Gods Justice, whereas indeed they are the Devils Executioners of his wickedness. Lastly, converting his thoughts to *Aldobrandino*, the imagined murderer of a man yet living, infinite cares beleaguered his soul, in devising what might best be done for his deliverance.

So soon as he was risen in the morning, leaving his servant behind him at his lodging, he went (when he thought it fittest) all alone, toward the house of his Mistress, where finding by good fortune the gate open, he entered into a small Parlour beneath, and where he saw his Mistress sitting on the ground, wringing her hands, and wofully weeping, which (in meer compassion) moved him to weep likewise; and going somewhat near her, he said, Madam, comfort your self no more, for your peace is not far off from you. The Gentlewoman hearing him say so, lifted up her head, and in tears spake thus. Good man, thou seemest to me to be a Pilgrim stranger; what dost thou know either concerning my peace, or mine affliction? Madam (replyd the Pilgrim) I am of *Constantinople*, and (doubtless) am conducted hither by the hand of Heaven, to convert your tears into rejoicing, and to deliver your Father from death. How is this? answered she; If you be of *Constantinople* (and art but now arrived here), Dost thou know who we are, either I, or my Father?

The Pilgrim discovered to her, even from one end to the other, the History of her Husbands sad disasters, telling her, how many years since she was espoused to him, and many other important matters, which well she knew, and was greatly amazed thereat, thinking him verily to be a Prophet, and kneeling at his feet, entreated him very earnestly, that if he were come to deliver her Father *Aldobrandino* from death, to do it speedily, because the time was very short. The Pilgrim appearing to be a man of great holyness, said. Rise up Madam, refrain from weeping, and observe attentively what I shall say; yet with this caution, that you never reveal it to any person whatsoever. This tribulation wherinto you are fallen, (as by revelation I am faithfully informed) is for a grievous sin by you heretofore committed, whereof divine mercy is willing to purge you, and to make a perfect amends by a sensible feeling of this affliction; as seeking your sound and absolute recovery, lest you fall into far greater danger than before. Good man (quoth she) I am burthened with many sins, and do not know for which any amends should be made by me, any sooner than other: wherefore if you have intelligence thereof, for charities sake tell it me; and I will do so much as lieth in me, to make a full satisfaction for it. Madam, answered the Pilgrim; I know well enough what it is, and will demand it no more of you, to win any further knowledge thereof than I have already: but because in revealing it your self it may touch you with the more true compunction of soul; let us go to the point indeed, and tell me, do you remember, that at any time you were married to an Husband, or no?

At the hearing of these words, she breathed forth a very vehement sigh, and was stricken with admiration at this question, believing that not any one had knowledge thereof. Howbeit, since the day of the supposed *Theobaldo's* burial, such rumour ran abroad, by means of such speeches rashly dispersed by a friend of *Theobaldo's*, who (indeed) knew it; whereupon she returned this answer.



It appeareth to me ( good man ) that divine ordination hath revealed unto you all the secrets of men; and therefore I am determined not to conceal any of mine from you. True it is, that in my younger years, being left a Widow, I entirely affected a young Gentleman, who ( in secret ) was my Husband, and whose death is imposed on my Father. The death of him I have the more bemoaned, because ( in reason ) it did nearly concern me, by shewing my self so savage and rigorous to him before his departure: nevertheless, let me assure you Sir, that neither his parting, long absence from me, or his untimely death, never had the power to bereave my heart of his remembrance.

Madam, said the Pilgrim, the unfortunate young Gentleman that is slain, did never love you; but sure I am, that *Theobaldo Elisei* loved you dearly. But tell me, what was the occasion whereby you conceived such hatred against him? Did he at any time offend you? No truly Sir, quoth she, but the reason of my anger towards him, was by the words and threatnings of a religious Father, to whom once I revealed ( under confession ) how faithfully I affected him, and what private familiarity had passed between us. When instantly he used such dreadful threatnings to me, and which ( even yet ) do afflict my soul, that if I did not abstain and utterly refuse him, the Devil would fetch me quick to Hell, and cast me into the bottom of his quenchless and everlasting fire.

These menaces were so prevailing with me, as I refused all further conversation with *Theobaldo*, in which regard I would receive neither letters nor messages from him. Howbeit, I am perswaded, that if he had continued here still, and not departed hence in such desperate manner as he did, seeing him melt and consume daily away, even as snow by power of the Sun-beams: my austere deliberation had been long ago quite altered, because not at any time ( since then ) life hath allowed me one merry day, neither did I, or ever can love any man like unto him.

At these words the Pilgrim sighed, and then proceeded on again thus: Surely Madam, this one onely sin may justly torment you, because I know for a certainty, that *Theobaldo* never offered you any injury, since the day he first became enamoured of you; and what grace or favour you afforded him, was your own voluntary gift, and ( as he took it ) no more than in modesty might well become you; for he loving you first, you had been most cruel and unkind, if you should not have requited him with the like affection: If then he continued so just and loyal to you, as ( of mine own knowledg ) I am able to say he did; what should move you to repulse him so rudely? Such matters ought well to be considered on before hand: for if you did imagin, that you should repent it as an action ill done, yet you could not do it, because as he became yours, so were you likewise only his; and he being yours, you may dispose of him at your pleasure, as being truly obliged to none but you. How could you then withdraw your self from him, being only his, and not commit most manifest theft, a far unfitting thing for you to do, except you had gone with his consent?

Now Madam, let me further give you to understand, that I am a religious person, and a Pilgrim, and therefore am well acquainted with all the courses of their dealing; if therefore I speak somewhat more amply of them, and for your good, it cannot be so unseeming for me to do it, as it would appear ugly in another. In which respect I will speak the more freely to you, to the end, that you may take better knowledg of them, than ( as it seemeth ) hitherto you have done. In former passed times, such as professed Religion, were learned and most holy persons; but our religious Professors now adays, and such as covet to be so esteemed, have no matter at all of Religion in them, but only the outward shew and habit. Which yet is no true badg of Religion neither, because it was ordained by religious institutions, that their garments should be made of narrow, plain, and coarsest spun cloth, to make a publick manifestation to the World, that ( in meer devotion and religious disposition ) by wrapping their bodies in such base clothing, they condemned and despised all temporal occasions. But now adays they make them large, deep, glistering, and of the finest cloth or stuffs to be gotten, reducing those habits to so proud and pontifical a form, that they walk Peacock-like, rustling, and strouting with them in the Churches; yea, and in open publick places, as if they were ordinary secular persons, to have their pride more notoriously observed. And as the Angler bestoweth his best cunning, with one line and bait to catch many fishes at one strike; even so



do these counterfeit habit-mongers, by their dissembling and crafty dealing, beguile many credulous widows, simple women, yea and men of weak capacity, to credit whatsoever they shall either do or say, and herein they do most of all exercise themselves.

And to the end, that my speeches may not favour of any untruth against them; these men which I speak of, have not any habit at all of religious men, but only the colour of their Garments; and whereas they in times past, desired nothing more than the salvation of mens souls, these fresher witted fellows covet after women and wealth, and employ all their pains by their whispering confessions, and figures of painted fearful examples, to affright and terrifie unsettled and weak consciences, by horrible and blasphemous speeches, yet adding perswasion withal, that their sins may be purged by Alms-deeds and Masses. To the end, that such as credit them in these their daily courses, being guided more by appearance of devotion, than any true compunction of heart to escape severe penances by them enjoined: may, some of them bring bread, and wine, and others coin, all of them matter of commodity, benefit, and simply say, these gifts are for the souls of their good friends deceased.

I make no doubt, but Alms-deeds, and prayers are very mighty and prevailing means, to appease Heavens anger for some sins committed; but if such as bestow them did either see or know, to whom they give them: they would more warily keep them, or else cast them before Swine, in regard they are altogether so unworthy of them. But come we now to the case of your ghostly Father, crying out in your ear, that secret Marriage was a most grievous sin: Is not the breach thereof far greater? Familiar conversation between man and woman, is a concession merely natural; but to rob, kill, or banish any one, proceedeth from the minds malignity. That you did rob *Theobaldo*, your self hath already sufficiently witnessed, by taking that from him, which with free consent in Marriage you gave him. Next, I must say, that by all the power remaining in you, you killed him; because you would not permit him to remain with you, declaring your self in the very height of cruelty, that he might destroy his life by his own hands. In which case the Law requireth, that whosoever is the occasion of an ill act committed, he or she is as deep in the fault as the party that did it. Now concerning his banishment, and wandring seven years in exile through the world; you cannot deny, but that you were the only occasion thereof. In all which three several actions, far more capitally have you offended; than by contracting of Marriage in such manner.

But let us see, whether *Theobaldo* deserved all these several castigations, or not. In truth he did not, your self have confessed (beside that which I know) that he loved you more dearly than himself, and nothing could be more honoured, magnified and exalted, than daily you were by him, above all other women whatsoever. When he came in any place, where honestly, and without suspicion he might speak to you: all his honour, and all his liberty, lay wholly committed into your power. Was he not a noble young Gentleman? Was he (among all those parts that most adorn a man, and appertain to the very choicest respect) inferiour to any one of best merit in your City? I know that you cannot make denial to any of these demands. How could you then by the perswasion of a Beast, a Fool, a Villain, yea, a Vagabond, envying both his happiness and yours, enter into so cruel a mind against him? I know not what error misguideth women, in scorning and despising their Husbands: but if they entred into a better consideration, understanding truly what they are, and what nobility of nature God hath endued man withal, far above all other creatures: it would be their highest title of glory, when they are so preciouslly esteemed of them, so dearly affected by them, and so gladly embraced in all their best abilities.

This is so great a sin, as the divine Justice (which in an equal ballance, bringeth all operations to their full effect) did not purpose to leave unpunished; but as you enforced against all reason, to take away *Theobaldo* from your self: even so your Father *Aldobrandino* without occasion given by *Theobaldo*, is in peril of his life, and you a partaker of his tribulation. Out of which if you desire to be delivered, it is very convenient that you promise one thing which I shall tell you, and may much better be by you performed. Namely, that if *Theobaldo* do return from his long banishment, you shall restore him to your love,  
grace,



grace, and good acceptation; accounting him in the self same degree of favour and private entertainment, as he was at the first, before your wicked ghostly Father so hellishly incensed you against him.

When the Pilgrim had finished his speeches, the Gentlewoman who had listened to them very attentively (because all the alledged reasons appeared to be plainly true) became verily perswaded, that all these afflictions had fallen on her and her Father, for the ingrateful offence by her committed, and therefore thus replied: Worthy man and the friend to goodness, I know undoubtedly, that the words which you have spoken are true, and also I understand by your demonstration, what manner of People some of these religious persons are, whom heretofore I have reputed to be Saints, but find them now to be far otherwise. And to speak truly, I perceive the fault to be great and grievous, wherein I have offended against *Theobaldo*, and would (if I could) willingly make amends, even in such manner as you advised. But how is it possible to be done? *Theobaldo* being dead, can be no more recalled to this life; and therefore, I know not what promise I should make, in a matter which is not to be performed. Whereto the Pilgrim without any longer pausing, thus answered.

Madam, by such relations as have been shewn to me, I know for a certainty, that *Theobaldo* is not dead, but living, in health, and in good estate, if he had the fruition of your grace and favour. Take heed what you say Sir (quoth the Gentlewoman) for I saw him lie slain before my door, his body having received many wounds, which I folded in mine arms, and washed his face with my brinish tears; whereby (perhaps) that scandal arose, that flew abroad to my disgrace. Believe me Madam (replied the Pilgrim) say what you will, I dare assure you that *Theobaldo* is living, and if you dare make promise, concerning what hath been formerly requested, and keep it inviolably, I make no doubt, but you your self shall shortly see him. I promise it, said she, and bind my self thereto by a sacred oath, to keep it faithfully; for never could any thing happen to yield me the like contentment, as to see my Father free from danger, and *Theobaldo* living.

At this instant *Theobaldo* thought it to be a very apt and convenient time to disclose himself, and to comfort the Lady, with an assured signal of hope, for the deliverance of her Father, whereto he said: Lady, to the end that I may comfort you infallibly in this dangerous peril of your Fathers life, I am to make known an especial secret to you, which you are to keep carefully (as you tender your own life) from ever being revealed to the World. They were then in a place of sufficient privacy, and by themselves, because she reposed great confidence in the Pilgrims sanctity of life, as thinking him none other than he seemed to be. *Theobaldo* took out of his Purse a Ring, which she gave him the last night of their conversing together; and he had kept with no mean care: and shewing, it to her, said, Do you know this Ring Madam? So soon as she saw it, immediately she knew it, and answered, Yes Sir, I know the Ring, and confess that I gave it to *Theobaldo*.

Hereupon the Pilgrim stood up, and suddenly putting off his poor linnen Frock, and the Hood from his head, using the Florentine tongue, he said, Tell me Madam, do you know me? When she had advisedly beheld him, and knew him indeed to be *Theobaldo*, she was stricken into a wonderful astonishment being as fearful of him as she was of the dead body which she saw lying in the street. And I dare assure you, that she durst not go near him, to respect him as *Theobaldo* lately come from Cyprus, but (in terrour) fled away from him, as if *Theobaldo* had been newly risen out of his grave, and came thither purposely to affright her; wherfore he said, Be not afraid Madam, I am yours *Theobaldo*, in health, alive, and never as yet died, neither have I received any wounds to kill me, as you and my Brethren had formerly imagined.

Some better assurance getting possession of her, as knowing him perfectly by his voyce, and looking more stedfastly on his face, which constantly avouched him to be *Theobaldo*; the tears trickling again down her fair cheeks, she ran to embrace him, casting her arms about his neck, and kissing him a thousand times, saying, *Theobaldo*, my faithful Husband, nothing in the World can be so welcome to me. *Theobaldo* having most kindly kissed and embraced her, said, Sweet wife, time will not now allow us those ceremonious courtesies, which (indeed) so long a separation do justly challenge; for I must about a more weighty



weighty business, to have your Father safely delivered, which I hope to do before to morrow night, when you shall hear tidings to your better contentment. And questionless, if I speed no worse than my good hope persuadeth me, I will see you again to night, and acquaint you at better leisure, in such things as I cannot now at this present.

So putting on his Pilgrims Habit again, kissing her once more, and comforting her with future good success, he departed from her, going to the Prison where *Aldobrandino* lay, whom he found more pensive, as being in hourly expectation of Death, than any hope he had to be freed from it. Being brought nearer to him by the Prisoners favour, as seeming to be a man come only to comfort him: sitting down by him, thus he began: *Aldobrandino*, I am a Friend of thine, whom Heaven hath sent to do thee good in meer pity and compassion of thy Innocency. And therefore, if thou wilt grant me one small request, which I am to crave at thy hands, thou shalt hear (without any failing) before to morrow at night, the Sentence of thy free Absolution, whereas now thou expectest nothing but Death. Whereunto *Aldobrandino* thus answered. Friendly man, seeing thou art so careful of my safety (although I know thee not, neither do remember that e'er I saw thee till now) thou must needs be some especial kind Friend of mine. And to tell you the truth, I never committed the sinful deed for which I am Condemned to Death. True it is, I have other heinous and grievous sins, which (undoubtedly) have thrown this heavy judgment on me, and therefore I am the more willing to undergo it. Nevertheless, let me thus far assure thee, that I would gladly not only promise something which might be to the Glory of God, if he were pleased in this case to have mercy on me; but also would as willingly perform and accomplish it. Wherefore, demand whatsoever thou pleasest, for unfeignedly (if I escape with Life) I will truly keep promise with thee.

Sir, replied the Pilgrim, I desire nor demand any thing of you, but that you would pardon the three Brethren of *Theobaldo*, that brought you to this hard Extremity, as thinking you to be guilty of their Brother's death, and that you would also accept them as your Brethren and Friends, upon their craving Pardon for what they have done. Sir, answered *Aldobrandino*, no man knoweth how sweet Revenge is, nor with what heat it is to be desired, but only the man who hath been wronged. Notwithstanding not to hinder any hope which only aimeth at Heaven, I freely forgive them, and henceforth pardon them for ever, intending moreover, that if mercy give me Life, and clear me from this bloody Imputation, to love and respect them so long as I shall live. This answer was most pleasing to the Pilgrim, and without any further multiplication of Speeches, he entreated him to be of good comfort, for he feared not but before the time prefixed, he should hear certain tidings of his deliverance.

At his departing from him, he went directly to the *Signiora*, and prevailed so far, that he spake privately with a Knight, who was then one of the States chiefest Lords, to whom he said: Sir, a man ought to bestow his best pains and diligence, that the truth of things should be apparently known; especially, such men as hold the Place and Office as you do: to the end, that those Persons which have committed no foul offence should not be punished, but only the guilty and heinous Transgressors. And because, it will be no mean honour to you to lay the blame where it worthily deserveth, I am come hither purposely to inform you in a case of most weighty Importance. It is not unknown to you, with what rigour the State hath proceeded against *Aldobrandino Palermini*, and you think verily he is the man that hath slain *Theobaldo Elisei*, whereupon your Law hath condemned him to Die. I dare assure you, Sir, that a very unjust course hath been taken in this Case, because *Aldobrandino* is falsely accused, as you your self shall confess before Midnight; when they are delivered into your power, that were the Murderers of the man.

The honest Knight, who was very sorrowful for *Aldobrandino*, gladly gave attention to the Pilgrim, and having conferred on many matters, appertaining to the Fact committed: the two Brethren who were *Theobaldo's* Hosts, and their Chambermaid, upon good advice given, were apprehended in their first sleep, without any resistance made in their defence. But when the Tortures were sent for, to understand truly how the case went, they would not endure any pain at all, but each aside by himself, and then all together confessed openly, that they did



did the deed, yet not knowing him to be *Theobaldo*. And when it was demanded of them upon what occasion they did so foul an Act, they answered, that they were so hateful against the mans Life, because he would luxuriously have abused one of their Wives, when they both were absent from home.

When the Pilgrim had heard their voluntary confession, he took his leave of the Knight, returning secretly to the House of Madam *Hermelina*, and there (because all her People was in their Beds) she carefully awaited his return, to hear some glad tidings of her Father, and to make a further Reconciliation between her and *Theobaldo*. when sitting down by her, he said: Dear Love, be of good cheer, for (upon my word) to morrow you shall have your Father home safe, well, and delivered from all further danger: and to confirm her the more confidently in his words, he declared at large the whole carriage of the Business. *Hermelina* being wondrously joyful for two such sudden successful Accidents, to enjoy her Husband alive, and in health, and also to have her Father freed from so great a Danger; kissed and embraced him most affectionately, welcoming him lovingly into her Bed, whereto so long he had been a stranger.

No sooner did bright Day appear, but *Theobaldo* arose, having acquainted her with such matters as were to be done, and once more earnestly desiring her, to conceal (as yet) these Occurrences to her self. So in his Pilgrims habit, he departed from her House, to await convenient opportunity for attending on the business belonging to *Aldobrandino*. At the usual hour appointed, the Lords were all set in the Signora, and had received full information, concerning the offence imputed to *Aldobrandino*, setting him at Liberty by a publick consent, and Sentencing the other Malefactors with death, who (within a few days after) were Beheaded in the place where the Murther was committed.

Thus *Aldobrandino* being released to his exceeding comfort, and no small joy of his Daughter, Kindred, and Friends; all knowing perfectly, that this had happened by the Pilgrims means, they conducted him home to *Aldobrandino's* house, where they desired him to continue so long as himself pleased, using him with most honourable and gracious respect, but especially *Hermelina*, who knew (better than the rest) on whom she bestowed her liberal favours, yet concealing all closely to her self.

After two or three days were over-pass, in these complemental entercourings of Kindness. *Theobaldo* began to consider, that it was high time for Reconciliation, to be solemnly put between his Brethren and *Aldobrandino*. For they were not a little amazed at his strange deliverance, and went likewise continually Armed, as standing in fear of *Aldobrandino* and his Friends; which made him the more earnest, for accomplishment of the promise formerly made unto him. *Aldobrandino* lovingly replied, that he was ready to make good his word. Whereupon, the Pilgrim provided a goodly Banquet, whereto he purposed to have present *Aldobrandino*, his Daughter, Kindred, and their Wives. But first, himself went in person to invite them in peace to his Banquet, using many pregnant and forcible Reasons to them, such as are requisite in the like discordant Cases. In the end they were so wise and prevailing with them, that they willingly condescended, and thought it no Disparagement unto them, for the recovery of *Aldobrandino's* kindness again, to crave pardon for their great Error committed.

On the Morrow following, about Dinner time, the three Brethren of *Theobaldo's*, attired in their Mourning Garments, with their Wives and Friends, came first to the house of *Aldobrandino*, who purposely staid for them; and having laid down their Weapons on the Ground, in the presence of all such as *Aldobrandino* had invited as his Witnesses, they offered themselves to his mercy, and humbly required pardon of him, for the matter wherein they had offended him. *Aldobrandino* shedding Tears, most lovingly embraced them, and (to be brief) pardoned whatsoever Injuries he had received. After this, the Sisters, and Wives, all clad in Mourning, courteously submitted themselves, and were graciously welcomed by Madam *Hermelina*, as also divers others Gentlewomen there present with her. Being all seated at the Tables, which were furnished with all such Rarities as could be wished for; all things else deserved their due commendation, but only sad silence, occasioned by the fresh remembrance of sorrow, appearing in the habits of *Theobaldo's* Friends and Kindred, which the Pilgrim himself perceived to be the only disgrace to him and his Feast. Wherefore, as before he had



had resolved when time served to purge away this Melancholy, he arose from the Table, when some (as yet) had scarce begun to eat, and thus spake.

Gracious Company, there is no defect in this Banquet, or more debarait of the Honour it might else have, but only the presence of *Theobaldo*, who having been continually in your company, it seems you are not willing to take knowledge of him, and therefore I mean my self to shew him. So, uncasing himself out of his Pilgrims Clothes, and standing in his Hose and Doublet, to their no little admiration, they all knew him, yet doubted whether it were he or no. Which he perceiving, he repeated his Brethren, and absent Kindreds name, and what Occurrences happened between them from time to time, beside the relation of his own passed Fortunes, inciting Tears in the Eyes of his Brethren, and all else there present, every one hugging and embracing him, yea, many beside, who were no Kin at all to him, *Hermelina* only excepted: which when *Aldobrandino* saw, he said unto her: How now *Hermelina*? Why dost thou not welcome home *Theobaldo*, so kindly as the rest have done?

She making a modest courtesie to her Father, and answering so loud as every one might hear her, said: There is not any in this Assembly that more willingly would give him all expression of a joyful welcome home and thankful gratitude for such especial Favours received, than in my Heart I could afford to do, but only in regard of those infamous Speeches noised out against me, on the day when we wept for him, who was supposed to be *Theobaldo*, which slander was to my great discredit. Go on boldly, replied *Aldobrandino*, dost thou think that I regard any such Praters? In the procuring of my deliverance, he hath approved them to be manifest Lyars, albeit my self did never credit them. Go then, I command thee, and let me see thee both Kiss and Embrace him. She who desired nothing more, shewed her self not slothful in obeying her Father, to do but her duty to her Husband. Wherefore being risen, as all the rest had done, but yet in a far more effectual manner, she declared her unfeigned love to *Theobaldo*. These bountiful favours of *Aldobrandino*, were joyfully accepted by *Theobaldo's* Brethren, as also to every one there present: so that all former Rancour and Hatred which had caused heavy Variances between them, was now converted to mutual Kindness and solemn Friendship on every side.

When the Feasting Days were finished, the Garments of sad Mourning were quite laid aside, and those (becoming so general a Joy) put on, to make their Hearts and Habits sutable. Now, concerning the man slain, and supposed to be *Theobaldo*, he was one, that in all the parts of his Body, and truefness of Complexion so nearly resembled him, as *Theobaldo's* own Brethren could not distinguish the one from the other: but he was of *Lunigiana*, named *Fatinulo* and not *Theobaldo*, whom the two Brethren Inn-keepers maliced, about some idle suspicion conceived, and having slain him, laid his Body at the door of *Aldobrandino*, where by reason of *Theobaldo's* absence, it was generally reputed to be he, and *Aldobrandino* charged to do the deed, by vehement persuation of the Brethren, knowing what love had passed between him and his Daughter *Hermelina*. But happy was the Pilgrims return, first to hear those words in the Inn, the means to bring the Murther to light; and then the discreet carriage of the Pilgrim, until he plainly approved himself to be truly *Theobaldo*.



*Ferando, by drinking a certain kind of Powder, was Buried for Dead, and by the Abbot, who was enamoured of his Wife, was taken out of his Grave, and put into a dark Prison, where they made him believe, that he was in Purgatory. Afterward, when time came that he should be raised to Life again; he was made to keep a Child which the Abbot had got by his Wife.*

The Eighth N O V E L.

*Wherein is displaid the apparent folly of Jealousie: And the subtilty of some Religious carnal minded men, to beguile silly and simple Married Men.*

**W**Hen the long Discourse of Madam Emilia was ended, not displeasing to any, in regard of the length, but rather held too short, because no exceptions could be taken against it, comparing the rarity of the Accidents, and Changes together: the Queen turned to Madam Lauretta, giving her such a manifest sign, as she knew that it was her turn to follow next, and therefore she took occasion to begin thus: Fair Ladies, I intend to tell you a Tale of Truth; which (perhaps) in your opinions, will seem to sound like a Lye: and yet I heard by the very last Relation; that a Dead Man was wept and mourned for, in stead of another being then alive at the present time. In which respect, I am now to let you know, how a Living man was buried for Dead, and being raised again, yet not as Living, himself, and divers more beside, did believe that he came forth of his Grave, and ador'd him as a Saint, who was the occasion thereof, and who (as a bad man) deserved justly to be Condemned.

In Tuscany there was sometime an Abbey, seated; as now we see commonly they are, in a place not much frequented with People, and thereof a Monk was Abbot, very holy and curious in all things else, save only a wanton appetite to Women: which yet he kept so cleanly, that though some did suspect it, yet it was known to very few. It came to pass, that a rich Country Franklin, named Ferando, dwelt as near Neighbour to the said Abbey, he being a man Material, of simple and gross Understanding, yet he fell into great familiarity with the Abbot; who made use of this friendly Conversation to no other end, but for divers times of Recreation: when he delighted to smile at his silly and sottish behaviour.

Upon this his private frequentation with the Abbot, at last he observed, that Ferando had a very beautiful Woman to his Wife, with whom he grew so deeply in love, as he had no other Meditations, either by day or night, but how to become acceptable in her favour. Nevertheless, he concealed his amorous passions privately to himself, and could plainly perceive, that although Ferando in all things else was merely a simple Fellow, and more like an Idiot, than of any apprehension, yet was he wise enough in loving his Wife, keeping her carefully out of all Company, as one (indeed) very jealous, lest any should kiss her, but only himself; which drove the Abbot into despair, for ever attaining the issue of his desire. Yet being Subtil, Crafty, and Cautelous, he wrought so on the flexible nature of Ferando, that he brought his Wife with him divers days to the Monastery; where they walked in the goodly Garden; discoursing of the Beatitudes of Eternal Life, as also the most holy Deeds of Men and Women, long since departed out of this Life, in marvellous civil and modest manner. Yet all these were but Trains to a further intention, for the Abbot must needs be her Ghostly Father, and she come to be confessed by him; which the Fool Ferando took as an especial favour, and therefore he gave his consent the sooner.

At the appointed time, when the woman came to confession to the Abbot, and was on her knees before him, to his no small contentment, before she would say any thing else, thus she begun: Sacred Father, if God had not given me such an Husband as I have, or else had bestowed on me none at all; I might have been so happy, by the means of your holy Doctrin, very easily to have entered into the way, whereof you spake the other day, which leadeth to eternal life,



life, and conducts to heavenly bliss. But when I consider with my self, what manner of Man *Ferando* is, and think upon his folly withal; I may well term my self to be a Widow, although I am a married wife, because while he liveth, I cannot have any other Husband. And yet (as sottish as you see him) he is (without any occasion given him) so extremely jealous of me; as I am not able to live with him, but only in continual tribulation and hearts grief. In which respect, before I enter into confession, I most humbly beseech you, that you would vouchsafe (in this distress) to assist me with your fatherly advice and counsel; because if thereby I cannot attain to a more pleasing kind of happiness; neither confession, nor any thing else, is able to do me any good at all.

These words were not a little welcome to my Lord Abbot, because (thereby) he half assured himself, that Fortune had laid open the path to his hoped pleasures. Whereupon he said; Dear Daughter, I make no question to the contrary, but it must needs be an exceeding infelicity, to so fair and goodly a young woman as you are, to be plagued with so sottish an Husband, brainick, and without the use of common understanding; but yet subject to a more hellish affliction than all these, namely jealousy; and therefore you being in this woful manner tormented, your tribulations are not only so much the more credited, but also as amply grieved for, in which heavy and irksome perturbations, I see not any means of remedy, but onely one, being a kind of Physick (beyond all other) to cure him of his jealousy; which medicin is very familiar to me, because I know best how to compound it, always provided, that you can be of so strong a capacity, as to be secret in what I shall say unto you.

Good Father (answered the woman) never make you any doubt thereof; for I would rather endure death it self, than disclose any thing which you enjoyn me to keep secret: Wherefore I beseech you Sir to tell me, how, and by what means it may be done. If (quoth the Abbot) you desire to have him perfectly cured of a disease so dangerous and offensive, of necessity he must be sent into Purgatory. How may that be done, said the woman, he being alive? He must needs die, Answered the Abbot, for his more speedy passage thither; and when he hath endured so much punishment, as may expiate the quality of his jealousy, we have certain devout and zealous prayers, whereby to bring him back again to life, in as able manner as ever he was. Why then, replied the woman, I must remain of necessity in the state of a Widow? Very true, said the Abbot, for a certain time, in all which space, you may not (by no means) marry again, because the Heavens will therewith be highly offended; but *Ferando* being restored to life again, you must repossess him as your Husband, but never to be jealous any more. Alas Sir (quoth the woman) so that he may be cured of his wicked jealousy, and I no longer live in such an hellish imprisonment, do as you please.

Now was the Abbot (well-near) on the step of his hope, making her constant promise to accomplish it: But (quoth he) what shall be my recompence when I have done? Father, said she, whatsoever you please to ask, if it remain within the compass of my power: but you being such a vertuous and sanctified man, and I a woman of so mean worth or merit, what sufficient recompence can I be able to make you? Whereunto the Abbot thus replied. Fair Woman, you are able to do as much for me, as I am for you, because I do dispose my self, to perform a matter for your comfort and consolation, even so ought you to be as mindful of me, in any action concerning my life and welfare. In any such matter Sir (quoth she) depending on your benefit so strictly, you may safely presume to command me. You must then (said the Abbot) grant me your love, and the kind embracing of your person; because so violent are mine affections, as I pine and consume away daily, till I enjoy the fruition of my desires, and none can help me therein but you.

When the Woman heard these words, as one confounded with much amazement, thus she replied. Alas, holy Father! what a strange motion have you made to me, I believed very faithfully, that you were no less than a Saint, and is it convenient, that when silly women come to ask counsel of such sanctified men, they should return them such unfitting answer? Be not amazed good woman, said the Abbot, at the motion which I have made unto you, because holiness is not thereby impaired a jot in me; for it is the inhabitant of the Soul, the other is an imperfection attending on the body: but let it be whatsoever,

your



your beauty hath so powerfully prevailed on me, that entire love hath compelled me to let you know it. And more may you boast of your beauty, than any that ever I beheld before, considering it is so pleasing to a sanctified man, that it can draw him from divine contemplations, to regard a matter of so humble an equality.

Let me tell you moreover, worthy woman, that see me revered here as Lord Abbot, yet am I but as other men are, and in regard I am neither aged, nor misshapen, methinks the motion I have made, should be the less offensive to you, and therefore the sooner granted. For, all the while as *Ferando* remaineth in Purgatory, do you but imagin him to be present with you, and your perswasion will the more absolutely be confirmed. No man can, or shall be privy to our close meetings, for I carry the same holy opinion among all men, as you your self conceived of me, and none dare be so saucy, as to call in question whatsoever I do or say, because my words are oracles, and mine actions more than half miracles; do you not then refuse so gracious an offer. Know there are who would gladly enjoy that which is frank and freely offered to you, and which (if you be a wise woman) is meerly impossible to refuse. Richly am I possessed of Gold and Jewels, which shall be all yours, if you please in favour to be mine, wherein I will not be gain-said, except your self do deny me.

The woman having her eyes fixed on the ground, knew not how she should deny him; and yet in plain words to say she consented, she held to be over-bast and immodest, and ill agreeing with her former reputation; when the Abbot had well noted this attention in her, and how silent she stood without returning any answer; he accounted the conquest to be more than half his own: so that continuing on his formal perswasions, he never ceased, but allured her still to believe whatsoever he said. And she much ashamed of his importunity, but more of her flexible yielding weakness; made answer, that she would willingly accomplish his request; which yet she did not absolutely grant, until *Ferando* were first sent into Purgatory. And till then (quoth the Abbot) I will not urge any more, because I purpose his speedy sending thither: but yet, so far lend me assistance, that either to morrow, or else the next day, he may come hither to discourse with me. So putting a gold Ring on her finger, they parted till the next meeting.

Not a little joyful was the woman of so rich a gift, hoping to enjoy a great many more of them, and returning home to her neighbours, acquainted them with wonderful matters, all concerning the sanctimonious life of the Abbot, a meer miracle of men, and worthy to be truly termed a Saint. Within two days after, *Ferando* went to the Abbey again, and so soon as the Abbot espied him, he presently prepared for his sending of him into Purgatory. He never was without a certain kind of drug, which being beaten into powder, would work so powerfully upon the brain and all the other vital senses; as to entrance them with a deadly sleep, and deprive them of all motion, either in the pulses, or in any other part else, even as if the body were dead indeed; in which operation, it would so hold and continue, according to the quantity given and drunk, as it pleased the Abbot to order the matter. This powder or drug, was sent him by a great Prince of the East, and therewith he wrought wonders upon his Novices, sending them into Purgatory when he pleased, and by such punishments as he inflicted on them there, made them (like credulous asses) believe whatsoever himself listed.

So much of this powder had the Abbot provided, as should suffice for three days entrancing, and having compounded it with a very pleasant Wine, calling *Ferando* into his Chamber, there gave it him to drink, and afterward walked with him about the Cloyster, in very friendly conference together, the silly Sor never dreaming on the treachery intended against him. Many Monks beside were recreating themselves in the Cloyster, most of them delighting to see the follies of *Ferando*, on whom the potion began so to work, that he slept in walking, nodding and reeling as he went, till at the last he fell down, as if he had been dead.

The Abbot pretending great admiration at this accident, called his Monks about him, all labouring by rubbing his temples, throwing cold water and vinegar in his face, to revive him again; alledging, that some fume or vapour in



the stomach had thus over-awed his understanding faculties, and quite deprived him of life indeed. At length, when by feeling the pulse, and all their best employed pains, they saw that their labour was spent in vain; the Abbot used such persuasions to the Monks, that all believed him to be dead: Whereupon they sent for his Wife and friends, who crediting as much as the rest did, were very sad and sorrowful for him. The Abbot (clothed as he was) laid him in a hollow vault under a Tomb, such as there were used in stead of Graves; his Wife returning home again to her house, with a young Son which she had by her Husband, protesting to keep still within her house, and never more to be seen in any company, but only to attend her young Son, and be very careful of such wealth as her Husband had left unto her.

From the City of *Bologna*; that very instant day, a well stayed and governed Monk there arrived, who was a near Kinsman to the Abbot, and one whom he might securely trust. In the dead time of the night, the Abbot and this Monk arose, and taking *Ferando* out of the vault, carried him into a dark dungeon or prison, which he termed by the name of Purgatory, and where he used to discipline his Monks, when they had committed any notorious offence, deserving to be punished in Purgatory. There they took off all his usual wearing garments, and cloathed him in the habit of a Monk, even as if he had been one of the house; and laying him on a bundle of straw, so left him until his senses should be restored again. On the day following, late in the evening, the Abbot accompanied with his trusty Monk, (by way of visitation) went to see and comfort the supposed Widow, finding her attired in black, very sad and pensive, which by his wonted persuasions, indifferently he appeased; challenging the benefit of her promise. She being thus alone, not hindered by her Husbands jealousy, and espying another goodly gold Ring on his finger, how frailty and folly over-ruled her, I know not, she was a weak woman, he a devilish deluding man; and the strongest holds by over-long battery and besieging, must needs yield at the last, as I fear she did: for very often afterward the Abbot used in this manner to visit her, and the simple ignorant country People, carrying no such ill opinion of the holy Abbot, and having seen *Ferando* lying for dead in the vault, and also in the habit of a Monk; were verily persuaded, that when they saw the Abbot pass by to and fro, but most commonly in the night season, it was the ghost of *Ferando*, who walked in this manner after his death, as a just penance for his jealousy.

When *Ferando's* senses were recovered again, and he found himself to be in such a darksome place; not knowing where he was, he began to cry and make a noise. When presently the Monk of *Bologna* (according as the Abbot had tutored) stepped into the dungeon, carrying a little wax candle in the one hand, and a smarting whip in the other; going to *Ferando*, he stript off his cloathes, and began to lash him very soundly. *Ferando* roaring and crying, could say nothing else, but, Where am I? the Monk (with a dreadful voice) replied: Thou art in Purgatory. How? said *Ferando*; what? Am I dead? Thou art dead (quoth the Monk) and began to lash him lustily again. Poor *Ferando* crying out for his Wife and little Son, demanded a number of idle questions, whereto the Monk still fitted him with as fantastick answers. Within a while after, he set both food and wine before him, which when *Ferando* saw, he said; How is this? Do dead men eat and drink? Yes, replied the Monk, and this food which here thou seest, thy Wife brought hither to the Church this morning, to have Masses devoutly sung for thy soul; and as to other, so must it be set before thee; for such is the command of the Patron of this place.

*Ferando* having lyen intranced three days and three nights, felt his stomach well prepared to eat, and feeding very heartily, still said; O my good Wife, O my loving Wife, long mayst thou live for this extraordinary kindness, I promise thee (Sweet-Heart) while I was alive, I cannot remember, that ever any food and wine was half so pleasing to me. O my dear Wife, O my hony Wife. Canst thou (quoth the Monk) praise and commend her now, using her so villanously in thy life time? Then did he whip him more fiercely than before, when *Ferando* holding up his hands, as craving for mercy, demanded wherefore he was so severely punished? I am so commanded (quoth the Monk) by supreme power, and twice every day must thou be in this sort and kind thus disciplin'd. Upon what occasion? replied *Ferando*. Because (quoth the Monk) thou wast most notoriously jealous of thy Wife, she being the very kindest woman to thee, as all the Country containeth not her equal. It is



is too true, answered *Ferando*; I was over-much jealous of her indeed: but had I known that jealousy was such a hateful sin against Heaven, I never would have offended therein. Now (quoth the Monk) thou canst confess thy wilful folly, but this should have been thought on before, and whilst thou wast living in the World. But if the Fates vouchsafe to favour thee so much, as hereafter to send thee to the World once more; remember thy punishment here in Purgatory, and sin no more in that foul sin of Jealousie. I pray you Sir, tell me, replied *Ferando*, after men are dead, and put into Purgatory, is there any hope of their ever visiting the World any more? Yes, said the Monk, if the fury of the Fates be appeased. O that I knew (quoth *Ferando*) by what means they would be appeased, and let me visit the world once again: I would be the best Husband that ever lived, and never more be jealous, never wrong so good a Wife, nor ever use any unkind word against her. In the mean while, and till their anger may be qualified; when next my Wife doth send me food, I pray you work so much that some Candles may be sent me also, because I live here in uncomfortable darkness; and what should I do with food, if I have no light? She sends lights enow, answered the Monk, but they are burnt out on the Altar in Mass time, and thou canst have none other here, but such as I must bring my self, neither are allowed, but for the time of thy feeding and correcting.

*Ferando* breathing forth a vehement sigh, desired to know what he was, being thus appointed to punish him in Purgatory? I am (quoth the Monk) a dead man, as thou art, born in *Sardignia*, where I served a very jealous Master; and because I soothed him in his jealousy, I had this penance imposed on me; and to serve thee here in Purgatory with meat and drink, and (twice every day) to discipline thy body, until the Fates have otherwise determined both for thee and me. Why? said *Ferando*, are any other persons here, beside you and I? Many thousands, replied the Monk, whom thou canst neither hear nor see, no more than they are able to do the like by us. But how far, said *Ferando*, is Purgatory distant from our native Countries? About some fifty thousand leagues, answered the Monk; but yet passable in a moment, whensoever the offended Fates are pleased: and many Masses are daily said for thy soul, at the earnest entreaty of thy Wife, in hope of thy conversion, and becoming a new man, hating to be jealous any more hereafter.

In these, and such like speeches, as thus they beguiled the time, so did they observe it for a daily course, sometime disciplining, other whiles eating and drinking, for the space of ten whole months together, in the which time, the Abbot seldom failed to visit *Ferando's* Wife, without the least suspicion in any of the neighbours, by reason of their settled opinion, concerning the nightly walking of *Ferando's* Ghost. But as all pleasures cannot be exempted from some following pain or other, so it came to pass, that *Ferando's* Wife proved to be conceived with child, and the time was drawing on for her deliverance. Now began the Abbot to consider, that *Ferando's* folly was sufficiently chastized, and he had been long enough in Purgatory: Wherefore the better to countenance all passed inconveniences, it was now thought high time that *Ferando* should be sent to the World again, as set free from the pains of Purgatory, as having paid for his jealousy dearly, to teach him better wisdom hereafter.

Late in the dead time of the night, the Abbot himself entred into the dark dungeon, and in an hollow counterfeited Voice, called to *Ferando*, saying: Comfort thy self *Ferando*, for the Fates are now pleased, that thou shalt be released out of Purgatory, and sent to live in the World again. Thou didst leave thy Wife newly conceived with Child, and this very morning she is delivered of a goodly Son, whom thou shalt cause to be named *Benner*: because, by the incessant Prayers of the holy Abbot, thine one loving Wife, and for sweet Saint *Benner's* sake, this grace and favour is afforded thee. *Ferando* hearing this, was exceeding joyful, and returned this answer: For ever honoured be the Fates, the holy Abbot, blessed Saint *Benner*, and my dear beloved Wife, whom I will love for ever, and never more offend her by any jealousy in me: when the next food was sent to *Ferando*, so much of the powder was mingled with the wine, as would serve only for four hours entrancing, in which time, they clothed him in his own wearing apparel again, the Abbot himself in person, and his honest trusty Monk of *Bologna*, conveying and laying him in the same vault under the Tomb, where at the first they gave him burial. The next morning following, about the break of the day, *Ferando* recovered his senses, and thorow divers chinks of the Tomb, descryed day-light, which he had not seen in ten months space before. Perceiving then plainly that he was alive, he cried out aloud, saying: Open, open, and let me forth of Purgatory, for I have been



here long enough in conscience. Thrusting up his head against the cover of the Tomb, which was not of any great strength, neither well closed together; he put it quite off the Tomb, and so got forth upon his feet: at which instant time, the Monks having ended their morning Mattins, and hearing the noise, ran in haste thither, and knowing the voice of *Ferando*, saw that he was come forth of the monument.

Some of them were ancient Signiors of the house, and yet but meer Novices in these cunning and politique stratagems of the Lord Abbot, when he intended to punish any one in Purgatory: and therefore, being affrighted, and amazed at this rare accident; they fled away from him, running to the Abbot, who making a shew to them as if he were but new come forth of his Oratory, in a kind of pacifying speeches, said: Peace my dear Sons, be not afraid, but fetch the Cross and Holy-water hither; then follow me, and I will shew you, what miracle the Fates have pleased to shew in our Convent: therefore be silent, and make no more noise: all which was done as he commanded.

*Ferando* looking pale, (as one) that in so long time had not seen the light of Heaven, and endured such strict discipline twice every day, stood in a gantly amazement by the Tombs side, as not daring to adventure any further, or knowing perfectly whether he was (as yet) truly alive, or no. But when he saw the Monks and Abbot coming, with their lighted Torches, and singing in a solemn manner of Procession, he humbled himself at the Abbots feet, saying: Holy Father, by your zealous prayers (as hath been miraculously revealed to me) and the prayers of blessed Saint *Bennet*, as also of my honest, dear, and loving Wife, I have been delivered from the pains of Purgatory, and brought hither again to live in this world; for which unspeakable grace and favour, most humbly I thank the well pleased Fates, Saint *Bennet*, your Fatherhood, and my kind Wife; and will remember all your loves to me for ever. Blessed be the Fates, answered the Abbot, for working so great a wonder in our Monastery. Go then my good Son, seeing the Fates have been so gracious to thee: Go (I say) home to thine own house, and comfort thy kind Wife, who ever since thy departure out of this life, hath lived in continual mourning; love, cherish, and make much of her, never afflicting her henceforth with causeless jealousy. No I warrant you good Father, replied *Ferando*, I have been well whipt in Purgatory for such folly, and therefore I might be called a stark fool, if I should that way offend any more, either my loving Wife, or any other.

The Abbot causing *Miserere* to be devoutly sung, sprinkling *Ferando* well with Holy-water, and placing a light Taper in his hand, sent him home to to his own dwelling Village: where when the neighbours beheld him, as people half frightened out of their wits, they fled away from him so scared and terrified, as if they had seen some dreadful sight, or gantly apparition; his Wife being as fearful of him, as any of the rest. He called to them kindly by their several names, telling them that he was newly risen out of his grave, and was a man as he had been before. Then they began to touch and feel him, growing into more certain assurance of him, perceiving him to be a living man indeed. Whertupon, they demanded many questions of him; and he, as if he were become far more wiser than before, told them tidings from their long deceased kindred and friends; as if he had met with them all in Purgatory, reporting a thousand lies and fables to them, which (nevertheless) they believed.

Then he also told them what the miraculous voice had said unto him, concerning the birth of another young Son, whom (according as he was commanded) he caused to be named *Bennet Ferando*. Thus his return to life again, and the daily wonders reported by him, caused no mean admiration in the people, with much commendation of the Abbots holiness, and *Ferando's* happy curing his jealousy.



Juliet of Narbona, cured the King of France of a dangerous Fistula, in recompence whereof, she requested to enjoy as her Husband in marriage, Bertrand Count of Roussilion. He having married her against his will, as utterly despising her, went to Florence, where he made love to a young Gentlewoman. Juliet by a quaint and cunning policy, compassed the means (instead of his chosen new friend) to lie with her own Husband, by whom she conceived, and had two Sons; which being afterward made known unto Count Bertrand, he accepted her into his favour again, and loved her as his loyal and honourable Wife.

### The Ninth N o v e l.

Commending the good judgment and understanding of Ladies or Gentlewomen, that are of a quick and apprehensive Spirit.

**N**OW there remained no more (to preserve the priviledg granted to *Diomeus* unfringed) but the Queen only, to declare her Novel. Wherefore, when the discourse of Madam *Lauretta* was ended, without attending any motion to be made for her next succeeding, with a gracious and pleasing disposition, she began to speak; Who shall tell my Tale hereafter, to carry any hope or expectation of a liking, having heard the witty discourse of Madam *Lauretta*? Believe me it was very advantageous to us all, that she was not this days beginner, because few or none would have any courage to follow after her; and therefore the rest yet remaining, are the more to be feared and suspected.

There lived sometime in the Kingdom of France, a Gentleman named *Isnarde*, being the Count of *Roussilion*; who because he was continually weak, and crazy, kept a Physician daily in his house, who was called Mr. Gerard of Narbona. Count *Isnarde* had one onely Son, very young in years, fair and comely, named Bertrand; with whom many other Children of his age, had their education; and among them, a Daughter of the forenamed Physician, called Juliet; who, in these tender years, fixed her affection upon young Bertrand, with such an earnest resolution, as was most admirable in so young a Maiden. Old Count *Isnarde* dying, young Bertrand fell a ward to the King, and being sent to Paris, remained there under his royal protection, to the no little discomfort of young Juliet; who became afflicted in mind, because she had lost the company of Bertrand.

Within some few years after, the Physician her Father also died, and then her desires grew wholly addicted, to visit Paris her self in person, only because she would see the young Count, awaiting but time and opportunity to fit her stoll journey thither. But her friends, to whose care she was committed, in regard of her rich dowry, and being left as a fatherless Orphan: were so circum-spect of her walks and behaviour, as she could not by any means escape. Her years made her almost fit for Marriage, which so much more increased her love to the Count, making refusal of many worthy Husbands, and laboured by the motions of her friends, yet all denied, they not knowing any reason for her refusals. By this time the Count was become a gallant Gentleman, and able to make election of his Wife, whereby her affections were the more violently enflamed, as fearing lest some other should be preferred before her, and so her hopes be utterly disappointed.

It was noised abroad by common report, that the King of France was in a very dangerous condition, by reason of a strange swelling on his stomach, which failing of apt and convenient curing, became a Fistula, afflicting him daily with extraordinary pain, no Chirurgeon or Physician being found, that could minister any hope of healing, but rather increased the grief, compelling the King, as despairing of all help, to give over any further advice. Hereof fair Juliet was very joyful, as hoping this accident could be the means, not only of her journey to Paris, but if the disease were no more than she imagined, she could easily cure it, and thereby compass Bertrand to be her Husband. Hereupon quickning up her wits, with remembrance of those rules of Art, which (by



long Practice and Experience) she had learned of her skilful Father, she compounded certain Herbs together, such as she knew fitting for that kind of Infirmitie, and having reduced her Compound into Powder, away she rode forthwith to Paris.

Being there arrived, all other serious matters set aside; first she must needs have a sight of Count *Bertrand*, as being the only Saint that caused her Pilgrimage. Next, she made means for her access to the King, humbly intreating his Majesty, to vouchsafe her the sight of his Fistula. When the King saw her, her modest looks did plainly deliver, that she was a fair, comely, and discreet young Gentlewoman; wherefore he could no longer hide it, but laid it open to her view. When she had seen and felt it, presently she put the King in comfort; affirming, that she knew her self able to cure his Fistula; saying: Sir, if your Highness will refer the matter to me, without any peril of Life, or any the least pain to your person, I hope (by the help of Heaven) to make you whole and sound within eight days space. The King hearing her words, began merrily to smile at her, saying: How is it possible for thee, being a young Maiden, to do that which the best Physicians in Europe, are not able to perform? I commend thy kindness, and will not remain unthankful for thy forward willingness: but I am fully determined to use no more Counsel, or to make any further trial of Physick or Chirurgery. Whereto fair *Julia* thus replied: Great King, let not thy Skill and Experience be despised, because I am young, and a Maiden; for my profession is not Physick, neither do I undertake the Administ'ring thereof, as depending on my own knowledg; but by the gracious assistance of Heaven, and some rules of skilful Observation, which I learned of Reverend *Gerard* of *Narbona*, who was my Worthy Father, and a Physician of no mean Fame, all the while he lived.

At the hearing of these words, the King began somewhat to admire at her gracious carriage; and said within himself. What know I, whether this Virgin is sent to me by the direction of Heaven, or no? Why should I disdain to make proof of her skill? Her promise is, to Cure me in a small times compass, and without any pain or affliction to me: she shall not come so far, to return again with the loss of her Labour; I am resolved to try her Cunning, and thereon said: Fair Virgin, if you cause me to break my settled Determination, and fail of Curing me, what can you expect to follow thereon? Whatsoever great King (quoth she) shall please you. Let me be strongly guarded, yet not hindered, when I am to prosecute the business; and then if I do not perfectly heal you within eight days, let a good Fire be made, and therein consume my Body unto ashes. But if I accomplish the Cure, and set your Highness free from all further grievance, what recompence then shall remain to me?

Much did the King commend the confident persuasion which she had of her own power, and presently replied: Fair Beauty (quoth he) in regard that thou art a Maid and unmarried, if thou keep promise, and I find my self fully Cured: I will match thee with some such Gentleman in Marriage, as shall be of honourable and worthy Reputation, with a sufficient Dowry beside. My gracious Sovereign, said she, willing am I, and most heartily thankful withal, that your Highness shall bestow me in Marriage: but I desire then, to have such a Husband, as I shall desire or demand by your gracious favour, without presuming to crave any of your Sons, Kindred, or Alliance, or appertaining unto your Royal Blood. Whereto the King gladly granted. Young *Julia* began to minister her Physick, and within fewer days then her limited time, the King was sound and perfectly Cured; which when he perceived, he said unto her: Trust me, gracious Maid, most worthily hast thou won a Husband, name him, and thou shalt have him. Royal King (quoth she) then have I won the Count *Bertrand* of *Roussillon*, whom I have most intirely loved from my Infancy, and cannot (In my Soul) affect any other. Very loth was the King to grant the young Count, but in regard of his solemn passed Promise, and his Royal Word engaged, which he would not by any means break; he commanded, that the Count should be sent for, and spake thus to him.

Noble Count, it is not unknown to us, that you are a Gentleman of great Honour, and it is our Royal pleasure, to discharge your Wardship, that you may repair home to your own House, there to settle your Affairs in such order, as you may be the readier to enjoy a Wife, which we intend to bestow upon you. The

Count



Count returned his Highness's most humble thanks, desiring to know of whence, and what she was? It is the Gentlewoman, answered the King, who (by the help of Heaven) hath been the means to save my Life. Well did the Count know her, as having very often before seen her; and although she was very fair and amiable, yet in regard of her mean Birth, which he held as a disparagement to his Nobility of Blood; he made a scorn of her, and spake thus to the King. Would your Highness give me a Quack-salver to my Wife, one that deals in Drugs and Physicary? I hope I am able to bestow my self much better then so. Why? quoth the King, wouldst thou have us break our Faith; which for the recovery of our Health, we have given to this virtuous Virgin, and she will have no other reward, but only Count *Bertrand* to be her Husband? Sir, replied the Count, you may dispossess me of all that is mine, because I am your Ward and Subject, and any where else you may bestow me: but pardon me to tell you, that this Marriage cannot be made with any liking or allowance of mine, neither will I ever give consent thereto.

Sir, said the King, it is our will that it should be so; Virtuous she is, Fair and Wise, she loveth thee most affectionately, and with her maist thou lead a more Noble Life, than with the greatest Lady in our Kingdom. Silent, and discontented stood the Count, but the King commanded preparation for the Marriage: and when the appointed time was come, the Count (albeit against his will) received his Wife at the King's Hand; she loving him dearly as her Life. When all was done, the Count requested of the King, that what else remained for further Solemnization of the Marriage, it might be performed in his own Country, reserving to himself what else he intended. Being mounted on Horseback, and humbly taking leave of the King, the Count would not ride home to his own Dwelling, but into *Tuscany*, where he heard of a War between the *Florentines* and the *Senesi*, purposing to take part with the *Florentines*, to whom he was willingly and honourably welcomed, being created Captain of a worthy Company, and continuing there a long while in Service.

The poor forsaken new Married Countess could scarcely be pleased with such dishonourable unkindness, yet governing her impatience with no mean discretion, and hoping by her virtuous Carriage, to compass the means of his recal: Home she rode to *Roussillon*, where all the People received her very lovingly. Now, by reason of the Counts so long absence, all things were far out of order; Mutinies, Quarrels, and Civil Dissensions, having procured many dissolute Irruptions, to the expence of much Blood in many places. But she like a jolly stirring Lady, very wise and provident in such Disturbances, reduced all occasions to such Civility again, that the People admired her rare behaviour, and condemned the Count for his unkindness towards her.

After that the whole County of *Roussillon* (by the Policy and Wisdom of this worthy Lady, was fully re-established) in their ancient Liberties, she made choice of two secret Knights, whom she sent to the Count her Husband; to let him understand, that if in displeasure to her he was thus become a stranger to his own Country: upon the return of his answer, to give him contentment she would depart thence, and by no means disturb him. Roughly and churlishly he replied; Let her do as she list, for I have no determination to dwell with her, or near where she is. Tell her from me, when she shall have this Ring, which you behold here on my Finger, and a Son in her arms begotten by me; then will I come live with her and be her Love. The Ring he made most precious and dear account of, and never took it off from his Finger, in regard of a special virtue and property, which he well knew to be remaining in it. And these two Knights, hearing the impossibility of the two strict conditions, with no favour else to be derived from him; sorrowfully returned back to their Lady, and acquainted her with his unkind Answer, as also his unalterable Determination, which well you may conceive, must needs be very unwelcome unto her.

After she had an indifferent while considered with her self, her resolution became so undauntable, that she would adventure to practise such means, whereby to compass those two apparent Impossibilities, and so to enjoy the love of her Husband. Having absolutely concluded what was to be done, she assembled all the chiefest men of the Country, revealing unto them (in mournful manner) what an attempt she had made already in hope of recovering her Husbands favour, and what a rude Answer was thereon returned. In the end, she told them, that



it did not suit with her unworthiness, to make the Count live as an Exile from his own inheritance, upon no other inducement; but only in regard of her, wherefore, she had determined between Heaven and her soul, to spend the remainder of her dayes in Pilgrimages and Prayers, for preservation of the Counts soul and her own; earnestly desiring them to undertake the charge and government of the Countrey, and signifying to the Count, how she had forsaken his house, and purposed to wander as far thence, that never would she visit *Rouffillon* any more. In the delivery of these words, the Lords and Gentlemen wept and sighed extraordinarily, using many earnest deprecations to alter this resolve in her, but all was in vain.

Having taken her sad and sorrowful farewell of them all, accompanied only with her maid, and one of her Kinsmen, away she went, attired in a Pilgrims habit, yet well furnished with Money and precious Jewels, to avoid all wants which might befall her in travel; not acquainting any one whither she went. In no place staid she, until she was arrived at *Florence*, where happening into a poor Widows house, like a poor Pilgrim, she seemed content therewith. And desiring to hear some tidings of the Count, the next day she saw him pass by the house on horseback, with his company. Now albeit she knew him well enough, yet she demanded of the good old Widow, what Gentleman he was? She made answer, that he was a stranger there, yet a noble man, called Count *Bertrand of Rouffillon*, a virtuous Knight, beloved and much respected in the City. Moreover, that he was far in Love with a Neighbour of hers, a young Gentlewoman, but very poor and mean in substance, yet of honest life, virtuous, and never taxed with any evil report; onely her poverty was the main embarrment of her marriage, dwelling in house with her mother, who was a wise, honest, and worthy Lady.

The Countess having well observed her words, and considering thereon from point to point; debated soberly with her own thoughts in such a doubtful case what was best to be done. When she had understood which was the house, the ancient Ladies name, and likewise her Daughters, to whom her Husband was so affectionately devoted; she made choice of a fit and convenient time, when (in her Pilgrims habit) secretly she went to the house. There she found the Mother and Daughter in poor condition, and with as poor a family: whom after she had ceremoniously saluted, she told the old Lady, that she requested but a little conference with her. The Lady arose, and giving her kind entertainment, they went together into a withdrawing chamber, where being both set down, the Countess began in this manner.

Madam, in my poor opinion, you are not free from the frowns of Fortune, no more than I my self am: but if you were so well pleased, there is no one that can comfort both our calamities in such manner, as you are able to do. And believe me, answered the Lady, there is nothing in the World that can be so welcome to me, as honest comfort. The Countess proceeding on in her former speeches, said: I have now need (good Madam) both of your trust and fidelity, whereon if I should rely, and you fail me, it will be your own undoing, as well as mine. Speak then boldly, replied the old Lady, and remain constantly assured, that you shall no way be deceived by me. Hereupon, the Countess declared the whole course of her love, from the very original to the instant, revealing also what she was, and the occasion of her coming thither, relating every thing so perfectly, that the Lady verily believed her, by some reports, which she had formerly heard, and which moved her the more to compassion. Now, when all circumstances were at full discovered, thus spake the Countess.

Among my other miseries and misfortunes, which have half broken my heart in the meer repetition, beside the sad and afflicting sufferance; two things there are, which if I cannot compass to have, all hope is quite frustrate for ever, of gaining the grace of my Lord and Husband. Yet these two things may I obtain by your help, if all be true which I have heard, and you can therein best resolve me. Since my coming to this City, it hath credibly been told me, that the Count my Husband, is deeply in love with your Daughter. If the Count (quoth the Lady) love my Daughter, and have a Wife of his own, he must think, and so shall surely find it, that his greatness is no priviledg for him, whereby to work dishonour upon her poverty. But indeed, some appearances there are, and such a matter as you speak of, may be presumed; yet so far from



from a very thought of entertaining in her or me; as whatsoever I am able to do, to yield you any comfort and content, you shall find me therein both willing and ready: for I prize my Daughters spotless poverty at as high a rate, as he can do the pride of his honour.

Madam, quoth the Countess, most heartily I thank you. But before I presume any further on your kindness, let me first tell you what faithfully I intended to do for you, if I can bring my purpose to effect. I see that your Daughter is beautiful, and of sufficient years for marriage; and is debarred thereof (as I have heard) only by lack of a competent dowry. Wherefore Madam in recompence of the favour I expect from you, I will enrich her with so much ready money as you shall think sufficient to match her in the degree of honour. Poverty made the poor Lady very well to like of such a bountiful offer, and having a noble heart, she said: Great Countess, say wherein am I able to do you any service, as can deserve such a gracious offer? if the action be honest, without blame or scandal to my poor, yet undetected reputation, gladly I would do it; and it being accomplished, let the requital rest in your own noble nature.

Observe me then Madam, replied the Countess: It is most convenient for my purpose, that by some trusty and faithful messenger, you should advertise the Count my Husband, that your Daughter is, and shall be at his command: but that she may remain absolutely assured, that his love is constant to her, and above all other; she must entreat him, to send her (as a testimony thereof) the Ring which he weareth upon his little finger, albeit she hath heard, that he loveth it dearly. If he send the Ring, you shall give it me, and afterward send him word, that your Daughter is ready to accomplish his pleasure; but for the more safety and secrecy, he must repair hither to your house, where I being in bed instead of your Daughter, fair Fortune may so favour me, that (unknown to him) I may conceive with child. Upon which good success, when time shall serve, having the Ring on my finger, and a child in my arms begotten by him, his love and liking may be recovered, and (by your means) I continue with my Husband, as every virtuous Wife ought to do.

The good old Lady imagined, that this was a matter somewhat difficult, and might lay a blameful imputation on her Daughter: Nevertheless, considering, what an honest office it was in her, to be the means, whereby so worthy a Countess should recover an unkind husband, led altogether by lust, and not a jot of cordial love; she knew the intent to be honest, the Countess virtuous, and her promise religious, and therefore undertook to effect it. Within few days after, very ingeniously, and according to the instructed order, the Ring was obtained, albeit much against the Counts will; and the Countess instead of the Ladies virtuous Daughter, was embraced by him in bed: the hour proving so auspicious, and *Juno* being Lady of the ascendent, conjoyned with the witty *Mercury*, she conceived of two goodly Sons, and her deliverance agreed correspondently with the just time.

Thus the old Lady, not at this time only, but at many other meetings besides; gave the Countess free possession of her Husbands pleasures, yet always in such dark and concealed Secrecy, as it was never suspected, nor known to any but themselves, the Count lying with his own Wife, and disappointed of her whom he so dearly loved. Always at his uprising in the mornings (which usually was before the break of day, for preventing the least scruple of suspicion) many familiar conferences passed between them, with the gifts of divers fair and costly Jewels; all which the Countess carefully kept, and perceiving assuredly, that she was conceived with Child, she would no longer be troublesome to the good old Lady, but calling her aside, spake thus to her. Madam, I must needs give thanks to Heaven and you, because my desires are amply accomplished, and both time and your deserts do justly challenge, that I should accordingly quit you before my departure. It remaineth now in your own power, to make what demand you please of me, which yet I will not give you by way of reward, because that would seem to be base and mercenary: but only whatsoever you shall receive of me, is in honorable recompence of fair and virtuous deservings, such as any honest and well-minded Lady in the like distress, may with good credit allow, and yet no prejudice to her reputation.

Although poverty might well have tutored the Ladies tongue, to demand a liberal recompence for her pains; yet she requested but an hundred pounds, as



a friendly help towards her Daughters Marriage, and that with a bashful blushing was uttered too; yet the Countess gave her Five Hundred Pounds, besides so many rich and costly jewels as amounted to a far greater sum. So she returned to her wonted lodging at the aged Widows house, where first she was entertained at her coming to *Florence*; and the good old Lady, to avoid the Counts repairing to her house any more, departed thence suddenly with her Daughter, to divers friends of hers that dwelt in the Country, whereat the Count was much discontented; albeit afterward, he did never hear any more tidings of her or her Daughter, who was worthily married to her Mothers great comfort.

Not long after, Count *Bertrand* was recalled home by his people, and he having heard of his Wives absence, went to *Rossilion* so much the more willingly. And the Countess knowing her Husbands departure from *Florence*, as also his safe arrival at his own dwelling, remained still in *Florence*, until the time of her deliverance, which was of two goodly Sons, lively resembling the looks of their Father, and all the perfect lineaments of his body. Perswade your selves she was not a little careful of their nursing, and when she saw the time answerable to her determination, she took her journey (unknown to any) and arrived with them at *Montpellier*, where she rested for divers days, after so long and wearisome a journey.

Upon the day of All Saints, the Count kept a solemn Festival, for the assembly of his Lords, Knights, Ladies, and Gentlewomen: upon which Jovial day of general rejoycing, the Countess attired in her wonted Pilgrims weeds, repaired thither, entering into the great Hall where the Tables were readily covered for dinner. Pressing through the throng of People, with her two Children in her arms, she presumed to the place where the Count sat, and falling on her knees before him, the tears trickling abundantly down her cheeks, thus she spake.

Worthy Lord, I am thy poor, despised and unfortunate Wife; who (that thou mightest return home, and not be an Exile from thine own abiding) have thus long gone begging through the World. Yet now at length, I hope thou wilt be so honorably minded, as to perform thine own two strict imposed conditions, made to the two Knights which I sent unto thee, and which (by thy command) I was enjoyned to do. Behold here in my arms, not only one Son by thee begotten, but two Twins, and thy Ring beside. High time is it now, if men of honour respect their promises, and after so long and tedious travel, I should at last be welcomed as thy true Wife.

The Count hearing this, stood as confounded with admiration, for full well he knew the Ring; and both the Children were so perfectly like him, as he was confirmed to be their Father by general judgment. Upon his urging by what possible means this could be brought to pass, the Countess in presence of the whole Assembly, and unto her eternal commendation, related the whole History, even in such manner as you have formerly heard it. Moreover, she reported the private speeches in bed, uttered between himself and her, being witnessed more apparently, by the costly Jewels there openly shown. All which infallible proofs proclaiming his shame, and her most noble carriage to her Husband, he confessed, that she had told nothing but the truth in every point which she had reported.

Commending her admirable constancy, excellency of wit, and sprightly courage, in making such a bold adventure; he kissed the two sweet boyes, and to keep his promise, whereto he was earnestly importuned, by all his best esteemed friends there present, especially the honorable Ladies, who would have no denial, but by forgetting his former harsh and uncivil carriage towards her, to accept her for ever as his lawful Wife; folding her in his arms, and sweetly kissing her divers times together, he had her welcome to him as his virtuous, loyal, and most loving Wife, and for (for ever after) he would acknowledg her. Well knew he that she had store of better besetting garments in the house, and therefore requested the Ladies to walk with her to her Chamber, to uncase her of those Pilgrims weeds, and cloath her in her own more sumptuous garments, even those which she wore on her Wedding day, because that was not the day of his contentment, but only this; for now he confessed her to be his Wife indeed, and now he would give the King thanks for her, and now was Count *Bertrand* truly married to the fair *Juliet* of *Narbona*.



The wonderful and chaste resolved continency of fair Serictha, Daughter to Siwalde, King of Denmark, who being sought and sued unto by many worthy Persons that did affect her dearly, would not look any man in the Face, until such time as she was Married.

The Tenth NOVEL.

A very worthy president for all young Ladies and Gentlemen, not rashly to bestow themselves in Marriage, without the consent of their Parents and Friends.

**D**ionus having diligently listened to the Queens singular Discourse, so soon as she had concluded, and none now remained but himself, to give a full period unto that days pleasure; without long trifling the time, or expecting any Command from the Queen, thus he began. Gracious Ladies, I know that you expect from me some quaint Tale, as shall be suitable to my merry Disposition, rather favouring of Wantonness, than any discreet and sober Wisdom; and such a purpose indeed I once entertained. But having well observed all your several Relations, grounded on grave and worthy Examples, especially the last, so notably delivered unto us by the Queen: I cannot but commend fair Juliet of Narbona, in performing two such strange impossibilities, and conquering the unkindness of so cruel a Husband. If my Tale come short of the precedent Excellency, or give not such content, as you (perhaps) expect, accept my good will, and let me stand engaged for a better hereafter.

The Annals of Denmark do make mention, that the King of the said Country, who was first set down as Prince, contrary to the ancient Customs and Laws observed among the Danes, named *Hunguinus*, had a Son called *Siwalde*, who succeeded him in the Estates and Kingdom, belonging to his famous Predecessors. That Age, and the Court of that Royal Prince, was very highly renowned, by the honour of fair *Serictha*, Daughter to the said *Siwalde*; who beside her general repute, of being a miracle of Nature, in perfection of Beauty, and most compleat in all that the heart of man could desire to note, in a body full of grace, gentleness, and whatsoever else, to attract the Eyes of every one to behold her; she was also Chaste, Modest, and Bashful, as it were meerly impossible to prevail so far with her, that any man should come to speak with her. For in those days Marriages were pursued, and sought by Valour, and by the only opinion which stout Warriours conceived of the virtuous qualities of a Lady. Notwithstanding, never could any man make his vaunt, that she had given him so much as a look, or ever any attained to the favour to whisper a word in her Ear. Because, both the custom and will of Parents then (very respectively kept in those Northern parts of the World) of hearing such speak, as desired their Daughters in Marriage, grew from offering them some worthy services, and thereby compassed means to yield their contentation, by some gracious and kind answers.

But she, who was far off from the desire of any such Follies, referring her self wholly to the disposition of the King her Lord and Father; was so contrary to give any living man an answer, that her Eye never looked on any one speaking to her, appearing as sparing in vouchsafing a glance, as her heart was free from a thought of affection. For she had no other imagination, but that Maids both in their choice and will, ought to have any other disposition, but such as would be pleasing to their Parents, either to grant or deny; according as they were guided by their grave Judgment. In like manner, so well had she bridled her sensual appetites, with the curb of Reason, Wisdom, and Providence, setting such an extraordinary severe and constant restraint, on the twinkling or motions of her Eyes, in absolute obedience to her Father, as never was she seen to turn her head aside, to lend one look on any man of her age.

A worthy sight it was to behold the Knights errant, passing, and repassing to Denmark, and back again, labouring to conquer those settled Eyes, to win the least sign of Grace, or likelihood of any favour, from her whom they so dutiously pursued, to steal but a silly glance, and would have thought it a kind of honourable Theft. But this immovable rock of Beauty, although she knew the designs of them which thus frequented the Court of the King her Father, and could not pretend



pretend ignorance of their endeavour, aiming only at obtaining her in Marriage: yet did not lend any look of her Eye, yielding the least signal of the hearts motion, in affecting any thing whatsoever, but what it pleased her Father she should do.

*Serilda*, living in this strange and unusual manner, it moved many Princes and great Lords, to come and court her; contending both by all signs and words to change her from this severe constancy, and make known (if possible it might be) whether a Woman would or could be so resolute, as to use no respect at all towards them, coming from so many strange Countrys, to honour her in the Court of the King her Father. But in these days of ours, if such a number of galant Spirits should come to ask but one look of some of our Beauties; I am half afraid, that they should find the Eyes of many of our dainty Darlings, not so sparing of their glances, as those of *Serilda* were. Considering, that our Courtiers of these times, are this way emulous one of another, and Women are so forward in offering themselves, that they perform the office of Suters, as fearing lest they should not be solicited, yea, though it be in honest manner.

The King, who knew well enough, that a Daughter was a treasure of some danger to keep, and growing doubtful withal lest (in the end) this so obdurate severity should be shaken, if once it came to pass, that his Daughter should feel the piercing apprehension of Love, and whereof (as yet) she never had any experience; he determined to use some remedy for this great concourse of Lovers, and strange kind of carriage in the Princess his Daughter. For, he apparently perceived that such an excellent Beauty as was in *Serilda*, with those good and commendable customs, and other ornaments of his Daughters mind, could never attain to such an height of perfection; but yet there would be found some sort of men, so wittily accute and ingenious, as to convert and humour a Maid, according to their will, and make a mockery of them, who were (before) of most high esteem. Beside, among so great a Troop of Lords, as daily made tender of their amorous Service, some one or other would prove so happy, as at the last she would be his Mistress. And therefore forbearing what otherwise he had intended, as a final conclusion of all such Follies, calling his Daughter alone to himself in his Chamber, and standing clear from all other attention, he used to her this or the like Language.

I know not fair Daughter, what reason may move you to shew your self so disdainful towards so many Noble and Worthy men, as come to visit you, and honour my Court with their presence, offering me their love and loyal Service, under this only pretence (as I perceive) of obtaining you, and compassing the happiness (as it appeareth in plain strife among them) one day to win the prize, you being the main issue of all their hope. If it be bashful modesty, which (indeed) ought to attend on all Virgins of your years, and so veils your Eyes, as (with honour) you cannot look on any thing, but what is your own, or may not justly vouchsafe to see: I commend your maidenly continency, which yet nevertheless, I would not have to be severe, as (at length) your youth falling into dislike thereof, it may be the occasion of some great misfortune, either to you, or me, or else to us both together: considering what rapes are ordinarily committed in those quarters, and the Ladies equal every way to your self, which happening, would presently be the cause of my death.

If it be in regard of some vow which you have consecrated to Virginity, and to some one of our Gods: I seek not therein to hinder your designs, neither will bereave the celestial powers, of whatsoever appertaineth to them. Albeit I could wish, that it should be kept in a place more straited, and separate from the resort of men; to the end, that so bright a beauty as yours is, should cause no discords among amorous suitors, neither my Court prove a Camp destined unto the conclusion of such quarrels, or you be the occasion of reviving so many, whose service would beseech a much more needful place, than to die here by a fond and foolish opinion of enjoying a vain pleasure, yet remaining in the power of another body to grant. If therefore I shall perceive, that these behaviour in you do proceed from pride or contempt of them, who endeavour to do you both honour and service, and instead of granting them a gracious look, in arrogancy you keep it from them, making them enemies to your folly and my sufferance: I swear to you, by our greatest God, that I will take such due order, as shall make you feel the hand of an offended Father, and teach you (henceforth) to be much more affable.

Wherefore



Wherefore dear Daughter, you shall do me a singular pleasure, freely to acquaint me with your mind, and thereasons of your so strict severity: promising you upon the word and faith of a King, nay more, of a loving and kind Father, that if I find the cause to be just and reasonable, I will desist so far from hindering your intent, as you shall rather perceive my fatherly furtherance, and rest truly resolved of my help and favour. Wherefore, fair Daughter, neither blush or dismay, or fear to let me understand your will; for evidently I see, that meer Virgin-shame hath made a rapture of your soul, being nothing else but those true splendors of vertue derived from your Ancestors, and shining in you most gloriously, gracing you with a much richer embellishing, than those beauties bestowed on you by Nature. Speak therefore boldly to your Father; because there is no law to prohibit your speech to him: for when he commandeth, he ought to be obeyed: promising upon mine oath once again, that if your reasons are such as they ought to be, I will not fail to accommodate your fancy.

The wife and vertuous Princess, hearing the King to alledg such gracious reasons, and to lay so kind a command on her, making him most low and humble reverence, in sign of dutiful accepting such favour, thus she answered. Royal Lord and Father, seeing that in your Princely Court, I have gathered whatsoever may be termed vertuous in me, and you being the principal Instructor of my life, from whom I have learned those lessons, how Maids (of my age) ought to govern and maintain themselves: You shall apparently perceive, that neither gazing looks, which I ought not to yield, without your consent; nor pride or arrogancy, never taught me by you, or the Queen my most honourable Lady and Mother, are any occasion of my carriage towards them, which come to make ostentation of their folly in your Court, as if a meer look of *Seritha* were sufficient to yield assurance affectually of their desired victory.

Nothing (my most Royal Lord and Father) induceth me to this kind of behaviour, but only due respect of your honour and mine own: and to the end it may not be thought that I belye my self, in not eying the affectionate offers of amorous pursuers, or have any other private reserved meaning, than what may best please King *Sivalde* my Father, let it suffice Sir, that it remaineth in your power only, to make an apt election and choice for me: for I never ought, nor will allow the acceptance of any Suitors kindness, so much as by a look (much less than by word) until your Highness shall nominate the man, to be a meet Husband for *Seritha*. It is only you then (my Lord) that bears the true life-bloud of our Ancestors. It is the untainted life of the Queen my Mother, that sets a chaste and strict restraint on mine eyes, from estranging my heart to the idle amorous enticements of young giddy-headed Gentlemen, and have sealed up my soul with an absolute determination, rather to make choice of death, than any way to alter this my wondrous severity.

You being a wise King, and the worthy Father of *Seritha*, it is in you to meditate, counsel, and effect, what best shall beseeem the designs of your Daughter, because it is the vertue of Children, yea, and their eternal glory and renown, to illustrate the lives and memory of their Parents. It consisteth in you either to grant honest licence to such Lords as desire me, or to oppose them with such discreet conditions, as both your self may sit free from any further afflicting, and they rest defeated of dangerous dissensions, according as you foresee what may ensue. Which yet (nevertheless) I hold as a matter impossible; if their discord should be grounded on the sole apprehension of their souls; and the only prevention thereof, is, not to yield any sign, glance of the eye, or so much as a word more to one man than another: for such is the settled disposition of your Daughters soul, and which she humbly entreateth, may so still be suffered.

Many means there are, whereby to win the grace of the greatest King, by employing their pains in worthy occasions; answerable unto their years and vertue, if any such sparkles of honour do shine in their souls; rather than by gaining here any matter of so mean moment, by endeavouring to shake the simplicity of a bashful Maid: Let them clear the Kings High-ways of Thieves, who make the passages difficult; or let them exel Pyrates from off the Seas, which mak our Danish Coasts every way inaccessible. These are the noble means to merit, as may throw deserved recompence upon them, and much more worthily



ly, than making Idols of Ladies-looks, or gazing for Babies in her wanton eyes. So may you bestow on them what is your own, granting *Seridba* to behold none, but him whom you shall please to give her: for otherwise you know what her absolute resolve is, never hereafter for to look any living man in the face, but only you my gracious Lord and Father.

When the King had heard this wise and modest answer of his Daughter, he could not otherwise chuse but greatly commend her in his heart; and smiling at the Counsel which she gave him, he returned her this answer. Understand me well, fair Daughter; neither am I minded to break your determination wholly, nor yet do I purpose to govern my self according to your own fancy. I stand indifferently contented, that until I have otherwise purposed, you shall continue the nature of your ancient custom: yet conditionally, that when I command an alteration of your carriage, you fail not therein to declare your obedience. What else remaineth beside, for so silly a thing as a Woman is, and for the private pleasing of so many great Princes and Lords, I will not endanger any of their lives, because their Parents and friends (being sensible of such losses) may seek revenge, perhaps to their own ruine, and some following scourge to my indiscretion. For I consider (Daughter) that I have Neighbours who scarcely love me, and of whom (in time) I may right my self, having received by their means, great wrongs and injuries. Also I make no doubt, but to manage your love suit, with discretion, and set such a pleasing proceeding between them, as neither shall beget any hatred in them towards me, nor yet offend them in their affectionous pursuit, till Fortune may smile so favourably upon some one man, to reach the height of both our wished desires.

*Simalde* was thus determinately resolved, to let his Daughter live at her own discretion, without any alteration of her continued severity, perceiving day by day, that many came still to request her in Marriage, and he could not give her to them all, nor make his choice of any one, lest all the rest should become his Enemies, and fall into quarrel one with another.

Only this therefore was his ordination, that among such a number of amorous Suitors, he onely should wear the Laurel wreath of victory, who could obtain such favour of *Seridba*, as but to look her in the face. This condition seemed to be of no mean difficulty, yea, and so impossible, that many gave over their amorous enterprize: whereof *Seridba* was wondrously joyful, seeing her self eased of such tedious importunity, dulling her ears with their proffered services, and soppy allegations of fantastick servitude, such as idle-headed lovers do use to protest before their Mistresses, wherein they may believe them, if they list.

Among them that were thus forward in their heat of affection, there was a young Danish Lord, named *Ochamus*, the Son of a Pirate, called *Habonius*, the same man, who having stoln the Sister unto King *Hunguinus*, and Sister to *Simalde*, and affiancing himself to her, was slain by King *Haldane*, and by thus killing him, enjoyed both the Lady and the Kingdom of the Gothes also, as her inheritance. This *Ochamus* relying much on his comeliness of person, wealth, power, and valour, but (above all the rest) on his excellent and eloquent speaking; bestowed his best endeavours to obtain *Seridba*, notwithstanding the contemptible carriage of the rest towards him: whereupon prevailing for his access to the Princess, and admitted to speak as all the other did, he reasoned with her thus.

Whence may it proceed, Madam, that you being the fairest and wisest Princess living at this day in all the Northern parts, should make so small account of your self, as to deny that, which with honour you may yield to them, as seek to do you most humble service: and forgetting the rank you hold, do refuse to daign them recompence in any manner whatsoever, seeking only to enjoy you in honourable Marriage? Perhaps you are of opinion, that the Gods should become slaves to your beauty, in which respect, men are unworthy to crave any such acquaintance of you. If it be so, I confess my self conquered: But if the Gods seek no such association with Women, and since they forsook the World, they left this Legacy to us men: I think you covet after none but such as are extracted of their blood, or may make vaunt of their near kindred and alliance of them. I know that many have wished, and do yet desire you: I know also, that as many have requested you of the King your Father, the choice remaineth in your power, and you being ordained the Judge, to



guish the merit of all your Suitors; methinks you do wrong to the office of a Judge, in not regarding the parties which are in suit, to sentence the desert of the best and bravest, and so to delay them with no more lingering.

I cannot think Madam, that you are so far out of your self, and so chill cold in your affection, but desire of occasions, equal to your virtue and singular beauty, do sometime touch you feelingly, and make you to wish for such a man answerable to the greatness of your excellency. And if it should be otherwise (as I imagin it to be impossible) yet you ought to break such design, only to satisfy the King your Father, who can desire nothing more, than to have a Son in law, to revenge him on the Tyrant of *Swedia*: who, as you well know was sometime the Murderer of your Grand-father *Hunguinus*, and also of his Father. If you please to vouchsafe me so much grace and favour, as to make me the man, whom your heart hath chosen to be your Husband; I swear unto you, by the honour of a Souldier, that I will undergo such service, as the King shall be revenged, you royally satisfied, and my self advanced to no mean happiness, by being the only fortunate man in the World. Gentle Princess, the most beautiful Daughter to a King, open that indurate heart, and so soften it, that the sweet impressions of love may be engraven therein; see there the joyful pursuit of your *Ocharus*, who, to save his life, cannot so much as win one look from his divine Mistress.

This niceness is almost meerly barbarous, that I, wishing to adventure my life prodigally in your service, you are so cruel, as not to deign recompence to this duty of mine, with the least sign of kindness that can be imagined. Fair *Serilda*, if you desire the death of your friend and servant *Ocharus*, there are many other means whereby to perform it, without consuming him in so small a fire, and suffer him there to languish, without any answer. If you will not look upon me; if my face be so unworthy, that one beam of your bright Sun may not shine upon it: if a word of your mouth be too precious for me; make a sign with your hand, either of my happiness or disaster. If your hand be envious of mine ease, let one of your women be she, to pronounce the sentence of life or death; because, if my life be hateful to you, this hand of mine may sacrifice it to the rigour of your disdain. But if (as I am rather persuaded) the ruine of your servants, be against your more merciful wishes; deal so that I may perceive it, and express what compassion you have of your *Ocharus*, who coveteth nothing more, than your daily hearts ease and contentment, with a priviledg of honour above other Ladies. All this discourse was heard by *Serilda*, but so little was she moved therewith, as she was far enough off from returning him any answer, neither did any of the Gentlewomen attending on her, ever hear her use the very least word to any of her amorous solicitors, nor did she know any one of them, but by speech only, which drove them all into an utter despair, perceiving no possible means whereby to conquer her.

The Histories of the Northern Countries do declare, that in those times, the rapes of Women were not much respected; and such as pursued any Lady or Gentlewoman with love, were verily persuaded, that they never made sufficient proof of their amorous passions, if they undertook not all cunning stratagems, with adventure of their lives to all perils whatsoever, for the rape or stealth of them, whom they purposed to enjoy in marriage. As we read in the *Goths History of Gramo*, Son to the King of *Denmark*, who being impatiently amorous of the Daughter to the King of the *Goths*, and winning the love of the Lady, stole her away, before her parents or friends had any notice thereof; by means of which rape, there followed a most bloody war between the *Goths* and the *Danes*. In recompence of which injury, *Sibdagetus*, King of *Norway*, being chosen chief Commander of the *Swetians* and *Goths*, entered powerfully into *Denmark*, where first he violated the Sisters to King *Gramo*, and led away her Daughter, whom in like manner he made his spouse, as the *Dane* had the Daughter of *Sigtruge*, Prince of the *Goths*.

I induce these brief narrations only to shew, that while *Ocharus* made honest and affable means, to win respect from *Serilda*, and used all honourable services to her, as the Daughter of so great a Prince worthily deserved: some there were, not half so conscientious as he, especially one of the amorous Suitors, who being weary of the strangeness of *Serilda*, dissembling to prosecute his



purpose no further; prevailed so far, that he corrupted one of her Governesses, for secretly training her to such a place, where the ravisher should lie in ambush to carry her away, so to enjoy her by policy, seeing all other means failed for to compass his desire.

Behold, to what a kind of foolish rage, which giddy-headed dullards do term a natural passion, they are led, who being guided more by sensuality than reason or discretion, follow the brain-sick motions of their rash apprehensions. He which pursueth, and protests to love a Lady for her gentility and vertue, knoweth not how to measure what love is, neither seeth nor conceiveth; how far the permission of his own endeavours extendeth. Moreover, you may observe, that never age was so gross, or men so simple, but even almost from the beginning, avarice did hood-wink the hearts of men, and that (with gold) the very strongest Fortification in the world hath been broken, yea, and the best barr'd gates laid open. *Seritha*, who shunned the sight of all men, and never disturbed them which kept about her; she who never knew (except some natural spark gave light to her understanding) what belonged to the embracements of men, must now (without dreaming thereon) fall as food to the insatiable appetite of a wretch, who compassed this surprizal of her, to glory in his own lewdness, and made a mock of the Princesses settled constancy.

She, good Lady, following the counsel of her traitorous guide, went abroad on walking, but weakly accompanied, as one that admitted no men to attend her; which she might have repented very dearly, if heaven had not succoured her innocency, by the help of him who wished her as well as the ravisher, tho their desire were quite contrary; the one to enjoy her by violence, but the other affected rather to die, than to do the least act that might displease her. No sooner was *Seritha* arrived at the destined place, where the false Governess was to deliver her; but behold a second *Paris* came, and seized on her, hurrying her in haste away, before any help could possibly rescue her; the place being far off from any dwelling.

Now the ravisher durst not convey her to his own abiding, to enjoy the benefit of his purchase; but haled her into a small thicket of trees, where although she knew the evident peril, whereinto her severe continency had now thrown her: yet notwithstanding, she would not lift up her eyes to see what he was that had thus stoln her, so firmly she dwelt upon grounded deliberation, and such was the rigour of her chaste resolve. And albeit she knew a wickedness (worse than death) preparing for her, who had no other glory than in her vertue, and desire to live contentedly; yet was she no more astounded thereat, than if he had led her to the Palace of the King her Father: perswading herself, that violence done to the body, is no prejudice to honour, when the mind is free from consent.

As thus this robber of beauty was preparing to massacre the modesty of the fair Princess, she refused him with all her power, yea, and defended herself so worthily, that he could not get one look of her eye, one kiss of her cheek, nor any advantage whatsoever, crying out shrilly, and struggling against him strongly: her outcries were heard by one, who little imagined that she was so near, whom he loved more dearly than his own life, namely, *Oebanus*; who was walking accidentally alone in this wood, devising by what means he might win grace from his stern Mistress. No sooner took he knowledge of her, and saw her (in the arms of another) to be ravished; but he cried out to the Thief, saying, Hand off Villain, let not such a slave as thou, prophane with an unreverent touch the sacred honour of so chaste a Princess, who deserveth to be more royally respected, than thus rudely hurried: Hand off I say, or else I swear by her divine perfections, whom I esteem above all creatures in this world, to make thee die more miserably, than ever any man as yet did.

Whosoever had seen a Lion or an Ounce rouse himself, chasing when any one adventureth to rob him of his prey; and these with fierce eyes, mounted crests, writhed tails, and sharpened paws, make against him that durst so molest him. In the like manner did the ravisher shew himself, and one while snarling, another while bristling the darted disdainful looks at *Oebanus*. And spake to him in this manner. Vile and base Sea-thief, as thou art, welcome to thy deserved wages, and just repayment for thy proud presuming. It glads my heart not a little, to meet thee here, where thou shalt soon perceive what good will



I bear thee, and whether thou be worthy or not, to enjoy the honour of this Lady, now in mine own absolute possession. It will also increase her more ample persuasion of my worth, and plead my merit more effectually in her favour; when she shall see what a powerful arm I have, to punish this proud insolence of a Pirate.

This harsh language was so distasteful to *Ocharus*, that like a Bull, made angry by the teeth of some Maltive Dog, or pricked by the point of a weapon, he ran upon his Enemy, and was so roughly welcomed by him, as it could not easily be judged which of them had the better advantage. But in the end Fortune favoured most the honest man, and *Ocharus* having overthrown the robber, he smote the head of him quite from his shoulders, which he presented to her, whom he had delivered out of so great peril, and thus he spake: You may now behold Madam, whether *Ocharus* be a true lover of *Serilda's* virtues, or no, and your knowledge fully resolved at what end his affection aimeth; as also how far his honest desert extendeth, for you both to love him, and to recompense the loyal respect he hath used towards you. Never look on the villains face, who strove to thame the King your Fathers Court by violation of thievery, the choicest Princels of the Earth, but regard *Ocharus* who is ready to sacrifice himself, if you take as much pleasure in his ruine, as (he thinketh) he hath given you contentment, by delivering you from this Traitor.

Doth it not appear unto you Madam, that I have as yet done enough, whereby to be thought a worthy Husband, for the royal Daughter of Denmark? Have I not satisfied the Kings own Ordinance, by delivering his Daughter, as already I have done? Will *Serilda* be so constant in her cruelty, as not to turn her eye towards him, who exposed his life to no mean peril and danger, only in the defence of her chastity? Then I plainly perceive, that the wages of my devoir is ranked amongst those precedent services, which I have performed for so hurtful a beauty. Yet gentle Princess, let me tell you, my carriage hath been of more importance, than all the others can be, and my merits no way to be compared with theirs; at least, if you please to make account of him, who is an unfeigned lover of your modesty, and devoutly honoureth your virtuous behaviour. And yet Madam, shall I have none other answer from you, but your perpetual silence? Can you continue so obdurate in your opinion, in making your self still a stranger to your *Ocharus*, as to the rest, who have no other affection, but only the bare outside of beauty. Why then, Royal Lady, seeing (at this instant time) all my labour is but lost, and your heart seemeth much more hardened, in acknowledging any of my honest services: at least, yet let me be so happy, as to conduct you back to the Palace, and restore you to that sacred safety, which will be my souls best comfort to behold.

No outward sign of kind acceptation, did any way express it self in her, but rather as fearing lest the commodiousness of the place should incite this young Lord, to forget all honest respect, and imitate the other in like baseness. But he, who rather wished a thousand deaths, than any way to displease his Mistress, as if he were half donbrful of her suspicion, made offer of guiding her back to the place, from whence she had before been stoln, where she found her company still staying, as not daring to stir thence, to let the King know his Daughters ill fortune; but when they saw her return, and in the company of so worthy a Knight, they grew resolved that no violence had been done unto her.

The Princess sharply rebuked her Women; for leaving her so basely as they had done, gave charge to one of them (because she would not seem altogether negligent and discourteous) that she being gone thence, she should not fail to thank *Ocharus*, for the honest and faithful service he had done unto her, which she would continually remember, and recompence as it lay in her power. Nevertheless, she advised him withal not to hope of any more advantage thereby, than reason should require. For if it were the will of the Gods, that she should be his Wife, neither she, nor any other could let or hinder it: but if her destiny reserved her for another, all his services would avail to no purpose, but rather to make her the more rigorous towards him.

This gracious answer, thus given him by the Gentlewoman, although it gave some contentment to the languishing Lover, yet he saw no assured sign whereon to settle his resolve, but his hopes vanished away in smoak, as fast as opinion bred them in his brain. And gladly he would have given over all further a-



morous solicitings, but by some private persuasions of her message sent him, which in time might to advance his services done for her sake, as would deserve far greater favours from her. Whereupon he omitted no time or place, but as occasion gave him any gracious permission, still plied her memory, with his manly rescuing her from the Ravisher, sufficient to plead his merit to her Father, and that (in all equality) she ought to be his Wife, by right both of honour and Arms; no man being able to deserve her as he had done.

So long he pursued her in this manner, that his speeches seemed hateful to her, and desiring how to be free from his daily importunities, at length, in the habit of a poor Chamber-maid, she secretly departed out of the Court, wandering into the solitary parts of the Country; where she entered into a service, and had the charge of keeping Sheep. It may seem strange, that a King's daughter should stay in such sort, and despising Courtly life, betake her self to pains and severity; but such was her resolution: and women delighting altogether in extremes, spare no attempts to compass their own wills. All the Court was in an uproar for the Ladies loss, the Father in no mean affliction, the Lovers well near beside their wits, and every one else most grievously tormented, that a Lady of such worth should so suddenly be gone, and all pursuits made after her, gain no knowledge of her.

In this high tide of sorrow and disaster, what shall we say of the gentle Lord *Ocharus*? What judgment can sound the depth of his woful extremity? Fearing lest some other Thief had now made a second stealth of his divine Goddess, he must needs follow her again, seeking quite throughout the World, never more returning back to the Court, nor to the place of his own abiding, until he heard tidings of his Mistress, or end his days in search of her. No Village, Town, Cottage, Castle, or any place else of note or name, did he leave unsought, but diligently he searched for *Sentha*, striving to get knowledge under what habit she lived thus concealed, but all his labour was to no effect; which made him leave the place so much frequented, and visit the solitary deserts, shades, entering into all caves and rustick habitations, whereon he could fasten his eye, to seek for the lost treasure of his soul.

On a day as he wandered along in a Valley, seated between two pleasant hills, taking delight to hear the gentle murmur of the rivers, running by the sides of two neighbouring rocks, planted with all kind of trees, and very thickly spread with moss; he espied a flock of sheep feeding on the grass, and not far from them late a Maid spinning on her distaff; who having got a sight of him, presently covered her face with a veil. Love, who late as Sentinel both in the heart and eye of the gentle *Norwegian* Lord, as quickly discovered the subtilty of the fair Shepherdess, instructing the soul of *Ocharus*, that she hid her face not to be known; whereupon he gathered, that doubtless this was she, for whom he had sought with such tedious travel, and therefore going directly unto her, thus he spake.

Gentle Princess; wherefore do you hide your self from me? Why do you haunt these retreats and desolate abodes, having power to command over infinite men, that cannot live but by your presence? What hath moved you Madam, to fly from company, to dwell among desert Rocks, and serve as a slave, to such as are no way worthy of your service? Why do you forsake a potent King, whose only Daughter and hope you are; leaving your Country and Royal train of Ladies, and so far abasing your self, to live in the dejected state of a servant, and to some rustick clown or peasant? What reason have you, to despise so many worthy Lords that dearly love and honour you, but (above them all) your poor slave *Ocharus*, who hath made no spare of his own life for the safety of yours, and also for the defence of your honour? Royal Maid, I am the same man that delivered you from the Villain, who would have violated your chastity; and since then, have not spared any pain or travel in your search: for whose loss, King *Sivalde* is in extremam anguish, the *Danes* in mourning habits, and *Ocharus* even at the door of death, being no way able to endure your absence.

Are you of the mind, worthy Madam, that I have not hitherto deserved so much as one good look or glance of your eye, in recompence of so many good and loyal services? If alas! I am neither ravisher, nor demander of any unjust requests, or else uncivil in my motions: I may merit one regard of my Mistress.



I require only so silly a favour, that her eyes may pay me the wages for all which I have hitherto done in her service. What would you do Madam, if I were an important solicitor, and requested far greater matters of you; in just recompence of my labours? I do not desire, that you should embrace me. I am not so bold, as to request a Kiss of *Seridha's* more than immortal lips. Nor do I covet, that she should any otherways entreat me, than with such severity as becometh so great a Princess. I ask no more, but only to elevate your chaste eyes, and grace me with one little look, as being the man, who for his virtue and loyal affection, hath deserved more than that favour, yea a much greater and excellent recompence. Can you then be so cruel, as to deny me so small a thing, without regard of the main debt, wherein you stand engaged to your *Ochamus*?

The Princess perceiving that it availed nothing to conceal her self, being by him so apparently discovered, began now to speak (which she had never done before, either to him, or any other of her amorous suitors;) answering him in this manner. Lord *Ochamus*, it might suffice you, that your importunity made me forsake my Fathers Court, and cauleth me to live in this abused condition, which I purpose to prosecute all my time; or so long (at least) as you and such as you are, pursue me so fondly as you have presumed to do. For I am resolved, never to favour you any otherwise, than hitherto I have done; desiring you therefore, that *Seridha* wanting an Interpreter to tell you her will, you would now receive looser her own mouth, determining sooner to die, than alter a jot of her intended purpose.

*Ochamus* hearing this unwelcome answer, was even upon the point to have slain himself: but yet, not to lose the name of a valiant man, or to be thought of an effeminate or cowardly spirit, that a woman should force him to an act, so far unfitting for a man of his rank, he took his leave of her, solemnly promising, not to forget her further pursuit, but at all times to obey her so long as he lived, although her command was very hard for him to endure. So he departed thence, not unto the Court, she being not there, that had the power to enjoin his presence: but home to his own house, where he was no sooner arrived, but he began to wax weary of his former folly: accusing himself of great indiscretion, for spending so much time in vain, and in her service who utterly despised him, and all his endeavours which he undertook. He began to accuse her of ingratitude, laying over-much respect upon her virtue, to have no feeling at all of his loyal sufferings; but merely made a mockery of his martyrdom. Hereupon, he concluded to give over all further affection, to languish no longer for her sake, who hated him and all his actions.

While he continued in these melancholy passions, the Princess, who all this while had persisted in such strict severity, as astonished the courages of her stoutest servants, considering (more deliberately) on the sincere affection of *Ochamus*, and that virtue only made him the friend to her modesty, and not wanton or lascivious appetite; she felt a willing readiness in her soul, to gratifie him in some worthy manner, and to recompence some part of his travels. Which to effect, she resolved to follow him (in some counterfeit habit) even to the place of his own abiding, to try, if easily he could take knowledge of her, whom so lately he saw in the garments of a Shepherdess. Being thus minded, she went to her Mistress whom she served, and who had likewise seen Lord *Ochamus* (of whom she had perfect knowledge) when he conferred with the Shepherdess, and enquiring the cause, why he resorted in that manner to her: *Seridha* returned her this answer.

Mistress, I make no doubt but you will be somewhat amazed, and (perhaps) can hardly credit which you hear, that she who now serveth you in the poor degree of Shepherdess, is the only Daughter to *Simalde* King of the *Danes*: for whose love, so many great Lords have continually laboured; and that I only attracted hither *Ochamus* the noble Son of valiant *Habonius*, to wander in these solitary deserts, to find out her that fled from him, and held him in as great disdain, as I did all the rest of his fellow rivals. But if my words may not herein sufficiently assure you, I would advise you to send where *Ochamus* dwelleth, and there make further enquiry of him, to the end that you may not imagin me a liar. If my speeches do other ways prevail with you, and you remain assured, that I am she, whom your noble neighbour so dearly affecteth, albeit



liberty I never made any account at all of him: then I do earnestly entreat you, so much to stand my friend, as to provide some convenient means for me, whereby I may pass unknown to the Castle of *Ocharus*, to revenge my self upon his civil honesty, and smile at him hereafter, if he prove not so clearlyighted, as to know her being so near him, whom he vaunteth to love above all women else.

The good Country-woman hearing these words, and perceiving that she had the Princess in her house, of whose speeches she made not any doubt, in regard of her stout countenance, gravity, and fair demeanour; began to relish something in her mind, far differing from matter of common understanding, and therefore roundly replied in this kind of language.

Madam, (for Servant I may no longer call you) I make no question to the contrary, but that you are derived of high birth, having observed your behaviour and womanly carriage. And so much the more I remain assured thereof, having seen such great honour done unto you, by that worthy Warrior *Ocharus*. Wherefore it lieth not in my power, to impeach your designs, much less to talk of your longer service, because you are the Princess *Seridba* whom I am to perform all humble duty unto, as being one of your meanest subjects. And although you were not she, yet would I not presume any way to offend you in regard of the true and virtuous love, which that good Knight *Ocharus* seemeth to bear you. If my company be needful for you, I beseech you to accept it; if not, take whatsoever is mine, which may any way stead you; for, to make you pass unknown, I can and will provide sufficiently, even to your own contentment, and in such strange manner, as *Ocharus* (were he never so clearlyighted) should be deceived, you being attired in those fashion garments which here in these parts are usually worn.

*Seridba* being wondrously joyful at her answer, suffered her to paint, or rather to soil her fair face, with the juice of divers herbs, and roots, and cloathed her in such a habit as those women use to wear that live in the mountains of *Norway*, upon the Sea-coast fronting *Great Britain*. Being thus disguised, confidently she went, to beguile the eye of her dearest friend, and so to return back again from him, having afforded him such a secret favour, in requital of his honourable services; delivering her out of so great a danger, and coming to visit him in so solitary a life. Nor would she have the woman's company any further, than till she came within the sight of *Ocharus* his Castle; where when she was arrived (he being then absent) the Mother unto the noble Gentleman gave her courteous welcome; and, notwithstanding her gross and homely outward appearance, yet she collected by her countenance, that there was a matter of much more worth in her, than to be a Woman of base breeding.

When *Ocharus* was returned home, he received advertisement by his Mother concerning the arrival of this stranger, when as suddenly his soul half persuaded him of some kind courtesie to proceed from his sweet rebel, pretending now some feigned excuse, in recompence of all his travels, and passed honest offices, observing all her actions and gestures, her wonted rigour never bending one jot, or gave way to her eye to look upon any man; he grew the better assured, that she was the Daughter to King *Sivalde*. Yet feigning to take no knowledge thereof, he bethought himself of a quaint policy, whereby to make trial, whether secret kindness had conducted this Lady thither or no, to conclude his torments, and give a final end to his grievous afflictions.

Upon a watch-word given to his Mother, he pretended, and caused it to be noised through the house, that he was to marry a very honourable Lady; which the constant and chaste Maid verily believed; and therefore gave the more diligent attendance (as a new-comer servant) to see all things in due decency, as no one could express her self more ready, because she esteemed him above all other men. Yet such was the obstinate opinion she conceived of her own preciseness, as she would rather suffer all the flames of love, than express the least shew of desire to any man living. Nevertheless, she was inwardly offended, that any other should have the honour to make her vaunt of enjoying *Ocharus*; whom (indeed) she coveted, and thought him only worthy in her heart, to be Son in Law to the King of *Denmark*.

Now as the Mother was seriously busied in preparing the Castle, for receiving the pretended Bride; she employed her new Maid (*Seridba* I mean) as busily as any of all the rest. In the mean while, *Ocharus* was laid upon a bed, well

rotting



noting all her carriage and behaviour, she having a lighted candle in her hand, without any Candlestick to hold it in. As all the servants (both men and maids) were running hastily from place to place, to carry such occasions as they were commanded, the candle was consumed so near to *Seridba's* fingers, that it burned her hand. She, not to fail a jot in her height of mind, and to declare that her courage was invincible; was so far off from casting away the small snuff which offended her, that she rather graspt it the more strongly, even to the enflaming of her own flesh, which gave light to the rest about their business. A matter (almost) as marvellous, as the act of the noble *Roman*, who gave his hand to be burned in presence of the *Tuscan* King, that had besieged *Rome*. Thus this Lady would needs make it apparently known, by this courageous act of hers, that her heart could not be enflamed, nor conquered by all the fires of concupiscence, in suffering so stoutly and courageously the burning of this material fire.

*Ocharus*, who (as we have already said) observed every thing that *Seridba* did; perceiving that she spake not one word, albeit her hand burned in such fierce manner, was much astonished at her sprightly mind. And as he was about to advise her, to hurl away the fire so much offending her; Curiosity (meerly natural unto women) made the Lady lift up her eyes, to see (by stealth) whether her friend had noted her invincible constancy, or no. Whereby *Ocharus* won the honour of his long expected victory; and leaping from off the bed, he ran to embrace her, not with any such fear as he had formerly used, in not daring so much as to touch her; but boldly now clasping his arms about her, he said. At this instant Madam, the King your Fathers decree is fully accomplished, for I am the first man that ever lookt you in the face, and you are only mine without making any longer resistance. You are the Princely Lady and Wife by me so constantly loved and desired, whom I have followed with such painful travel, exposing my self to infinite perils in your service: you have seen and lookt on him; who never craved any thing of you, but only this favour, whereof you cannot bereave me again, because the gods themselves, at such time as I least expected it, have bestown it on me, as my deserved recompence and worthy reward.

In the delivery of these words, he kissed and embraced her a thousand times, she using no great resistance against him, but only as somewhat offended with her self, either for being so rash in looking on him, or else for delaying his due merit so long; or rather, because with her good will she had fallen into the transgression. She declared no violent or contending motion, as loth to continue so long in his arms; but rather evident signs of hearty contentment, yet in very bashful and modest manner, willing enough to accept his loving kindness, yet not wandering from her wonted chaste carriage. He being favourably excused, for the outward expression of his amorous behaviour to her, and certified withal, that since the time freeing her from the wretch, who sought the violating of her chastity, she had entirely respected him, (albeit, to shun suspicion of lightness, and to win more assurance, of what she credited sufficiently already, she continued her stiff opinion against him) yet always this resolution was set down in her soul, never (with her will) to have any other Husband but *Ocharus*, who (above all other) had best deserved her, by his generosity, vertue, manly carriage, and valiancy; whereof he might the better assure himself, because (of her own voluntary disposition) she followed to find him out, not for any other occasion, but to revenge her self (by this honest Office) for all that he had done or undertaken, to win the grace and love of the King of *Denmark's* Daughter, to whom he presented such dutiful service.

*Ocharus* who would not lose this happiness to be made King of the Northern Islands, with a thankful heart, accepted all her excuses. And being desirous to wait no longer time in vain, lest Fortune should raise some new stratagem against him, to dispossess him of so fair a felicity; left off his counterfeit intended marriage, and effected this in good earnest, and was wedded to his most esteemed *Seridba*. Not long had these Lovers lived in the lawful and sacred Rites of marriage, but King *Simalde* was advertised, that his Daughter had given her consent to *Ocharus*, and received him as her noble Husband. The party was not a jot displeasing to him, he thought him to be a worthy Son in Law, and the condition did so sufficiently excuse the Match; only herein lay



lay the error and offence, that the marriage was solemnized without his knowledge and consent, he being not called thereto; or so much as acquainting him therewith, which made him condemn *Ocharus* of overbold arrogancy, he being such a great and powerful King, to be so lightly respected by his Subjects, and especially in the marriage of his Daughter.

But *Serilda*, who was now metamorphosed from a Maid to a Wife, and had lain a few nights by the side of a Soldier, was become much more valiant and adventurous than she was before. She took the matter in hand, went to her Father, who welcomed her most lovingly, and so pleasing were her speeches, carried with wit and womanly discretion, that nothing wanted to approve what she had done. Matters which he had never known, or so much as heard of, were now openly revealed; how *Ocharus* had delivered her from the Ravisher, what worthy respect he then used towards her, and what honour he extended to her in the deserts, where she tended her flock as a Shepherdess, with many other honourable actions beside: that the King's anger became mildly qualified; and so far he entered into affection, that he would not do any thing thence-forward, without the counsel and advice of his Son-in-Law, whom so highly he esteemed, and liked so respectively of him, and his race, that his Queen dying, he married with the Sister to *Ocharus*, going hand in hand with the gentle and modest Princess *Serilda*.

This Novel of *Dioneus*, was commended by all the company, and so much the rather, because it was free from all folly and obsceneness. The Queen perceiving, that as the Tale was ended, so her dignity must now be expired; she took the Crown of Laurel from off her head, and graciously placed it on the head of *Philostratus*, saying: The worthy discourse of *Dioneus*, being out of his wonted wanton element, causeth me (at the resignation of mine Authority) to make choice of him as our next Commander, who is best able to order and instruct us all; and so I yield both my place and honour to *Philostratus*, I hope with the good liking of all our assistants: as plainly appeareth by their instant carriage towards him, with all their heartiest Love and suffrages.

Whereupon *Philostratus*, beginning to consider on the charge committed to his care, called the Master of the Household, to know in what estate all matters were, because where any defect appeared, every thing might be the sooner remedied, for the better satisfaction of the company, during the time of his authority. Then returning back to the assembly, thus he began. Lovely Ladies, I would have you to know, that since the time of ability in me, to distinguish between good and evil, I have always been subject (perhaps by the means of some beauty here amongst us) to the proud and imperious dominion of Love, with expression of all duty, humility, and most intimate desire to please: yet all hath proved to no purpose, but still I have been rejected for some other, whereby my condition hath fallen from ill to worse, and so still it is likely, even to the hour of my death. In which respect, it best pleaseth me, that our conferences to morrow, shall extend to no other argument; but only such cases as are most comfortable to my calamity, namely, of such, whose love hath had unhappy ending, because I await no other issue of mine; nor willingly would I be called by any other name, but *The miserable and unfortunate Lover*.

Having thus spoken, he arose again; granting leave to the rest, to recreate themselves till supper time. The Garden was very fair and spacious, affording large limits for their several walks; the Sun being already so low descended, that it could not be offensive to any one: the Conies, Kids, and young Hinds skipping every where about them, to their no mean pleasure and contentment. *Dioneus* and *Fiammetta*, late singing together, of *Messire Guisielmo*, and the Lady of *Virtue*. *Philomena* and *Pamphilus* playing at the Chefs, all sporting themselves as best they pleased. But the hour of Supper being come, and the Tables covered about the fair fountain, they sat down, and supped in most loving manner. Then *Philostratus*, not to swerve from the course which had been observed by the Queens before him, so soon as the Tables were taken away, gave command, that Madam *Lauretta* should begin the dance, and likewise to sing a Song. My Gracious Lord (quoth she) I can skill of no other Songs, but only a piece of mine own, which I have already learned by heart, and may well become this assembly: if



you please to allow of that, I am ready to perform it with all obedience. Lady, replied the King, you your self being so fair and lovely, so needs must be whatsoever cometh from you, therefore let us hear such as you have. Madam Lauretta giving instruction to the Chorus prepared, and began in this manner.

The S O N G.

**N**O soul so comfortless,  
Hath more cause to express,  
Like woe and heaviness,  
As I poor amorous Maid.

He that did form the Heavens and every Star,  
Made me as best him pleased,  
Lovely and gracious, no Element at jar,  
Or else in gentle breasts to move War,  
But to have strifes appeased  
Where Beauties eye should make the deepest scar.  
And yet when all things are confest,  
Never was any soul distressed,  
Like me poor amorous Maid.  
No soul so comfortless, &c.

There was a time, when once I was beld dear,  
Blest were those happy days,  
Numberless Love-suits whispered in mine ear,  
All of fair hope, but none of desperate fear;  
And all sung Beauties praise.  
Why should black clouds obscure so bright a clear'd  
And why should others swim in joy,  
And no heart drowned in annoy,  
Like mine poor amorous Maid?  
No soul so comfortless, &c.

Well may I curse that sad and dismal day,  
When in unkind exchange,  
Another beauty did my hopes betray,  
And stole my dearest Love from me away:  
Which I thought very strange.  
Considering vows were past, and what else may  
Assure a loyal Maidens trust.  
Never was Lover so unjust,  
Like mine poor amorous Maid,  
No soul so Comfortless, &c.

Come then kind Death, and finish all my woes,  
Thy help is now the best.  
Come lovely Nymphs, lend hands mine eyes to close,  
And let him wander wherefoere he goes,  
Vaunting of mine unrest;  
Beguiling others by his treacherous shews.  
Grave on my Monument,  
No true love was worse spent,  
Than mine poor amorous Maid.  
No soul so comfortless, &c.



So did Madam *Laurens* finish her Song, which being well observed of them all, was understood by some in divers kinds, some alluding it one way, and others according to their own apprehensions, but all consenting that both it was an excellent Ditty, well devised, and most sweetly sung. Afterward, lighted Torches being brought, because the Stars had already richly spangled all the Heavens, and the fit hour of rest approaching: the King commanded them all to their Chambers, where we mean to leave them till the next morning.

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**The end of the Third Day.**

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**The**



## THE FOURTH DAY.

*Wherein all the several Discourses are under the Government of honourable Philostratus : And concerning such Persons whose Loves have had succesless ending.*

The Induction unto the ensuing Novels.



MOST worthy Ladies, I have always heard, as by the sayings of the Judicious, so also by mine own observation and reading, That the impetuous and violent winds of Envy, do seldome blow turbulently, but on the highest Towers and tops of the Trees most eminently advanced. Yet (in mine opinion) I have found my self much deceived; because, by striving with my very utmost endeavour, to shun the outrage of those implacable winds; I have laboured to go, not only by plain and even paths, but likewise through the deepest vallies. As very easily may be seen and observed in the reading of these few small Novels, which I have written not only in our vulgar *Florentine* prose, without any ambitious title, but also in a most humble stile, so low and gentle as possibly I could. And although I have been rudely shaken, yea almost half unrooted, by the extream agitation of those blustering winds, and torn in pieces by the base backbiter, Envy: yet have I not (for all that) discontinued, or broken any part of mine intended enterprize. Wherefore, I can sufficiently witness (by mine own comprehension) the saying so much observed by the wise, to be most true: That nothing is without Envy in the world, but Misery only.

Among variety of Opinions, fair Ladies, some seeing these Novelties, spared not to say, that I have been over pleasing to you, and wandred too far from mine own respect, imbasing my credit and repure, by delighting my self too curiously, for the fitting of your humors, and have extolled your worth too much, with addition of worse speeches, than I mean to utter. Others, seeming to expresse more maturity of judgment, have likewise said, That it was very unsuitable for my years, to meddle with Womens wanton pleasures, or contend to delight you by the very least of my labours. Many more making shew of affecting my good name and esteem, say; I had done much more wisely, to have kept me with the Muses at *Parnassus*, than to confound my Studies with such effeminate follies. Some other beside, speaking more despihtfully than discreetly, said; I had declared more humanity, in seeking means for mine own maintenance, and therewith to support my continual necessities, than to glut the world with gulleries, and feed my hopes with nothing but wind. And others, to calumniate my travels, would make you believe, that such matters as I have spoken of, are meerly disguised by me, and figured in a quite contrary nature, quite from the course as they are related. Whereby you may perceive (virtuous Ladies) how while I labour in your service, I am agitated and molested with these blusterings, and bitten even to the bare bones, by the sharp and venomous teeth of envy; all which (as heaven best knoweth) I gladly endure, and with good courage.

Now, albeit it belongeth only to you, to defend me in this desperate extremity, yet, notwithstanding all their utmost malice, I will make no spare of my best abilities,



abilities, and without any answering them any otherwise than is fitting, will quietly keep their Slanders from mine Ears, with some slight reply, yet not deserving to be dream'd on. For I apparently perceive, that (having not already attain'd to the third part of my pains) they are grown to so great a number, and presume very far upon my patience: they may increase, except they be repulsed in the beginning, to such an infinity before I can reach to the end, as with their very least pains taking, they will sink me to the bottomless depth, if your sacred forces (which are great indeed) may not serve for me in their resistance. But before I come to Answer any one of them, I will relate a Tale in mine own favour, yet not a whole Tale, because it shall not appear, that I purpose to mingle mine, among those which are to proceed from a Company so commendable. Only I will report a parcel thereof, to the end, that what remaineth untold, may sufficiently express, it is not to be numbred among the rest to come.

By way then of familiar discourse, and speaking to my malicious detractors, I say, that a long time since, there lived in our City, a Citizen who was named *Philippo Balduccio*, a man but of mean condition, yet very wealthy, well qualified, and expert in many things appertaining to his Calling. He had a Wife whom he loved most entirely, as she did him, leading together a sweet and peaceable Life, studying on nothing more, than how to please each other mutually. It came to pass, that as all flesh must, the good Woman left this wretched Life for a better, leaving one only Son to her Husband, about the Age of two Years. The Husband remained so disconsolate for the loss of his kind Wife, as no man possible could be more sorrowful, because he had lost the only jewel of his joy. And being thus divided from the Company which he most esteemed, he determined also to separate himself from the World, addicting all his endeavours to the Service of God, and applying his Young Son likewise to the same Holy Exercises. Having given away all his Goods for God's sake, he departed to the Mountain *Asinaio*, where he made him a small Cell, and Lived there with his little Son, only upon Charitable Alms, with Abstinence and Prayer, forbearing to speak of any Worldly Occasions, or letting the Lad see any vain sight: but conversed with him continually, on the Glories of Eternal Life, of God and his Saints, and teaching him nothing else but devout Prayers, leading this kind of Life for many Years together, not permitting him ever to go forth out of his Cell, or shewing him any other but himself.

The good Old Man used divers times to go to *Florence*, where having received (according to his Opportunities) the Alms of divers well disposed People, he returned back again to his Hermitage. It fortuned, that the Boy being now about Eighteen Years Old, and his Father grown very Aged; he demanded of him one day, whither he went? Wherein the Old Man truly resolved him: wheretupon, the Youth thus spake unto him: Father, you are now grown very Aged, and hardly can endure such painful Travel; why do you not let me go to *Florence*, that by making me known to your well disposed Friends, such as are devoutly addict'd both to God and you; I who am Young, and better able to endure Travel, than you are, may go thither to supply our Necessities, and you take your ease in the mean while? The Aged Man perceiving the growth of his Son, and thinking him to be so well instructed in God's Service, as no Worldly Vanities could easily allure him from it; did not dislike the Lads honest motion, but when he went next to *Florence*, took him thither along with him.

When he was there, and had seen the goodly Palaces, Houses and Churches, with all other sights to be seen in so pompous a City: he began greatly to wonder at them, as one that had never seen them before, at least within the compass of his Remembrance; demanding many things of his Father, both what they were, and how they were named: wherein the Old Man still resolved him. The Answers seemed to content him highly, and caused him to proceed on in further Questions, according still as they found fresh Occasions: till at the last, they met with a Troop of very beautiful Women, going on in seemly manner together, as returning back from a Wedding. No sooner did the Youth behold them, but he demanded of his Father what things they were; whereto the Old Man replied thus: Son, cast down thy looks unto the ground, and do not seem to see them at all, because they are bad



bad things to behold. Bad things Father? Answered the Lad. How do you call them? The good Old Man, not to quicken any Concupiscible Appetite in the Young Boy; or any other inclineable desire to ought but Goodness; would not term them by their proper Name of Women, but told him that they were called young Gozlings.

Here grew a matter of no mean marvel, That he who had never seen any Women before now; appeared not to respect the fair Churches, Palaces, goodly Houses, Gold, Silver, or any thing else which he had seen; but as fixing his affection only upon this sight, suddainly said to the Old Man: Good Father, do so much for me, as let me have one of these Gozlings. Alas, Son (replied the Father) hold thy peace I pray thee, and do not desire any such naughty thing. Then by way of demand, he thus proceeded, saying: Father, are these naughty things made of themselves? Yes Son, answered the Old Man. I know not Father (quoth the Lad) what you mean by naughtiness, nor why these goodly things should be so badly termed, but in my judgement, I have not seen any thing so fair and pleasing in mine Eye, as these are, who excel those painted Angels, which here in the Churches you have shewn me. And therefore Father, if ever you love me, or have any care of me, let me have one of these Gozlings home to your Cell, where we can make means sufficient for their feeding. I will not (said the Father) be so much thine Enemy, because, neither thou, or I, can rightly skill of their feeding. Perceiving presently, that Nature had far greater power than his Sons Capacity and Understanding; which made him repent, for fondly bringing his Son to Florence.

Having gone so far in this fragment of a Tale, I am content to pause here, and will return again to them of whom I spake before; I mean my envious depravers: such as have said (fair Ladies) that I am double blame-worthy, in seeking to please you, and that you are also over-pleasing to me; which freely Confess before all the World, that you are singularly pleasing to me, and I have stroven how to please you effectually. I would demand of them (if they seem so much amazed hereat) considering I never knew what belong'd to true love kisses, amorous embraces, and their delectable fruition so often received from your graces; but only that I have yet seen, and do daily behold your commendable Conditions, admired Beauties, noble Adornments by Nature, and (above all the rest) your Womanly and Honest Conversation. If he that was Nourished, Bred, and Educated on a savage solitary Mountain, within the confines of a poor small Cell, having no other Company than his Father: It such a one, I say, upon the very first sight of your Sex, could so constantly Confess that Women are only worthy of Affection, and the Object which (above all things else) he most desired; why should these contumelious Spirits so murmur against me, tear my Credit with their Teeth, and wound my Reputation to the death, because your Virtues are pleasing to me, and I endeavour likewise to please you with my utmost pains? Never had the Auspicious Heavens allowed me Life but only to love you; and from my very Infancy, mine Intentions have always been that way bent: feeling what Virtue flowed from your fair Eyes, understanding the mellifluous Accents of your Speech, whereto the enkindled Flames of your Sighs gave no mean grace. But remembering especially, that nothing could so please an Hermite, as your divine perfections, an un-nurtured Lad, without understanding, and little differing from a meer brutish beast: undoubtedly, whosoever loveth not Women, and desireth to be affected of them again: may well be ranked among Women-haters, speaking out of Cankered Spleen, and utterly Ignorant of the Secret Power (as also the Virtue) of Natural Affection, whereof they seem so careless, the like am I of their depraving.

Concerning them that touch me with mine Age; Do not they know, that although Leeks have white heads, yet the blades of them are always green? But referring them to their flouts and taunts, I answer, that I shall never hold it any disparagement to me, so long as my life endureth, to delight my self with those exercises which *Guido Cavalcanti*, and *Dante Alighieri*, already Aged, as also *Masser Cino de Pittoria*, older than either of them both, held it to be their chiefest honour. And were it not wandering too far from our present argument, I would alledge Histories to approve my words full of very ancient and famous men, who in



the ripeſt maturity of all their time, were carefully ſtudious for the contenting of women, albeit theſe cockbrains neither knew the way how to doe it, nor are ſo wiſe as to learn it.

Now for my dwelling at *Parnaffus* with the Muſes, I confeſs their counſel to be very good: but we cannot always continue with them, nor they with us. And yet nevertheleſs, when any man departeth from them, they delighting themſelves, to ſee ſuch things as may be thought like them, (for like will to like) do not therein deſerve to be blamed. We find it recorded, that the Muſes were Women, and albeit Women cannot equal the performance of the Muſes, yet in their very prime aſpect, they have a lively reſemblance with the Muſes: ſo that, if women were pleaſing for nothing elſe, yet they ought to be generally pleaſing in that reſpect. Beſides all this, Women have been the occaſion of my compoſing a thouſand verſes, whereas the Muſes never cauſed me to make ſo much as one. True it is, that they gave me good aſſiſtance, and directed me in writing of theſe Novels. And how baſely ſoever they judge of my ſtudies, yet have the Muſes never ſcorned to dwell with me, perhaps for the reſpective ſervice, and honourable reſemblance of thoſe Ladies with themſelves, whoſe virtues I have not ſpared to commend by them. Wherefore in the compoſing of theſe varieties, I have not ſtrayed ſo far from *Parnaffus*, nor the Muſes, as in their ſilly conjectures they imagine.

But what ſhall I ſay to them, who take ſo great compaſſion on my poverty, as they adviſe me to get ſomething whereon to make my living? Affuredly I know not what to ſay in this caſe except by due conſideration made with my ſelf, how they could answer me, if neceſſity ſhould drive me to crave kindneſs of them; queſtionleſs then would they ſay: Go, ſeek comfort among thy fables and follies. Yet would I have them know, that poor Poets have found more among their fables and fictions, than many rich men ever could do by ranſacking all their bags of treaſure. Beſide, many other might be ſpoken of, who made their Age and times to flouriſh, meerly by their inventions and fables: whereas on the contrary, a great number of other buſier brains, ſeeking to gain more than would ſerve them to live on, have utterly run upon their own ruin, and overthrown themſelves for ever. What ſhall I ſay more? To ſuch men as either are ſo ſuſpicious of their own charity, or of my neceſſity, whenſoever it ſhall happen: I can answer (I thank my God for it) with the Apoſtle; I know how to abound, and how to abate, yea, how to endure both proſperity and want, and therefore let no man be more careful of me, than I of my ſelf.

For them that are ſo inquisitive into my diſcourſes, to have a further conſtruction of them, than agrees with my meaning, or their own good manners, taxing me with writing one thing, but intending another; I could wiſh, that their wiſdom would extend ſo far, as to compare them with their originals, to find them a jot diſcordant from my writing; and then I would freely confeſs, That they had ſome reaſon to reprehend me, and I would endeavour to make them amends. But untill they can touch me with any thing elſe, but words only; I muſt let them wander in their own giddy opinions, and follow the courſe projected to my ſelf, ſaying of them, as they doe of me.

Thus holding them all ſufficiently answered for this time, I ſay (moſt worthy Ladies) that by heavens aſſiſtance and yours, whereunto I only lean: I will proceed on armed with patience, and turning my back againſt theſe impetuous winds, let them breath till they burſt, becauſe I ſee nothing can happen to harm me, but only the venting of their malice. For the rougheſt blaſt doth but raiſe the ſmalleſt duſt from off the ground, driving it from one place to another; or, carrying it up to the air, many times it falleth down again on mens heads, yea, upon the Crowns of Emperors and Kings, and ſometimes on the higheſt Palaces and tops of Towers; from whence if it chance to deſcend again by contrary blaſts, it cannot light any lower than from whence it came at the firſt. And therefore if ever I ſtrove to pleaſe you with my uttermoſt abilities in any thing, ſurely I muſt now contend to expreſs it more than ever: For I know right well that no man can ſay with reaſon, except ſome ſuch as my ſelf, who love and honour you, that we do any thing otherwiſe than as nature hath ordained us: and to reſiſt her laws requires a greater and more powerful ſtrength than ours: and the contender againſt her ſupreme priviledges, have either laboured meerly in vain, or elſe incurred their own bane. Which ſtrength, I freely confeſs



confess my self not to have, neither covet to be possessed of it in this case; but if I had it, I would rather lend it to some other, than any way to use it on mine own behalf. Wherefore I would advise them that thus check and controule me, to give over and be silent; and if their cold humours cannot learn to love, let them live still in their frosty complexion, delighting themselves in their corrupted appetites; suffering me to enjoy mine own, for the little while I have to live; and this is all the kindness I require of them.

But now it is time (bright beauties) to return whence we parted, and to follow our former order begun, because it may seem we have wandred too far. By this time the Sun had chased the Star-light from the Heavens, and shady moisture from the ground, when *Philostatus* the King being risen, all the company arose likewise. When being come into the goodly Garden, they spent the time in variety of sports, dining where they had supped the night before. And after the Sun was at his highest, and they had refreshed their spirits with a little slumbering, they sat down (according to custom) about the fair Fountain. And then the King commanded *Madam Fiammetta*, that she would give beginning to the days Novels; when she, without any longer delaying, began in this manner.

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*Tancrede, Prince of Salerne, caused the amorous friend of his Daughter to be slain, and sent her his Heart in a cup of Gold: which afterwards she steeped in an impostsomed water, and then drinking it, so dyed.*

### The First NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared the power of Love, and their cruelty justly reprehended, who imagine to make the vigour thereof cease, by abusing or killing one of the Lovers.*

**O**ur King (most Noble and virtuous Ladies) hath this day given us a subject, very rough, and steart to discourse on; and so much the rather, if we consider, that we are come higher to be merry and pleasant, where sad Tragical Reports are no way suitable, especially, by reviving the tears of others, to bedew our own cheeks withal. Nor can any such Argument be spoken of, without moving compassion both in the reporters, and hearers. But (perhaps) it was his Highness pleasure, to moderate the delights which we have already had. Or whatsoever else hath provoked him thereto, seeing it is not lawful for me, to alter or contradict his appointment; I will recount an Accident very pityfull, or rather most unfortunate, and well worthy to be graced with our tears.

*Tancrede, Prince of Salerne* (which City, before the Consuls of *Rome* held Dominion in that part of *Italy*, stood free, and thence (perchance) took the modern Title of a Principality) was a very humane Lord, and of ingenious nature; if, in his elder years, he had not soyled his hands in the blood of Lovers, especially one of them, being both near and dear unto him. So it fortun'd, that during the whole life time of this Prince, he had but one only Daughter (albeit it had been much better if he had had none at all) whom he so choicely loved and esteemed as never was any Child more dearly affected of a Father: and so far extended his over curious respect of her, as he would seldom admit her to be forth of his sight; neither would he suffer her to marry, although she had out-stept (by divers years) the Age meet for Marriage. Nevertheless, at length he match'd her with the Son to the Duke of *Capua*, who lived no long while with her; but left her in a widowed estate, and then she returned home to her Father again.

This Lady had all the most absolute perfections, both of favour and feature, as could be wished in any woman, young, quaintly disposed, and of admirable understanding, more (perhaps) than was requisite in so weak a body. Continuing thus in Court with the King her Father, who loved her beyond all his future hopes; like a Lady of great and glorious magnificence, she lived in all delights and pleasure. She well perceiving, that her Father thus exceeding in his affection to her, had no mind at all of remarrying her, and holding it most im-



modest in her, to sollicite him with any such suite: concluded in her minds consultations, to make choyce of some one special friend or favourite (if Fortune would prove so furtherous to her) whom she might acquaint secretly, with her sober, honest, and familiar purpose. Her Fathers Court being much frequented, with plentiful access of brave Gentlemen, and others of inter our quality, as commonly the Courts of Kings and Princes are, whose carriage and demeanour she very heedfully observed. There was a young Gentleman among all the rest, a servant to her Father and named *Guiscardo*, a man not derived from any great descent by blood, yet much more Noble by virtue and commendable behaviour, than appeared or was to be observed and found in any of the other: none pleased her opinion, like as he did; so that by often noting his parts and perfections, her affections being but a glowing spark at the first, grew like a Bavin to take flame, yet kept so closely as possibly she could; as Ladies are very wary enough in their Love.

The young Gentleman, though poor, being neither block nor dullard, perceiving what he made no outward shew of, and understood himself so sufficiently, that holding it no mean happines to be affected by her, he thought it very base and cowardly in him, if he should not express the like to her again. So loving mutually (yet secretly) in this manner, and she coveting nothing more, than to have private conference with him, yet not daring to trust any one with so important a matter, at length she devised a new stratagem, to compass her longing desire, and acquaint him with her private purpose, which proved to be in this manner. She wrote a Letter concerning what was the next day to be done, for their secret meeting together; and conveying it within the joynt of an hollow Cane, in jesting manner threw it to *Guiscardo*, saying: Let your man use this for a pair of bellows, when he meaneth to make a fire in your Chamber. *Guiscardo* taking up the Cane, and considering within himself, that neither was it given, or the words thus spoken, but doubtless on some important occasion: went unto his lodging with the Cane, where viewing it respectively, he found it to be cleft, and opening it with his knife, found therein the written Letter enclosed.

After he had read it, and well considered on the service therein concerned, he was the most joyfull man of the world, and began to contrive the aptest means, for meeting with his gracious Mistress, and according as she had given him direction. In a corner of the Kings Palace, it being seated on a rising hill, a Cave had long been made in the body of the same hill, which received no light into it, but by a small spiracle or vent-loop made out ingeniously on the hills side: And because it had not been a long time frequented, by the access of any body, that vent-light was overgrown with briars and bushes, which almost engirt it round about. No one could descend into this Cave or vault, but only by a secret pair of stairs, answering to a lower Chamber of the Palace, and very near to the Princesss lodging, as being altogether at her command, by reason of a strong and barred defensible door, whereby to mount or descend at her pleasure. And both the Cave it self, as also the degrees conducting down into it, were now so quite worn out of memory (in regard it had not been visited by any one in long time before) as no man remembered that there was any such thing.

But Love, from whose bright discerning eyes, nothing can so closely be concealed, but at the length it cometh to light, had made this amorous Lady mindful thereof, and because she would not be discovered in her intention, many days together her Soul became perplexed; by what means that strong dore might best be opened, before she could compass to perform it. But after that she had found out the way, and gone down her self alone into the Cave; observing the loop light, and had made it commodious for her purpose, she gave knowledge thereof to *Guiscardo*, to have him devise an apt course for his descent, acquainting him truly with the height, and how far it was distant from the ground within. After he had found the soupiral in the hills side, and given it a large entrance for his safer passage, he provided a Ladder of Cords, with steps sufficient for his descending and ascending, as also a wearing suit made of Leather, to keep his skin unscratched of the thorns, and to avoid all suspicion of his resorting thither. In this manner went he to the said loop-hole the night following, and having fastened one end of his corded Ladder, to the strong stump of a Tree, being close by it, by means of the said Ladder, he descended down into the Cave, and there attended the coming of his Lady.

She



She, on the morrow morning, pretended to her waiting woman, that she was scarcely well, and therefore would not be disturbed the most part of that day; commanded them to leave her alone in her Chamber, and not return until she called for them, locking the dore her self for the better security. Then opened she the dore of the Cave, and going down the stairs, found there her amorous friend *Guiscardo*, whom she saluted with a chaste and modest kiss; causing him to ascend up the stairs with her into her Chamber. This long desired, and now obtained meeting, caused the two dearly affected Lovers, in kind discourse of Amorous Argument (without incivil or rude demeanor) to spend there the most part of that day, to their hearts joy and mutual contentment. And having concluded on their often meeting there, in this concealed sort; *Guiscardo* went down into the Cave again, the Princess making the dore fast after him, and then went forth among her Women. And so in the Night season, *Guiscardo* ascended up again by his Ladder of Cords, and covering the loop-hole with brambles and bushes, returned (unseen of any) to his own Lodging: the Cave being afterward guilty of their often meeting there in this manner.

But Fortune who hath always been a fatal Enemy to Lovers stolen felicities, became envious of their thus secret meeting, and overthrew (in an instant) all their poor happiness, by an accident most spiteful and malicious: The King had used divers days before dinner time, to resort all alone to his Daughters Chamber, there conversing with her in most loving manner. One unhappy day among the rest, when the Princess, being named *Ghismonda*, was sporting in her private Garden among her Ladies, the King (at his wonted time) went to his Daughters Chamber, being neither seen nor heard by any. Nor would he have his Daughter called from her pleasure; but finding the Windows fast shut, and the Curtains close drawn about the Bed, he sat down in a Chair behind it, and leaning his Head upon the Bed, his Body being covered with the Curtain, as if he hid himself purposely; he mused on so many matters till at last he fell asleep.

It hath been observed as an ancient Adage, that when disasters are ordained to any one, commonly they prove to be inevitable, as poor *Ghismonda* could witness too well. For while the King thus slept, she having (unluckily) appointed another meeting with her friendly Lover *Guiscardo*, left her Gentewomen in the Garden, and stealing softly into her Chamber, having made all fast and sure, for being descryed by any person, opened the dore to *Guiscardo*, who stood there ready on the stair-head, awaiting his entrance; and they sitting down on the Bed-side (as they were wont to do) began their usual kind of conference again, with sighs and loving kisses mingled among them. It chanced the King awaked, and both hearing and seeing this familiarity of *Guiscardo* with his Daughter, he became greatly confounded with Grief thereat. Once he intended, to cry out for help, to have them both there Apprehended; but he held it a part of greater wisdom, to sit silent still, and (if he could) to keep himself so closely concealed: to the end, that he might more secretly, and with far less disgrace to himself, perform what he had rashly intended to do.

The poor discovered Lovers having ended their Amorous interparlance, without suspicion of the King's being so near in person, or any else, to betray their over confident trust, *Guiscardo* descended again into the Cave, and she leaving the Chamber, returned to her Women in the Garden; all which *Tancrede* well observed, and in a rapture of fury departed (unseen) into his own lodging. The same Night, about the Hour of mens first sleep, and according as he had given order; *Guiscardo* was Apprehended, even as he was coming forth of the loop-hole, and in his homely leather habit. Very closely was he brought before the King, whose heart was swollen so great with grief, as hardly was he able to speak. Notwithstanding at the last he began thus: *Guiscardo*, the love and respect I have used towards thee, hath not deserved the shameful wrong which thou hast requited me withal, and as I have seen with mine own Eyes this day. Whereunto *Guiscardo* could Answer nothing else, but only this: Alas my Lord! Love is able to do much more than either you or I. Whereupon *Tancrede* commanded, that he should be secretly well guarded, in a near adjoining Chamber. And on the next day, *Ghismonda* having (as yet) heard nothing thereof, the Kings brain being infinitely busied and troubled, after dinner, and as he often had used to do: he went to his Daughters Chamber, where calling for



for her, and shutting the dores closely to them, the tears trickling down his Aged white Beard, thus he spake to her.

*Glismonda*, I was once grounded in a settled perswasion that I truly knew thy Virtue, and honest integrity of Life; and this belief could never have been altered in me, by any sinister Reports whatsoever, had not mine Eyes teen, and mine Ears heard the contrary. Nor did I so much as conceive a thought either of thine Affection, or private conversing with any man, but only he that was to be thy Husband. But now, I my self being able to avouch thy folly, imagine what an heart-break this will be to me, so long as Life remaineth in this Poor, Weak, and Aged Body. Yet, if needs thou must have yielded to this wanton weakness, I would thou hadst made choice of a man answerable to thy Birth and Nobility: whereas on the contrary, among so many worthy Spirits as resort to my Court, thou likest best to converse with that silly young man *Guiscardo*, one of very mean and base descent, and by me (even for Gods sake) from his very youngest years, brought up to this instant in my Court: wherein thou hast given me such affliction of mind, and so overthrown my senses, as I cannot well imagine how I should deal with thee. For him, whom I have this Night caused to be surpris'd, even as he came forth of your close contrived conveyance, and detain as my Prisoner, I have resolv'd how to proceed with him: but concerning thy self, mine Oppressions are so many and violent, as I know not what to say of thee. One way thou hast meerly murdered the unfained Affection I bare thee, as never any Father could express more to his Child: and then again, thou hast kindled a most just indignation in me, by thine immodest and wilful folly, and whereas Nature pleadeth Pardon for the one, yet Justice standeth up against the other, and urgeth cruel Severity against thee: nevertheless, before I will determine upon any resolution, I come purposely first to hear thee speak, and what thou canst say for thy self, in a base case, so desperate and dangerous.

Having thus spoken, he hung down the head in his bosom, weeping as abundantly, as if he had been a Child severely disciplined. On the other side, *Glismonda* hearing the speeches of her Father, and perceiving withal, that not only her secret love was discovered, but also that *Guiscardo* was in close Prison, the matter which most of all did torment her; she fell into a very strange kind of extasie, scorning tears and entreating terms, such as feminine frailty are always aptest unto: but rather with height of courage, controlling fear or servile baseness, and declaring invincible fortitude in her very look, she concluded with her self, rather than to urge any humble perswasions, she would lay her life down at the stake. For plainly she perceived, that *Guiscardo* already was a dead man in Law, and death was likewise welcome to her, rather than the deprivation of her love; and therefore not like a weeping woman, or as checkt by the offence committed, but careless of any harm happening to her: stoutly and couragiously, not a tear appearing in her Eye, or her Soul any way to be perturbed, thus she spake to her Father.

*Tancrede*, to deny what I have done, or to intreat any favour from you, is now no part of my disposition: for as the one can little avail me, so shall not the other any way advantage me. Moreover, I cover not that you should extend any clemency or kindness to me, but by my voluntary confession of truth, do intend (first of all) to defend mine honour, with reasons sound, good and substantial: and then virtuously pursue to the full effect, the greatness of my mind and constant resolution. True it is, that I have loved, and still do, honourable *Guiscardo*, purposing the like so long as I shall live, which will be but a small while: but if it be possible, to continue the same affection after death, it is for ever vowed to him only, nor did mine own womanish weakness so much thereto induce me, as the matchless virtue shining clearly in *Guiscardo*, and the little respect you had of marrying me again. Why royal Father, you cannot be ignorant, that you being composed of flesh and blood, have begotten a daughter of the self same composition, and not made of stone or iron. Moreover, you ought to remember (a though you are far steep in years) what the laws of youth are, and with what difficulty they are to be contradicted, Considering withal, that albeit (during the vigor of your best time) you evermore were exercised in Arms, yet you should likewise understand, that negligence and idle delights have mighty power, not only in young people, but also in them of greatest years.

I being



I being then made of flesh and blood, and so derived, from your self; having had also so little benefit of life, that I am yet in the spring and blooming time of my blood: by either of these reasons I must needs be subject to natural desires, where-in such knowledge as I have once already had in the estate of my marriage, perhaps might move a further intelligence of the like delights according to the better ability of strength, which exceeding all capacity of resistance, induced a second motive to affection, answerable to my time and youthful desires, and so (like a young woman) I became amorous again; yet did I strive, even with all my utmost might, and best virtuous faculties abiding in me, no way to disgrace either you or my self, as (in equal Censure) yet have I not done. But Nature is above all humane power, and Love commanded by Nature hath prevailed: for Love, joyning with Fortune, in meer pity and commiseration of my extreme wrong, I found them both most benigne and gracious, teaching me a way secret enough, whereby I might reach the height of my desires, howsoever you became instructed, (or perhaps) found it out by accident, so it was, and I deny it not.

Nor did I make election of *Guiscardo* by chance, or rashly, as many women do, but by deliberate counsel in my Soul, and most mature advice; I made choice of him above all other, and having his honest harmless conversation, mutually we enjoyed our hearts contentment. Now it appeareth that I have not offended but by love; in imitation of vulgar Opinion, rather than truth: you seek to reprove me bitterly, alledging no other main Argument for your Anger, but only my not chusing a Gentleman, or one more worthy. Wherein it is most evident, that you do not so much check my fault as the ordination of Fortune; who many times advanceth men of meanest esteem, and abaseth them of greater merit. But leaving this Discourse, let us look into the original of things, wherein we are first to observe, that from one mass or lump of Flesh, both we, and all other received our Flesh, and one Creator hath created all things; yea all Creatures, equally in their forces and faculties, and equal likewise in their Virtue: which Virtue was the first that made distinction of Birth and Equality, in regard, that such as have the most liberal portion thereof, and performed Actions thereunto answerable, were thereby termed Noble; all the rest remaining Unnoble. Now although contrary Use did afterward hide and conceal this Law, yet was it not therefore banished from Nature or good manners. In which respect, whosoever did execute all his Actions by Virtue, declared himself openly to be Noble; and he that termed him otherwise, it was an error in the mis caller, and not in the person so wrongfully called; as the very same priviledge is yet in full force among us at this day.

Cast an heedful Eye then (good Father) upon all your Gentlemen, and advisedly Examine their Virtues, Conditions, and manner of Behaviour. On the other side, observe those parts remaining in *Guiscardo*, and then if you will judge truly, and without Affection, you will confess him to be most Noble, and that all your Gentlemen (in respect of him) are base Grooms and Villains. His Virtues and excelling Perfections, I never Credited from the Report or Judgement of any Person; but only by your Speeches, and mine own Eyes are true Witnesses. Who did ever more commend *Guiscardo*, extolling all those singularities in him, most requisite to be in an Honest, Virtuous Man, than you your self have done? Nor need you to be sorry, or ashamed of your good Opinion concerning him: for if mine Eyes have not deceived my judgement, you never gave him the least part of praise, but I have known much more in him, than ever your words were able to express: wherefore, if I have been any way deceived, truly the deceit proceeded only from you. How will you then maintain, That I have thrown my liking on a Man of base condition? In troth (Sir) you cannot. Perhaps you will alledge that he is but mean and poor; I confess it, and surely it is your shame, that you have not bestowed place of more Preferment, on a man so honest and well deserving, and having been so long a time your Servant. Nevertheless, Poverty impairerth not any part of noble Nature, but Wealth hurries it into horrible confusions. Many Kings and Great Princes have heretofore been Poor, when divers of them that have delved into the Earth, and kept Flocks in the Field, have been advanced to Riches, and exceeded the other in Wealth.

Now,



Now as concerning your last doubt, which most of all afflicteth you, namely, how you shall deal with me; boldly rid your brain of any such disturbance; for if you have resolved now in your extremity of years, to do that which your younger days evermore dispiled, I mean to become cruel, use your utmost cruelty against me: for I will never intreat you to the contrary, because I am the sole occasion of this offence if it do deserve the name of an offence. And this I dare assure you, that if you deal with me, as you have done already or intend to *Guiscardo*, mine own hands shall act as much: and therefore give over your tears to women; and if you purpose to be cruel, let him and me in death drink both of one cup, at least if you imagine that we have deserved it.

The King knew well enough the high spirit of his Daughter, but yet (nevertheless) he did not believe, that her words would prove actions, or she do as she said. And therefore parting from her, and without intent of using any cruelty to her, concluded, by quenching the heat of another, to cool the fiery rage other distemper, commanded two of his followers (who had the custody of *Guiscardo*) that without any rumour or noise at all, they should strangle him the night ensuing, and taking the heart forth of his body, to bring it to him; which they performed according to their charge. On the next day, the King called for a goodly standing cup of gold, wherein he put the heart of *Guiscardo*, sending it by one of his most familiar servants to his Daughter, with command also to use these words to her. Thy Father hath sent thee this present, to comfort thee with that thing which most of all thou affectest, even as thou hast comforted him with that thing which he most hated.

*Ghismonda*, nothing altered from her cruel deliberation, after her Father was departed from her, caused certain poysonous roots and herbs to be brought her which she (by distillation) made a water of, to drink suddenly, whensoever any cross accident should come from her Father; whereupon, when the Messenger from her Father had delivered her the present, and uttered the words as he was commanded: she took the Cup, and looking into it with a settled countenance, by sight of the heart, and effect of the message, she knew certainly, that was the heart of *Guiscardo*; then looking sternly on the servant, thus she spake unto him. My honest friend, it is no more than right and justice, that so worthy a heart as this is, should have any worse grave than gold, wherein my Father hath dealt most wisely. So lifting the heart up to her mouth, and sweetly kissing it, she proceeded thus. In all things, even till this instant, (being the utmost period of my life) I have evermore found my Fathers love most effectual to me; but now it appeareth far greater than at any time heretofore: and therefore from my mouth, thou must deliver him the latest thanks that ever I shall give him, for sending me such an honourable present.

These words being ended, holding the Cup fast in her hand, and looking seriously upon the heart, she began again in this manner. Thou sweet entertainer of all my dearest delights, accursed be his cruelty, that causeth me to see thee with my corporal eyes, it being sufficient enough for me always to behold thee with the sight of my soul. Thou hast run thy race, and as Fortune ordained, so are thy days finished: for as all flesh hath an ending, so hast thou concluded, albeit too soon and before thy due time. The travails and miseries of this world, have now no more to meddle with thee, and thy veriest heaviest Enemy hath bestowed such a grave on thee, as thy greatness in virtue worthily deserveth: Now nothing else is wanting, wherewith to beautifie thy Funeral, but only her sigh, and tears, that was so dear unto thee in thy life time. And because thou mightest the more freely enjoy them, see how my merciless Father (on his own meer motion) hath sent thee to me; and truly I will bestow them frankly on thee, though once I had resolved, to die with dry eyes, and not shedding one tear, dreadless of their utmost malice towards me.

And when I have given thee the due oblation of my tears, my soul which sometime thou hast kept most carefully, shall come to make a sweet conjunction with thine: for in what company else can I travel more contentedly, and to those unfrequented silent shades, but only in thine? As yet I am sure it is present here, in this Cup sent me by my Father, as having a provident respect to the place for possession of our mutual pleasure; because thy soul effecting mine so truly cannot walk alone, without his dear companion.



Having thus finish'd her complaint, even as if her head had been converted into a well-spring of water, so did tears abundantly flow from her fair eyes, kissing the heart of *Guiscardo* infinite times. All which while, her women standing by her, neither knew what heart it was, nor to what effect her speeches tended: but being moved to compassionate tears, they often demanded (albeit in vain) the occasion of her sad complaining, comforting her to their utmost power. When she was not able to weep any longer, wiping her Eyes, and lifting up her Head; without any sign of the least dismay, thus she speak to the Heart. Dear Heart; all my duty is performed to thee, and nothing now remaineth uneffected; but only breathing my last, to let my Ghost accompany thine.

Then calling for the Glals of Water, which she had readily prepared the day before, and pouring it upon the Heart lying in the Cup, courageously advancing it to her Mouth, she drank it up every drop; which being done, she lay down upon her Bed, holding her Lovers Heart fast in her Hand, and laying it so near to her own as she could. Now although her Women knew not what Water it was, yet when they had seen her to quaff it off in that manner, they sent word to the King, who much suspecting what had happened, went in all hast to his Daughters Chamber, entring at the very instant when she was laid upon the Bed; beholding her in such passionate pangs, with Tears streaming down his reverend Beard, he used many kind words to comfort her, when boldly thus she spake unto him. Father (quoth she) well may you spare these Tears, because they are unfitting for you, and not any way desired by me; who but your self hath seen any man to Mourn for his own wilful Offence? Nevertheless, if but the least jot of that Love do yet abide in you, whereof you have made such liberal Profession to me; let me obtain this my very last Request, to wit, that seeing I might not privately enjoy the benefit of *Guiscardo's* Love while he lived, let yet (in death) one publick Grave contain both our Bodies; that Death may afford us, what you so cruelly in Life denied us.

Extremity of Grief and Sorrow, withheld his Tongue from returning any Answer, and she perceiving her end approaching, held the Heart still closed to her own bare Breast, saying; Here, Fortune, receive two True Hearts latest Oblation; for in this manner are we coming to thee. So closing her Eyes, all Sense forsook her, Life leaving her Body breathless. Thus ended the hapless Love of *Guiscardo* and *Ghismonda*, for whole sad disaster, when the King had mourned sufficiently, and repented fruitlessly; he caused both their Bodies to be honourably Embalmed, and buried in a most Royal Monument; not without general Sorrow of the Subjects of *Salerno*.

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Fryar Albert made a young Venetian Gentlewoman believe that God Cupid was fallen in love with her, and he resorted oftentimes unto her, in the disguise of the same God. Afterward, being frighted by the Gentlewomans kindred and friends, he cast himself out of a Chamber window, and was bidden in a poor mans house; the day following, in the shape of a wilde or savage man, he was brought upon the Rialto of Saint Mark, and being there publicly known by the Brethren of his Order, he was presently committed to Prison.

## The Second NOVEL

Reprehending the lewd lives of dissembling hypocrits; and checking the arrogant pride of vain-headed women.

THE Novel recounted by Madam *Fiametta*, caused Tears many times in the Eyes of all the Company; but it being finished, the King shewing a stern Countenance, said; I should have much commended the kindness of Fortune, if in the whole course of my Life, I had tasted the least moiety of that delight, which *Guiscardo* received by conversing with fair *Ghismonda*. Nor need any of you to wonder thetear, or how can it be otherwise, because



because hourly I feel a thousand dying torments, without enjoying any hope of ease or pleasure. But reterring my fortunes to their own poor condition, it is my will, that Madam *Pampinea* proceed next in the Argument of Successle's Love, according as Madam *Fiametta* hath already begun, to let fall more dew-drops on the fire of mine Afflictions. Madam *Pampinea* perceiving what a task was imposed on her, knew well (by her own disposition) the inclination of the Company, whereof she was more respective than of the King's Command: wherefore, chusing rather to recreate their spirits, than to satisfy the King's melancholy humor: she determined to relate a Tale of mirthful matter, and yet to keep within compass of the purposed Argument.

It hath been continually used as a Proverb; That a bad man taken and reformed to be honest and good, may commit many Evils, yet neither credited or suspected: Which Proverb giveth me very ample matter to speak of, and yet not varying from our intention, concerning the Hypocrisie of some Religious Persons, who having their Garments long and large, their Faces made Artificially Pale, their Language meek and humble, to get Mens Goods from them; yet lowre, harsh, and stern enough, in checking and controuling other mens Errors, as also in urging others to give, and themselves to take, without any other Hope or Means of Salvation. Nor do they endeavour like other Men, to work out their Souls health with Fear and Trembling; but, even, as if they were sole Owners, Lords, and Possessors of Paradise, will appoint to every dying person, Place (there) of greater or lesser Excellency, according as they think good, or as the Legacies left by them are in quantity: whereby they not only deceive themselves, but all such as give Credit to their subtle perswasions. And were it lawful for me, to make known no more than is merely necessary; I could quickly disclose to simple credulous People, what Craft lyeth hid under their Holy Habits: and I would wish that their lies and deluding should speed with them, as they did with a *Franciscan* Fryer, none of the Younger Novices, but one of them of greatest Reputation, and belonging to one of the best Monasteties in *Venice*, which I am the rather desirous to report, to recreate your Spirits, after your Tears for the Death of fair *Ghismonda*.

Sometime (honourable Ladies) there lived in the City of *Imola*, a man of a most lewd and wicked life; named *Bartho de la Messa*, whose shameless deeds were so well known to all the Citizens, and won such respect among them, as all his Lies could not compass any belief, no, not when he delivered a matter of sound Truth. Wherefore perceiving that his lewdness allowed him no longer abiding there; like a desperate Adventurer, he transported himself thence to *Venice*, the Receptacle of all foul sin and abomination, intending there to exercise his wonted bad behaviour, and live as wickedly as ever he had done before. It came to pass that some remorse of Conscience took hold of him for the former passages of his dissolute Life, and he pretended to be surprised with very great Devotion, becoming much more Catholick than any other man, taking on him the Profession of a *Franciscan Cordelier*, and calling himself Fryer *Albert of Imola*.

In this habit and outward appearance, he seemed to lead an austere and sanctimonious life, highly commending penance and abstinence, never eating flesh, or drinking wine, but when he was provided of both in a close corner. And before any person could take notice thereof, he became of a (thief) *Ruffian*, forswearer, and murderer, as formerly he had been, a great Preacher; yet not abandoning the forenamed vices, when secretly he could put any of them in execution. Moreover being made Priest, when he was celebrating Mass at the Altar, if he saw himself to be observed by any; he would most mournfully read the passion of our Saviour, as one whose tears cost him little, whensoever he pleased to use them: so that in a short while, by his preaching and tears he fed the humors of the *Venetians* so pleasingly, that they made him Executor (well near) of all their Testaments, yea, many chose him as Depository or Guardian of their monies; because he was both confessor and counsellor, almost to all the men and women. By this well seeming outside of Sanctity, the Wolfe became a Shepherd, and his renown for holiness was so famous in those parts, as Saint *Francis* himself had hardly any more. It fortun'd, that a young Gentlewoman being somewhat foolish, wanton and proud minded, named, Madam *Lisetta de Caquirino*, wife to a wealthy



wealthy Merchant, who went with certain Gallies into *Flanders*, and there lay as *Lieger* long time: in company of other Gentlewomen, went to be confessed by this ghostly Father; kneeling at his feet; although her heart was high enough, like a proud minded woman, (for *Venetians* are presumptuous, vain-glorious, and witted much like to their skittish *Gandoloes*) she made a very short rehearsal of her sins. At length Fryer *Albert* demanded of her, whether she had any Amorous Friend or Lover? Her patience being exceedingly provoked, stern Anger appeared in her looks, which caused her to return him this Answer: How now Sir *Domine*? what? have you no Eyes in your Head? Can you not distinguish between mine, and these other common beauties? I could have Lovers enough if I were so pleased; but those perfections remaining in me, are not to be affected by this man, or that. How many Beauties have you beheld; any way answerable to mine, and are more fit for gods than mortals.

Many other idle speeches she uttered, in proud opinion of her Beauty, whereby Fryer *Albert* presently perceived that this Gentlewoman had but a hollow brain, and was fit game for folly to fly at; which made him instantly enamour'd of her, and that beyond all capacity of resisting, which yet he referred to a further and more commodious time. Nevertheless, to shew himself an holy and religious man now, he began to reprehend her, and told her plainly that she was vain-glorious, and overcome with infinite follies. Whereupon she called him a logger-headed-beast; and he knew not the difference between an ordinary Complexion, and Beauty of the highest merit. In which respect Fryer *Albert* being loath to offend her any further; after Confession was fully ended, let her pass away among the other Gentlewomen, she giving him divers disdainful looks.

Within some few days after, taking one of his trusty Brethren in his Company, he went to the House of Madam *Lisetta*, where requiring to have some Conference alone with her self; she took him into a private Parlor, and being there, not to be seen by any body, he fell on his knees before her, speaking in this manner. Madam, for Charities sake, and in regard of your own most gracious nature, I beseech you to pardon those harsh speeches which I used to you the other day, when you were with me at Confession: because, the very Night ensuing thereon, I was chastised in such cruel manner, as I was never able to stir forth of my Bed, until this very instant morning; whereto the weak-witted Gentlewoman thus replied. And who I pray you (quoth she) did Chastise you so severely? I will tell you Madam, said Fryer *Albert*, but it is a matter of admirable secrecie.

Being alone by self the same Night in my Dorter, and in very serious Devotion, according to my usual manner: suddenly I saw a bright splendor about me, and I could no sooner arise to discern what it might be, and whence it came, but I espied a very goodly young Lad standing by me, holding a golden Bow in his hand, and a rich Quiver of Arrows hanging on his back. Catching fast hold on my Hood, against the ground he throwed me rudely, trampling on me with his feet, and beating me with so many cruel blows, that I thought my Body to be broken in pieces. Then I desired to know, why he was so rigorous to me in this Correction? Because (quoth he) thou didst so saucily presume this day to reprove the Celestial Beauty of Madam *Lisetta*, whom (next to my Mother *Venus*) I love most dearly. Whereupon I perceived he was the commanding god *Cupid*, therefore I craved most humble pardon of him. I will pardon thee (quoth he) but upon this condition, that thou go to her so soon as conveniently thou canst, and (by low humility) prevail to obtain her free Pardon: which if she will not vouchsafe to grant thee, then shall I in stern Anger return again, and lay so many torturing Afflictions on thee, that all thy whole life-time shall be most hateful to thee. And what the displeased god said else beside, I dare not disclose, except you please first to pardon me.

Mistress shallow-brain being swoln big with this wind, like an empty bladder; conceiving no small pride in hearing these words, constantly crediting them to be true, and therefore thus Answer'd. Did I not tell you Father *Albert*, That my Beauty was Celestial? But I swear by my Beauty, notwithstanding your idle passed Arrogancy, I am heartily sorry for your severe Corrections; which that it may no more be inflicted on you, I do freely pardon you; yet with this proviso, That you tell me what the god else said unto you: Whereto Fryer *Albert* thus replied; Madam, seeing you have so graciously vouchsafed to pardon me, I will thankfully tell you all: but you must be very careful and



respective, that whatsoever I shall reveal unto you, must so closely be concealed, as no living Creature in the world may know it; for you are the only happy Lady now living, and that happiness relyeth on your silence and secrecy: With solemn vows and protestations, she sealed up her many promises, and then the Fryer thus proceeded.

Madam, the further charge imposed on me by god *Cupid*, was to tell you, that himself is so extremely enamour'd of your Beauty; and you are become so gracious in his Affection, as many Nights he hath come to see you in your Chamber, sitting on your Pillow, while you slept sweetly, and desiring very often to awake you, but only fearing to Affright you. Wherefore now he sends you word by me, that one Night he intendeth to come visit you, and to spend some time in conversing with you. But in regard he is a god, and merely a spirit in form, whereby neither you nor any else have a capacity of beholding him; much less, to touch or feel him: he saith, that (for your sake) he will come in the shape of a man; giving me charge also to know of you, when you shall please to have him come, and in whose similitude you would have him to come; whereof he will not fail; in which respect you may justly think your self to be the only happy woman living, and far beyond all other in your good fortune.

Misses want-wit presently Answer'd, she was well contented, that god *Cupid* should love her, and she would return the like love to him; protesting withal, that wheresoever she should see his Majestical Picture, she would set a hollowed burning Taper before it. Moreover, at all times he should be welcome to her; whensoever he would vouchsafe to visit her; for he should always find her alone in her private Chamber: on this condition, that his old Love *Psyche*, and all other Beauties else whatsoever must be set aside, and none but her self only to be his best Mistress, referring his personal form of appearance, to what shape himself best pleas'd to assume, so that it might not be frightful or offensive to her.

Madam (quoth Fryer *Albert*) most wisely have you Answer'd, and leave the matter to me; for I will take order sufficiently, and to your contentment. But you may do me a great grace, and without any prejudice to your self, in granting me one poor request, namely, to vouchsafe the gods appearance to you, in my bodily shape and person, and in the perfect form of a man as now you behold me: so may you safely give him entertainment, without any taxation of the world, or ill apprehension of the most curious inquisition. Beside, a greater happiness can never befall me, for, while he assumeth the Soul out of my Body, and walketh on the Earth in my humane figure: I shall be wandering in the joys of Lovers Paradise, feeling the fruition of their felicities, which are such, as no mortal can be capable of, no, not so much as in imagination.

The wise Gentlewoman replyed, that she was well contented, in regard of the severe punishment inflicted on him by god *Cupid*, for the reproachful speeches he had given her; to allow him so poor a kind of consolation, as he had requested her to grant him. Whereupon Fryer *Albert* said: Be ready then Madam to give him welcome to morrow in the Evening, at the entering into your house, for coming in an humane Body, he cannot but enter in at your doors: whereas, if (in powerful manner) he made use of his Wings, he then would fly in at your window; and then you could not be able to see him.

Upon this conclusion *Albert* departed, leaving *Liseta* in no mean pride of imagination that god *Cupid* should be enamour'd of her Beauty; and therefore she thought each hour a year, till she might see him in the mortal shape of Fryer *Albert*. And now was his Brain wonderfully busied, to visit her in more than common or humane manner; and therefore he made him a Suit (close to his Body) of white Taffey, all powdered over with Stars and spangles of Gold, a Bow and Quiver of Arrows, with Wings also fastened to his back behind him, and all cunningly covered with his Fryers habit, which must be the sole means of his safe passage.

Having obtain'd licence of his Superior, and being accompanied with an holy Brother of the Convent, yet ignorant of the business by him intended; he went to the house of a Friend of his which has his usual Receptacle, whensoever he went about such deeds of darkness. There did he put on his dissembled habit of god *Cupid*, with his Wings, Bow and Quiver, in formal fashion; and then clouded over with his Monks Cowle, leaves his Companion to await his returning back, while he visited foolish *Liseta*, according to her expectation, readily attending for the god's arrival.



*Albert* coming to the house, knocked at the dore, and the Maid admitting him entrance, according as her Mistress had appointed, she conducted him to her Mistresses Chamber, where laying aside his Fryers habit, and she seeing him shine with such glorious splendor, adding action also to his assumed dissimulation, with majestick motion of his Body, Wings, and Bow, as if he had been god *Cupid* indeed, converted into a body much bigger of stature, than Painters commonly do describe him, her wisdom was overcome with fear and admiration, that she fell on her knees before him, expressing all humble reverence unto him. And he spreading his Wings over her, as with wyers and strings he had made them pliant; shewed how graciously he accepted her humiliation, holding her in his Arms, and sweetly kissing her many times together, with repetition of his entire Love and Affection towards her. So delicately was he perfumed with odoriferous favours, and so compleat of person in his spangled Garments, that she could do nothing else but wonder at his rare behaviour; reputing her felicity beyond all Womens in the World and utterly impossible to be equal'd, such was the pride of her presuming. For he told her divers Tales and Fables of his awful power among the other gods, and stolen pleasures of his upon the Earth, yet gracing her Praises above all his other Lovers, and Vows made now, to Affect none but her only, as his often visitations should more constantly assure her, that she verily credited all his protestations, and thought his Kisses and Embraces, far to exceed any mortal comparison.

After they had spent so much time in Amorous Discoursing, as might best fit for this their first meeting, and stand clear from suspicion, from either side: our *Albert Cupid*, or *Cupid Albert*, which of them you best please to term him, closing his spangled Wings together again behind his back, fastening also on his Bow and quiver of Arrows, over-clouds all with his Religious Monks Cowle, and then with a parting Kiss or two, returned to the place where he had left his Fellow and Companion, perhaps employed in as devout an Exercise, as he had been in his absence from him; whence both repairing home to the Monastery, all this Nights wandering was allowed as tolerable, by them who made no spare of doing the like.

On the morrow following, Madam *Lisetta* immediately after Dinner, being attended by her Chamber-maid, went to see Fryer *Albert*, finding him in his wonted form and fashion, and telling him what had hapned between her and god *Cupid*, with all the other Lies and Tales which he had told her. Truly Madam (answered *Albert*) what your success with him hath been, I am no way able to comprehend; but this I can assure you, that so soon as I had acquainted him with your Answer, I felt a sudden rapture made of my Soul, and visibly (to my apprehension) saw it carryed by Elves and Fairies, into the Fields about *Elisium*, where Lovers departed out of this Life, walk among the Beds of Lillies and Roses, such as are not in this World to be seen, neither to be imagined by any humane Capacity. So super-abounding was the pleasure of this joy and solace, that, how long I continued there, or by what means I was transported hither again this morning, it is beyond all ability in me to express, or how I assumed my Body again, after that great god had made use thereof to your service. Well Fryer *Albert* (quoth she) you may see what an happiness hath betallen you, by so gross an opinion of my perfections, and what a felicity you enjoy, and still are like to do, by my pardoning your Error, and granting the god access to me in your shape: which as I envy not, so I wish you hereafter to be wiser, in taking upon you to judge of Beauty. Much other idle folly proceeded from her, which still he soothed to her contentment, and (as occasion served) many meetings they had in the former manner.

It fortuned within few days after that Madam *Lisetta* being in Company with one of her Gossips, and their Conference (as commonly it falleth out to be) concerning other Women of the City; their Beauty, Behaviour, Amorous Suiters, and Servants, and general Opinion conceived of their Worth and Merit; wherein *Lisetta* was over-much conceited of her self, not admitting any other to be her equal. Among other speeches, of an unseason'd Brain. Gossip (quoth she) if you knew what account is made of my Beauty, and who holds it in no mean estimation, you would then freely confess, That I deserve to be preferred before any other. As Women are Ambitious in their own Opinions, so commonly are they Coverous of one anothers Secrets, especially



especially in matters of Emulation, whereupon the Gossip thus replied. Believe me Madam, I make no doubt but your Speeches may be true, in regard of your admirable Beauty, and many other perfections beside; yet let me tell you, priviledges, how great and singular soever they be, without they are known to others, beside such as do particularly enjoy them; they carry no more Account than things of ordinary estimation. Whereas on the contrary, when any Lady or Gentlewoman hath some eminent and peculiar favour, which few or none other can reach unto, and it is made famous by general notion; then do all Women else admire and honour her, as the Glory of their Kind, and a Miracle of Nature.

I perceive Gossip, said *Lisetta*, whereat you aim, and such is my love to you, as you should not lose your longing in this case, were I but constantly secured of your secrecie, which as hitherto I have been no way able to tax, so would I be loth now to be more suspicious of than needs. But yet this matter is of such main moment, that if you will protest, as you are truly Virtuous, never to reveal it to no living body, I will disclose to you almost a Miracle. The virtuous Oath being past, with many other solemn protestations beside, *Lisetta* then proceeded in this manner.

I know Gossip, that it is a matter of common and ordinary custum for Ladies and Gentlewomen, to be graced with Favourits, men of frail and mortal conditions; whose natures are as subject to inconstancy, as their very best endeavours dedicated to folly, as I could name no mean number of our Ladies here in *Venice*. But when Sovereign Deities shall feel the impression of our humane desires, and behold subjects of such prevailing efficacy, as to subdue the greatest power, yea, and make them enamour'd of mortal Creature; you may well imagine Gossip, such a Beauty is superiour to any other. And such is the happy fortune of your friend *Lisetta*, of whose perfections great *Cupid*, the awful commanding god of Love himself, conceived such an extraordinary likeing, as he hath abandoned his seat of supreme Majesty, and appeared to me in the shape of a mortal man, with lively expression of his amorous passions, and what extremities of anguish he hath endured, only for my Love. May this be possible? replied the Gossip: Can the gods be toucht with the apprehension of our frail passions? True it is Gossip, answered *Lisetta*, and so certainly true, that his sacred kisses, sweet embraces, and most pleasing speeches, with proffer of his continual devotion towards me, hath given me good cause to confirm what I say, and to think my felicity far beyond all other Women, being honour'd with his often Nightly visitations.

The Gossip inwardly smiling at her idle speeches, which (nevertheless) she avouched with vehement asseverations: fell instantly sick of womens natural disease, thinking every minute a tedious month, till she were in company with some other Gossips, to break the obligation of her virtuous promise, and that others (as well as her self) might laugh at the folly of this shallow witted woman. The next day following, it was her hap to be at a Wedding, among a great number of other Women, whom quickly she acquainted with this so strange a wonder; as they did the like to their Husbands: and passing from hand to hand, in less space than two days, all *Venice* was fully possessed with it.

Among the rest, the Brethren to this foolish Woman, heard this admirable News concerning their Sister; and they discreetly concealing it to themselves, closely concluded to watch the walk of this pretended god: and if he soared not to a lofty flight, they would clip his wings, to come the better acquainted with him. It fortun'd, that the Fryer hearing his Cupidical visitations over publicly discovered, purpos'd to check and reprove *Lisetta* for her indiscretion. And being habited according to his former manner, his Fryerly Cowle covering all his former bravery, he left his Companion where he used to stay, and closely walked along unto the house. No sooner was he entred, but the Brethren being Ambushed near to the dore, went in after him, and ascended the stairs, by such time as he had uncased himself, and appeared like god *Cupid*, with his spangled wings displayed: they rushed into the Chamber, and he having no other refuge, opened a large Casement, standing directly over the great Gulf or River, and presently leaped into the water; which being deep, and he skilful in swimming, he had no other harm by his fall, albeit the sudden affright did much perplex him.



Recovering the further side of the River, he espied a light, and the dore of the House open, wherein dwelt a poor man, whom he earnestly intreated to save both his Life and Reputation; telling him many Lies and Tales by what means he was disguised, and thrown by night-walking Villains into the water. The poor man, being moved to compassionate his distressed estate, laid him in his own Bed, and ministring such other Comforts to him, as the time and his Poverty did permit; and day drawing on, he went about his business, advising him to take his rest, and it should not be long till he returned. So locking the dore, and leaving the counterfeiting god a bed, away goes the poor man to his daily labour. The brethren to *Lisetta*, perceiving god *Cupid* to be fled and gone, and she in melancholly sadness sitting by them: they took up the relicks he had left behind him, I mean, the Fryers Hood and Cowle, which shewing to their Sister, and sharply reproving her unwomanly behaviour; they left her in no mean discomfort, returning home to their own houses, with their conquered spoyl of the forlorn Fryer.

During the times of these Occurrences, broad day spreading on, and the poor man returning homeward by the *Rialto*, to visit his Guest so left in Bed: he beheld divers crowds of People, and a general rumor noysed among them that god *Cupid* had been that Night with Madam *Lisetta*, where being over-closely pursued by her Brethren, for fear of being surprized, he leapt out of her window into the Gulf, and no one could tell what was become of him. Hereupon the poor man began to imagine, that the Guest entertained by him in the Night, must needs be the same god *Cupid*, as by his wings, and other embellishments appeared: wherefore being come home, and sitting down on the beds side by him, after some few speeches passing between them, he knew him to be Fryer *Albert*, who promised to give him fifty Duckats if he would not betray him to *Lisetta's* Brethren.

Upon the acceptation of this offer, the mony being sent for, and paid down; there wanted nothing now, but some apt and convenient means, whereby *Albert* might safely be conveyed into the Monastery, which being wholly referred to the poor mans Care and Trust, thus he spake. Sir, I see no likelihood of your clear escaping home, except in this manner, as I advise you. We observe this day as a merry Festival, and it is lawfull for any one to disguise a man in the Skin of a Bear, or in the shape of a savage man, or any other form of better advice. Which being so done, he is brought upon Saint *Mark's* Market-place, where being hunted a while with Dogs, upon the Huntings conclusion, the Feast is ended, and then each man leads his Monster whither him pleaseth. If you can accept any of these shapes, before you be seen here in my poor abiding, then can I safely (afterward) bring you where you would be. Otherwise, I see no possible means, how you may escape hence unknown; for it is without all question to the contrary, that the Gentlewomans Brethren, knowing your concealment in some one place or other, will set such spies and watches for you throughout the City, as you must needs be taken by them.

Now although it seemed a most severe imposition, for *Albert* to pass in any of these guises: yet his exceeding fear of *Lisetta's* Brethren and Friends, made him gladly yield, and to undergo what shape the poor man pleased, which thus he ordered. Anointing his naked Body with Hony, he then covered it over with downy small Feathers, and fastening a Chain about his Neck, and a strange ugly Vizard on his Face, he gave him a great Staff in the one hand, and two huge Mastive Dogs chained together in the other hand also, which he had borrowed in the Butchery. Afterward he sent a man to the *Rialto*, who there proclaimed by the sound of Trumpets: that all such as desired to see god *Cupid*, which the last Night had descended down from the Skies, and fell (by ill hap) into the *Venetian* Gulf, let them repair to the publick Market place of Saint *Mark*, and there he would appear in his own likeness.

This being done, soon after he left his house, and leading him thus disguised along by the Chain, he was followed by great Crowds of People, every one questioning of whence and what he was. In which manner he brought him to the Market-place, where an infinite number of People were gathered together, as well of the Followers as of them that before heard the Proclamation. There he made choice of a pillar which stood on a place somewhat highly exalted, whereto he chain'd his Savage man, making shew as if he meant to await there



till the hunting should begin: in which time the Flies, Wasps, Hornets, did so terribly sting his naked Body, being anointed with Honey, that he endured thereby unspeakable Anguish. When the Poor man saw that there needed no more concourse of People; pretending, as if he purposed to let loose his Savage Man; he took the mask or vizard from *Albert's* face, and then he spake aloud in this manner.

Gentlemen and others, seeing that the wild Boar cometh not to our hunting, because I imagine that he cannot easily be found: I mean (to the end you may not lose your labour in coming hither) to shew you the great god of Love, called *Cupid*, whom Poets fained long since to be a little Boy, but now grown to manly stature. You see in what manner he hath left his high dwelling, only for the *Venitian* beauties: but belike, the Night-fogs overflagging his wings, he fell into our Gulf, and comes now to present his Service to you. No sooner had he taken off his Vizard, but every one knew him to be Fryer *Albert*; and suddenly arose such shouts and out-cries, with most bitter words breathed forth against him, hurling also stones, dirt and filth in his Face, that his best Acquaintance then could take no knowledge of him, and not one pitying his abusing.

So long continued the offended People in their Fury, that the News thereof was carryed to the Covent, and six of his Religious Brethren came, who casting and throwing an habit about him, and releasing him from his Chain, they led him to the Monastery, not without much molestation and trouble of the People; where imprisoning him in their House, severity of some inflicted Punishment, or rather conceit for his open shame shortened his days, and so he died. Thus you see (fair Ladies) when licentious Life must be clouded with a Cloak of Sanctity, and cruel actions daily committed, yet escaping uncredited: there will come a time at length, for just discovering of all, that the good may shine in their true lustre of Glory, and the bad sink in their own deserved Shame.

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Three young Gentlemen affecting three sisters, fled into Candie. The eldest of them (through jealousy) becometh the death of her Lover: the second, by consenting to the Duke of Candies Request, is the means of saving her life. Afterward her own friend killeth her, and thence flieth away with the eldest Sister. The third couple, are charged with her death, and being committed prisoners, they confess the fact; and fearing death, by corruption of money they prevail with their Keepers, escaping from thence to Rhodes, where they died in great poverty.

### The Third NOVEL

*Herein is declared how dangerous the Occasion is, insuing by Anger and desight, in such an intirely love, especially being injured and offended by them that they love.*

**W**hen the King perceived that Madam *Pampinea* had ended her discourse, he sat sadly a pretty while without uttering one word, but afterward spake thus. Little goodneis appeared in the beginning of this Novel, because it ministred mirth; yet the ending proved better, and I could wish that worse afflictions had fallen on the the venerous Fryer. Then turning towards *Lauretta*, he said; Lady, do you tell us a better Tale, if possibly it may be. She smiling, thus answered the King, Sir, you are over cruelly bent against poor Lovers, in desiring that their amorous processions should have harsh and sinister conclusions. Nevertheless, in obedience to your severe command, among three persons amorously perplexed, I will relate an unhappy ending, whereas all might be said to speed as unfortunately, being equally alike, in enjoying the issue of their desires; and thus I proceed.

Every Vice (choice Ladies) as very well you know, redoundeth to the great disgrace and prejudice of him, or her, by whom it is practised, and oftentimes to others. Now among those common hurtful Enemies, the Sin or Vice which most carrieth us with full Career, and draweth us into unavoidable dangers



dangers ( in mine opinion ) seemeth to be that of choler or anger, which is a sudden and inconsiderate moving, provoked by some received injury, which having excluded all respect of reason, and dimn'd ( with dark vapors ) the bright discerning sight of the understanding, enflameth the mind with most violent fury. And albeit this inconvenience hapneth most to men, and more to some few than others; yet notwithstanding, it hath been noted, that women have felt the self-same infirmity, and in more extream manner, because it much sooner is kindled in them, and burneth with the brighter flame, in regard they have the lesser consideration, and therefore not to be wondered at. For if we will advitedly observe, we shall plainly perceive, that fire ( even of his own nature ) taketh hold of such things as are light and tender, much sooner than it can on hard and weighty substances; and some of us women ( let men take no offence at my words ) are far more soft and delicate than they be, and therefore more frail. In which regard, seeing we are naturally inclined hereto, and considering also, how much our affability and gentleness do shew themselves pleasing and full of content to those men with whom we are to live; and likewise how anger and fury are compacted of extraordinary perils: I purpose ( because we may be the more valiant in our courage, to out stand the fierce assaults of wrath and rage ) to shew you by mine ensuing Novel, how the Loves of three young Gentlemen, and of as many Gentlewomen, came to fatal and unfortunate success by the tempestuous anger of one among them, as I have formerly related unto you.

*Marseilles* ( as you are not now to learn ) is in *Provence*, seated on the sea, and is also a very ancient and most noble City, which hath been ( heretofore ) inhabited with far richer and more wealthy Merchants, than at this instant time it is. Among whom there was one named *Narnaldo Civida*, a man but of mean condition, yet clear in faith and reputation, and in lands, goods, and ready moneys immeasurably rich. Many children he had by his Wife, among whom were three Daughters which exceeded his Sons in years. Two of them being twins, and born of one body, were counted to be fifteen years old; the third was fourteen, and nothing hindred marriage in their Parents own expectation, but the return home of *Narnaldo*, who was then abroad in *Spain* with his Merchandizes. The eldest of these Sisters was named *Ninetta*, the second *Magdalena*, and the third *Bertella*. A Gentleman ( albeit but poor in fortunes ) and called *Restagnone*, was extraordinarily enamored of *Ninetta*, as no man possibly could be more, and she likewise as earnest in affection towards him; yet both carrying their loves, proceeding with such secrecie, as long time they enjoyed their hearts sweet content; yet undiscovered.

It came to pass, that two other young Gallants, the one named *Folco*, and the other *Hugnetto* ( who had attained to incredible wealth, by the decease of their Father ) were also far in love, the one with *Magdalen*, the other with *Bertella*. When *Restagnone* had intelligence thereof, by the means of his fair friend *Ninetta*, he purposed to relieve his poverty, by friendly furthering both their love and his own: and growing into familiarity with 'em, one while he would walk abroad with *Folco*, and then again with *Hugnetto*, but oftner with them both together, to visit their Mistresses, and continue worthy Friendship. On a Day, when he saw the time suitable to his intent, and that he had invited the two Gentlemen home unto his house, he fell into this like conference with them.

Kind friends ( quoth he ) the honest familiarity which hath past between us, may render you some certain assurance of the constant love I bare to you both, being as willing to work any means that may tend to your good as I desire to compass mine own. And because the truth of my affection cannot conceal it self to you, I mean to acquaint you with an intention wherewith my Brain hath a long while travelled, and now may soon be delivered of, if it may pass with your liking and approbation. Let me then tell you, that except your speeches favour of untruth, and your actions carry a double understanding, in common behaviour both by Night and Day, you appear to pine and consume away in the cordial Love you bear to two of the Sisters, as I suffer the same Afflictions for the third, with reciprocal requital of their dearest Affection to us. Now, to qualifie the heat of our tormenting flames, if you will condescend to such a course as I shall advise you, the remedy will yield them equal ease to ours, and we may safely enjoy the benefit of contentment. As wealth abound-  
eth



eth with you both, so doth want most extreemly tyrannize over me: but if one bank might be made of both your rich substances, I embraced therein as a third partaker, and some quarter of the world designed out by us, where to live at hearts ease upon our possessions, I durst engage my credit, that all the Sisters, (not meanly stored with their Fathers treasure) shall bare us company to what place soever we please. There each man freely enjoying his own dearest love, may live like three Bretheren without any hinderance to our mutual content: it remaineth now to you Gentlemen, to accept this comfortable offer, or to refuse it.

The two Brothers, whose passions exceeded their best means for support, perceiving some hope how to enjoy their loves; desired no long time of deliberation, or greatly disputed with their thoughts what was best to be done: but readily replied, that let happen any danger whatsoever, they would joyn with him in this determination, and he should partake with them in their wealthiest fortunes. After *Restagnone* had heard their answer, within some few days following, he went to confer with *Ninetta*, which was no ealie matter for him to compass. Nevertheless, opportunity proved so favourable to him, that meeting with her at a place appointed, he discoursed at large what had passed between him, and the other two young Gentlemen, maintaining the same with many good reasons, to have her like and allow of the enterprize, which although (for a while) he could very hardly do; yet, in regard she had more desire than power, without suspicion, to be daily in his company, she thus answered.

My hearts chosen friend, I cannot any way mislike your advice, and will take such order with my Sisters, that they shall agree to our resolution. Let it therefore be your charge, that you and the rest make every thing ready, to depart from hence so soon as with best convenient means we may be enabled.

*Restagnone* being returnd to *Folco* and *Hugnetto*, who thought every hour a year, to hear what would succeed upon the promise past between them; he told them in plain terms, that their Ladies were as free in content as they, and nothing wanted now, but furnishment for their sudden departing. Having concluded, that *Candie* should be their harbour for entertainment, they made sale of some few inheritances which lay the readiest for the purpose, as also their goods in their houses; and then, under colour of venting Marchandizes abroad, they bought an nimble Pinace, fortified with good strength and preparation, and waited but for a convenient wind. On the other side, *Ninetta*, who was sufficiently acquainted with the forwardness of her Sisters desires, and her own, had so substantially prevailed with them, that a good voyage now was the sole expectation. Whereupon the same night when they should set away, they opened a strong barred chest of their Fathers, whence they took great store of gold, and costly jewels, wherewith elcaping secretly out of the house, they came to the place where the Lovers attended for them, and going hastily aboard the Pinnace, the winds were so furtherous to them, that without touching any where, the Night following they arrived at *Geneway*.

There being out of peril or pursuit, they all knit the knot of holy Wedlock, and then freely enjoyed their long wished desires; from whence setting sail again, and being well furnished with all things wanting, passing on from Port to Port, at the end of eight days, they landed at *Candie*, not meeting with any impeachment on the way. Determining there to spend their days, first they provided themselves of goodly lands in the Countrey, and then of beautiful dwelling houses in the City, with all due furnishings belonging to them, and families well bebecoming such worthy Gentlemen, and all delights for their daily recreations, inviting their neighbours, and they them again in loving manner; so that no Lovers could wish to live in more ample contentment.

Passing on their time in this height of felicity, and not crossed by any sinister accidents, it came to pass (as often we may observe in the like occasions, that although delights do most especially please us, yet they breed surfeit, when they swell too over-great in abundance) that *Restagnone*, who most dearly affected his fair *Ninetta*, and had her now in his free possession, without any peril of losing her: grew now also to be weary of her, and consequently, to fall in  
those



those familiar performances, which formerly had hapned between them. For being one day invited to a Banquet, he saw there a beautiful Gentlewoman of that Countrey, whose perfection pleasing him beyond all comparision: he laboured (by painful pursuit) to win his purpose; and meeting with her in divers private places, grew prodigal in his expences upon her. This could not be so closely carryed, but being seen and observed by *Ninetta*, she became possessed with extreame jealousy, that he could not do any thing whatsoever but immediately she had knowledge of it: which fire growing to a flame in her, her patience became extreamely provoked, urging rude speeches from her to him, and daily tormenting him beyond sufferance.

As the enjoying of any thing in too much plenty makes it appear irksome and loathing to us, and the denial of our desires do more and more whet on the appetite, even so did the angry spleen of *Ninetta* proceed on in violence against this new commenced love of *Restagnone*. For, in succession of time, whether he enjoyed the embracements of his new Mistress, or no; yet *Ninetta* (by sinister Reports, but much more through her own jealous imaginations) held it for infallible, and to be most certain. Hereupon, she fell into an extreame melancholly, which melancholly begat implacable fury, and (consequently) such contemptible disdain as converted her former love to *Restagnone*, into most cruel and bloody hatred; yea, and so strangely was reason or respect confounded in her, as no revenge else but speedy death, might satisfy the wrongs she imagined to receive by *Restagnone* and his Minion.

Upon enquiry, by what means she might best compass her bloody intention, she grew acquainted with a *Grecian* woman, and wonderfully expert in the compounding of poysons, whom she so perswaded by gifts and bounteous promises, that at length she prevailed with her. A deadly water was distilled by her, which (without any other counsel to the contrary) on a day when *Restagnone* had his blood somewhat over-heated, and little dreamed on any such Treason conspired against him by his Wife, she caused him to drink a great draught thereof, under pretence that it was a most sovereign and cordial water; but such was the powerful operation thereof, that the very next morning *Restagnone* was found dead in his bed. When his death was understood by *Falco*, *Hugnetto*, and their Wives, and not knowing how he came to be thus impoisoned (because their Sister seemed to bemoan his sudden death, with as apparent shews of mourning, as they could possibly express) they buried him very honourably, and so all suspicion ceased.

But as Fortune is infinite in her fugaries, never acting disaster so closely, but as cunningly discovereth it again: so it came to pass, that within few days following, the *Grecian* woman that had delivered the poyson to *Ninetta*, for such another deed was apprehended even in the action. And being put upon the tortures, among many other horrid villanies by her committed, she confessed the empoisoning of *Restagnone*, and every particle thereto appertaining. Whereupon, the Duke of *Candia*, without any noise or publication, setting a strong guard about the house of *Falco*, where *Ninetta* then was lodged; there suddenly they seized on her, and upon examination, in maintenance of her desperate revenge, voluntarily confessed the fact, and what else concerned the occasion of his death, by the wrongs which he had offered her.

*Falco* and *Hugnetto* understanding secretly, both from the Duke, and other intimate friends, what was the reason of *Ninetta's* apprehension, which was not a little displeasing to them, laboured by all their best pains and endeavour, to work such means with the Duke, that her life might not perish by fire, although she had most justly deserved it; but all their attempts proved to none effect, because the Duke had concluded to execute justice.

Here you are to observe, that *Magdalena* (being a very Beautiful Woman, young, and in the choicest flower of her time) had often before been solicited by the Duke, to entertain his love and kindness, whereto by no means she would listen or give consent. And being now most earnestly importuned by her, for the safety of her Sisters life, he took hold on this her daily suit to him, and in private told her, that if she was so desirous of *Ninetta's* life, it lay in her power to obtain it, by granting him the fruition of her love. She apparently perceiving that *Ninetta* was not likely to live, but by the prostitution of her chast honour, which she preferred before the loss of her own life, or her Sister, concluded,



cluded, to let her die, rather than run into any such disgrace. But having an excellent ingenious wit, quick, and apprehensive in perilous occasions, she intended now to make a tryal of over-reaching the lascivious Duke in his wanton purpose and yet to be assured of her Sisters life, without any blemish to her reputation.

Soliciting him still as she was wont to do, this promise passed from her to him, that when *Ninetta* was delivered out of Prison, and in safety at home in her own house, he should resort thither in some quaint disguise, and enjoy his long and expected desire; but until then she would not yield. So violent was the Duke in the prosecution of his purpose, that under colour of altering the manner of *Ninetta's* death, not suffering her to be consumed by fire, but to be drowned, according to a custome observed there long time, and at the importunity of her Sister *Magdalena*, in the still silence of the night, *Ninetta* was conveyed into a sack, and sent in that manner to the house of *Folco*, the Duke following soon after, to challenge his promise.

*Magdalena* having acquainted her Husband, with her virtuous intention for preserving her Sisters life, and disapointing the Duke in his wicked desire; he was as contrary to her true meaning in this case, as *Ninetta* had formerly been adverse to *Ketagnone*, only being over-ruled, likewise by jealousy, and perswaded in his rash opinion, that the Duke had already dishonoured *Magdalena* otherwise he would not have delivered *Ninetta* out of prison. Mad fury gave further fire to this unmanly perswasion, and nothing will quench this violent flame, but the life of poor *Magdalena*, suddenly sacrificed in the rescue of her Sister; such a devil is anger, when the understandings bright eye is thereby abused. No credit might be given to her womanly protestations, or any thing seem to alter his purpose; but having slain *Magdalena*, with his Ponyard, (notwithstanding her tears and humble intreaties) he ran in hast to *Ninetta's* Chamber, she not dreaming on any such desperate accident; and to her he used these dissembling speeches.

Sister (quoth he) my Wife hath advised, that I should speedily convey you hence, as fearing the renewing of the Dukes fury, and your falling again into the hands of Justice: I have a Bark readily prepared for you, and your life being secured, it is all that she and I do most desire. *Ninetta* being fearful, and no way distrusting what he had said; in thankful allowance of her Sisters care, and courteous tender of his so ready service; departed thence presently with him, not taking any farwel of her other Sister, and her Husband. To the sea shore they came, very weakly provided of monies to defray their charges, and getting aboard the Bark, directed their course themselves knew not whither.

The amorous Duke in his disguise, having long danced attendance at *Folco's* door, and no admittance of his entrance, angrily returned back to his Court, protesting levere revenge on *Magdalena*, if she gave him not the better satisfaction, to clear her from thus basely abusing him. On the morrow morning, when *Magdalena* was found murdered in her Chamber, and tydings thereof carryed to the Duke; presently search was made for the bloody offender, but *Folco* being fled and gone with *Ninetta*; some there were, who bearing deadly hatred to *Hugnetto*, incensed the Duke against him and his Wife; as supposing them to be guilty of *Magdalena's* death. He being thereto very easily perswaded, in regard of his immoderate love to this slain Gentlewoman; went himself in person (attended with his Guard) to *Hugnetto's* house, where he and his wife were seized as Prisoners.

This News was very strange to them, and their imprisonment as unwelcome; and although they were truly innocent, either in knowledge of the horrid fact, or the departure of *Folco* with *Ninetta*; yet being unable to endure the tortures extremity, they made themselves Culpable by Confession, and that they had a hand with *Folco* in the Murder of *Magdalena*. Upon their forced Confession, and Sentence of death pronounced on them by the Duke himself; before the day appointed for their publick execution, by great Sums of Money, which they had closely hid in their house, to serve when any urgent extremity should happen to them; they corrupted their Keepers, and before any intelligence could be had of their flight, they escaped by Sea to *Rhodes*, where they lived afterwards in great distress and misery. The just vengeance of heaven followed after *Folco* and



and *Ninetta*, he for murdering his honest Wife, and she for poysoning her offended Husband: for being beaten a long while on the Seas, by tempestuous storms and weather, and not admitted landing in any Port or Creek; they were driven back on the coast of *Candie* again, where being apprehended and brought to the City, before the Duke, they confessed their several and notorious offences, and ended their loathed lives together.

Thus the idle and loose life of *Restagnone*, with the frantick rage and jealousie of *Ninetta* and *Folco* overturned all their long continued happineis, and threw a disastrous ending on them all.

*Gerbino*, contrary to the former plighted faith of his Grandfather, King *Gulielmo*, fought with a ship at Sea, belonging to the King of *Thunis*, to take away his Daughter, who was then in the same ship. She being slain by them that had possession of her, he likewise slew them: and afterwards had his own head smitten off.

### The Fourth NOVEL

In commendation of Justice between Princes; and declaring withal, that neither fear, dangers, nor death it self, can any way daunt a true and loyall Lover.

**M**Adam *Lauretta* having concluded her Novel, and the company complaining on Lovers misfortunes, some blaming the angry and jealous fury of *Ninetta*, and every one delivering their several opinions; the King as awaking out of a passionate perplexity, exalted his looks, giving a sign to Madam *Elisa*, that she should follow next in order; whereto, the obeying, began in this manner. I have heard (Gracious Ladies, quoth she) of many people, who are verily perswaded, that loves arrows never wound any body, but only by the eyes, looks and gazes, mocking and scorning such as maintain, that men may fall in love by hearing only. Wherein (believe, me) they are greatly deceived, as will appear by a Novel as I shall now relate unto you, and wherein you shall plainly perceive, that not only fame or report is as prevailling as sight, but also hath conducted divers to a wretched and miserable ending of their lives.

*Gulielmo* the second, King of *Sicily*, according as the *Sicilian* Chronicles record, had two children, the one a Son, named *Don Rogero*, and the other a Daughter, called Madam *Constance*. The said *Rogero* dyed before his Daughter, leaving a Son behind him, named *Gerbino*, who with much care and cost, was brought up by his Grandfather, proving to be a very goodly Prince, and wonderously esteemed for his great valour and humanity. His fame could not contain it self, within the bounds or limits of *Sicily* only. But being published very prodigally, in many parts of the world beside, flourished with no mean commendations throughout all *Barbary*, which in those days was tributary to the King of *Sicily*. Among other persons deserving most to be respected, the renowned virtues, and affability of this gallant Prince *Gerbino*, was understood by the beauteous Daughter to the King of *Thunis*, who by such as had seen her, was reputed to be one of the rarest creatures, the best conditioned, and of the truest noble spirit, that ever Nature framed in her very choicest pride of Art.

Of famous, virtuous, and worthy men, it was continually, her chiefest delight to hear of the admired actions of valiant *Gerbino*, reported to her by many singular discourses: such as could best describe him, with language answerable to his due deservings, won such honourable entertainment in her understanding soul, that they were most affectionately pleasing to her, and in recapitulating (over and over again) his manifold and heroicall perfections, meer speech made her extremely amorous of him, nor willingly would she lend an Ear to any other discourse, but that which tended to his honour and advancement.



On the other side, the fame of her incomparable beauty, with addition of her other infinite singularities beside, as the world had given ear to innumerable places, so *Sicily* came at length acquainted therewith, in such flowing manner, as was truly answerable to her merit. Nor seemed this as a bare babling rumor, in the Princely bearing of royall *Gerbino*; but was imbraced with such a real apprehension, and the entire probation of a true understanding, that he was no less enflamed with noble affection towards her, than she expressed the like in virtuous opinion of him. Wherefore, awaiting such convenient opportunity, when he might entreat licence of his Grand-father for his own going to *Thunis*, under colour of some honourable occasion, for the earnest desire he had to see her, he gave charge to some of his especial friends (whose affairs required their presence in those parts) to let the Princess understand in such secret manner as best they could devise, what noble affection he bare unto her, devoting himself only to her service.

One of his cholen friends thus put in trust, being a Jeweller, a man of singular discretion, and often resorting to Ladies for sight of his jewels, winning like admittance to the Princess: related at large unto her the honourable affection of *Gerbino*, with full tender of his person to her service, and that she only was to dispose of him. Both the message and the Messenger, were most graciously welcome to her, and flaming in the self same affection towards him: as a testimony thereof, one of the very choicest jewels which she bought of him, she sent by him to the Prince *Gerbino*, it being received by him with such joy and contentment, as nothing in the world could be more pleasing to him. So that afterward, by the trusty carriage of his Jeweller, many Letters and Love-tokens passed between them; each being as highly pleased with this poor, yet happy kind of entercourse, as if they had seen and conversed with one another.

Matters proceeding on in this manner, and continuing longer than their love sick passions easily could permit, yet neither being able to find out any other means of help; it fortuned that the King of *Thunis* promised his Daughter in marriage to the King of *Granada*, whereat she grew exceedingly sorrowful; perceiving, not only she should be sent further off, by a large distance of way from her friend, but also be deprived utterly, of all hope ever to enjoy him. And if she could have devised any means, either by secret flight from her Father, or any way else to further her intention, she would have adventured it for the Prince's sake. *Gerbino* in like manner hearing of this purposed marriage, lived in a hell of torments, consulting oftentimes with his soul, how he might be possessed of her by power, when she should be sent by Sea to her husband, or private stealing her away from her Fathers Court before: with these and infinite other thoughts, was he incessantly afflicted, both day and night.

By some unhappy accident or other, the King of *Thunis* heard of this their secret love, as also of *Gerbino's* purposed policy to surprize her, and how likely he was to effect it, in regard of his manly valour, and store of stout friends to assist him. Hereupon, when the time was come that he would convey his Daughter thence to her marriage, and fearing to be prevented by *Gerbino*: he sent to the King of *Sicily*, to let him understand his determination, craving safe conduct from him, without impeachment of *Gerbino*, or any one else, untill such time as his intent was accomplished. King *Gulielmo* being Aged and never acquainted with the affectionate proceedings of *Gerbino*: nor any doubtful reason to urge this security from him, in a case convenient to be granted: yeilded the sooner thereto right willingly, and as a signal of his honourable meaning, he sent him his royal Glove, with a full confirmation for his safe conduct.

No sooner were these Princely assurances receiv'd, but a good ship was prepar'd in the Port of *Carthage*, well furnished with all things thereto belonging, for the sending his Daughter to the King of *Granada*, waiting for nothing else but best favouring winds. The young Princess (who understood and saw all this) secretly sent a Servant of hers to *Palermo*, giving him special charge on her behalf, to salute the Prince *Gerbino*, and to tell him withal, that (within few days) she must be transported to *Granada*. And now opportunity gave fair and free means to let the world know, whether he were a man of that magnanimous spirit or no, as a general opinion had formerly conceived, of him, and whether he affected her so firmly, as by many close messages he had assured her. He who had the charge of this embassie, effectually performed it, and then returned back to *Thunis*.



The Prince *Gerbino*, having heard this Message from his divine Mistress, and knowing also that the King his Grand-father, had past his Safe-Conduct to the King of *Thunis*, for peaceable passage through his Seas: was at his wits end, in this urgent necessity, what might best be done. Notwithstanding, moved by the settled Constancy of his plighted Love, and the speeches delivered to him by the Messenger from the Princess: to shew himself a Man endued with Courage, he departed thence unto *Messina*, where he made ready two speedy Gallies, and fitting them with Men of Valiant disposition, set away to *Sardignia*, as making full account, that the Ship which carryed the Princess, must come along that Coast. Nor was his expectation therein deceived: for, withing few days after, the Ship (not over-swiftly winded) came sailing near to the place where they attended for her arrival; whereof *Gerbino* had no sooner gotten a sight, but to animate the Resolutes which were in his company, thus he spake.

Gentlemen, if you be those Men of Valour, as heretofore you have been reputed. I am perswaded, that there are some among you, who either formerly have, or now instantly do feel the all-commanding power of Love, without which (as I think) there is not any mortal man, that can have any goodness or virtue dwelling in him. Wherefore, if ever you have been amourosly Affected, or presently have any Apprehension thereof, you shall the more easily judge of what I now aim at. True it is, that I do love, and Love hath guided me to be comforted, and manfully assisted by you, because in yonder Ship, which you see coming on so gently under sail (even as if she offered her self to be our Prize) not only is the Jewel which I most esteem, but also mighty and most unvaluable Treasure, to be won without any difficult labour or hazard of a dangerous Fight, you being men of such undaunted Courage. In the honour of which Victory, I cover not any part or parcel, but only a Lady, for whose sake I have undertaken these Arms, and freely give you all the rest contained in the Ship. Let us set on them, Gentlemen, and my dearest Friends; couragiously let us assail the Ship. You see how the wind favours us, and (questionless) in so good an Action, Fortune will not fail us.

*Gerbino* needed not to have spoken so much, in perswading them to seize so Rich a Booty; because the men of *Messina* were naturally addicted to Spoyle and Rapine: and before the Prince began his Oration, they had concluded to make the Ship their Purchase. Wherefore giving a loud shout, according to their Country manner, and commanding their Trumpets to sound chearfully, they rowed on amain with their Oares, and in meer despiht set upon the Ship, but before the Gallies could come near her, they that had the Charge and managing of her, perceiving with what Speed they made towards them, and no likely means of elcaping from them, resolvedly they stood upon their best defence, for now it was no time to be slothful.

The Prince being come near to the Ship, commanded that the Patrons should come to him, except they would adventure the Fight. When the *Sarazens* were thereof advertised, and understood also what he demanded, they returned Answer: That their motion and proceeding in this manner, was both against Law and plighted Faith, which was promised by the King of *Sicily*, for their safe passage through the Sea, by no means to be molested or assailed. In testimony whereof they shewed his Glove, avouching moreover, that neither by force (or otherwise) they would yield, or deliver him any thing which they had aboard their Ship. *Gerbino* espying his gracious Mistress on the Ships deck, and she appearing to be far more beautiful than Fame had made relation of her: being much more enflamed and scorched by the heat of Love now, than formerly they had been, replied thus when they shewed the Glove. We have (quoth he) no Faulcon here now, to be humbled at the sight of your Glove: and therefore, if you will not deliver the Lady, prepare your selves for Fight; for we must have her whether you will or no. Hereupon, they began to let flie (on both sides) their Darts and Arrows, with Stones sent in violent sort from their Slings, thus continuing the Fight a long while, to very great harm on either side. At the length, *Gerbino* perceiving, that small Benefit would redound to him, if he did not undertake some other kind of course; he took a small Pinnace, which purposely he brought with him from *Sardignia*, and setting it on a flaming Fire, conveyed it (by the Gallies help) close to the Ship. The *Sarazens* much amazed therat, and evidently perceiving, That either they must yield or die; brought the



Kings Daughter to the prow of the Ship, most grievously weeping and wringing her hands. Then calling *Gerbino*, to let him behold their resolution, there they slew her before his Face, and throwing her Body into the Sea, said: Take her, there we give her to thee, according to our bounden duty, and as thy Perjury hath justly deserved.

This sight was not a little grievous to the Prince *Gerbino*, who maddened now with this their monstrous Cruelty, and not caring what became of his own Life, having lost her for whom he only desired to live; not dreading their Darts, Arrows, slinged Stones, or what violence else they could use against him; he leapt aboard their Ship, in despite of all that durst resist him, behaving himself there like a hungry starved Lyon, when he enters among a Heard of Beasts, tearing their Carcasses in pieces both with his Teeth and Paws. Such was the extream fury of this poor Prince, not sparing the Life of any one that durst appear in his presence; so that what with the bloody slaughter, and violence of the Fires increasing in the Ship; the Mariners got such Wealth as possibly they could save, and suffering the Sea to swallow up the rest, *Gerbino* returned unto his Gallies again, nothing proud of this so ill-gotten Victory.

Afterward having recovered the Princels dead Body out of the Sea; and embalmed it with Sighs and Tears, he returned back into *Sicily*, where he caused it to be most honourably Buried, in a little Island named *Ustica*, face to face confronting *Trepanum*. The King of *Thunis* hearing this disastrous News, sent his Ambassador (habited in sad Mourning) to the Aged King of *Sicily*, complaining of his Faith broken with him, and how the Accident had fallen out. Age being suddenly incited to Anger, and the King extreamly offended at this Injury, seeing no way whereby to deny him Justice, it being urged so instantly by the Ambassador: caused *Gerbino* to be Apprehended; and he himself (in regard that none of his Lords and Barons would therein assist him, but labour'd to divert him by their earnest importunity) pronounced the Sentence of Death on the Prince, and commanded to have him Beheaded in his presence; affecting rather to die without an Heir, than to be thought a King void of Justice. So these two unfortunate Lovers, never enjoying the very least benefit of their long wished desires: ended both their Lives in violent manner.

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The three Brethren of *Isabella*, slew a Gentleman that secretly loved her. His Ghost appeared to her in her Sleep, and shewed her in what place they had buried his Body. She (in silent manner) brought away his Head, and putting it into a Pot of Earth, such as Flowers, Basil, or other sweet Herbs are usually set in, she watered it (a long while) with her Tears. Whereof her Brethren having Intelligence, soon after she dyed, with much conceit of Sorrow.

### The Fifth NOVEL

Wherein is plainly proved, That Love cannot be rooted up, by any Humane Power or Providence; especially in such a Soul, where it hath been really apprehended.

THE Novel of *Madam Eliza* being finished, and some-what commended by the King, in regard of the Tragical Conclusion; *Philomena* was enjoyned to proceed next with her Discourse. She being overcome with much Compassion, for the hard Fortunes of Noble *Gerbino* and his Beautiful Princess, after an extreme and vehement Sigh, thus she spake. My Tale (worthy Ladies) extendeth not to Persons of so high Birth or Quality, as they were, of whom *Madam Eliza* gave you relation: yet (peradventure) it may prove no less piteous. And now I remember my self, *Messina* so lately spoken of, is the place where this Accident also happen'd.

In *Messina* there dwelt three young men, Brethren, and Merchants by their common Profession, who becoming very Rich by the death of their Father, lived



lived in very good fame and repute. Their Father was of *San Gemignano*, and that had a Sister named *Isabella*, young, beautiful, and well condition'd; who upon some occasion, as yet remained unmarried. A proper youth, being a Gentleman born in *Pisa*, and named *Lorenzo*, as a trusty Factor or Servant, had the managing of the Brethrens business and affairs. This *Lorenzo* being of comely personage, affable, and excellent in his behaviour, grew so gracious in the Eyes of *Isabella*, that she afforded him many respective looks, yea kindneses of no common quality. Which *Lorenzo* taking notice of, and observing by degrees from time to time, gave over all Beauties in the City, which might allure any Affection from him, and only fixed his Heart on her, so that their love grew to a mutual embracing, both equally respecting one another, and entertaining kindneses, as occasion gave leave.

Long time continued this Amorous League of Love, yet not so cunningly concealed, but at length the secret meeting of *Lorenzo* and *Isabella*, to ease their poor Souls of Loves oppressions, was discovered by the Eldest of the Brethren, unknown to them who were thus betrayed. He being a man of great discretion, although this sight was highly displeasing to him: yet notwithstanding he kept it to himself till the next morning, labouring his brain what might best be done in so urgent a case. When day was come, he resorted to his Brethren, and told them what he had seen in the time past, between their Sister and *Lorenzo*.

Many deliberations passed on in this case; but after all, thus they concluded together, to let it proceed on with patient supportance, that no scandal might ensue to them or their Sister, no evil Act being (as yet) committed. And seeming as if they knew not of their Love, had a wary Eye still upon her secret walks, awaiting for some convenient time, when without their own prejudice, or *Isabella's* knowledge, they might safely break off this stolen Love, which was altogether against their liking. So, shewing no worse Countenance to *Lorenzo*, than formerly they had done, but employing and conversing with him in kind manner; it fortuned, that riding (all three) to recreate themselves out of the City, they took *Lorenzo*, in their company, and when they came to a solitary place, such as suited best with their vile purpose: they ran suddenly upon *Lorenzo*, slew him, and afterward enterr'd his Body, where hardly it could be discover'd by any one. Then they returned back to *Messina*, and gave it forth (as a credible Report) that they had sent him abroad about their Affairs, as formerly they were wont to do: which every one verily believed, because they knew no reason why they should conceit any otherwise.

*Isabella*, living in expectation of his return, and perceiving his stay to her was so offensive long: made many demands to her Brethren, into what parts they had sent him, that his tarrying was so quite from all wonted course. Such was her importunate speeches to them, that they taking it very discontentedly, one of them returned her this frowning Answer. What is your meaning Sister, by so many questionings after *Lorenzo*? What urgent Affairs have you with him, that makes you so impatient upon his Absence? If hereafter you make any more Demands for him, we shall shape you such a Reply, as will be but little to your liking. At these harsh words *Isabella* fell into abundance of Tears, where-among she mingled many Sighs and Groans, such as were able to overthrow a far greater constitution: so that being full of fear and dismay, yet no way distrusting her Brethrens so wicked and hainous a cruel deed; she durst not question any more after him.

In the silence of dark Night, as she lay afflicted in her Bed, oftentimes would she call for *Lorenzo*, entreating his speedy return to her. And then again, as if he had been present with her, she checkt and reproved him for his long Absence. One Night among the rest, she being grown almost hopeless, of ever seeing him again, having a long while wept and grievously lamented; her senses and faculties utterly spent and tyred, that she could not utter any more Complaints, she fell into a Trance or Sleep, and dreamed that the Ghost of *Lorenzo* appeared unto her, in torn and unbefitting Garments, his looks pale, meager, and starving, and (as she thought) thus spake to her. My dear Love *Isabella*, thou dost nothing but torment thy self, with calling on me, accusing me for overlong tarrying from thee: I am come therefore to let thee know, that thou canst not enjoy my Company any more, because the very same day when last thou sawest me, thy Brethren most bloodily murder'd me. And acquainting her



with the place where they had buried his mangled body, he strictly charged her not to call him at any time afterward, and so vanished away.

The Young Damofel awaking, and giving some credit to her Vision, sighed and wept exceedingly; and after she was risen in the Morning, not daring to lay any thing to her Brethren, she resolutely determined to go see the place formerly appointed her, only to make tryal, if that which she seemed to see in her Sleep, should carry any likely-hood of Truth. Having obtained favour of her Brethren, to ride a days journey from the City, in company of her trusty Nurse, who long time had attended on her in the house, and knew the secret passages of her Love: they rode directly to the designed place, which being covered with some store of dried leaves, and more deeply sunk than any other part of the Ground thereabout, they digged not far, but they found the body of the murdered *Lorenzo*, as yet very little corrupted or impaired, and then perceived the truth of her Vision.

Wisdom and government so much prevailed with her, as to instruct her soul, that her tears spent there, were meerly fruitless and in vain, neither did the time require any long tarrying there. Gladly would she have carryed the whole body with her, secretly to bestow honourable Enterment on it, but yet exceeded the compass of her Ability. Wherefore, in regard she could not have all, yet she would be possessed of a part, and having brought a keen Razor with her, by help of the Nurse, she divided the Head from the Body, wrapped it up in a Napkin, which the Nurse conveyed into her Lap, and then laid the Body in the Ground again. Thus being undiscovered by any, they departed thence, and arrived at home in convenient time, where being alone by themselves in the Chamber: she washed the Head over and over with her tears, and bestowed infinite kisses thereon.

Not long after, the Nurse having brought her a large Earthen Pot, such as we use to set Basile, Marjoram, Flowers, or other sweet Hearbs in; and throwding the Head in a Silken Scarf, putting it into the Pot, covering it with Earth, and planting divers Roots of excellent Basile therein, which she never watered but either with her Tears, Rose-water, or water distilled from the Flowers of Oranges. This Pot she used continually to sit by, either in her Chamber, or any where else: for she carryed it always with her, sighing and breathing forth sad Complaints thereto, even as if they had been utter'd to her *Lorenzo*, and day by day this was her continual Exercise, to the no mean admiration of her Brethren, and many other Friends that beheld her.

So long she held on in this mourning manner, that, what by the continual watering of the Basile, and putrefaction of the Head, so buried in the Pot of Earth; it grew very flourishing, and most odoriferous to such as scented it, that as no other Basile could possibly yield so sweet a savour. The Neighbours noting this behaviour in her, observing the long continuance thereof, how much her bright Beauty was defaced, and the Eyes sunk into her Head by incessant weeping, made many kind and friendly motions, to understand the reason of her so violent oppressions; but could not by any means prevail with her, or win any discovery by her Nurse, so faithful was she in secrecie to her. Her Brethren also waxed weary of this carriage in her; and having very often reprov'd her for it, without any other alteration in her: at length, they closely stole away the Pot of Basile from her, for which she made infinite woful lamentations, earnestly entreating to have it restor'd again, avouching that she could not live without it.

Perceiving that she could not have the Pot again, she fell into an extreme Sicknes, occasioned only by her ceaseless weeping; and never urged she to have any thing, but the restoring of the Basile-Pot. Her Brethren grew greatly amazed thereat, because she never called for ought else beside; and thereupon were very desirous to ransack the Pot to the very bottom. Having empyed out all the Earth, they found the Scarf of Silk, wherein the Head of *Lorenzo* was wrapped; which was (as yet) not so much consumed, but by the Locks of Hair, they knew it to be *Lorenzo's* Head, whereat they became confounded with Amazement.

Fearing lest their offence might come to open publication, they buried it very secretly; and before any could take notice thereof, they departed from *Messina*, and went to dwell at *Naples*, *Isabella* crying and calling still for her Pot of Basile, being unable to give over Mourning, dyed within a few days after.

Thus



Thus have you heard the hard fate of poor Lorenzo and Isabella. Within no long while after, when this Accident came to be publickly known, an excellent Ditty was compos'd thereof, beginning thus :

*Cruel and unkind was the Christian,  
That rob'd me of my Basile's bliss, &c.*

*A Beautiful Virgin, named Andreana, became enamour'd of a Young Gentleman, called Gabriello. In Conference together, she declared a Dream of hers to him, and he another of his to her; whereupon Gabriello fell down suddenly dead in her Arms. She, and her Chamber-Maid were Apprehended by the Officers belonging to the Seignoury, as they were carrying Gabriello, to lay him before his own dore. The Potestate offering Violence to the Virgin, and she resisting him virtuously : it came to the understanding of her Father, who approved the Innocence of his Daughter, and compass'd her Deliverance. But she afterwards, being weary of all worldly Felicities, entred into Religion, and became a Nun.*

### The Sixth NOVEL.

*Describing the admirable Accidents of Fortune ; and the mighty prevailing Power of Love.*

THE Novel which Madam Philomena had so graciously related, was highly pleasing unto the other Ladies, because they had oftentimes heard the Song, without knowing who made it, or upon what occasion it was compos'd. But when the King saw that the Tale was ended, he commanded Pamphilus that he should follow in his due course : whereupon he spake thus.

The Dream recounted in the last Novel, doth minister matter to me, to make report of another Tale, wherein mention is made of two several Dreams, which divin'd as well what was to ensue, as the other did what had hapned before. But no sooner were they finished in the relation, by both the Parties which had formerly dreamt them, but the effects of both as suddenly followed.

Worthy Ladies, I am sure that it is not unknown to you, that it is, and hath been a general passion, to all men and women living, to see divers and sundry things while they were sleeping. And although (to the Sleeper) they seem most certain, so that when he awaketh, he judgeth the truth of some, the likelihood of others, and some beyond all possibility of truth : yet notwithstanding, many Dreams have been observed to happen; and very strangely hath come to pass. And this hath been a ground reason for some men, to give as great credit to such things as they see sleeping, as they do to others usually waking. So that, according unto their Dreams, and as they make construction of them, they are sadly distasted, or merily pleased, even as (by them) they either fear or hope. On the contrary, there are some who will not credit any Dream whatsoever, untill they be fallen into the very same danger which formerly they saw, and most evidently in their sleep.

I mean not to commend either the one or other, because they do not always fall out to be true, neither are they at all times lyers. Now, that they prove not all to be true, we can best testifie to our selves. And that they are not always lyers, hath already been manifested, by the Discourse of Madam Philomena, and as you shall perceive by mine own, which next cometh in order to salute you. Wherefore, I am of this Opinion, that in matters of good Life, and performing honest Actions, no Dream is to be feared presaging the contrary, neither are good works any way to be hindred by them. Likewise in matters of bad and wicked quality, although our Dreams may appear favourable to us, and our Visions flatter us with prosperous success : yet let us give no credence unto the best, nor addict our minds to them of contrary nature. So we proceed.



In the City of *Bresia*, there lived sometime a Gentleman named, *Messer Negro da Ponte Cararo*, who (among many other Children) had a Daughter, called *Andreana*, Young and Beautiful, but as yet unmarried. It happened, that she fell in Love with a Neighbour, named *Gabriello*; a comely Young Gentleman, of Affable Complexion, and graciously Condition'd. Which Love was (with like kindness) welcomed and entertained by him; and by the furtherance of her Chamber-Maid, it was so cunningly carryed, that in the Garden belonging to *Andreana's* Father, she had many meetings with her *Gabriello*. And solemn Vows being mutually passed between them, that nothing but death could alter their Affection: by such Ceremonious Words as are used in Marriage, they married themselves secretly together, and continued their stolen Chast Pleasures with equal contentment to them both.

It came to pass that *Andreana* sleeping in her Bed, dreamed, that she met with *Gabriello* in the Garden, where they both embracing lovingly together, she seemed to see something black and terrible, which suddenly issued forth of his Body, but the shape thereof she could not comprehend. It rudely seized upon *Gabriello*, and in despite of her utmost strength (with incredible force) snatcht him out of her Arms, and sinking with him into the Earth, they never after did see one another. Whereupon, overcome with extremity of Grief and Sorrow, presently she awaked, being then not a little joyful, that she found no such matter as she feared, yet continued very doubtful of her Dream. In regard whereof, *Gabriello* being desirous to visit her the Night following, she laboured very diligently to hinder his coming to her; yet knowing his loyal Affection toward her, and fearing least he should grow suspicious of some other matter, she welcom'd him into the Garden, where gathering both White and Damask Roses (according to the nature of the Season) at length they sat down by a very goodly Fountain, which stood in the midst of the Garden.

After some small familiar Discourse passing between them, *Gabriello* demanded of her, upon what occasion she denyed his coming thither the Night before, and by such a sudden unexpected admonition? *Andreana* told him, that it was in regard of a horrid Dream, wherewith her Soul was perplexed the precedent Night, and doubt what might ensue thereon. *Gabriello* hearing this, began to smile, affirming to her, that it was an especial note of folly, to give any credit to idle Dreams: because (oftentimes) they are caused by excess of feeding, and continually are observed to be meer Lies. For (quoth he) if I had had any superstitious belief of Dreams, I should not then have come hither now: yet not so much as being dismayed by your Dream, but for another of mine own, which I am the more willing to Acquaint you withal.

He thought I was in a goodly Forest, in the noble Exercise of sportful Hunting, and became possessed of a young Hind, the very loveliest and most pleasing Beast that was ever seen. It seemed to be as white as Snow, and grew (in a short while) so familiar with me, that by no means it would forsake me. I could not but accept this rare kindness in the Beast, and fearing lest I should lose it, I put a Collar of Gold about the Neck thereof, and fastened it into a Chain of Gold also, which then I held strongly in my hand.

The Hind afterward couched down by me, laying his head mildly in my lap, and on the sudden, a black gray-hound bitch came rushing on us (but whence, or how, I could not imagine) seeming half hunger-starved, and very ugly to look upon. At me she made her full career, without any power in me of resistance, and putting her mouth into the left side of my Bosom, griped it so mainly with her Teeth, that (me thought) I felt my Heart quite bitten through, and she tugged on still, to take it wholly away from me; by which imagined pain and anguish I felt, instantly I awaked. Laying then my hand upon my side, to know whether any such harm had befallen me or no, and finding none, I smiled at mine own folly, in making such a frivolous and idle search. What can be said then in these or the like cases? Divers times I have had as ill seeming Dreams, yea, and much more to be feared, yet never any thing hurtful to me, followed thereon; and therefore I have always made the less Account of them.

The Young Maiden, who was still dismayed by her own Dream, became much more afflicted in her mind, when she had heard this other reported by *Gabriello*: but yet, to give him no occasion of distaste, she bare it out in the best



best manner she could devise to do. And albeit they spent the time in much pleasing discourse, maintained with infinite sweet kisses on either side: yet was she still suspicious, but knew not whereof; fixing her Eyes oftentimes upon his Face, and throwing strange looks to all parts of the Garden, to catch hold on any such black ugly Sight, whereof he had formerly made description to her. As thus she continued in these afflicting fears, it fortuned that *Gabriello* suddenly breathed forth a very vehement Sigh, and throwing his Arms fast about her, said, O help me dear Love, or else I die; and in speaking the words, fell down upon the Ground. Which the Young Damsel perceiving, and drawing him into her Lap, weeping, said: Alas sweet Friend, what pain dost thou feel?

*Gabriello* answered not one word, but being in an exceeding sweat, without any ability of drawing breath, very soon after he gave up the ghost. How grievous this strange accident was to poor *Andreana*, who loved him as dearly as her own life: you that have felt loves tormenting afflictions, can more easily conceive, than I relate. Wringing her hands, and weeping incessantly, calling him, rubbing his temples, and using all likely means to reduce life: she found all her labour to be spent in vain, because he was stark dead indeed, and every part of his body as cold as ice: whereupon, she was in such woful extremity, that she knew not what to do or say. All about the Garden she went weeping in infinite fears and distraction in soul, calling for her Chamber-maid, the only secret friend to their stolen meetings, and told her the occasion of this sudden sorrow. After they had sighed and mourned a while over the dead body of *Gabriello*, *Andreana* in this manner spake unto her Maid.

Seeing Fortune hath thus bereft me of my love, mine own life must needs be hateful to me: but before I offer any violence to my self, let us devise some convenient means, as may both preserve mine honour from any touch or scandal, and conceal the secret love passing between us: but yet in such honest sort, that this body (whose blessed soul hath too soon forsaken it) may be honourably interred. Whereto her Maid answered thus: Mistress, never talk of doing any violence to your self, because by such a black and dismall deed, as you have lost his kind company here in this life, so shall you never see him in the other world; for immediately you sink down to hell, which foul place cannot be a receptacle for his fair soul, that was indued with so many singular virtues. Wherefore, I hold it far better for you, to comfort your self by all good means; and with the power of fervent prayer, to fight against all desperate intruding passions, as a truly virtuous mind ought to do. Now, as concerning his interment, the means is readily prepared for you here in this Garden, where never he hath been seen by any, or his resorting hither known, but only to our selves. If you will not consent to have it so, let you and I convey his body hence, and leave it in such an apt place, where it may be found to-morrow-morning, and being then carried to his own house, his friends and kindred will give it honest burial.

*Andreana*, although her soul was extraordinarily sorrowful, and tears flowed abundantly from her eyes, yet she listened attentively to her Maids counsel; allowing her first advice against desperation, to be truly good, but for the rest, thus she replied. God forbid (quoth she) that I should suffer so dear a loving friend, as he hath always shewed himself to me; nay, which is much more, my Husband, by sacred and solemn vows passed between us; to be put into the ground basely, and like a Dog, or else to be left in the open street. He hath had the sacrifice of my Virgin-tears, and if I can prevail he shall have some of his kindreds, as I have instantly devised, what (in this hard case) is best to be done. Forthwith she sent her Maid to the Chamber, for divers Els of white Damask lying in her Chest, which when she had brought, they spread it abroad on the grass, even in the manner of a winding sheet, and therein wrapped the body of *Gabriello*; with a fair wrought pillow lying under his head, having first (with their tears) closed his mouth and eyes, and placed a chaplet of flowers on his head, covering the whole shroud over in the same manner, which being done, thus she spake to her Maid.

The dore of his own house is not far hence, and thither (between us two) he may be easily carryed, even in this manner as we have adorned him; where leaving him in his own Porch, we may return back before it be day, and although it will be a sad sight to his friends, yet because he dyed in mine arms,

and



and we being so well discharged of the body, it will be a little comfort to me. When she had ended these words, which were not uttered without infinite tears, the Maid intreated her to make haste, because the night swiftly passed on. At last, she remembered the Ring on her finger, wherewith *Gabriello* had solemnly espoused her, and opening the shroud again, she put it upon his finger, saying: My dear and loving Husband, if thy soul can see my tears, or any understanding do remain in thy body, being thus untimely taken from me: receive the latest gift thou gavest me, as a pledge of our solemn and spotless marriage. So, making up the shroud again as it should be, and conveying it closely out of the Garden, they went on along with it towards his dwelling house.

As thus they passed along, it fortuned, that they were met and taken by the Guard or Watch belonging to the Potestate, who had been so late abroad, about very earnest and important business. *Andreana*, desiring more the dead mans company, than theirs whom now she had thus met withal, boldly spake thus to them. I know who and what you are, and can tell my self, that to offer flight will never avail me: wherefore I am ready to go along with you before the Seignury, and there will tell the truth concerning this Accident. But let not any man among you, be so bold as to lay hand on me, or to touch me, because I yield so obediently to you; neither to take any thing from this body, except he intend that I shall accuse him. In which respect, not any one daring to displease her, she went with the dead body to the Seignury, there to answer all Objections.

When notice hereof was given to the Potestate, he arose; and she being brought forth into the Hall before him, he questioned with her, how, and by what means this accident happened. Beside, he sent for divers Physicians, to be informed by them, whether the Gentleman were poisoned, or otherwise murdered? All of them affirmed the contrary, avouching rather that some imposthumation had ingendred near his heart, which suddenly breaking, occasioned his as sudden death. The Potestate hearing this, and perceiving that *Andreana* was little or nothing at all faulty in the matter, her beauty and good carriage, kindled a villainous and lustful desire in him towards her, provoking him to the immodest motion, That upon granting his request, he would release her. But when he saw, that all his persuasions were to no purpose, he sought to compass his will by violence: which like a virtuous and valiant *Virago*, she worthily withstood, defending her honour nobly, and reproving him with many injurious speeches, such as a lustful Letcher justly deserved.

On the morrow morning, this News being brought to her Father, *Messer Negro de Ponte Cararo*, grieving thereat exceedingly, and accompanied with many of his friends, he went to the Pallace. Being there arrived, and informed of the matter by the Potestate: he demanded (in tears) of his Daughter, how, and by what means she was brought thither? The Potestate would needs accuse her first, of outrage and wrong offered to him by her, rather than to tarry her accusing of him; yet, commending the young Maiden, and her constancy, proceeded to say, that only to prove her, he had made such a motion to her; but finding her so firm, his liking was now so addicted to her, that if her Father were so pleased to forget the remembrance of her former secret husband, he willingly would accept her in marriage.

While thus they continued talking, *Andreana* coming before her Father, the tears trickling mainly down her cheeks, and falling at his feet, she began in this manner. Dear Father, I shall not need to make an Historical relation, either of my youthful boldness or misfortune, because you have both seen and known them: rather most humbly, I crave your pardon, for another error committed, in that, both without your leave and liking, I accepted the man as my troth-plighted husband, whom (above all other in the world) I most irrely affected. If my offence herein do challenge the forfeit of my life, than (good Father) I free you from any pardon; because my only desire is to die your Daughter, and in your gracious favour: with which words in sign of her humility, she kissed his feet, *Messer Negro de Ponte*, being a man well in years, and of a gentle nature, observing what his Daughter said, could not refrain from tears, and in his weeping, lovingly took her from the ground, speaking thus to her.

Daughter



Daughter, I could have wisht, that thou hadst taken such an husband; as ( in my judgment ) had been best fitting for thee: yet if thou madest election of one answerable to thine own good liking, I have no just reason to be offended therewith. My greatest cause of complaint is, thy too severe concealing it from me, and the small trust thou didst repose in me, because thou hast lost him, before I knew him. Nevertheless, seeing these occasions are thus come to pass, and accidents already ended, cannot possibly be recalled, it is my will, that as I would gladly have contented thee, by making him my Son in law if he had lived, so I will express the like love to him now he is dead. And so turning himself to his kindred and friends, lovingly requested of them, that they would grace *Gabriello* with most honourable obsequies.

By this time, the kindreds and friends to the dead man ( upon noyse of his death bruited abroad ) were likewise come to the Pallace, yea, most of the men and women dwelling in the City, the body of *Gabriello* being laid in the midst of the Court, upon the white Damask shroud given by *Andreana*, with infinite Roses, and other sweet flowers lying thereon: and such was the peoples love to him, that never was any mans death, more bemoaned and lamented. Being delivered out of the Court, it was carried to burial, not like a Burgesse or ordinary Citizen, but with such pomp as becomed a Lord Baron, and on the shoulders of very noble Gentlemen, with great honour and reverence.

Within a few days after, the Pottestate pursuing his former motion of marriage, and the Father moving it to his Daughter, she would not by any means listen thereto. And he being desirous to give her contentment, delivered her, and her Chamber-Maid into a Religious Abby, very famous for devotion and sanctity, where afterwards they ended their lives.

*Fair Simonida affecting Pasquino, and walking with him in a pleasant garden, it fortuned, that Pasquino rubbed his teeth with a leaf of Sage, and immediately fell down dead. Simonida being brought before the Bench of Justice, and charged with the death of Pasquino, she rubbed her teeth likewise with one of the leaves of the same Sage, as declaring what she saw him do, and thereon she died also in the same manner.*

### The Seventh NOVEL

*Whereby is given to understand, that love and death do use their power equally alike, as well upon poor and mean persons, as on them that are rich and noble.*

**P***Amphilus* having ended his Tale, the King declaring an outward shew of passion, in regard of *Andreana's* disastrous fortune; fixed his eye on Madam *Emilia*, and gave her such an apparent sign, as expressed his pleasure, for her next succeeding in discourse; which being sufficient for her understanding, thus she began. Fair Assembly, the Novel so lately delivered by *Pamphilus*, maketh me willing to report another to you, varying from it, in any kind of resemblance; only this excepted: that as *Andreana* lost her Lover in a Garden, even so did she of whom I am now to speak. And being brought before the seat of Justice, according as *Andreana* was, freed her self from the power of the Law; yet neither by force, or her own virtue, but by her sudden and inopinate death. And although the nature of love is such ( according as we have oftentimes heretofore maintained ) to make his abiding in the houses of the noblest persons; yet men and women of poor and far inferiour quality, do not always sit out of his reach, though enclosed in their meanest Cottages, declaring himself sometime as a powerful Commander in those humble places, as he doth in the richest and most imperious Palaces. As will plainly appear



appear unto you, either in all, or a great part of my Novel, whereto our City pleaderh some title; though by the diversity of our discourses, talking of so many several accidents; we have wandered into many other parts of the world, to make all answerable to our own liking.

It is not any long time since, when there lived in our City of Florence, a young and beautiful Damosel, yet according to the nature of her condition, because she was the Daughter of a poor Father, and called by the name of *Simonida*. Now, albeit she was not supplied by any better means than to maintain her self by her own painful travell, and earn her bread before she could eat it, by carding and spinning by such as employed her; yet was she not so base or dejected a spirit, but had both courage and sufficient virtue, to understand the secret solliciting of love, and to distinguish the part of well deserving, both by private behaviour and outward ceremony. As natural instinct was her Tutor thereto, so wanted she not a second main and urging motion, a chip hewed out of the like timber, one no better in birth than her self, a proper young Springall, named *Pasquino*, whose generous behaviour, and noble carriage, and graceful actions (in bringing her daily wool to spin by reason his Master was a Clothier) prevailed upon her liking and affection.

Nor was he negligent in the observation of her amorous regards, but the Tinder took, and his soul flamed with the self same fire, making him as desirous of her loving acceptance, as possibly she could be of his; so that the commanding power of love, could not easily be distinguished in which of them it had the greater predominance. For every day as he brought her fresh supply of wools, and found her seriously busied at her wheel: her soul would vent forth many deep sighs, and those sighs fetcht floods of tears from her eyes, thorough the singular good opinion she had conceived of him, and earnest desire to enjoy him. *Pasquino* on the other side, as leisure gave him leave for the least conversing with her: his dislike was every way answerable to hers, for tears stood in his eyes, sighs flew abroad, to ease the poor hearts afflicting oppressions; which though he was unable to conceal, yet would he seem to cloud them cleanly, by entreating her that his Masters work might be neatly performed, and with such speed as time would permit her, intermixing infinite praises of her artificial spinning; and affirming withal, that the quills of yern received from her, were the choicest beauty of the whole piece; so that, when other Work-women played, *Simonida* was sure to want no Employment.

Hereupon, the one solliciting, and the other taking delight in being solicited; it came to pass, that often access bred the bolder courage, and overmuch bashfulness became abandoned, yet no immodesty passing between them, but affection grew the better settled in them both, by interchangeable vows of constant perseverance, so that death only, but no disaster else had power to divide them. Their mutual delight continuing on in this manner, with more forcible increasing of their Loves equal flame: it fortun'd, that *Pasquino* sitting by *Simonida*, told her of a goodly Garden, wherein he was desirous to bring her, to the end, that they might the more safely converse together, without the suspicion of envious eyes. *Simonida* gave answer of her well-liking the motion, and acquainting her Father therewith, he gave her leave, on the Sunday following after dinner, to go fetch the pardon of S. Gallo, and afterwards, to visit the Garden.

A modest young maiden named *Lagina*, following the same profession, and being an intimate familiar friend, *Simonida* took along in her company, and came to the Garden appointed by *Pasquino*, where she found him readily expecting her coming, and another friend also with him, called *Puccino* (albeit more usually termed *Strambo*) a secret well-willer to *Lagina*, whose love became the more furthered by this friendly meeting. Each lover delighting in his hearts chosen Mistress, caused them to walk alone by themselves, as the spaciousness of the Garden gave them ample liberty: *Puccino* with his *Lagina* in one part, and *Pasquino* with his *Simonida* in another. The walk which they had maid choice of, was by a long and goodly bed of Sage, turning and returning by the same bed as their conference ministred occasion, and as they pleased to recreate themselves, affecting rather to continue still there, than in any part of the Garden.

One while they would sit down by the Sage-bed, and afterwards rise to walk again, as ease and weariness seemed to invite them. At length, *Pasquino* chanced to crop a leaf of the Sage, wherewith he both rubbed his teeth and gums; and



and champed it between them also, saying, that there is no better thing in the world to cleanse the teeth withal after feeding. Not long after he had champed the Sage in his teeth, returning to his former kind of discourting, but his countenance began to change very pale, his sight failed, and speech forsooke him; so that (in brief) he fell down dead. Which when *Simonida* beheld, wringing her hands she cryed out for help to *Strambo* and *Lagina*, who immediately came running to her. They finding *Pasquino* not only dead but his Body swoln very much, and strangely over-spread with foul black spots, both on his face, hands, and all parts else beside: *Strambo* cryed out saying, Ah wicked maid what hast thou poysoned him?

These words and their shrill out-cries also were heard by neighbours dwelling near to the Garden, who coming in suddenly upon them, and seeing *Pasquino* lying dead, and hugely swolne, *Strambo* likewise complaining, and accusing *Simonida* to have poysoned him; she making no answer, but, standing in a gassy amazement, all her senses meerly confounded at such a strange and uncouth accident, in losing him whom she so dearly loved: knew not how to excuse her self, and therefore every one verily believed, that *Strambo* had not unjustly accused her. Poor woful maid, thus was she instantly apprehended, and drowned in her tears, they led her along to the Potestates Palace, where her accusation was justified by *Strambo*, *Lagina* and two men more; the one named *Articciato*, and the other *Malegevole*, fellows and companions with *Pasquino*, who came into the Garden upon the out-cry.

The Judge without any delay at all gave ear to the business, and examined the cause very strictly: but could by no means comprehend, that any malice should appear in her towards him, nor that she was guilty of the mans death. Wherefore in the presence of *Simonida* he desired to see the dead body, and the place where he fell down dead, because there he intended to have her relate, how she saw the accident to happen, that her own speeches might the sooner condemn her, whereas the case yet remained doubtful and far beyond his comprehension. So, without any further publication, and to avoid the following of the turbulent multitude, they departed from the Bench of Justice, and came to the place where *Pasquino*'s body was swoln like a Tun. Demanding there questions, concerning his behaviour, when they walked in conference together and not a little admiring the manner of his death, while he stood advisedly considering thereon.

She going to the bed of Sage, reporting the precedent history, even from the original, to the ending: the better to make the case understood, without the least colour of ill carriage towards *Pasquino*, according as she had seen him do, even so did she pluck another leaf of the Sage, rubbing her teeth therewith, and champing it as he formerly did. *Strambo*, and the other intimate friends of *Pasquino*, having noted in what manner she used the Sage, and this appearing as her utmost refuge, either to acquit or condemn her: in presence of the Judge they smiled thereat, mocking and deriding whatsoever she said, or did, and desiring the more earnestly the sentence of death against her, that her body might be consumed with fire, as a just punishment for her abominable transgression.

Poor *Simonida*, sighing and sorrowing for her dear Loves loss, and (perhaps) not meanly terrified with the strict infliction of torments so severely urged and followed by *Strambo* and the rest, standing dumb still, without answering so much as one word; by tasting of the same sage, fell down dead by the bed, even by the like accident *Pasquino* formerly did, to the admirable astonishment of all there present.

Oh poor unfortunate Lovers, whose Stars were so auspicious to you, as to finish both your mortal lives, and fervent love, in less limitation than a days space. How to censure of your deaths, and happiness to ensue thereon, by an accident so strange and inevitable: it is not within the compass of my power, but to hope the best, and so I leave you. But yet concerning *Simonida* her self, in the common opinion of us that remain living, her true virtue and innocency (though Fortune was otherwise most cruel to her) would not suffer her to sink under the testimony of *Strambo*, *Lagina*, *Articciato*, and *Malegevole*, being but Carders of wool, or perhaps of meaner condition; a happier court was ordained for her, to pass clearly from the infamous imputation, and follow her *Pasquino* in the very same manner of death, and with such a speedy expedition.

The



The Judge standing amazed, and all there present in his company, were silent for a long while together; but, upon better recollection of his spiritus, thus he spake. This inconvenience which thus hath hapned, and contounded our senses with no common admiration; in mine opinion, concerneth the bed of Sage, avouching it either to be venomous, or dangerously infected, which (nevertheless) is seldom found in Sage. But to the end, that it may not be offensive to any more hereafter, I will have it wholly dig'd up by the roots, and then to be burnt in the open Market place.

Hereupon, the Gardiner was presently sent for, and before the Judge would depart hence, he saw the bed of Sage digged up by the roots; and found the true occasion, whereby these two poor Lovers lost their lives. For just in the midst of the bed, and at the main root, which directed all the Sage in growth; lay an huge mighty Toad, even weltering (as it were) in a hole full of poyson; by means whereof, in conjecture of the Judge, and all the rest, the whole bed of Sage became envenomed, occasioning every leaf thereof to be deadly in taste. None being so hardy, as to approach near the Toad, they made a pile of wood directly over it, and setting it on a flame of fire, threw all the Sage therein, and so they were consumed together. So ended all further suit in Law, concerning the deaths of *Pasquino* and *Simonida*: whose bodies being carried to the Church of *St. Paul*, by their sad and sorrowful Accusers, *Strambo*, *Lagina*, *Articciato*, and *Malagovole*, were buried together, in one goodly Monument, for a future memory of their hard fortune.

*Ieronimo* affecting a young Maiden, named *Silvestra*, was constrained (by the earnest importunity of his Mother) to take a journey to Paris. At his return home from thence again, he found his love *Silvestra* married. By secret means, he got entrance into her house, and died upon the bed lying by her. Afterward his body being carried to Church, to receive buriall, she likewise died their instantly upon his Coarse.

### The Eighth NOVEL

Wherein is again declared, the great indiscretion and folly of them, that think to constrain love according to their will, after it is constantly settled before: With other instructions, concerning the power of Love.

**M**Adam *Amilia* had no sooner concluded her Novel, but Madam *Neiphila* (by the Kings command) began, to speak in this manner. It seemeth to me (Gracious Ladies) that there are some such people to be found, who imagine themselves to know more, than all other else in the world beside, and yet indeed do know nothing at all: presuming (thorow this arrogant opinion of theirs) to imploy and oppose their senseless understanding, against infallible grounded reason, yea, and to attempt courses, not only contrary to the counsel and judgement of men, but also to cross the nature of divine ordination. Out of which saucy and ambitious presumption, many mighty harms have already had beginning, and more are like to ensue upon such boldness, because it is the ground of all evil.

Now, in regard that among all other natural things, no one is less subject to take counsel, or can be wrought to contrariety, then Love, whose nature is such, as rather to run upon his own rash consumption, than to be ruled by admonitions of the very wisest: my memory hath inspired it self, with matter incident to this purpose, effectually to approve, what I have already said. For I am now to speak of a woman who would appear to have more wit, than either she had indeed, or appertained to her by any title. The matter also wherein she would needs shew her studious judgment and capacity, was of much more consequence then she could deserve to meddle withal. Yet such was the



issue of her fond presuming; that even ( in one instant ) she expelled both love, and the soul of her own son out of his body, where ( doubtless ) it was planted by divine favour and appointment.

In our own City ( according to true and antient testimony ) there dwelt sometime a worthy and wealthy Merchant, named *Leonardo Sigbiero*, who by his wife had only one Son, called *Ieronimo*; and within a short while after his birth, *Leonardo* being very sick, and having settled all his Affairs in good order; departed out of this wretched life to a better. The Tutors and Governors of the Child, thought it fittest to let him live with his Mother, where he had his whole Education, though schooled among many other worthy Neighbours Children, according as in most Cities they use to do. Young *Ieronimo* growing on in years, and frequenting daily the company of his School-fellows and others: he would often sport ( as the rest did ) with the Neighbours Children, and much pretty pastime they found together.

In the harmless recreations of youth, graver judgments have often observed, that some especial matter received then such original, as greater effect hath followed thereon. And many times, parents and kindred have been the occasion ( although perhaps beyond their expectation ) of very strange and extraordinary accidents, by names of familiarity passing between Boys and Girls, as King, and Queen, sweet-heart, and sweet-heart, friend, and friend, husband, and wife, and divers other such like kind terms, proving afterward to be true indeed. It fell out so with our young *Ieronimo*; for, among a great number of pretty Damoisels, daughters to men of especial respect, and others of far inferiour quality: a Taylor's daughter excelling the rest in favour and feature ( albeit her Father was but poor ) *Ieronimo* most delighted to sport withal; and no other titles passed between them even in the hearing of their Parents and friends, but wife and husband: such was the beginning of their young affection, presaging ( no doubt ) effectually to follow.

Nor grew this familiarity ( as yet ) any way distasteful, till by their daily conversing together, and interchange of infinite pretty speeches, *Ieronimo* felt a strange alteration in his soul, with such enforcing and powerful affections, as he was never well but in her company, nor she enjoyed any rest if *Ieronimo* were absent. At the length this being noted by his Mother, she began to rebuke him, yea, many times gave him both threatnings and blows; which proving to no purpose, nor hindering his access to her; she complained to his Tutor, and like one that in regard of her riches, thought to plant an Orange upon a black thorn, spake as followeth.

This Son of mine *Ieronimo*, being as yet but fourteen years of Age, is so deeply enamoured of a young Girl, named *Silvestra*, daughter unto a poor Taylor, our near dwelling Neighbour: that if we do not send him out of her company, one day ( perhaps ) he may make her his wife, and yet without any knowledge of ours, which questionless would be my death. Otherwise he may pine and consume himself away, if he see us procure her marriage to some other. Wherefore I hold it good, that to avoid so great an inconvenience, we should send *Ieronimo* some far distance hence, to remain where some of our Factors are employed: because, when he shall be out of her sight, and their open meetings utterly disappointed; his affection to her will the sooner cease, by frustrating his hope for ever enjoying her, so we shall have the better means, to match him with one of greater quality. The Tutors did like well of her advice, not doubting but it would take answerable effect: and therefore calling for *Ieronimo* into a private Parlor, one of them began in this manner.

*Ieronimo*, you are now grown to an indifferent stature, and ( almost ) able to take government of your self. It cannot seem any way inconvenient, to acquaint you with your deceased Fathers affairs, and by what good courses he came to such wealth. You are his only Son and heir, to whom he hath bequeathed his rich possessions ( your Mothers moiety ever more remembered ) and travel would now seem fitting for you, as well to gain experience in Traffick and Merchandize, as also to let you see the worlds occurrences. Your Mother therefore and we have thought it expedient, that you should journey from hence to *Paris*, there to continue for some such fitting time, as may grant you full and free opportunity, to survey what stock of wealth is there employed for you, and to make you understand, how your Factors are furtherous to your affairs. Beside this is the way



to make you a man of more solid and perfect instruction in civil courses of life; rather than by continuing here to see none but Lords, Barons, and Gentlemen, whereof we have too great a number. When you are sufficiently qualified there, and have learned what belongeth to a worthy Merchant, such as was *Leonardo Sighieri* your famous Father; you may return home again at your own pleasure.

The youth gave them attentive hearing, and (in few words) returned them answer; That he would not give way to any such travel, because he knew how to employ himself profitably, and dispose of himself in *Florence*, as well as in any other place he should be sent to. Which when his Tutors heard, they reproved him with many severe speeches; and seeing they could win no other answer from him, they made return thereof to his Mother. She storming extremely thereat, yet not so much as denying the journey to *Paris*, as in regard of his violent affection to the Maid: gave him very bitter and harsh language. All which availing nothing, she began to speak in a more mild and gentle strain, entreating him with flattering and affable words, to be governed in this case by his Tutors good advice. And so far (in the end) she prevailed with him, that he yielded to live at *Paris*, for the space of a year, but further time he would not grant.

*Ieronimo* being gone to remain at *Paris*, his love increasing more and more, by reason his absence from *Silvestra*, under fair and friendly promises, of this month, and the next month, sending for him home; there they detained him two years together. Whereupon, his love was grown to such an extremity, that he neither would or could abide any longer there, but home he returned, before he was expected. His love *Silvestra* by the cunning compacting of his Mother and Tutors, he found married to a Tent-makers Son; whereat he vexed and grieved beyond all measure. Nevertheless, seeing the case was now no way to be holpen; he strove to bear it with so much patience, as so great a wrong, and his hearts tormenting grief, would give leave to do.

Having found out the place where she dwelt, he began (as it is the custom of young Lovers) to take divers daily walks by her door: as thinking in his mind, that here remembrance of him was constantly continued, as his was most intirely fixed on her. But the case was very strangely altered, because she was now grown no more mindful of him, than if she had never seen him before. Or if she did any way remember him, it appeared to be so little, that manifest signs declared the contrary. Which *Ieronimo* very quickly perceived, albeit not without many melancholy perturbations. Notwithstanding, he laboured by all possible means, to recover her former kindness again: but finding his pains frivolously employed; he resolved to die, and yet to compass some speech with her before.

By means of a near dwelling neighbour (that was his very dear and intimate friend) he came acquainted with every part of the house, and prevailed so far, that one evening, when she and her husband supped at a neighbours house, he compassed access into the same bed-chamber, where *Silvestra* used most to lodge. Finding the Curtains ready drawn, he hid himself behind them, on the further side of the bed, and so tarried there untill *Silvestra* and her husband were returned home, and laid down in bed to take their rest. The Husbands senses were soon overcome with sleep, by reason of his painful toyling all the day, and bodies that are exercised with much labour, are the more desirous to have ease. She staying up last to put out the light, and hearing her husband sleeping so soundly, that his snoring gave good evidence thereof: laid herself down the more respectfully, as being very loth any way to dis-ease him, but sweetly to let him enjoy his rest.

*Silvestra* lay on the same side of the bed, where *Ieronimo* hid himself behind the Curtain; who stepping softly to her in the dark, and laying his hand gently on her breast, said: Dear Love, forbear a little while to sleep, for here is thy loyal friend *Ieronimo*. The young woman starting with amazement, would have cryed out but that he intreated her to the contrary; protesting, that he came for no ill intent to her, but only to take his latest leave of her. Alas *Ieronimo* (quoth she) those idle days are past and gone, when it was no way unseemly for our youth, to entertain equality of those desires which then well agreed with our young blood: Since when, you have lived in forain Countries, which appeared to me to alter your former disposition: for in the space of two whole years, either you grew forgetful of me (as change of air, may change affection)



or (at the least) made such account of me, as I never heard the least salutation from you. Now you know me to be a married wife, in regard whereof, my thoughts have embraced that chaste and honourable resolution, not to mind any man but my husband, and therefore, as you are come hither without my leave and licence, so in like manner I do desire you to be gone. Let this privilege of my Husbands sound sleeping, be no colour to your longer tarrying here, or encourage you to find any further favour at my hand: for if my husband should awake, beside the danger that thereon may follow to you, I cannot but lose the sweet happiness of a peaceful life, which hitherto we have both mutually embraced.

The young man, hearing these words, and remembering what loving kindness he had formerly found, what secret love Letters he had sent from *Paris*, with other private intelligence and tokens, which never came to her receipt and knowledge, so cunningly his Mother and Tutors had carried the matter: immediately felt his heart-strings to break; and lying down upon the bed-side by her, uttered these his very last words. *Silvestra* farewell, thou hast killed the kindest heart that ever loved a woman: and speaking no more gave up the ghost. She hearing these words deliver'd with an entire sigh, and deep fetcht groan, did not imagine the strange consequence following thereon; yet was moved to much compassion, in regard of her former affection to him. Silent she lay an indifferent while, as being unable to return him any answer; and looking when he would be gone according as she had before earnestly intreated him. But when she perceived him to lie so still, as neither word nor motion came from him; she said, kind *Ieronimo* why dost thou not depart and get thee gone? So putting forth her hand, it hapened to light upon his face, which she felt to be as cold as Ice: whereat marvelling not a little, as also at his continuing silence, she jogged him, and felt his hands in like manner, which were stiffly extended forth, and all his body cold, as not having any life remaining in him, which greatly amazing her, and confounding her with sorrow beyond all measure, she was in such perplexity, that she could not devise what to do or say.

In the end she resolved to try how her husband would take it, that so strange an accident should thus happen in his house, and putting the case as if it did not concern them, but any other of the neighbours; waking him first, demanded of him what was best to be done, if a man should steal into a neighbours house, unknown to him, or any of his family; and in his bed Chamber to be found dead. He presently replied (as not thinking the case concerned himself) that, the only help in such an unexpected extremity, was to take the dead body and convey it into his own house if he had any; whereby no scandal or reproach would follow to them, in whose house he had so unfortunately dyed. Hereupon she immediately arose, and lighting a Candle, shewed him the dead body of *Ieronimo*, with protestation of every particular, both of her innocency either of knowledge of his coming thither, or any other blame that could concern her. Which he both constantly knowing and believing, made no more ceremony, but putting on his garments, took the dead body upon his shoulders, and carried it to the Mothers door, where he left it, and returned to his own house.

When the day light was come, and the dead body found lying in the Porch, it moved very much grief and amazement, considering, he had been seen the day before in perfect health, to outward appearance. Nor need we to urge any question of his Mothers sorrow upon this strange accident; who causing his body to be carefully searched, without any blow, bruise, wound, or hurt upon it, the Physicians could not give any other opinion, but some conceit of grief had caused his death, as it did indeed, and in no way otherwise. To the chief Church was the dead body carryed, to be generally seen of all the people, his Mother and Friends weeping heavily by it, as many more did the like beside, because he was beloved of every one. In which time of universal mourning, the honest man (in whose house he dyed) spake thus to his wife, disguised thy self in some decent manner, and goe to the Church, where (as I hear) they have laid the body of *Ieronimo*. Crowd in amongst the women, as I will do the like amongst the men, to hear what opinion passeth of his death, and whether we shall be scandalized thereby, or no.



*Silvestria*, who was now become full of pity too late, quickly condescended, as desiring to see him dead; whom sometime she dearly affected in Life. Being come to the Church, it is a matter to be admired, if advisedly we consider on the powerful working of Love; For the Heart of this Woman, which the prosperous Fortune of *Ieronimo* could not pierce, now in his woful death did split in sunder; and the ancient sparks of Love so long concealed in the Embers, brake forth into a furious Flame; and being violently surprized with extraordinary compassion, no sooner did she come near to the dead Body, where many stood weeping round about it, but strangely striking out aloud, she fell down upon it: and even as extremity of Grief finished his Life, so did it hers in the same manner. For she mov'd neither hand nor foot, because her vital powers had quite forsaken her. The Women labouring to comfort her by all best means they could devise, did not take any knowledge of her, by reason of her disguised Garments: but finding her dead indeed, and knowing her also to be *Silvestria*, being overcome with unspeakable compassion, and daunted with no mean Admiration, they stood strangely gazing each upon other.

Wonderful Crouds of People where then in the Church; and this Accident being now noised among the Men, at length it came to her Husband's understanding, whose Grief was so great, as exceeded all capacity of expression. Afterward he declared what had hapned in his house the precedent Night, according as his Wife had truely related to him, with all the Speeches which passed between *Silvestra* and *Ieronimo*; by which discourse, they generally conceived, the certain occasion of both their sudden deaths, which moved them to great compassion. Then taking the young Woman's Body, and ordering it as a Coarse ought to be, they laid it on the same Bier by the young man, and when they had sufficiently sorrowed for their disastrous fortune, they gave them honourable Burial both in one Grave. So this poor Couple, whom Love (in Life) could not joyn together, Death did unite in an unseparable conjunction.

Messer



Messer Guiglielmo of Rossiglione having slain Messer Guiglielmo Guardastagno whom he imagined to love his Wife, gave her his Heart to Eat. Which she knowing afterward, threw her self out of an high Window to the Ground; and being dead, was then buried with her Friend.

## The Ninth N o v e l.

Whereby appeareth what ill success attendeth on them that love contrary to reason: in offering injury both to Friendship and Marriage together.

**W**Hen the Novel of Madam Neiphila was ended, which occasioned much passion in the whole Assembly; the King would not infringe the Priviledge granted to *Dionemus*, no more remaining to speak but they two, began thus. I call to mind (gentle Ladies) a Novel, which seeing we are so far entred into the lamentable Accidents of Successless-Love, will urge you unto as much commiseration, as that so lately reported to you. All so much the rather, because the Persons of whom we are to speak, were of respective quality; which approveth the Accident to be more cruel than those whereof we have formerly discoursed.

According as the People of *Provence* do report, there dwelt sometime in that Jurisdiction, two noble Knights, each well possessed with Castles and Followers: the one being named *Messer Guiglielmo de Rossiglione*, and the other *Messer Guiglielmo Guardastagno*. Now, in regard that they were both valiant Gentlemen, and singularly expert in actions of Arms; they loved together the more mutually, and held it as a kind of custom to be seen in all Tilts and Tournaments, or any other Exercises of Arms, going commonly alike in their wearing Garments: And although their Castles stood above five miles distant each from other, yet were they daily conversant together, as loving and intimate friends. The one of them, I mean *Messer Guiglielmo de Rossiglione*, had to wife a very gallant beautiful Lady, of whom *Messer Guardastagno* (forgetting the Laws of respect and loyal friendship) became over fondly enamoured, expressing the same by such outward means that the Lady herself took knowledge thereof, and not with any dislike, as it seemed, but rather lovingly entertained; yet she grew not so forgetful of her honour and estimation, as the other did of faith to his friend.

With such indiscretion was this idle love carryed, that whether it sorted to effect or no, I know not; but the Husband perceived some such manner of behaviour, as he could not easily digest, nor thought it fitting to endure. Whereupon, the league of friendly amity so long continued began to fail in very strange fashion, and became converted into deadly hatred: which yet he very cunningly concealed, bearing an outward shew of constant friendship still, but (in his heart) he had vowed the death of *Guardastagno*. Nothing wanted, but by what means it might best be effected, which fell out to be in this manner. A publick Just or Tourney, was proclaimed by sound of Trumpet throughout all France, wherewith immediately, *Messer Guiglielmo Rossiglione* acquainted *Messer Guardastagno*, intreating him that they might further confer thereon together, and for that purpose to come and visit him, if he intended to have any hand in the business. *Guardastagno* being exceeding glad of this accident, which gave him liberty to see his mistress, sent answer back by the messenger, that on the morrow at night, he would come and sup with *Rossiglione*; who upon this reply, projected to himself in what manner to kill him.



On the morrow after dinner, arming himself, and two more of his servants with him; such as he had solemnly sworn to secrecy, he mounted on horseback, and rode on about a mile from his own Castle, where he lay closely ambushed in a Wood, through which *Guardastagno* must needs pass. After he had stayed there some two hours space and more, he espied him come riding with two of his attendants, all of them being unarmed, as no way distrusting any such intended treason. So soon as he was come to the place, where he had resolved to do the deed, he rushed forth of the ambush, and having a sharp Lance readily charged in his rest, ran mainly at him, saying, *Falle villain, thou art dead.* *Guardastagno*, having nothing wherewith to defend himself, nor his servants able to give him any succour; being pierced quite through the body with the Lance, down he fell dead to the ground, (and his men fearing the like misfortune to befall them) galloped mainly back again to their Lords Castle, not knowing them who had thus murdered their Master, by reason of their armed disguises, which in those martial times were usually worn.

*Messer Gulielmo Rossiglione*, alighting from his horse, and having a keen knife ready drawn in his hand; opened therewith the breast of dead *Guardastagno*, and taking forth his heart with his own hands, wrapped it in the *Bandelot* belonging to the Lance, commanding one of his men to the charge thereof, and never to disclose the deed. So mounting on horse back again, and dark night drawing on apace, he returned home to his Castle. The Lady, who had heard before of *Guardastagno's* intent to sup there that night, and (perhaps) being earnestly desirous to see him; marvelling at his so long tarrying, said to her husband: *Believe me Sir (quoth she) methinks it is somewhat strange, that Messer Gulielmo Guardastagno delays his coming so long, he never used to do so till now. I received tidings from his Wife (said he) that he cannot be here till to morrow. Whereat the Lady appearing to be displeased, concealed it to her self, and used no more words.*

*Rossiglione* leaving his Lady, went into the Kitchen, where calling for the Cook, he delivered him the heart, saying, *Take this heart of a wilde Boare, which it was my good hap to kill this day; and dress it in the daintiest manner thou canst devise to do; which being so done, when I am set at the table, send it to me in a silver dish, with sauce bescenting so dainty a morsel.* The Cook took the heart, believing it to be no otherwise, then as his Lord had said: and using his utmost art in dressing it, did divide it into artificial small slices, and made it most pleasing to be tasted. When supper time was come, *Rossiglione* sat down at the table with his Lady: but he had little or no appetite at all to eat, the wicked deed which he had done so perplexed his soul, and made him to sit very strangely musing. At length the Cook brought in the dainty dish, which he himself setting before his wife, began to find fault with his own lack of stomach, yet provoking her with many fair speeches, to taste the Cooks cunning in so rare a dish.

The Lady having a good appetite indeed, when she had first tasted it, fed afterwards so heartily thereon, that she left very little, or none at all remaining. When he perceived that all was eaten, he said unto her. *Tell me Madam, how you do like this delicate kind of meat? In good faith Sir (quoth she) in all my life I was never better pleased. Now trust me Madam, answered the Knight, I do verily believe you, nor do I greatly wonder thereat, if you like that dead, which you loved so dearly being alive.* When she heard these words, a long while she sat silent, but afterward said. *I pray you tell me Sir, what meat was this which you have made me to eat? Muse no longer (said he) for therein I will quickly resolve thee. Thou hast eaten the heart of Messer Gulielmo Guardastagno, whose love was so dear and precious to thee, thou false, perfidious, and disloyal Lady: I pluckt it out of his vile body with my own hands, and made my Cook to dress it for thy diet.*

Poor Lady, how strangely was her soul afflicted, hearing these harsh and unpleasant speeches? Tears flowed abundantly from her fair eyes, and like tempestuous winds emboweled in the earth, so did vehement sighs break mainly from her heart, and after a tedious time of silence, she spake in this manner. *My Lord and Husband, you have done a most disloyal and damnable deed, misguided by your own wicked jealous opinion, and not by any just cause given you,*



to your bed, or allowed him any other favour, but what might well become so honourable a friend. And seeing my body hath been made the receptacle for so precious a kind of food, as the heart of so valiant and courteous a Knight, such as was the noble *Guardastagno*; never shall any other food hereafter have entertainment there, or my self live the Wife to so bloody a Husband.

So starting up from the Table, and stepping unto a great gazing window; the casement whereof standing wide open behind her: violently she leaped out thereat, which being an huge height in distance from the ground, the fall did not only kill her, but also shivered her body into many pieces. Which *Rossiglione* perceiving, he stood like a body without a soul, confounded with the killing of so dear a friend, loss of a chaste and honourable Wife, and through his own over-credulous conceit.

Upon further conference with his private thoughts, and remorseful acknowledgment of his heinous offence, which repentance (too late) gave him eyes now to see, though rashness before would not permit him to consider; these two extremities enlarged his dulled understanding. First, he grew fearful of the followers of murdered *Guardastagno*, as also the whole Countrey of *Provence*, in regard of the peoples general love unto him, which being two main and important motives, both to the detestation of so horrid an act, and immediate severe revenge to succeed thereon; he made such provision as best he could, and as so sudden a warning would give leave, he fled away secretly in the night season.

These unpleasing news were soon spread abroad the next morning, not only of the unfortunate accidents, but also of *Rossiglione's* flight; in regard whereof, the dead bodies being found, and brought together, as well by the people belonging to *Guardastagno*, as them that attended on the Lady: they were laid in the Chappel of *Rossiglione's* Castle; where, after so much lamentation for so great a misfortune to befall them, they were honourably interred in one fair Tombe, with excellent Verses engraven thereon, expressing both their noble degree, and by what unhappy means, they chanced to have their burial there.



A Physicians Wife laid a Lover of her Maids (supposing him to be dead) in a Chest, by reason that he had drunk Water, which usually was given to procure a sleepy entrancing. Two Lombard usurers, stealing the Chest, in hope of a rich booty, carried it into their own house, where afterward the man awaking, was taken for a Thief. The Chamber-Maid to the Physicians Wife, going before the Bench of Justice, accuseth her self for putting the imagined dead body into the Chest, by the which means he escaped hanging. And the Thieves which stole away the Chest were condemned to pay a great sum of money.

### The Tenth NOVEL

Wherein is declared, that sometime by adventurous accident, rather than any reasonable comprehension, a man may escape out of manifold perils, but especially in occurrences of Love.

**A**FTER that the King had concluded his Novel, there remained none now but *Dionius* to tell the last, which himself confessing, and the King commanding him to proceed, he began in this manner. So many miseries of unfortunate Love, as all of you have already related, have not only swollen our eyes with weeping, but also made sick our hearts with sighing: yea (Gracious Ladies) I may self find my spirits not meanly afflicted thereby. Wherefore, the whole day hath been very irksome to me, and I not a little glad that it is so near ending. Now, for the better sitting it up altogether, I would be very loath to make an addition of any such sad and mournful matter, good for nothing but to feed melancholly humour, and from which (I hope) my fair Stars will defend me. Tragical discourse, thou art no fit companion for me; I will therefore report a Novel which may minister a more jovial kind of argument, unto those Tales that must be told to morrow, and with the expiration of our present Kings reign, to rid us of all heart-burning hereafter.

Know then (gracious assembly) it is not many years since, where there liv'd in *Salerno*, a very famous Physician, named Signieur *Mazzeo della Montagna*, who being already well entred in years, would (nevertheless) marry with a beautiful young maiden of the City, bestowing rich garments, gaudy attires, Rings and Jewels on her, such as few women else could equal, because he loved her most dearly. Yet being an aged man, and never remembering, how vain and idle a thing it is, for Age to make such an unfitting election, injurious to both; and therefore endangering that domestick agreement, which ought to be the sole and main comfort of marriage, it maketh me therefore to misdoubt, that as in our former Tale of Signieur *Ricciardo de Cinzia*, some days of the Calender here seem as distastful, as those that occasioned the other womans discontentment. In such unequal choices, Parents commonly are more blameworthy, then any imputation, to be laid on the young woman, who gladly would enjoy such as in heart they have elected: but that their Parents, looking through the glass of greedy lucre, do overthrow both their own hopes, and fair fortunes of their Children together.

Yet to speak uprightly of this young married wife, she declared her self to be of a wise and chearful spirit, not discouraged with her unequallity of marriage: but bearing all with a contented brow, for fear of urging the very least mistake in her husband. And he, on the other side, when occasion did not call him to visite his Patients, or to be present at the Colledge among his fellow Doctors, would always be chearing and comforting his wife, as one that could hardly afford to be out of her company. There is one especial fatal misfortune, which commonly awaiteth on old mens marriages: when freezing December will march with flourishing May, and green desires appear in Age, beyond all possibility of performance. Nor are there wanting good store of wanton Gallants, who



who hating to see beauty in this manner betrayed, and to the embraces of a loathed bed, will make their folly seen in publick appearance, and by their daily proffers of amorous services ( seeming compassionate of the womans disaster ) are usually the cause of jealous suspicions, and very heinous household discontentments.

Among divers other that fain would be nibbling at this Beauty, there was one, named *Ruggiero de Ieroly*, of honourable parentage, but yet of such a debauched and disordered life, as neither kindred or friends, were willing to take any knowledge of him, but utterly gave him over to his dissolute courses: so that, throughout all *Salerne*, his conditions caused his general contempt, and he accounted but even as a thieving and lewd companion. The Doctor's wife, had a Chamber-maid attending on her; who notwithstanding all the ugly deformities in *Ruggiero*, regarding more his person than his imperfections ( because he was a compleat and well featured youth ) bestowed her affection most intirely on him, and oftentimes did supply his wants with her own best means.

*Ruggiero* having this benefit of the maids kind love to him, made it a hopeful mounting Ladder, whereby to derive some good liking from the Mistress, presuming rather on his outward comely parts, then any other honest quality that might commend him. The Mistress knowing what choice her maid had made, and unable by any perswasions to remove her, took knowledge of *Ruggiero's* private resorting to her house, and in meer love to her maid ( who had very many especial deservings in her ) oftentimes she would ( in like manner ) rebuke him, and advise him to a more seded course of life; which counsel, that it might take the better effect, she graced with liberal gifts: one while with Gold, others with Silver, and often with Garments, for his comelier access thither; which bounty, he ( like a lewd mistaker ) interpreted as assurances of her affection to him, and that he was more graceful in her Eye, than any man else could be.

In the continuance of these proceedings, it came to pass, that Master Doctor *Mazzeo* ( being not only a most expert Physitian, but likewise as skilful in Chirurgery beside ) had a Patient in cure, who by great misfortune, had one of his Legs broken all in pieces; which some weaker judgment having formerly dealt withal, the bones and sinnews were become so foully putrefied, as he told the parties friends, that the Leg must be quite cut off, or else the Patient must needs die: yet he intended so to order the matter, that the peril should proceed no further, to prejudice any part of the body. The case being thus resolved on with the Patient and his friends, the day and time was appointed when the deed should be done; and the Doctor conceiving, that except the Patient were sleepily entranced, he could not by any means endure the pain, but must needs hinder what he meant to do: by distillation he made such an artificial Water, as ( after the Patient hath received it ) it will procure a kind of dead sleep, and endure so long a space as necessity requireth the use thereof, in full performance of the work.

After he had made this sleepy Water, he put it into a glafs, wherewith it was filled ( almost ) up to the brim; and till the time came when he should use it, he set it in his own Chamber-window, never acquainting any one, to what purpose he had provided the water, nor what was his reason of setting it there; when it drew towards the evening, and he was returned home from his Patients, a Messenger brought him Letters from *Malfy*, concerning a great conflict happening there between two noble Families, wherein divers were very dangerously wounded on either side, and without his speedy repairing thither, it would prove to the loss of many lives. Hereupon, the Cure of the mans Leg must needs be prolonged, untill he was returned back again, in regard that many of the wounded persons were his worthy friends, and liberal bounty was there to be expected, which made him presently go aboard a small Bark, and forthwith set away towards *Malfy*.

This absence of Mr. Doctor *Mazzeo*, gave opportunity to adventurous *Ruggiero*, to visit his house ( he being gone ) in hope to get more Crowns, and courtesie from the Mistress under formal colour of courting the Maid. And being closely admitted into the house, when divers Neighbours were in conference with her Mistress, and held her with much pleasing discourse, as required longer time then



then was expected: the Maid had no other room to conceal *Ruggiero* in, but only the Bed-chamber of her Master, where she lock'd him in; because none of the household people should descry him, and stayed attending on her Mistress, till all the neighbours took their leave, and were gone, *Ruggiero* thus remaining alone in the Chamber, for the space of three long hours and more, was visited, neither by Maid nor Mistress, but awaited when he should be set at liberty.

Now, whether feeding on salt meats before his coming thither, or customary use of drinking, which maketh men unable any long while to abstain, as being never satisfied with excess; which of these two extremes they were, I know not: but drink needs he must. And, having no other means for quenching his thirst, espied the glass of water standing in the Window, and thinking it to be some sovereign kind of water, reserved by the Doctor for his own drinking, to make him lusty in his old years, he took the glass; and finding the water pleasing to his palate, drunk it off every drop; then sitting down upon a Coffer by the beds side, soon after he fell into a sound sleep, according to the powerful working of the water.

No sooner were all the neighbours gone, and the Maid at liberty from her Mistress, but unlocking the dore, into the Chamber she went; and finding *Ruggiero* sitting fast asleep, she began to hunch and punch him, entreating him (softly) to awake, but all was to no purpose, for he neither moved, or answered word; whereat her patience being somewhat provoked, she punched him more rudely, and angerly said: Awake for shame, thou drowsie dullard, and if thou be so desirous of sleeping, get thee home to thy own lodging, because thou art not allowed to sleep here.

*Ruggiero* being thus rudely punched, fell from off the Coffer flat on the ground, appearing no other in all respects, than as if he were a dead body. Whereat the Maid being fearfully amazed, plucking him by the nose and young beard, and what else she could devise to do, yet all her labour proving still in vain; she was almost beside her wits, stamping and raving all about the room, as if sense and reason had forsaken her; so violent was her extremest distraction.

Upon the hearing of this noise, her Mistress came suddenly into the Chamber, where being affrighted at so strange an accident, and suspecting that *Ruggiero* was dead indeed: she pinched him strongly, and burnt his finger with a Candle, yet all was as fruitless as before. Then sitting down, she began to consider advisedly with her self, how much her honour and reputation would be endangered hereby, both with her Husband, and in vulgar opinion; when this should come to publick notice. For (quoth she to her Maid) it is not thy fond love to this unruly fellow that can sway the censure of the monster multitude, in believing his access hither only to thee: but my good name, and honest repute, as yet untoucht with the very least taxation, will be rackt on the tenter of infamous judgment, and (though never so clear) branded with general condemnation. It is wisdom therefore, that we should make no noise, but (in silence) consider with our selves, how to clear our selves of his dead body, by some such helpful and witty devices, as when it shall be found in the morning, his being here may pass without suspicion, and the worlds rash opinion no way touch us.

Weeping and lamenting is now laid aside, and all hope in them of his lives restoring; only to rid his body out of the house, that now requires their care and cunning: Whereupon the maid thus began, Mistress (quoth she) this evening, although it was very late, at our next neighbours door (who you know is a Joyner by his trade) I saw a great Chest stand; and as it seemeth, for a publick sale, because two or three nights together, it hath not been thence removed: and if the owner have not lockt it, all inventions else cannot furnish us with the like help. For therein we will lay his body, whereon I will bestow two or three wounds with my knife; and leaving him so, our house can be no more suspected, concerning his being here, than any other in the street beside; nay rather far less, in regard of your husbands credit and authority. Moreover, hereof I am certain, that he being of such bad and disordered qualities, it will the more likely be imagined, that he was slain by some of his own loose Companions, being with them about some pilfering business, and afterwards hid his body in the chest, it standing so fitly for the purpose, and dark night also favouring the deed.

The



The maids Counsel past under the seal of allowance, only her Mistress thought it not convenient, that (having affected him so dearly) she should mangle his body with any wounds; but rather let it be garthered by more likely hood, that villains had strangled him, and then conveyed his body into the chest. Away she sends the maid to see whether the Chest stood there still, or no; as indeed it did, and unlockt, whereof they were not a little joyful. By the help of her Mistress, the maid took *Ruggiero* upon her shoulders, and bringing him to the door, with diligent respect that none could discover them; in the Chest they laid him, and so there left him, closing down the lid according as they found it.

In the same street, and not far from the Joyner, dwelt two young men who were *Lumbards*, living upon the interest of their moneys, coveting to get much, and to spend little. They having observed where the Chest stood, and wanting a necessary moveable to household, yet loath to lay out money for buying it; complotted together this very night to steal it thence and carry it home to their house, as accordingly they did; finding it somewhat heavy, and therefore imagining, that matter of worth was contained therein. In the Chamber where their wives lay, they left it; and so without any further search till the next morning, they laid them down to rest likewise.

*Ruggiero*, who had now slept a long while, the drink being digested, and the virtue thereof fully consummated; began to awake before day. And although his natural sleep was broken, and his senses had recovered their former power, yet notwithstanding, there remained such an astonishment in his brain, as not only did afflict him all the day following, but also divers days and nights afterward. Having his eyes wide open, and yet not discerning any thing, he stretched forth his arms every where about him, and finding himself to be enclosed in the Chest, he grew more broad awake, and said to himself, What is this? Where am I? Do I wake or sleep? Full well I do remember, that not long since I was in my sweet-hearts Chamber, and now (methinks) I am shewed up in a Chest, What should I think hereof? Is Master Doctor returned home, or hath some other inconvenience hapened, whereby finding me asleep, she was enforced to hide me thus? Surely it is so, and otherwise it cannot be: wherefore it is best for me to be still, and listen when I can hear any talking in the Chamber.

Continuing thus a longer while then otherwise he would have done, because his lying in the bare Chest was somewhat uneasie and painful to him; turning divers times on one side, and then as often again on the other, coveting still for ease, yet could not find any: at length, he thrust his back so strongly against the chests side, that it standing on an uneven ground) it began to totter, and after fell down. In which fall, it made so loud a noise, as the women (lying in the bed, standing by) awaked, and were so overcome with fear, that they had not the power to speak one word. *Ruggiero* also being affrighted with the chests fall, and perceiving by this means it was become open; he thought it better, lest some other sinister fortune should befall him, to be at open liberty, then inclosed up so strictly. And because he knew not where he was, as also hoping to meet with his Mistress; he went all about groaping in the dark, to find either stairs or door, whereby to get forth. When the women heard his trampling, as also his justling against the doors and windows; they demanded, Who was there; *Ruggiero* not knowing their voices, made them no answer; wherefore they called to their Husbands, who lay very soundly sleeping by them, by reason of their so late walking abroad, and therefore heard not this noise in the house. This made the women much more timorous, and therefore rising out of their beds, they opened the casement towards the street; crying out aloud, Thieves, Thieves. The Neighbours arose upon this out-cry, running up and down from place to place; some engirting the house, and others entering into it: by means of which troublesome noise, the two *Lumbards* awaking, and seizing there upon poor *Ruggiero*, (who was well-near affrighted out of his wits, at so strange an accident, and his own ignorance, how hapned thither, and how to escape from them) he stood gazing on them without any answer.

By this time, the Sergeants and other Officers of the City, ordinarily attending on the Magistrate, being raised by the tumult of this uproar, were come into the



the house, and had poor *Ruggiero* committed unto their charge, who bringing him before the Governour, was forthwith called in question, and known to be of a most wicked life, a shame to all his friends and kindred. He could say little for himself, never denying his taking in the house, and therefore desiring to finish all his fortunes together, desperately confessed, that he came with a felonious intent to rob them, and the Governour gave him sentence to be hanged.

Soon were the news spread throughout *Salerno*, that *Ruggiero* was apprehended, about robbing the house of the two usuring *Lumbards*: which when *Mistress Doctor* and her Chamber-maid heard, they were confounded with most strange admiration, and scarcely credited what they themselves had done the night before, but rather imagined all matters past, to be no more then merely a dream, concerning *Ruggiero's* dying in the house, and their putting him into the chest, so that by no likely or possible means, he could be the man in this perilous extremity.

In a short while after, Master Doctor *Mazzeo* was returned from *Malfy*, to proceed in the Cure of the poor mans Leg; and calling for his glass of water, which he left standing in his own Chamber window, it was found quite empty, and not a drop in it: whereat he raged so extreemly, as never had the like impatience been noted in him. His Wife and her maid, who had another kind of business in their brain, about a dead man so strangely come to life again, knew not well what to say; but at the last, his Wife thus replied somewhat angrily, Sir (quoth she) what a coyl is her about a paltry glass of Water, which perhaps hath been spilt, yet neither of us faulty therein? Is there no more such water to be had in the world? Alas dear Wife (said he) you might repute it to be a common kind of water, but indeed it was not so; for I did purposely compound it, only to procure a dead kind of sleep: And so related the whole matter at large, of the Patients Leg, and his Waters loss.

When she had heard these words of her husband, presently she conceived, that the Water was drunk off by *Ruggiero*, which had so sleepily entranced his senses, as thy verily thought him to be dead, wherefore she said. Believe me Sir, you never acquainted us with any such matter, which would have procured more careful respect of it: but seeing it is gone, your skill extendeth to make more, for now there is no other remedy. While thus Master Doctor and his Wife were conferring together, the maid went speedily into the City, to understand truly, whether the condemned man was *Ruggiero*, and what would now become of him. Being returned home again, and alone with her Mistress in the Chamber, thus she spake; now trust me Mistress, not one in the City speaketh well of *Ruggiero*, who is the man condemned to die; and, for ought I can perceive, he hath neither kinsman nor Friend that will do any thing for him; but he is left with the Provost, and must be executed to morrow morning. Moreover Mistress, by such instructions as I have received, I can well near inform you, by what means he came to the two *Lumbards* house, if all be true as I have heard.

You know the Joyner, before whose door the chest stood, wherein we did put *Ruggiero*; there is now a contention between him and another man, to whom (it seemeth) the chest doth belong; in regard whereof, they are ready to quarrel extreemly each with other. For the one ownipg the chest, and trusting the Joyner to sell it for him, would have him to pay him for the chest. The Joyner denyeth any sale thereof, avouching that the last night it was stolen from his door. Which the other man contrarying, and denying, maintaineth that he sold the chest to the two *Lumbard* usurers, as himself is able to affirm, because he found it in his house, when he (being present at the apprehension of *Ruggiero*) saw it there in the same house. Hereupon, the Joyner gave him the lye, because he never sold it to any man; but if it were there, they had robbed him of it, as he would make it manifest to their faces. Then falling into clamorous speeches, they went together to the *Lumbards* house, even as I returned home. Wherefore Mistress, as you may easily perceive, *Ruggiero* was (questionless) carried thither in the chest, and so there found; but how he revived again, I cannot comprehend.



The Mistress understanding now apparently, the full effect of the whole business, and in what manner it had been carryed, revealed to the maid her husbands speeches, concerning the glass of sleepy Water, which was the engine of all this trouble, clearly acquitting *Ruggiero* of the robbery, howsoever (in desperate fury, and to make an end of a life so contemptible) he had wrongfully accused himself. And notwithstanding this his hard fortune, which had made him much more infamous than before, in all the dissolute behaviour of his life: yet it could not quail her affection towards him; but being loath he should die for some other mans offence, and hoping his future reformation; she fell on her knees before her Mistress, and (drowned in her tears) most earnestly entreated her, to advise her with some such happy course, as might be the safety of poor *Ruggiero's* life. Mistress Doctor affecting her maid dearly; and plainly perceiving, that no disastrous fortune whatsoever, could alter her love to condemned *Ruggiero*; hoping the best hereafter, as the maid did, and willing to save life rather then suffer it to be lost without just cause, she directed her in such discreet manner, as you will better conceive by the success.

According as she was instructed by her Mistress, she fell at the feet of Master Doctor, desiring him to pardon a great errour, whereby she had over-much offended him. As how? said Master Doctor. In this manner (quoth the maid) and thus proceeded. You are not ignorant Sir, what a lewd liver *Ruggiero de Leroly* is, and notwithstanding all his imperfections, how dearly I love him, as he protesteth the like to me, and thus hath our love continued a year and more. You being gone to *Malfy*, and your absence granting me apt opportunity, for conference with so kind a friend; I made the bolder, and gave him entrance into your house, yea even into mine own Chamber, yet free from any abuse, neither did he (bad though he be) offer any. Thirsty he was before his coming thither, either by salt meat, or distempered diet, and I being unable to fetch him Wine or Water, by reason that my Mistress sat in the Hall seriously talking with her Sisters; remembered, that I saw a vial of water standing in your Chamber Window, which he drinking quite off, I set it empty in that place again. I have heard your discontentment for the said Water, and confess my fault to you therein: but who liveth so justly, without offending at one time or other? And I am heartily sorry for my transgression; yet not so much for the water, as the hard fortune that hath followed thereon; because thereby *Ruggiero* is in danger to lose his life, and all my hopes are utterly lost. Let me intreat you therefore (gentle Master) first to pardon me, and then to grant me permission, to succour my poor condemned friend, by all the best means I can devise.

When the Doctor had heard all her discourse, angry though he were, yet thus he answered with a smile. Much better had it been, if thy follies punishment had fallen on thy self, that it might have paid thee with deserved repentance, upon thy Mistresses finding thee sleeping. But go and get his deliverance, if thou canst, with this caution, that if ever hereafter he be seen in my house, the peril thereof shall light on thy self. Receiving this answer, for her first entrance into the attempt, and as her Mistress had advised her, in all haste she went to the prison, where she prevailed so well with the Jaylor, that he granted her private conference with *Ruggiero*. She having instructed him what he should say to the Provost, if he had any purpose to escape with life, went thither before him to the Provost, who admitting her into his presence, and knowing that she was Master Doctors maid, a man especially respected of all the City, he was the more willing to hear her message, he imagining that she was sent by her Master.

Sir (quoth she) you have apprehended *Ruggiero de Leroly*, as a Thief, and judgment of death is (as I hear) pronounced against him: but he is wrongfully accused, and is clearly innocent of such an heinous detection. So entering into the History, she declared every circumstance, from the original to the end: relating truly, that being her Lover, she brought him into her Masters house, where he drank the compounded sleepy water, and repared for dead, she laid him in the Chest. Afterward she rehearsed the speeches between the Jaylor, and him that laid claim to the Chest, giving him to understand thereby, how *Ruggiero* was taken in the *Lumbaris* house.

The



The Provost presently gathering, that the truth in this case was easie to be known; sent first to Mr. Doctor *Mazzeo*, to know whether he compounded any such water, or no: which he affirmed to be true; and upon what occasion he prepared it. Then the Joyner, the owner of the Chest, and the two *Lumbards*, being severally questioned withal, it appeared evidently, that the *Lumbards* did steal the Chest in the night season, and carryed it home to their own house. In the end, *Ruggiero* being brought from the prison, and demanded, where he was lodged the night before, made answer, that he knew not where. Only he well remembered, that bearing affection to the Chamber-maid of Master Doctor *Mazzeo della Montagna*, she brought him into a Chamber, where a vial of water stood in the Window, and being extremely thirsty, drank it off all. But what became of him afterward (till being awake, he found himself inclosed in a Chest, and in the house of the two *Lumbards*) he could not say any thing.

When the Provost had heard all their answers, which he caused them to repeat over divers times, in regard they were very pleasing to him, he cleared *Ruggiero* from the crime imposed on him, and condemned the *Lumbards* in three hundred Ducates, to be given to *Ruggiero* in way of an amends, and to enable his marriage with the Doctors maid, whose constancy was much commended, and wrought such a miracle on penitent *Ruggiero*; that after his marriage, which was graced with great and honourable Pomp, he regained the intimate love of all his kindred, and lived in most noble condition, even as if he had never been any disordered man.

If the former Novels had made all the Ladies sad and sigh, this last of *Dionus* as much delighted them, as restoring them to their former jocund humour, and banishing Tragical discourse for ever. The King perceiving that the Sun was near setting, and his government as near ended, with many kind and courteous speeches, excused himself to the Ladies, for being the motive of such an argument, as expressed the infelicity of poor Lovers. And having finished his excuse, up he rose, taking the Crown of Lawrel from off his own head, the Ladies awaiting on whose head he pleased next to set it, which proved to be the gracious Lady *Fiammetta*; and thus he spake, Here I place this Crown on her head, that knoweth better than any other, how to comfort this fair assembly to morrow, for the sorrow which they have this day endured.

Madam *Fiammetta*, whose locks of hair were curled, long, and like Golden wyers, hanging somewhat down over her white and delicate shoulders, her visage round, wherein the Damask Rose and Lilly contended for priority, the eyes in her head, resembling those of the Faulcon messenger, and also a dainty mouth; her lips looking like two little Rubies, with a comfortable smile thus she replied.

*Philobrotus*, glady I do accept your gift; and to the end that ye may the better remember your self, concerning what you have done hitherto: I will and command, that general preparation be made against to morrow, for fair and happy fortunes happening to Lovers, after former cruel and unkind accidents. Which proposition was well pleasing to them all.

Then calling for the Master of the Household, and taking order with him, what was most needful to be done; she gave leave unto the whole Company (who were all risen) to go recreate themselves untill supper time. Some of them walked about the Garden, the beauty whereof banished the least thoughts of weariness. Others walked by the River to the Mill, which was not far off, and the rest fell to exercises, firing their own fancies, until they heard the summons for Supper. Hard by the goodly Fountain (according to the wonted manner) they supped all together, and were served to their no mean contentment: but being risen from the Table, they fell to their delight of singing and dancing. While *Philomena* led the dance, the Queen spake in this manner.

*Philobrotus*, I intend not to vary from those courses heretofore observed by my predecessors, but even as they have already done, so it is my authority to command a Song. And because I am well assured, that you are not unfurnished of Songs answerable to the qualities of the passed Novels, my desire is, in regard we would not be troubled hereafter, with any more discourses of unfortunate Love, that you shall sing a Song agreeing with your own disposition. *Philobrotus* made answer, that he was ready to accomplish her command, and without all further Ceremony, thus he began.



The Song.

Chorus. My tears do plainly prove,  
How justly that poor heart hath cause to grieve,  
Which (under trust) finds treason in his love.

When first I saw her that now makes me sigh,  
Distrust did never enter into my thoughts.  
So many virtues clearly shin'd in her,  
That I esteem'd all Martyrdome was light,  
Which Love could lay on me. Nor did I grieve,  
Although I found my Liberty was lost.  
But now mine Error I do plainly see:  
Not without Sorrow thus betray'd to be.  
My tears do, &c.

For, being left by basest treachery  
Of her in whom I most repos'd trust:  
I then could see apparent flattery  
In all the fairest shews that she did make.  
But when I strove to get forth of the snare,  
I found my self the further plung'd in.  
For I beheld another in my place,  
And I cast off with manifest disgrace.  
My tears do, &c.

Then felt my heart such bells of heavy woes,  
Not utterable. I curst the day and hour  
When first I saw her lovely countenance,  
Enrich'd with beauty far beyond all other:  
Which set my soul on fire, inflam'd each part,  
Making a Martyrdome of my poor heart.  
My faith and hope being basely thus betray'd;  
I durst not move, so speak I was afraid.  
My tears do, &c.

Thou canst (thou powerful god of Love) perceive,  
My ceaseless sorrow, void of all comfort:  
I make my moan to thee, and do not fable,  
Desiring, that to end my misery,  
Death, may come speedily, and with his Dart  
With one fierce stroke, quite piercing to my heart:  
To cut off future fell contending strife,  
An happy end be made of Love and Life,  
My tears do, &c.

No other means of comfort doth remain,  
To ease me of such sharp afflictions,  
But only death. Grant then that I may die,  
To finish Grief and Life in one blest hour.  
For being bereft of any future joys,  
Come, take me quickly from so false a friend.  
Yet in my death, let thy great power approve,  
That I died true and constant in my love.  
My tears do, &c.



Happy shall I account this sighing Song,  
 If some (beside my self) do learn to sing it,  
 And so consider of my miseries,  
 As may incite them to lament my wrongs,  
 And to be warned by my wretched fate;  
 Left (like my self) themselves do sigh too late.  
 Learn Lovers, learn, what is to be unjust,  
 And be betray'd, where you repose best trust.

The words contained in this Song, did manifestly declare, what torturing Afflictions poor *Philostratus* felt, and more (perhaps) had been perceived by the looks of the Lady whom he spake of, being then present in the Dance; if the sudden ensuing darkness had not hid the crimson blush, which mounted up into her face. But the Song being ended, and diverse others beside, lasting till the hour of rest drew on; by command of the Queen, they all repared to their Chambers.

THE



## The FIFTH DAY.

Whereon, all the Discourses do pass under the Government of the most Noble Lady Fiammetta: concerning such persons, as have been successful in their Love, after many hard and perillous misfortunes.

### The Induction.



Now began the Sun to dart forth his golden beams, when Madam Fiammetta (incited by the sweet singing Birds, which since the break of day, sate merrily chanting on the Trees) arose from her Bed: as all the other Ladies likewise did, and the three Young Gentlemen descending down into the Fields, where they walked in a gentle pace on the green Grass, until the Sun was risen a little higher. On many pleasant matters they conferred together, as they walked in several Companies, till at length the Queen finding the heat to enlarge it self strongly, returned back to the Castle: where when they were all arrived, she commanded, that after this Mornings walking, their Stomachs should be refreshed with wholefom Wines, and also divers sorts of Banqueting stuff. Afterward, they all repaired into the Garden, not departing thence, until the hour of Dinner was come: at which time, the Master of the Household, having prepared every thing in decent readines, after a solemn Song was Sung, by order of the Queen, they were seated at the Table.

When they had Dined, to their own liking and contentment, they began (in continuation of their former order) to exercise divers Dances, and afterward Voices to their Instruments, and many pretty Madrigals, and Roundelays. Upon the finishing of these delights, the Queen gave them leave to take their rest, when such as were so minded, went to sleep, others solaced themselves in the Garden. But after mid-day was past over, they met (according to their wonted manner) and as the Queen had commanded, at the fair Fountain: where she being placed in her seat Royal, and casting her Eye upon Pamphilus, she bad him begin the days Discourses, of happy success in Love, after disastrous and troublefom accidents; who yielding thereto with humble reverence thus began.

Many Novels (gracious Ladies) do offer themselves to my memory, wherewith to begin so pleasant a day, as it is her Highness desire that this should be: among which plenty I esteem one above all the rest, because you may comprehend thereby, not only the fortunate conclusion, wherewith we intend to begin our day; but also how mighty the forces of Love are, deserving to be both admired and revered. Albeit there are many (who scarcely know what they say) do condemn them with infinite gross imputations: which I purpose to disprove, and (I hope) to your no little pleasing.

▲

Chyron,



Chynon, by falling in Love, became wise, and by force of Arms winning his fair Lady Iphigenia of the Seas, was afterwards Imprisoned at Rhodes. Being delivered by one named Lysimachus, with him he recovered his Iphigenia again, and fair Cassandra, even in the midst of their Marriage. They fled with them into Candy, where after they had married them, they were called Home to their own dwelling.

### The First NOVEL.

Whereby is approved, that Love (oftentimes) maketh a man both wise and valiant.

**A**ccording to the ancient Annals of the Cypriots, there sometime lived in Cyprus a Noble Gentleman, who was commonly called *Aristippus*, and exceeded all other of the Country in the Goods of Fortune. Divers Children he had, but (amongst the rest) a Son, in whose Birth he was more unfortunate than the rest; and continually grieved, in regard, that having all compleat perfections of Beauty, good Form, and manly parts, surpassing all other Youths of his Age or Stature; yet he wanted the real Ornament of the soul, Reason and Judgment; being indeed a meer Idiot or Fool, and no better hope to be expected from him. His true name, according as he received it by Baptism, was *Galesus*, but because neither by the laborious pains of his Tutors indulgence, great care, and fair endeavor of his Parents, or ingenuity of any other, he could not be brought to civility of Life, understanding of Letters, or common Carriage of a reasonable creature: by his gross and deformed kind of speech, his qualities also favouring rather of brutish Feeding, than any way derived from manly Education; and as an Epithet of scorn and derision, generally they gave him the name of *Chynon*, which in their Native Country Language, and divers other beside, signifieth a very Sot or Fool, and so was he termed by every one.

This lost kind of life in him, was no mean burthen of grief unto his Noble Father, all hope being already spent, of any future happy recovery, he gave command (because he would not always have such a sorrow in his sight) that he should live at a Farm of his own in a Country Village, among his Peazants and Plough-Swains. Which was not any way distasteful to *Chynon*, but well agreed with his own natural disposition; for their rural qualities, and gross behavior pleased him beyond the Cities Civility. *Chynon* living thus at his Fathers Country Village, exercising nothing else but rural demeanor, such as then delighted him above all other: it chanced upon a day, about the hour of Noon, as he was walking over the Fields with a long Staff on his Neck, which commonly he used to carry, he entered into a small Thicket, reputed the goodliest in all those Quarters, and by reason it was then the month of May, the Trees had their leaves fairly shot forth.

When he had walked through the Thicket, it came to pass, that (even as good fortune guided him) he came into a fair Meadow, on every side engirt with Trees, and in one corner thereof stood a goodly Fountain, whose current was both cool and clear. Hard by it upon the green Grass, he espied a very beautiful Damosel, seeming to be fast asleep, attired in such loose Garments, as hid very little of her white body; only from the Girdle downward, she wore a Kirtle made close unto her, of interwoven delicate Silk, and at her Feet lay two other Damosels sleeping, and a Servant in the same manner. No sooner had *Chynon* fixed his Eye upon her, but he stood leaning on his Staff, and viewed her advisedly, without speaking a word, and in no mean admiration, as if he had never seen the form of a woman before. He began then to feel in his rural understanding (whereunto never till now, either by painful Instruction, or any good means used to him, any honest civility had power of impression) a strange kind of humor to awake, which informed his gross and dull spirit, that this Damosel was the very fairest, which any living man beheld.

Then he began to distinguish her parts, commending the tresses of her Hair, which he imagined to be of Gold, her Forehead, Nose, Mouth, Neck, Arms, but



but above all her Brefts, appearing (as yet) but only to shew themselves like to little Mountains. So that of a fielden clownish foat, he would needs now become a Judge of Beauty, coveting earnestly in his soul, to see her Eyes, which were veiled over with sound sleep, that kept them fast inclosed together, and only to look on them, he wished a thousand times, that she would awake. For in his judgment, she excelled all the women that ever he had seen, and doubted, whether she were some Goddess, or no; so strangely was he metamorphosed from folly, to a sensible apprehension, more than common. And so far did this sudden knowledge in him extend; that he could conceive of Divine and Celestial things, and that they were more to be admired and revered, than those of Human or Terrene consideration; wherefore the more gladly he contented himself, to tarry till she awaked of her own accord. And although the time of stay seemed tedious to him, yet notwithstanding, he was overcome with such extraordinary contentment, as he had no power to depart thence, but stood as if he had been glewed to the ground.

After some indifferent respite of time, it chanced that the young Damocel (who was named *Iphigenia*) awaked before any of the other with her, and lifting up her Head, with her Eyes wide open, she saw *Chynon* standing before her, leaning still on his Staff; whereat marvelling not a little, she said unto him, *Chynon*, whither wanderest thou, or what dost thou seek for in this Wood? *Chynon*, who not only by his countenance but likewise his folly, Nobility of Birth, and wealthy Possessions of his Father, was generally known throughout the Country, made no answer at all to the demand of *Iphigenia*; but so soon as he beheld her Eyes open, he began to observe them with a constant regard, and being persuaded in his soul, that from them flowed such an unutterable singularity, as he had never felt till then. Which the young Gentlewoman well noting she began to wax fearful, lest these steadfast looks of his, should incite his Rusticity to some attempt, which might redound to her dishonor: wherefore awaking her women and servants, and they all being risen, she said, Farewel *Chynon*, I leave thee to thine own good Fortune; whereto he presently replied, saying, I will go with you. Now although the Gentlewoman refused his Company, as dreading some act of incivility from him; yet could she not devise any way to be rid of him, till he had brought her to her own dwelling, where taking leave mannerly of her, he went directly home to his Fathers house; saying, Nothing should compel him to live any longer in the muddy Country. And albeit his Father was much offended hereat, and all the rest of his Kindred and Friends: (yet not knowing how to help it) they suffered him to continue there still, expecting the cause of this his so sudden alteration, from the course of life, which contented him so highly before.

*Chynon* being now wounded to the Heart (where never any civil instruction could before get entrance) with Loves piercing Dart, by the bright Beauty of *Iphigenia*, moved much admiration (falling from one change to another) in his Father, Kindred, and all else that knew him. For first he requested of his Father, that he might be habited and respected like to his Brethren, whereto right gladly he condescended. And frequenting the Company of Civil Youths, observing also the Carriage of Gentlemen, especially such as were Amorously inclined: he grew to a beginning in a short time (to the wonder of every one) not only to understand the first instruction of Letters, but also became most skilful, even amongst them that were best exercised in Philosophy. And afterward love to *Iphigenia* being the sole occasion of this happy alteration, not only did his harsh, and Clownish Voice convert it self more mildly, but also he became a singular Musician, and could perfectly play on any Instrument. Beside, he took delight in the Riding and managing of great Horses, and finding himself of a strong and able Body, he used all kinds of Military Disciplines, as well by Sea, as on the Land. And, to be brief, because I would not seem tedious in the repetition of all his Virtues, scarcely had he attained to the fourth year, after he was thus fain in Love, but he became generally known, to be the most Civil, Wise, and Worthy Gentleman, as well for all Virtues enriching the Mind as any whatsoever to Beautifie the Body, that very hardly he could be equalled throughout the whole Kingdom of Cyprus.

What shall we say then (Virtuous Ladies) concerning this *Chynon*? Surely nothing else, but that those high and Divine Virtues, infused into his gentle soul,



whereby envious Fortune, bound and shut up in some small Angle of his Intellect, which being shaken and set at liberty by Love, (as having a far more potent power than Fortune, in quickning and reviving the dull and drowie spirits;) declaring his Mighty and Sovereign Authority, in setting free so many fair and precious virtues unjustly detained, so let the worlds Eye behold them truly, by manifest testimony from whence he can deliver those spirits subjected to his power, and guide them (afterward) to the highest degrees of Honor. And although *Chynon* by affecting *Iphigenia*, failed in some particular things; yet notwithstanding, his Father *Aristippus* duely considering, that Love had made him a Man, whereas (before) he was no better than a Beast: not only endured all patiently, but also advised him therein to take such courses as best liked himself. Nevertheless *Chynon* (who refused to be called *Galefus*, which was his Natural name indeed) remembering that *Iphigenia* termed him *Chynon*, and coveting (under this Title) to compass the issue of his honest Amorous desire: made many motions to *Cipheus* the Father of *Iphigenia*, that he would be pleased to let him enjoy her in Marriage. But *Cyphus* told him that he had already passed his promise for her, to a Gentleman of *Rhodes*, named *Pasimondo*, which promise he Religiously intended to perform.

The time being come, which was concluded on for *Iphigenias* marriage, in regard that the Affianced Husband had sent for her: *Chynon* thus communed with his own thoughts. Now is the time (quoth he) to let my divine Mistress see how true and honourably I do affect her, because (by her) I am become a Man. But if I could be possessed of her, I should grow more Glorious, than the common condition of a mortal man, and have her I will or lose my life in the Adventure. Being thus resolved, he prevailed with divers young Gentlemen his Friends, making them of his Faction, and secretly prepared a Ship, furnished with all things for a Naval Fight, setting suddenly forth to Sea, and Hurling abroad in those parts by which the Vessel should pass, that must convey *Iphigenia* to *Rhodes* to her Husband. After many Honors done to them, who were to Transport her thence unto *Rhodes*, being Embarked, they set Sail upon their *Bon Viagio*.

*Chynon*, who slept not in a business so earnestly importing him, set on them (the day following) with his Ship, and standing aloft on the Deck, cryed out to them that had the charge of *Iphigenia*, saying, Strike your Sails, or else determine to be sunk in the Sea. The Enemies to *Chynon*, being nothing daunted with his words, prepared to stand upon their own Defence; which made *Chynon* after the former speeches delivered, and no answer returned, to command the Grapling Irons, to be cast forth, which took so fast hold on the *Rhodians* Ship, that (whether they would or no) both the Vessels joyned close together. And he shewing himself fierce like a Lion, not tarrying to be seconded by any, stepped aboard the *Rhodians* Ship, as if he made no respect at all of them, and having his Sword ready drawn in his hand (incited by the vertue of unfeigned Love) laid about him on all sides very manfully. Which when the men of *Rhodes* perceived, casting down their Weapons, and all of them (as it were) with one Voice yielded themselves his Prisoners: whereupon he said. Honest friends, neither desire of booty, nor hatred to you, did occasion my departure from *Cyprus*, thus to assail you with drawn Weapons, but that which hereto hath moved me, is a matter highly importing to me, and very easie for you to grant and so enjoy your present Peace. I desire to have fair *Iphigenia* from you, whom I love above all other Ladies living, because I could not obtain her of her Father, to make her my lawful Wife in Marriage. Love is the ground of my instant Conquest, and I must use you as my mortal Enemies, if you stand upon any further terms with me, and do not deliver her as mine own: for your *Pasimondo*, must not enjoy what is my right, first by vertue of my Love, and now by Conquest: Deliver her therefore, and depart hence at your pleasure.

The men of *Rhodes*, being rather constrained thereto, than of any free disposition in themselves; with tears in their Eyes, delivered *Iphigenia* to *Chynon*; who beholding her in like manner to weep, thus spake unto her. Noble Lady, do not any way discomfort your self, for I am your *Chynon*, who have more Right and true Title to you, and much better do deserve to enjoy you, by my long continued affection to you, than *Pasimondo* can any way plead; because you belong to him but only by promise. So, bringing her aboard his own Ship, where the Gentlemen his Companions gave her kind welcome; without touching any thing



thing else belonging to the *Rhodians*, he gave them free liberty to depart.

*Chynon* being more joyful by the obtaining of his hearts desire, than any other Conquest else in the world could make him, after he had spent some time in comforting *Iphigenia*, who as yet sat sadly sighing; he consulted with his Companions, who joyned with him in Opinion, that their safest course was, by no means to return to *Cyprus*; and therefore all (with one accord) resolved to set Sail for *Candy*, where every one made account, but especially *Chynon*, in regard of Ancient and new Combined Kindred, as also very intimate Friends, to find very worthy entertainment, and so to continue there safely with *Iphigenia*. But Fortune, who was so favourable to *Chynon*, in granting him so pleasing a Conquest, to shew her inconstancy, so suddenly changed the inestimable joy of our jocond Lover, into as heavy sorrow and disaster. For, four hours were not fully compleated, since his departure from the *Rhodians*, but dark night came upon them, and he sitting conversing with his fair Mistress, in the sweetest solace of his soul; the winds began to blow roughly, the Seas swelled angrily, and a tempest rose impetuously, that no man could see what his duty was to do, in such a great unexpected distress, nor how to warrant themselves from perishing.

If this accident were displeasing to poor *Chynon*, I think the question were in vain demanded: for now it seemeth to him, that the gods had granted his chief desire to the end he should die with the greater anguish, in losing both his Love and Life together. His Friends likewise felt the self-same afflictions, but especially *Iphigenia*, who wept and grieved beyond all measure, to see the Ship beaten with such stormy Billows, as threatned her sinking every minute. Impatiently she cursed the love of *Chynon*, greatly blamed his desperate boldness, and maintaining that so violent a Tempest could never happen, but only by the gods displeasure, who would not permit him to have a Wife against their will; and therefore thus punished his proud presumption, not only in his unavoidable death; but also that her life must perish for Company.

She continuing in these woful lamentations, and the Mariners labouring all in vain, because the violence of the Tempest increased more and more, so that every moment they expected racking; they were carryed (contrary to their own knowledge) very near to the Isle of *Rhodes*, which they being no way able to avoid, and utterly ignorant of the Coast; for safety of their lives, they laboured to Land there if possibly they might. Wherein Fortune was somewhat furtherous to them, driving them into a small Gulf of the Sea, whereinto (but a little while before) the *Rhodians*, from whom *Chynon* had taken *Iphigenia*, were newly entred with their Ship. Nor had they any knowledge each of other, till the break of day (which made the Heavens to look more clearly) gave them discovery of being within a flights shoot together. *Chynon* looking forth, and espying the same Ship which he had left the day before, he grew exceeding sorrowful, as fearing that which after followed, and therefore he willed the Mariners, to get away from her by all their best endeavour, and let Fortune afterward dispose of them as she pleased; for into a worse place they could not come, nor fall into the like danger.

The Mariners employed their utmost pains, and all proved but loss of time: for the Wind was so stern, and the Waves so turbulent, that still they drove them the contrary way: so that striving to get forth of the Gulf, whether they would or no, they were driven on Land, and instantly known to the *Rhodians*, whereof they were not a little joyful. The men of *Rhodes* being Landed, ran presently to the near Neighbouring Villages, where dwelt divers worthy Gentlemen, to whom they reported the arrival of *Chynon*, what Fortune beset them at Sea, and that *Iphigenia* might now be recovered again, with chastisement to *Chynon* for his bold insolence. They being very joyful of this good News, took so many men as they could of the same Village, and ran immediately to the Sea side, where *Chynon* being newly Landed and his people, intending flight into a near adjoining Forest, for defence of himself and *Iphigenia*, they were all taken, led thence into the Village, and afterward unto the chief City of *Rhodes*.

No sooner were they arrived, but *Pasimondo*, the intended Husband for *Iphigenia* (who had already heard the tidings) went and complained to the Senate, who appointed a Gentleman of *Rhodes*, named *Lysimachus*, and being that year Sovereign Magistrate over the *Rhodians* to go well provided for the apprehension of *Chynon* and



and his Company, committing them to Prison, which accordingly was done. In this manner, the poor unfortunate lover *Chynon*, lost his fair *Iphigenia*, having won her in so short a time before, and scarcely requited with so much as a Kiss. But as for *Iphigenia* she was Royally welcomed by many Lords and Ladys of *Rhodes*, who so kindly comforted her, that she soon forgot all her grief and trouble on the Sea, remaining in Company of those Ladys and Gentlewomen, until the day determined for her Marriage.

At the earnest entreaty of divers *Rhodian* Gentlemen, who were in the Ship with *Iphigenia*, and had their lives courteously saved by *Chynon*: both he and his friends had their lives likewise spared, although *Pasimondo* laboured importunately, to have them all put to death; only they were condemned to perpetual Imprisonment, which (you must think) was most grievous to them, as being now hopeless of any deliverance. But in the mean time, while *Pasimondo* was ordering his Nuptial preparation, Fortune seeming to repent the wrongs she had done to *Chynon*, prepared a new accident, whereby to comfort him in this deep distress, and in such manner as I will relate unto you.

*Pasimondo* had a Brother, younger than he in years, but not a jot inferior to him in virtue, whose name was *Hormisda*, and long time the case had been in question, for his taking to Wife a fair young Gentlewoman of *Rhodes*, called *Cassandra*; whom *Lyfimachus* the Governor loved very dearly, and hindred her Marriage with *Hormisda*, by divers strange accidents. Now *Pasimondo* perceiving, that his own Nuptials required much cost and solemnity, he thought it very convenient, that one day might serve for both their Weddings, which else would lanch into more lavish Expences, and therefore concluded, that his Brother *Hormisda* should Marry *Cassandra*, at the same time as he Wedded *Iphigenia*. Hereupon he consulted with the Gentlewomens Parents, who liking the motion as well as he, the determination was set down, and one day to effect the Duties of both.

When this came to the hearing of *Lyfimachus*, it was greatly displeasing to him, because now he saw himself utterly deprived of all hope to attain the issue of his desire, if *Hormisda* received *Cassandra* in Marriage. Yet being a very wise and worthy man, he dissembled his distaste, and began to consider on some apt means, whereby to disappoint the Marriage once more, which he thought impossible to be done, except it were by rape or stealth. And that did not appear to him any difficult matter, in regard of his Office and Authority: only it would seem dishonest in him, by giving such an unfitting example. Nevertheless, after long deliberation, Honor gave way to Love, and resolutely he concluded to steal her away, whatsoever became of it.

Nothing wanted now, but a convenient Company to assist him, and the order how to have it done. Then he remembered *Chynon* and his Friends, whom he detained as his Prisoners, and persuaded himself, that he could not have a more faithful friend in such a business than *Chynon* was. Hereupon, the night following, he sent for him into his Chamber, and being alone by themselves, thus he began. *Chynon* (quoth he) as the gods are very bountiful in bestowing their blessings on men, so do they therein most wisely make proof of their virtues, and such as they find firm and constant, in all occurrences which may happen, them they make worthy (vs valiant spirits) of the very best and highest merits. Now, they being willing to have more certain experience of thy virtues, than those which heretofore thou hast shown, within the bounds and limits of your Fathers Possessions, which I know to be superabounding: perhaps do intend to present thee other occasions, of more important weight and consequence.

For first of all (as I have heard) by the piercing solitudes of Love, of a senseless creature, they made thee to become a man endued with Reason. Afterward, by adverse Fortune, and now again by wearisome Imprisonment, it seemeth that they are desirous to make trial, whether thy manly courage be changed, or no, from that which heretofore it was, when thou enjoyedst a matchless beauty, and lost her again in so short a while. Wherefore if thy virtue be such as it hath been, the gods can never give thee any blessing more worthy any acceptance, than the whom they are now minded to bestow on thee: in which respect, to the end that thou mayst reassume thy wonted Heroick spirit, and become more courageous than ever heretofore, I will acquaint thee more at large.



Understand then Noble *Chynon*, that *Pasimondo*, the only glad man of thy misfortune, and diligent sutor after thy death, maketh all halt he can possibly devise to do, to celebrate his Marriage with thy fair Mistress: because he would plead Possession of the Prey, which Fortune (when she smiled) did first bestow, and (afterward frowning) took from thee again. Now, that it must needs be very irksom to thee (at least if thy love be such, as I am persuaded it is) I partly can collect from my self, being intended to be wronged by his Brother *Hormisda*, even in the self same manner, and on his Marriage day, by taking fair *Cassandra* from me, the only Jewel of my Love and Life. For the prevention of two such notorious injuries, I see that Fortune hath left us no other means, but only the virtue of our Courages, and the help of our right Hands, by preparing our selves for Arms, opening a way to thee, by a second Rape or Stealth; and to me the first; for absolute possession of our Divine Mistresses. Wherefore if thou art desirous to recover thy loss, I will not only pronounce Liberty to thee (which I think thou dost little care for without her) but dare also assure thee to enjoy *Iphigenia*, so thou wilt assist me in mine enterprize, and follow me in my Fortune, if the gods do let them fall into our power.

You may well imagine, that *Chynon's* dismayed soul was not a little cheared at these speeches; and therefore without craving any longer respite of time for answer, thus he replied: Lord *Lyfimachus*, in such a business as this is, you cannot have a faster Friend than my self, at least, if such good hap may betide me, as you have more than half promised: and therefore do no more but command what you would have to be effected by me, and make no doubt of my Courage in the execution: Whereupon *Lyfimachus* made this answer, Know then *Chynon* (quoth he) that three days hence these Marriages are to be celebrated in the Houses of *Pasimondo* and *Hormisda*: upon which day, thou, thy Friends, and my self (with some others, in whom I repose especial trust) by the friendly favour of Night, will enter into their Houses, while they are in the midst of their Jovial Feasting; and (seizing on the two Brides) bear them thence to a Ship, which I will have lie in secret, waiting for our coming, and Kill all such as shall presume to impeach us. This direction gave great contentment to *Chynon*, who remained still in Prison without revealing a word to his own Friends, until the limited time was come.

Upon the Wedding day, performed with great and magnificent Triumph, there was not a corner in the brethrens Houses, but it Sung Joy in the highest Key. *Lyfimachus*, after he had ordered all things as they ought to be, and the hour for dispatch approached near; he made a division in three parts, of *Chynon*, of his Followers, and his own Friends, being all well Armed under their outward Habits. Having first used some encouraging speeches, for more resolute prosecution of the Enterprize, he sent one Troop secretly to the Port, that they might not be hindered of going aboard the Ship, when the urgent occasion should require it. Passing with the other two trains to *Pasimondo*, he left the one at the Door, that such as were in the House, might not shut them up fast, and so impeach their passage forth. Then with *Chynon*, and the third Band of Confederates, he ascended the Stairs up into the Hall, where he found the Brides with store of Ladys and Gentlewomen, all sitting in comely Order at Supper. Rushing in roughly among the Attendants, down they threw the Tables, and each of them laying hold of his Mistress, delivered them into the hands of their followers, commanding that they should be carried aboard the Ship, for avoiding of further inconveniences.

This hurry and amazement being in the House, the Brides weeping, the Ladys lamenting, and all the servants confusedly wondering; *Chynon* and *Lyfimachus* (with their Friends) having their Weapons drawn in their hands, made all Opposers to give them way, and so gained the Stairs for their own descending. There stood *Pasimondo*, with a huge long Staff in his hand, to hinder their passage down the Stairs, but *Chynon* saluted him so soundly on the Head, that it being cleft in twain, he fell dead before his feet. His Brother *Hormisda* came to his rescue, and sped likewise in the self same manner as he had done; so did divers others beside, whom the Companions to *Lyfimachus* and *Chynon*, either slew outright, or wounded.

So they left the House, filled with blood, tears, and out-cries, going on together without any hindrance, and so brought both the Brides aboard the Ship, which they



they rowed away instantly with their Oars. For, now the shore was full of Armed people, who came in rescue of the stoln Ladies, but all in vain, because they were Lanced into the Main, and Sailed on merrily towards *Candy*. Where being arrived they were worthily Entertained by Honorable Friends and Kinsmen, who pacified all unkindness between them and their Mistresses: And, having accepted them in Lawful Marriage, there they lived in no mean Joy and Contentment: albeit there was a long and troublesome difference (about these Rapes) between *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*.

But yet in the end, by the means of Noble Friends and Kindred on either side, laboring to have such discontentment appeased, endangering War between the Kingdoms; after a limited time of banishment, *Chynon* returned joyfully with *Iphigenia* home to *Cyprus*, and *Lysimachus* with his beloved *Cassandra* unto *Rhodes*, each living in their several Countries, with much felicity.

*Fair Constance of Liparis, fell in love with Martuccio Gomitto: and hearing that he was dead, desperately she entered into a Bark, which being transported by the Wind to Sula in Barbary, from thence she went to Tunis where she made her self known to him, and he being in great Authority, as a Privy Counsellor to the King; he Married the said Constance, and returned richly home with her, to the Island of Liparis.*

### The Second NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, the firm Loyalty of a true Lover: And how Fortune doth sometime humble men, to raise them afterward to a far higher degree.*

**W**Hen the Queen perceived, that the Novel recited by *Pamphilus* was concluded, which she graced with especial commendations: she commanded *Madam Emilia*, to take her turn as next in order; whereupon she thus began. Methinks it is a matter of equity, that every one should take delight in those things, whereby the recompence may be noted, answerable to their own Affection. And because I rather desire to walk along by the paths of pleasure, than dwell in any ceremonious or scrupulous Affection, I shall the more gladly obey our Queen to day, than yesterday I did our melancholy King.

Understand then (Noble Ladies) that near to *Sicily*, there is a small Island, commonly called *Liparis*, wherein (not long since) lived a young Damosel, named *Constance*, born of very sufficient Parentage in the same Island. There dwelt also a young man called *Martuccio Gomitto*, of comely feature, well conditioned, and not unexpert in many vertuous qualities; affecting *Constance* in hearty manner: and she so answerable to him in the same kind, that to be in his Company, was her only felicity. *Martuccio* coveting to enjoy her in Marriage, made his intent known to her Father: who upbraiding him with poverty, told him plainly that he should not have her. *Martuccio* grieving to see himself thus despised, because he was poor: made such good means, that he was provided of a small Bark; and calling such Friends (as he thought fit) to his Association, made a solemn Vow, that he would never return back to *Liparis*, until he was Rich, and in better condition.

In the Nature and Course of a Rover or Pirate, so he put thence to Sea, Coasting all about *Barbary*, Robbing and Spoiling such as he met with; who were of no greater strength than himself: wherein Fortune was so favorable to him, that he became wealthy in a very short while. But as Felicities are not always permanent, so he and his Followers not contenting themselves with sufficient Riches: by greedy seeking to get more, happened to be taken by certain Ships of the *Saracens*, and so were Robbed themselves of all that they had gotten, yet they resisted them stoutly a long while together, though it proved to the loss of many lives among them. When the *Saracens* had sunk his Ship in the Sea, they took him with them to *Tunis*, where he was imprisoned and lived in extream misery.



News came to *Liparis*, not only by one, but many more beside, that all those that departed thence in the small Bark with *Martuccio*, were drowned in the Sea, and not a man escaped. When *Constance* heard these unwelcome tidings, (who was exceeding full of grief for his so desperate departure) she wept and lamented extraordinarily, desiring now rather to die, than live any longer. Yet she had not the heart to lay any violent hands on herself, but rather to end her days by some new kind of necessity. And departing privately from her Fathers House, she went to the Port or Haven, where (by chance) she found a small Fisher-Boat, lying distant from the other Vessels, the Owners whereof being all gone on shore, and it well furnished with Masts, Sails and Oars, she entred into it; and putting forth the Oars, being somewhat skillful in Sailing (as generally all the women of that Island are) she so well guided the Sails, Rudder, and Oars, that she was quickly far off from the Land, and solely remained at the mercy of the Winds. For thus she had resolved with herself, that the Boat being uncharged, and without a guide, would either be over-whelmed by the Winds, or split in pieces against some Rock; by which means she could not escape although she would, but (as it was her desire) must needs be drowned.

In this determination, wrapping a Mantle about her head, and lying down weeping in the Boats bottom, she hourly expected her final expiration: but it fell out otherwise, and contrary to her desperate intention, because the Wind turning to the North, and blowing very gently, without disturbing the Seas a jot, they conducted the small Boat in such sort, that after the night of her entring into it, and the morrows Sailing, on until the Evening, it came within an hundred Leagues of *Thunis*, and to a Strand near a Town call *Susa*. The young Damosel knew not whether she were on the Sea or Land; as one, who not by any accident happening, lifted up her Head to look about her; neither intended ever to do. Now it came to pass, that as the Boat was driven to the shore, a poor woman stood at the Sea side, washing certain Fishermens Nets; and seeing the Boat coming towards her under Sail, without any person appearing in it, she wondered thereat not a little. It being close at the shore, and she thinking the Fishermen to be asleep therein; slept boldly, and looked into the Boat, where she saw not any body, but only the poor distressed Damosel, whose sorrows having brought her now into a sound sleep, the woman gave many calls before she could awake her, which at the length she did, and looked very strangely about her.

The poor woman perceiving by her Habit that she was a Christian, demanded of her (in speaking Latine) how it was possible for her, being all alone in the Boat to arrive there in this manner? When *Constance* heard her speak the Latine Tongue, she began to doubt lest some contrary Wind had turned her back to *Liparis* again, and starting up suddenly, to look with better advise about her, she saw her self at Land: and not knowing the Country, demanded of the poor woman where she was? Daughter (quoth she) you are here hard by *Susa* in *Barbary*. Which *Constance* hearing and plainly perceiving, that death had denied to end her miseries; fearing lest she should receive some dishonor, in such a barbarous unkind Country, and not knowing what should now become of her, she sat down by the Boat side, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly.

The good woman did greatly compassionate her case, and prevailed so well by gentle speeches, that she conducted her into her own poor Habitation, where at length she understood by what means she happened thither so strangely. And perceiving her to be Fasting, she set such homely Bread as she had before her, a few small Fishes, and a Cruse of Water, praying her for to accept of that poor entertainment; which meer necessity compelled her to do, and shewed her self very thankful for it.

*Constance* hearing that she spake the Latine Language so well; desired to know what she was. Whereto the old woman thus answered, Gentlewoman (quoth she) I am of *Trepanum*, named *Carapresa*, and am a servant in this Country to certain Christian Fishermen. The young Maiden (albeit she was very full of sorrow) hearing her name to be *Carapresa*, conceived it as a good Augury to her self, and that she had heard the name before, although she knew not what occasion should move her thus to do. Now began her hopes to quicken again, and yet she could not rely upon what ground; nor was she so desirous of death as before, but made more precious estimation of her Life, and without any further declaration of her Tell or Country, she entreated the good woman (even for Charities sake) to take



piry on her youth, and help her with such good advice, to prevent all injuries which might happen to her, in such a solitary woful condition.

*Carapresa* having heard her request, like a good woman as she was, left *Constance* in her poor Cottage, and went hastily to leave her Nets in safety: which being done, she returned back again, and covering *Constance* with her Mantle, led her on to *Susa* with her, where being arrived, the good woman began in this manner, *Constance*, I will bring thee to the House of a worthy *Saracen* Lady, to whom I have done many honest services, according as she pleased to command me. She is an ancient woman, full of Charity, and to her I will commend thee as best I may; for I am well assured, that she will gladly entertain thee, and use thee as if thou wert her own Daughter. Now, let it be thy part, during thy time of remaining with her, to employ thy utmost diligence in pleasing her; by deserving and gaining her grace; till Heaven shall bless thee with better Fortune, and as she promised so she performed.

The *Saracen* Lady, being well steeped into years, upon the commendable speeches delivered by *Carapresa*, did the more seriously fasten her Eye on *Constance*, and compassion provoking her to Tears, she took her by the Hand, and (in loving manner) Kissed her Forehead. So she led her further into her House, where dwelt divers other women (but not one man) all exercising themselves in several Labors, as working all sorts of Silk, with Imbroideries of Gold and Silver, and sundry other excellent Arts beside, which in short time were very familiar to *Constance*, and so pleasing grew her behaviour to the old Lady, and all the rest beside; that they loved and delighted in her wonderfully, and by little and little she attained to the speaking of their Language, although it were very harsh and difficult.

*Constance* continuing thus in the old Ladies service at *Susa*, and thought to be dead or lost in her own Fathers House; it fortun'd, that one Reigning then as King of *Tbunis*, who named himself *Mariabada*: there was a young Lord of great birth, and very powerful; who lived as then in *Granada*, and pleaded that the Kingdom of *Tbunis* belonged to him. In which respect he mustered together a mighty Army, and came to assault the King, as hoping to expel him. These News coming to the Ear of *Martuccio Gomito*, who spake the *Barbarian* Language perfectly; and hearing it reported, that the King of *Tbunis* made no mean preparation for his own defence: he conferred with one of his Keepers, who had the custody of him, and the rest taken with him, saying, If (quoth he) I could have means to speak with the King, and he were pleased to allow of my Counsel, I can instruct him in such a course as shall assure him to win the honor of the Field. The Guard reported these speeches to his Master, who presently acquainted the King therewith, and *Martuccio* being sent for, he was commanded to speak his mind: Whereupon he began in this manner.

My gracious Lord, during the time that I have frequented your Country, I have heedfully observed that the Military Discipline used in your Flights and Battels, dependeth more upon Archers, than other men employed in your War. And therefore, if it could be so ordered, that this kind of Artillery may fall in your Enemies Camp, and yours be sufficiently furnished therewith, you need make no doubt of winning the Battel, whereto the King thus replied, Doubtless, if such an act were possible to be done, it would give great hope of successful prevailing. Sir, said *Martuccio*, if you please it may be done, and I can quickly resolve you how. Let the strings of your Archers Bows be made more soft and gentle, than those which heretofore they have formerly used; and next, let the Noches of the Arrows be so provided, as not to receive any other, than those pliant gentle Strings. But this must be done so secretly, that your Enemies may have no knowledge thereof, lest they should provide themselves in the same manner. Now the reason (Gracious Lord) why thus I Counsel you, is to this end. When the Archers on the Enemies side have shot their Arrows at your men, and yours in like manner at them: it followeth, that (upon meer constraint) they must gather up your Arrows, to shoot them back again at you, for so long while as the Battel endureth; as no doubt but your men will do the like to them. But your Enemies will find themselves much deceived, because they can make no use of your Peoples Arrows, in regard that the Noches are too narrow to receive their boisterous Strings: which will fall out contrary with your Followers; for the pliant String belonging to your Bows, are as apt for their Enemies great Noched Arrows, as their own  
and



and so they shall have free use of both, reserving them in plentiful store, when your Adversaries must stand unfurnished of any, but them that they cannot any way use.

This Counsel pleased the King very highly, and he being a Prince of great understanding, gave order to have it accordingly followed, and thereby valiantly vanquished his Enemies. Hereupon, *Martuccio* came to be great in his grace, as also consequently Rich, and seated in no mean place of Authority. Now as worthy and commendable actions are soon spread abroad, in honor of the man by whom they hapned: even so the fame of this rare got Victory, was quickly noised throughout the Country, and came to the hearing of poor *Constance*, that *Martuccio Gomito* (whom she supposed so long since to be dead) was living, and in honorable condition. The love which formerly she bare unto him, being not altogether extinct in her Heart, of a small Spark, break forth into a sudden Flame, and so increased day by day, that her hope (being before almost quite dead) revived again in chearful manner.

Having imparted all her Fortune to the good old Lady with whom she dwelt; she told her beside, that she had earnest desire to see *Thunis*, to satisfy her Eyes as well as her Ears, concerning the rumor blazed abroad. The good old Lady commended her desire, and (even as she had been her Mother) took her with her aboard a Bark, and so sailed thence to *Thunis*, where both she and *Constance* found honorable welcome, in the House of a Kinsman to the *Saracen* Lady. *Carapresa* also went with them thither, and her they sent abroad into the City, to understand the News of *Martuccio Gomito*. After they knew for a certainty that he was living, and in great Authority about the King, according as the former report went of him; Then the good old Lady, being desirous to let *Martuccio* know, that his fair Friend *Constance* was come thither to see him, went her self to the place of his abiding, and spake unto him in this manner. Noble *Martuccio*, there is a servant of thine in my House, which came from *Liparis*, and requireth to have a little conference with thee: but because I durst not trust any other with the Message, my self (at her intreaty) am come to acquaint thee therewith. *Martuccio* gave her kind and hearty thanks, and then went along with her to the House.

No sooner did *Constance* behold him, but she was ready to die with conceit of joy, and being unable to contain her Passion, suddenly she threw her Arms about his Neck, and in meer compassion of her many misfortunes, as also the instant solace of her soul (not being able to utter one word) the Tears trickled abundantly down her Cheeks, *Martuccio* also seeing his fair Friend, was overcome with exceeding admiration, and stood a while, as not knowing what to say; till venting forth a vehement sigh, thus he spake. My dearest Love *Constance*! Art thou yet living? It is a tedious long while since I heard thou wast lost, and never any tidings of thee in thy Fathers House. With which words the Tears standing in his Eyes most lovingly he embraced her; *Constance* recounted to him all her Fortunes, and what kindness she had received from the *Saracen* Lady, since her first coming to her. And after much other Discourse passing between them, *Martuccio* departed from her, and returning to the King his Master, told him all the History of his Fortunes, and those beside of his dear Love *Constance*, being purposely minded (with his gracious liking) to Marry her according to the Christian Law.

The King was much amazed at so many strange accidents, and sending for *Constance* to come before him; from her own Mouth he heard the whole Relation of her continued Affection to *Martuccio*, whereupon he said, now trust me fair Damosel, thou hast dearly deserved him to be thy Husband. Then sending for very costly Jewels, and rich Presents, the one half of them he gave to her, and the other to *Martuccio*, granting them license withal, to Marry according to their own minds.

*Martuccio* did many Honors, and gave great Gifts to the aged *Saracen* Lady, with whom *Constance* had lived so kindly respected: which although she had no need of, neither ever respected any such rewarding; yet conquered by their urgent importunity, (especially *Constance*, who could not be thankful enough to her) she was enforced to receive them, and taking her leave of them weeping, sailed back again to *Susa*.

Within a short while after, the King licensing their departure thence, they entered into a small Bark, and *Carapresa* with them, sailing on with prosperous



Gales of Wind, until they arrived at *Liparis*, where they were entertained with general-rejoicing. And because their Marriage was not sufficiently performed at *Tunis*, in regard of divers Christian Ceremonies there wanting, their Nuptials were again most honorably Solemnized, and they lived (many years after) in Health and much Happiness.

*Pedro Bocamazzo*, escaping away with a young Damafel which he loved, named *Angelina*, met with Thieves in his Journey. The Damafel flying fearfully into a Forrest, by chance arrived at a Castle. *Pedro* being taken by the Thieves, happening afterward to escape from them, cometh (accidentally) to the same Castle where *Angelina* was. And marrying her, they then returned home to Rome.

### The Third N O V E L.

Wherein the several Powers both of Love and Fortune, is more at large approved.

There was not any one in the whole Company, but much commended the Novel of *Madam Emilia*, and when the Queen perceived it was ended, she turned towards *Madam Eliza*, commanding her to continue on their delightful exercise: whereto she declaring her willing obedience, began to speak thus: Courteous Ladies, I remember one unfortunate night which happened to two Lovers, that were not endued with the greatest discretion. But because they had very many and happy days afterwards, I am the more willing for to let you hear it.

In the City of *Rome*, which (in times past) was called the Lady and Mistress of the world, though now scarcely so good as the waiting Maid: there dwelt sometime a young Gentleman, named *Pedro Bocamazzo*, descended from one of the most honorable Families in *Rome*, who was much enamored of a beautiful Gentlewoman, called *Angelina*, Daughter to one named *Gigleazzo Saullo*, whose Fortunes were none of the fairest, yet he greatly esteemed amongst the Romans. The intercourse of Love between these twain, had so equally instructed their hearts and souls, that it could hardly be judged which of them was the more fervent in Affection. But he, not being insured to such oppressing Passions, and therefore the less able to support them, except he was sure to compass his desire, plainly made the motion, that he might enjoy her in Honorable Marriage. Which his Parents and Friends hearing, went to confer with him, blaming him with over much baseness, so far to disgrace himself and his stock. Beside, they advised the Father to the Maid, neither to credit what *Pedro* said in this case, or to live in hope of any such Match, because they all did despise it.

*Pedro* perceiving, that the way was shut up, whereby (and none other) he was to mount the Ladder of his hopes: began to wax weary of longer living: and if he could have won her Fathers consent, he would have Married her in the despite of all his Friends. Nevertheless, he had a conceit hammering in his head, which if the Maid would be as forward as himself, should bring the matter to full effect, Letters and secret intelligences passing still between, at length he understood her ready resolution, to adventure with him through all Fortunes whatsoever, concluding on their sudden and secret flight from *Rome*. For which *Pedro* did so well provide, that very early in a Morning, and well mounted on Horse-back, they took the way leading to *Alagna*, where *Pedro* had some honest Friends, in whom he reposed special trust. Riding on thus through the Country, having no leisure to accomplish their Marriage, because they stood in fear of pursuit: they were ridden above four Leagues from *Rome*, still shortning the way with their Amorous discoursing.

It fortuned, that *Pedro* having no certain knowledge of the way, but following a Track guiding too far on the left hand; rode quite out of course, and came at last within sight of a small Castle, out of which (before they were aware) issued twelve Villains, whom *Angelina* sooner spied, than *Pedro* could do, which made her cry out to him, saying: Help dear Love to save us, or else we shall be assailed. *Pedro* then turning his Horse so expeditionly as he could, and giving him the Spurs as need required; mainly he Galloped into a near adjoining Forrest, more mind-

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ing the following of *Angelina*, than any direction of his Way, or then that endeavored to be his hinderance. So that by often winding and turning about, as the passage appeared troublesome to him, when he thought himself free and furthest from them, he was round engirt, and seized on by them. When they had made him to dismount from his Horse, questioning him of whence, and what he was, and he resolving them therein, they fell into a secret consultation, saying thus among themselves. This man is a Friend to our deadly Enemy, how can we then otherwise dispose of him, but drain him of all he hath, and in despite of the *Orsini* (men in Nature hateful to us) Hang him up here on one of these Trees?

All of them agreeing in this dismal resolution, they commanded *Pedro* to put off his Garments, which he yielding to do (albeit unwillingly) it so fell out, that five and twenty other Thieves, came suddenly rushing in upon them, crying, Kill, Kill, and spare not a man.

They which before had surprized *Pedro*, desiring now to shift for their own safety; left him standing quaking in his Shirt, and so ran away mainly to defend themselves. Which the new crew perceiving, and that their number far exceeded the other; they followed to rob them of what they had gotten, accounting it as a present purchase for them. Which when *Pedro* perceived, and saw none tarrying to prey upon him; he put on his Cloaths again, and mounting on his own Horse, Galloped that way, which *Angelina* before had taken: yet could he not descry any Track or Path, or so much as the footing of a Horse; but thought himself in sufficient security, being rid of them that first seized on him, and also of the rest, which followed in the pursuit of them.

For the loss of his beloved *Angelina*, he was the most woful man in the world, wandering first one way, and then again another, calling for her all about the Forrest without any answer returning to him. And not daring to ride back again, on he travelled still, not knowing where to make his arrival. And having formerly heard of Savage Ravenous Beasts, which commonly lived in such unfrequented Forrests: he not only was in fear of losing his own life, but also despaired much for his *Angelina*, lest some Lion or Wolf, had torn her body in pieces.

Thus rode on poor unfortunate *Pedro*, until the break of day appeared, not finding any means to get forth of the Forrest, still crying and calling for his fair friend, riding many times backward, when as he thought he rode forward, until he became so weak and faint, what with extream fear, loud calling, and continuing so long a while without any sustenance, that the whole day being thus spent in vain, and dark night suddenly come upon him, he was not able to hold out any longer.

Now was he in far worse case than before, not knowing where, or how to dispose of himself, or what might best be done in so great a necessity. From his Horse he alighted, and tying him by the Bridle unto a great Tree, up he climbed into the same Tree, fearing to be devoured (in the night time) by some wild Beast, choosing rather to let his Horse perish than himself. Within a while after, the Moon began to Rise, and the Skies appeared bright and clear: yet durst he not Nod, or take a Nap, lest he should fall out of the Tree; but sat still grieving, sighing, and mourning, despairing of ever seeing his *Angelina* any more, for he could not be comforted by the smallest hopeful persuasion, that any good Fortune might befall her in such a desolate Forrest, where nothing but dismal fears was to be expected, and no likelihood that she should escape with life.

Now, concerning poor affrighted *Angelina*, who (as you heard before) knew not any place of refuge to fly unto, but even as it pleased the Horse to carry her: she entered so far into the Forrest, that she could not devise where to seek her own safety. And therefore even as it fared with her Friend *Pedro*, in the same manner did it fall out with her, wandering the whole night, and all the day following, one while taking one hopeful Track, and then another, calling, weeping, and wringing her Hands, and grievously complaining of her hard fortune. At the length, perceiving that *Pedro* came not unto her at all, she found a little Path (which she lighted on by great good fortune) even when dark night was apace drawing on, and followed it so long, till it brought her within the sight of a small poor Cottage, whereto she rode on so fast as she could, and found therein a very old man,



man, having a Wife rather more aged than he; who seeing her to be without company, the old man speak thus unto her.

Fair Daughter (quoth he) whither wander you at such an unreasonable hour, and all alone in a place so desolate? the Damosel weeping, replied; that she had lost her Company in the Forrest; and inquired how near she was to *Alagna*. Daughter (answered the old man) this is not the way to *Alagna*, for it is above six Leagues hence. Then she desired to know, how far off she was from such Houses, where she might have any Reasonable Lodging? There is none so near, said the old man, that day-light will give you leave to reach. May it please your good Father (replied *Angelina*) seeing I cannot Travel any whither else; for Gods sake, to let me remain here with you this night. Daughter, answered the good old man, we can gladly give you Entertainment here, for this night; in such poor manner as you see; but let me tell you withal, that up and down these Woods (as well by night as day) walk Companies of all conditions, and rather Enemies than Friends, who do many grievous displeasures and harms. Now if by misfortune, you being here, and any such people should come, and seeing you so lovely fair, as indeed you are, offer you any shame or injury: Alas you see, it lies not in our power to lend you any help or succor. I thought it good (therefore) to acquaint you herewith, because if any such mischance do happen, you should not afterward complain of us.

The young Maiden, seeing the time to be so far spent, albeit the old mans words did much dismay her, yet she thus replied, if it be the will of Heaven both you and I shall be defended from any misfortune: but if any such mischance do happen, I account the means less deserving grief, if I fall into the mercy of men, than to be devoured by Wild Beasts in this Forrest. So, being dismounted from her Horse, and entred into the homely House; she Supr poorly with the old man and his Wife, with such mean Cares as their Provision afforded, and after Supper lay down in her Garments on the poor Pallat, where the aged couple took their Rest, and was very well contented therewith, albeit she could not refrain from sighing and weeping, to be thus divided from her dear *Pedro*, of whose life and welfare she greatly despaired.

When it was almost day, she heard a great noise of people Travelling by, whereupon she suddenly arose, and ran into a Garden Plot, which was on the backside of the poor Cottage, espying in one of the corners a great Stack of Hay, wherein she hid herself, to the end, that Travelling Strangers might not readily find her there in the House. Scarcely was she fully there hidden, but a great Company of Thieves and Villains, finding the door open, rushed into the Cottage, where looking round about them for some booty, they saw the Damosels Horse stand ready Sadled, which made them demand to whom it belonged. The good old man, not seeing the Maiden, present there, answered thus, Gentlemen, here is no body here but my Wife and my self: as for this Horse, which seemeth to be escaped from the owner: he came hither yester-night, and we gave him House-room here, rather than to be devoured by Wolves abroad. Then said the Principal of the Thievish crew: This Horse shall be ours, in regard he hath no other Master, and let the Owner come claim him of us.

When they had searched every corner of the poor Cottage, and found no such prey as they looked for, some of them went into the backside, where they had left their Javelins and Targets, wherewith they used commonly to Travel. It fortuned that one of them, being more subtilly suspicious than the rest, thrust his Javelin into the Stack of Hay, in the very same place where the Damosel lay hidden, missing very little of killing her; for it entred so far, that the Iron head pierced quite through her Garments, and touched her left bare Breast: whereupon, she was ready to cry out, as fearing she was wounded: but considering the place where she was, she lay still and spake not a word. This disordered Company, after they had fed on some young Kids, and other flesh which they brought with them thither, they went thence about their Thieving exercise, taking the Damosels Horse along with them.

After they were gone a great distance off, the good old man began thus to question his Wife. What is become (quoth he) of our young Gentlewoman, which came so late to us yesternight? I have not seen her to day since our arising. The old woman made answer, that she knew not where she was, and sought all about to find her. *Angelinas* fear being well over-blown, and hearing none of the former



mer noise, which made her the better hope of their departure, came forth of the Hay Stack; whereof the good old man was not a little joyful, and because she had so well escaped from them: so seeing it was now broad day light, he said unto her. Now that the Morning is so fairly begun, if you can be so well contented, we will bring you to a Castle, which stands about two Miles and a half hence, where you may be sure to remain in safety. But you must needs Travel thither on foot, because the Night-walkers that hapned hither, hath taken away your Horse with them.

Angelina making little or no account of such a loss, entreated them for Charities sake, to conduct her to that Castle: which accordingly they did, and arrived there between Seven or Eight of the Clock. The Castle belonged to one of the *Orfini*, being called *Liello di Campo di Fiore*, and by great good fortune, his Wife was then there, she being a very Vertuous and Religious Lady. No sooner did she look upon Angelina but she knew her immediately, and entertained her very willingly, requesting, to know the reason of her arriving there: which she at large related, and moved the Lady (who likewise knew Pedro perfectly well) to much compassion, because he was a Kinsman and dear Friend to her Husband; and understanding how the Thieves had surprized him, she feared that he was slain among them, whereupon she speak thus to Angelina. Seeing you know not what is become of my Kinsman Pedro, you shall remain here with me, until such time as (if we hear no other tidings of him) you may with safety be sent back to Rome.

Pedro all this while sitting in the Tree, so full of grief, as no man could be more; about the hour of midnight (by the bright splendor of the Moon) espied about some twenty Wolves, who, so soon as they had got a sight of the Horse, ran and engirt him round about. The Horse when he perceived them so near him, drew his head so strongly backward, that breaking the Reins of his Bridle, he laboured to escape away from them. But being beset on every side, and utterly unable to help himself, he contended with his Teeth and Feet in his own defence, till they haled him violently to the ground, and tearing his body in pieces, left not a jot of him but the bare bones, and afterward ran ranging through the Forest. At this sight poor Pedro was mightily dismayed, fearing to speed no better than his Horse had done, and therefore could not devile what was best to be done, for he saw no likelihood of getting out of the Forest with life. But day-light drawing on apace, and he almost dead with cold, having stood quaking so long in the Tree; at length by continual looking every where about him, to discern the least glimpse of any comfort; he espied a great fire, which seemed to be about half a Mile off from him.

By this time it was broad day; when he descended down out of the Tree, (yet not without much fear) and took his way toward the fire, where being arrived he found a Company of Shepherds Banqueting about it, whom he courteously saluting, they took pity on his distrels, and welcomed him kindly. After he had tasted of such Cheer as they had, and was indifferently refreshed by the good fire; he discoursed his hard disasters to them, as also how he hapned thither, desiring to know, if any Village or Castle were near there about, where he might in better manner relieve himself. The Shepherds told him, that about a Mile and a half from thence, was the Castle of Signiour *Liello di Campo di Fiore*, and that his Lady was residing there; which was no mean comfort to poor Pedro, requesting that one of them would accompany him thither, as two of them did in loving manner, to rid him of all further fears.

When he was arrived at the Castle, and found there divers of his familiar acquaintance, he laboured to procure some means, that the Damsel might be sought for in the Forest. Then the Lady calling for her, and bringing her to him; he ran and caught her in his Arms, being ready to swoon with conceits of joy, for never could any man be more comforted than he was at the sight of his Angelina; and questionless her joy was not a jot inferior to his, such a sympathy of firm love was sealed between them. The Lady of the Castle, after she had given them very gracious Entertainment, and understood the scope of their bold adventure; she reproved them both somewhat sharply, for presuming so far without the consent of their Parents. But perceiving (notwithstanding all her remonstrances) that they continued still constant in their resolution, without any inequality of either side; she said to her self. Why should this matter be any way offensive to me? They love



love each other Loyally; they are not inferior to one another in Birth, but in Fortune, they are equally Loved and Allied to my Husband, and their desire is both Honest and Honorable. Moreover, what know I, if it be the will of Heaven to have it so? Thieves intended to Hang him, in malice to his Name and Kindred, from which hard fate he hath now happily escaped. Her life was endangered by a sharp pointed Javelin, and yet her fairer Stars would not suffer her so to perish; beside, they have both escaped the fury of Ravenous Wild Beasts; and all these are apparent signs, that future Comforts should recompence former past misfortunes, far be it therefore from me, to hinder the appointment of the Heavens.

Then turning her self to them, thus she proceeded, If your desire be to joyn in Honorable Marriage, I am well contented therewith, and your Nuptials shall here be Solemnized at my Husbonds Charges. Afterward both he and I will endeavour to make peace between you and your discontented Parents. *Pedro* was not a little joyful at her kind offer, and *Angelina* much more than he; so they were Married together in the Castle, and worthily Feasted by the Lady, as Forest Entertainment could permit, and there they enjoyed the first-fruits of their Love. Within a short while after, the Lady and they (well mounted on Horse-back, and attended with a Honorable Train) returned to *Rome*; where her Lord *Licio* and she prevailed so well with *Pedro's* angry Parents, that the Variance ended in Love and Peace, and afterward they lived lovingly together, till old Age made them as Honorable, as the true and mutual Affection formerly had done.

*Riccardo Manardy, was found by Messer Lizio Volbonna, as he sat fast asleep at his Daughters Chamber Window, having his hand fast in hers, and soe sleeping in the same manner. Whereupon they are joyued together in Marriage, and their long Loyal Love mutually recompensed.*

#### The Fourth NOVEL.

*Declaring the discreet Providence of Parents, in care of their Childrens Love and their own Credit, to cut off inconveniences before they do proceed too far.*

**M**Adam *Eliza* having ended her Tale; and heard what commendations the whole Company gave thereof: the Queen commanded *Philostatus* Ladies, I have been so often checkt for yesterdays Argument of discoursing, which was very offensive to you; that if I intended to make you any amends, I should now undertake to tell such a Tale, as might put you into a mirthful humor. Which I am determined to do, in relating a brief and pleasant Novel.

Not long since, there lived in *Romania*, a Knight, a very honest Gentleman, and well qualified, whose name was *Messer Lizio de Volbonna*, to whom it fortune, that (at his entrance into age) by his Lady and Wife, called *Jaquema*, he had a Daughter, the very choicest and goodliest Gentlewoman in all those places. Now because such a happy blessing (in their old years) was not a little comfortable to them; they thought themselves the more bound in duty, to be circumspect of her Education, by keeping her out of over-frequent Companies, but only such as agreed best with their gravity, and might give the least ill example to their Daughter, who was named *Casbarina*; as making no doubt, but by this their Provident and wary respect, to match her in Marriage answerable to their liking. There was also a young Gentleman, in the very flourishing estate of his youthful time, descended from the Family of the *Manardy de Bretinoro*, named *Messer Riccardo*, who oftentimes frequented the House of *Messer Lizio*, and was a continual welcome Guest to his Table, *Messer Lizio* and his Wife making the like account of him, even as if he had been their own Son.

The young Gallant, perceiving the Maiden to be very beautiful, of singular behavior, and of such years as was fit for Marriage, became exceeding enamoured of her, yet concealed his Affection so closely as he could, which was not so covertly



verdy carried, but that she perceived it, and grew into as good liking of him. Many times he had an earnest desire to have conference with her, which yet still he deferred, as fearing to displease her; at the length he lighted on an apt opportunity, and boldly spake unto her in this manner. Fair *Catharina*, I hope thou wilt not let me die for thy Love; *Signior Ricciardo* (replied she suddenly again) I hope you will extend the like mercy to me, as you desire that I should shew to you. This answer was so pleasing to *Messer Ricciardo*, that presently he said: Alas dear Love, I have dedicated all my fairest Fortunes only to thy service, so that it remaineth solely in thy power, to dispose of me as best shall please thee, and to appoint such times of private conversation, as may yield more comfort to my poor afflicted soul.

*Catharina* standing musing a while, at last returned him this answer. *Signior Ricciardo*, quoth she, you see what a restraint is set on my liberty, how short I am kept from conversing with any one, that I hold this our enterparlance now almost miraculous and very rare. But if you could devise any convenient means, to admit us more familiar freedom, without any prejudice to mine honor, or the least distaste to my Parents; do but instruct it, and I will adventure it. *Ricciardo* having considered on many ways and means, thought one to be the fittest of all; and therefore thus replied. *Catharina* (quoth he) the only place for our private talking together, I conceive to be the Gallery over your Fathers Garden. If you can win your Mother to let you lodge there, I will make means to climb over the Wall, and at the goodly gazing Window we may discourse so long as we please. Now trust me dear Love (answered *Catharina*) no place can be more convenient for our purpose, there shall we hear the sweet Birds sing, especially the Nightingale, which I have heard singing there all the Night long; I will break the matter to my Mother, and how I speed, you shall hear further from me. So with divers parting Kisses, they brake off conference, till the next meeting.

On the day following, which was towards the ending of the month of May, *Catharina* began to complain to her Mother, that the season was over-hot and tedious, to be still lodged in her Mothers Chamber, because it was an hinderance to her sleeping; and wanting rest, it would be an empairing of her Health. Why Daughter (quoth the Mother) the Weather (as yet) is not so hot, but (in my mind) you may very well endure it. Alas Mother, said she, aged people, as you and my Father are, do not feel the heats of youthful blood, by reason of your far colder Complexion, which is not to be measured by younger years. I know that well Daughter, replied the Mother; but is it in my power, to make the Weather warm or cool, as though perhaps wouldst have it? Seasons are to be suffered, according to their several qualities; and though the last night might seem hot, this night ensuing may be cooler, and then thy rest will be the better. No Mother quoth *Catharina*, that cannot be; for as Summer proceedeth on, so the heat increaseth, and no expectation can be of temperate Weather, until it grow to Winter again. Why Daughter, said the Mother, what wouldst thou have me to do? Mother (quoth she) if it might stand with my Fathers good liking and yours, I would be spared to the Garden Gallery, which is a great deal more cool Lodging. There shall I hear the sweet Nightingale sing as every night she useth to do, and many other pretty Birds beside, which I cannot do, Lodging in your Chamber.

The Mother loving her Daughter dearly, as being somewhat over-fond of her, and very willing to give her contentment; promised to impart her mind to her Father, not doubting but to compass what she requested. When she had moved the matter to *Messer Lizio*, whose age made him somewhat froward and testy; he angrily said to his Wife, Why how now woman; cannot our Daughter sleep, except she hear the Nightingale sing? Let there be a Bed made in the Oven, and there let the Crickets make her Melody. When *Catharina* heard this answer from her Father, and saw her desire to be disappointed; not only could she take any rest the night following, but also complained more of the heat than before, not suffering her Mother to take any rest; which made her go angrily to her Husband in the morning, saying, Why Husband, have we but only one Daughter, whom you pretend to love right dearly, and yet can you be so careless of her, as to deny her a request, which is no more than Reason? What matter is it for you or me, to let her Lodge in the Garden Gallery? Is her young



blood to be compared with ours? Can our weak and crazie bodies, feel the frolick temper of hers? Alas she is hardly (as yet) out of her childish years, and Children have many desires far differing from ours: the singing of Birds is rare Musick to them, and chiefly the Nightingale; whose sweet Notes will provoke them to rest, when neither Art or Physick can do it.

Is it even so Wife? Answered *Messer Lizio*. Must your will and mine be governed by our Daughter? Well, be it so then, let her Bed be made in the Garden Gallery, but I will have the keeping of the Key, both to lock her in at night, and set her at liberty every morning. Woman, woman, young Wenches are wily, many wanton crotchets are busie in their Brains, and to us that are aged, the singlike Lapwings, telling us one thing, and intending another; talking of Nightingales, when their minds run on Cock-Sparrow. Seeing Wife, she must needs have her mind, let yet your care and mine extend so far, to keep her Chastity uncorrupted, and our credulity from being abused. *Catharina* having so prevailed now with her Mother, her Bed made in the Garden Gallery, and secret intelligence given to *Ricciardo*, for preparing his means of access to her Window, old Provident *Lizio* locks the door to bed-ward, and gives her liberty to come forth in the morning, for his Lodging was near the Gallery.

In the dead and silent time of night, when all (but Lovers) take their Rest: *Ricciardo* having provided a Ladder of Ropes, with Grapling Hooks to take hold above and below, according as he had occasion to use it; By help thereof, first mounted over the Garden Wall, and then climbed up to the Gallery Window, before which (as is every where in *Italy*) was a little round engirting Terrace, only for a man to stand upon, for making clean the Window, or otherwise repairing it. Many nights (in this manner) enjoyed they their meetings, entermixing their Amorous conferences with infinite Kisses and kind embraces, as the Window gave leave, he sitting in the Terrace and departing always before break of day, for fear to be discovered by any.

But, as excess of delight is the Nurse, to negligence, and begetteth such an over-presuming boldness, as afterward proveth to be sauced with Repentance: so came it to pass with our over-fond Lovers, in being taken tardy through their own folly. After they had many times met in this manner, the nights (according to the Season) growing shorter and shorter, which their stolen delight made them less respective of, than was requisite in an adventure so dangerous: it fortun'd, that their Amorous pleasure had so far transported them and dulled their senses in such sort, by these their continual nightly Watching; that they both fell fast asleep, he having his Hand closed in hers, and the one Arm folded about his Body, and thus they slept till broad day light. Old *Messer Lizio*, who continually was the morning Cock to the whole House, going forth into his Garden, saw how his Daughter and *Ricciardo* were seated at the Window. In he went again, and going to his Wives Chamber, said to her, rise quickly Wife, and you shall see what made your Daughter so desirous to Lodge in the Garden Gallery. I perceived that she loved the Nightingale, for she hath caught one, and holds him fast in her Hands. Is it possible, said the Mother, that our Daughter should catch a live Nightingale in the dark? You shall see that your self, answered *Messer Lizio*, if you will make haste and go with me.

She putting on her Garments in great haste, followed her Husband, and being come to the Gallery door, he opened it very softly, and going to the Window, shewed her how they both sat fast asleep, and in such manner as hath been before declared: whereupon the perceiving how *Ricciardo* and *Catharina* had both deceived her, would have made an out-cry, but that *Messer Lizio* spake thus to her; Wife as you love me, speak not a word, nor make any noise; for, seeing she hath loved *Ricciardo* without our knowledge, and they have had their private meetings in this manner, far free from any blameful imputation; he shall enjoy her, and she him. *Ricciardo* is a Gentleman, well derived, and of Rich Possessions, it can be no disparagement to us, that *Catharina* match with him in Marriage, which he neither shall, or dare deny to do, in regard of our Laws severity: for climbing up to my Window with his Ladder of Ropes, whereby his life is forfeited to the Law, except our Daughter please to spare it, as it remaineth in her power to do, by accepting him as her Husband, or yielding his life up to the Law: which surely she will not suffer, their love agreeing together in such mutual manner, and he

adventuring



adventuring so dangerously for her. Madam *Jaquima*, perceiving that her Husband spoke very reasonably, and was no more offended at the matter: slept aside with him behind the drawn Curtains, until they should awake of themselves. At the last, *Ricciardo* awaked, and seeing it was so far in the day, thought himself half dead, and calling to *Catharina*, said. Alas dear Love! What shall we do? We have slept too long, and shall be taken here. At which words, *Messer Lizio* slept forth from behind the Curtains, saying, Nay, *Signior Ricciardo*, seeing you have found such an unbecoming way hither, we will provide you a better way for your back returning. When *Ricciardo* saw the Father and Mother both there, he could not devise what to do or say, his senses became so strangely confounded: yet knowing how heinously he had offended, if the strictness of Law should be challenged against him, falling on his Knees, he said. Alas, *Messer Lizio*, I humbly crave your mercy, confessing my self well worthy of death, that knowing the sharp rigor of the Law, I would presume so audaciously to break it. But pardon me, worthy Sir, my Loyal and unfeigned love to your Daughter *Catharina*, hath been the only cause of my transgressing.

*Ricciardo* (replied *Messer Lizio*) the love I bear thee, and the honest confidence I do repose in thee step up to plead thy excuse, especially in regard of my Daughter, whom I blame thee not for loving, but for this unlawful way of presuming to her. Nevertheless, perceiving how the case standeth, and considering withal, that Youth and Affection were the ground of thine Offence: to free thee from death, and my self from dishonor, before thou depart hence, thou shalt Espouse my Daughter *Catharina*, to make her thy Lawful Wife in Marriage, and wipe off all scandal to my House and me. All this while was poor *Catharina* on her Knees likewise to her Mother, who (notwithstanding this her bold adventure) made earnest suit to her Husband to remit all, because *Ricciardo* right gladly condescended, as it being the main issue of his hope and desire, to accept *Catharina* in Marriage: whereto she was as willing as he. *Messer Lizio* presently called for the Confessor of his House, and borrowing one of his Wives Rings, before they went out of the Gallery, *Ricciardo* and *Catharina* were Espoused together, to their no little joy and contentment.

Now had they more leisure for further conference, with the Parents and Kindred of *Ricciardo*, who being no way discontented with this sudden march, but applauding it in the highest degree: they were publicly Married again in the Cathedral Church, and very honorable triumphs performed at the Nuptials, living long after in happy prosperity.

*Guidotto of Cremona, departing out of this Mortal life, left a Daughter of his with Jacomino of Pavia. Giovanni di Severino, and Menghino da Minghole, fell both in Love with the young Maiden, and Fought for her: who being afterwards known to be the Sister to Giovanni, she was given in Marriage to Menghino.*

### The Fifth NOVEL

*Wherein may be observed, what quarrels and contentions are occasioned by Love, with some particular description, concerning the sincerity of a Loyal friend.*

ALL the Ladies laughing heartily at the Novel of the Nightingale, so pleasantly delivered by *Philostatus*, when they saw the same to be fully ended, the Queen thus speak. Now trust me *Philostatus*, though yesterday you did much oppress me with melancholy, yet you have made me such an amends to day, as we have little reason to complain any more of you. So turning to Madam *Neiphta*, commanded her to succeed, which willingly she yielded to, beginning in this manner. Seeing it pleased *Philostatus*, to produce his Novel out of *Romania*: I mean to walk with him in the same jurisdiction, concerning what I have to say.

There dwelt in the City of *Fano*, two Lombards, the one being named *Guidotto of Cremona*, and the other *Jacomino of Pavia*, men very aged, having followed the Wars (as Souldiers) all their youth. *Guidotto* feeling sickness to over-master him, and having no Son or Friend, that he might repose more trust in, than he did



in *Jasminio*: having long converse with him about his worldly Affairs, and settled his whole Estate in good order: he left a Daughter to his charge, about ten years of Age, with all such Goods as he enjoyed, and then departed out of this Life. It came to pass, that the City of *Fuzico*, long time being troubled with tedious Wars, and subjected to very servile conditions, began now to recover her former strength, with free permission (for all such as pleased) to return and possess their former dwellings. Whereupon *Jasminio* (having sometime been an Inhabitant there) was desirous to live in *Peenza* again, conveying thither all his Goods, and taking with him also the young Girl, which *Grinello* had left him, whom he loved and respected as his own Child. As she grew in Stature, so she did in Beauty and Vertuous Qualities, as none was more commended throughout the whole City, for fair, civil, and honest demeanor, which lured many admirably to assist her. But (above all the rest) two very honest young men, of good Fame and Reputation, who were so equally in Love dedicated to her, that being jealous of each others Fortunes, in preventing of their several hopeful expectations, a deadly hatred grew suddenly between them, the one being named *Giovanni de Severino*, and the other *Mingibio de Mingibio*. Either of these two young men, before the Maid was fifteen year old, labored to be possessed of her in Marriage, but the Guardian would give no consent thereto: wherefore perceiving their honest intended meaning to be frustrated, they now began to busie their Brains, how to forestall one another by craft and circumvention.

*Jasminio* had a Maid-servant belonging to his House, somewhat aged, and a Man-servant besides, named *Grinello*, of mercurial disposition, and very friendly, with whom *Giovanni* grew in great familiarity: and when he found time fit for the purpose, he discovered his Love to him, requesting his furtherance and assistance, in compassing the height of his desire, with bountiful promises of rich rewardings, whereto *Grinello* returned this answer. I know not how to feed you with this tale, but when thy Master shall say forth at some Neighbors House, to admit your civilities where she is, be sure if I offer to speak to her, she never will stay to hear me. Wherefore, if my service this way may do you any good, I promise to perform it: do you besides as you shall find most convenient for you. So the bargain was agreed on between them, and nothing else remained, but to what issue it should come to the end.

*Mingibio*, on the other side, having entered into the Chamber-Maids acquaintance, spied so well with her, that she delivered so many messages from him, as had (already) half won the liking of the Virgin, putting further promises beside, of bringing him to have conference with her, whensoever her Master should be absent from home. Thus *Mingibio* being favored (on the one side) by the old Chamber-Maid, and *Giovanni* (on the other) by trusty *Grinello*, their Amorous War was now on foot, and diligently followed by both their followers. Within a short time after, by the procurement of *Grinello*, *Jasminio* was invited by a Neighbor to Supper, in Company of several of his Familiar Friends; wherof intelligence being given to *Giovanni*, a consultation passed between them, that (upon a signal given) he should come, and find the door open, to give him all access unto the affected maiden.

The appointed night being come, and neither of these Lovers knowing the others treachery, but their suspicion being true, and increasing more and more, they made choice of certain Friends well armed, for others later entrance when need should require. *Mingibio* stayed with his Troop, in a House near to the Maiden, attending when the signal would be given: but *Giovanni*, and his Complices, were ambushed farther off from the House, and both saw when *Jasminio* went forth to Supper. Now *Grinello* and the Chamber-Maid began to vary, which should send the other out of the way, till they had effected their several inventions: wherupon *Grinello* said to her. What maketh thee to walk thus about the House, why dost thou not go to Bed? And thou (quoth the Maid) why dost thou not go to attend on thy Master, and tarry till his returning home? I am sure (now that I slept long ago, and I know no business here in the House for thee to do. Thus (by no means) the one could send away the other, but either remained as the others hindrance.

But *Grinello* remembering himself, that the hour of his appointment with *Giovanni* was come, he said to himself. What care I whether our old Maid be present or no? If she will disclose any thing that I do, I can be revenged on her when I list.

So,



So, having made the signal, he went to open the door, even when *Giovanni* (and two of his Confederates) rushed into the House, and finding the fair young Maiden sitting in the Hall, laid Hands on her, to bear her away. The Damoisel began to resist them, crying out for help so loud as the cold, as the old Chamber-Maid did the like: which *Mengino* hearing, he ran presently with his Friends, and seeing the young Damoisel brought well near out of the House; they drew their Swords, crying out: Traitors you are but dead men, here is no violence to be offered, neither is there any booty for such base Crews. So they laid about them lustily, and would not permit them to pass any further. On the other side, upon this tumultuous noise and outcry, the Neighbours came forth of their Houses, with Lights, Swords and Clubs, greatly reprovings them for this out-rage, yet assisting *Mengino* by means whereof, after a long time of contention, *Mengino* recovered the Maiden from *Giovanni*, and placed her peacefully in *Jacominos* House.

No sooner was this busy busy somewhat calmed, but the Sergeants to the Captain of the City, came thither, and apprehended divers of the Mutineers; among whom were *Mengino*, *Giovanni*, and *Orsello*, committing them immediately to Prison. But after every thing was pacified, and *Jacominus* returned home to his House from Supper, he was not a little offended at so gross an injury. When he was fully informed, how the matter happened, and apparently perceived, that no blame at all could be imposed on the Maiden: he grew the better contented, resolving with himself (because no more inconveniences should happen) to have her married as soon as possibly he could.

When morning was come, the Friends on either side, understanding the error committed, and knowing beside, what punishment would be inflicted on the Prisoners if *Jacominus* pressed the matter no further, than as with Reason and Equity well he might, they repaired to him and besought him, not to regard a wrong offered by unruly and youthful people, merely drawn into the Action by persuasion of Friends; submitting both themselves and the Offenders, to such satisfaction as he pleased to appoint them. *Jacominus*, who had seen and observed many things, and was a man of sound understanding, returned them this answer. Gentlemen, if I were in mine own Country, as now I am in yours, I would as forwardly confess myself your Friend, as here I must fall short of any such service, but even as you shall please to command me. But plainly, without all further Ceremonious Compliments, I must agree to whatsoever you can require; as thinking you to be more injured by me, than any great wrong that I have sustained. Concerning the young Damoisel remaining in my House, she is not (as many have imagined) either of *Cremenza*, or *Padua*, but born at *Favenna*, here in this City: albeit, neither my self, she, nor he of whom I had her, did ever know it, nor yet could learn whose Daughter she was. Wherefore, the suit you make to me, should rather (in duty) be mine to you: for she is a Native of your own, do right to her, then you can do no wrong to me.

When the Gentlemen understood, that the Maiden was born in *Favenna*, they marvelled thereat, and after they had thanked *Jacominus* for his kind answer; they desired to let them know, by what means the Damoisel came into his custody, and how he knew her to be born in *Favenna*, he answered in this manner.

Understand, worthy Gentlemen, that *Calisto* of *Cremenza*, was my Companion and dear Friend, who growing near to his death, told me that when this City was surprized by the Emperor *Frederigo*, and all things committed to Sack and Spoil; he and certain of his Confederates entered into a House, which they found to be well furnished with Goods, but utterly forsaken of the Dwellers, only this poor Maiden excepted, being then aged but two years, or thereabout. As he mounted up the steps, with intent to depart from the House; she called him Father, which word moved him so compassionately, that he went back again, brought her away with him; and all things of worth which were in the House; going thence forward to *Fano*, and there decaying, he left her and all his Goods to my charge; conditionally, that I should see her Married when due time required, and bestow on her the Wealth which he had left her. Now very true it is, although her years are convenient for Marriage, yet I could never find any one to bestow her on, at least that I thought fitting for her: howbeit, I will listen thereto much more respectfully, before any other such accident shall happen.



It came to pass, that in the reporting of this Discourse there was then a Gentleman in the Company, named *Guidotto* of *Arezzo*, who at the surprisal of the City, was present with *Guidotto* of *Arezzo*, and kept all the House which he had Ransacked, the Owner whereof was also present with him; wherefore taking him aside, he said to him, *Bernardino*, hearest thou what *Jacchino*, hath related? Yes, very well, replied *Bernardino*, and remember well, that in that dismal bloody Combat, I lost my little Daughter, about the Age of *Jacchino* I perceive. *Guidotto* confess, then replied *Guidotto*, she must needs be the same young Maiden, for I was there at the same time, and in the House, whence *Guidotto* did bring both the Girl and Goods, and I do perfectly remember, that it was the House. I pray thee call to mind, if ever thou saw any Scar or mark about her, which may revive thy former knowledge of her, for my mind persuades me, that the Maid is thy Daughter.

*Bernardino* musing a while with himself, remembered, that under her left Ear she had a Scar, in the form of a little Cross, which happened by the biting of a Wolf, and but a small while before the Spoil was made. Wherefore, without deferring it to any further time, he went to *Jacchino* and intreated him to fetch the Maiden from his House, because she might be known to some in the Company; whereunto willingly he condescended, and there presented the Maid before them. So soon as *Bernardino* beheld her, he began to be much inwardly moved, for the perfect Character of her Mothers Countenance, was really figured in her Face, only that her Beauty was somewhat more excellent. Yet not herewith satisfied, he desired *Jacchino* to be so pleased, as to lift up a little of her Locks of Hair depending over her left Ear. *Jacchino* did it presently, albeit with a modest blushing in the Maid, and *Bernardino* looking advisedly on it, knew it to be the self-same Cross, which confirmed her constantly to be his Daughter.

Overcome with excess of joy, which made the Tears to trickle down his Cheeks, he proffered to Embrace and Kiss the Maid: but she refusing his kindness, because (as yet) she knew no reason for it, he turned himself to *Jacchino*, saying, my dear Brother and Friend, this Maid is my Daughter, and my House was the same which *Guidotto* spoiled, in the general havock of our City, and thence he carried this Child of mine, forgotten (in the fury) by my Wife her Mother; but happy was the hour of his becoming her Father, and carrying her away with him; for else she had perished in the fire, because the House was instantly burnt down to the ground. The Maiden hearing these words, observing him to be a man of years and Gravity: she believed what he said, and humbly submitted her self to his Embraces, even as instructed thereto by Instinct of Nature. *Bernardino* instantly sent for his Wife, her own Mother, his Daughters, Sons, and Kindred, who being acquainted with this admirable accident gave her most kind welcome, he receiving her from *Jacchino* as his Child, and the Legacies which *Guidotto* had left her.

When the Captain of the City (being a very wise Gentleman) heard these things, and knowing that *Giovanni*, then his Prisoner, was the Son to *Bernardino*, and Natural Brother to the newly recovered Maid: he bethought himself, how he might qualify the fault committed by him. And entering into the Hall among them, handled the matter so discreetly, that a loving League of Peace was confirmed between *Giovanni* and *Menghino*, to whom (with free and full consent on both sides) the fair Maid, named *Agatha*, was given in Marriage, with more honorable enlargement of her Dowry, and *Grinello*, with the rest, delivered out of Prison, which for their tumultuous Riot they had justly deserved. *Menghino* and *Agatha* had their Wedding worthily Solemnized, with all due honors belonging thereto, and long time they lived in *Florence*, highly beloved and graciously esteemed.



Guion di Procida, being found familiarly conversing with a young Damosel which he loved; and had been given (formerly) to Frederigo, King of Sicily: was bound to a Stake, to be consumed with fire. From which danger (nevertheless) he escaped, being known by Don Rogiero de Oria, Lord Admiral of Sicily, and afterward Married the Damosel.

The Sixth N O V E L.

Wherein is manifested, that love can lead a man into numberless perils: out of which he escapeth with no mean difficulty.

**T**HE Novel of Madam Neipbila being ended, which proved very pleasing to the Ladies, the Queen commanded Madam Pampinea, that she should prepare to take her turn next, whereto willingly obeying, thus she began. Many and mighty (Gracious Ladies) are the prevailing powers of Love, conducting Amorous souls into infinite Travels, with inconveniences no way avoidable, and not easily to be foreseen, or prevented. As partly already hath been observed by divers of our former Novels related, and some (no doubt) to ensue hereafter; for one of them (coming now to my memory) I shall acquaint you withal, in so good terms as I can.

Ischia is an Island very near to Naples, wherein (not long since) lived a fair and lovely Gentlewoman, named *Restina*, Daughter to a Gentleman of the same Isle, whose name was *Marino Bulgere*. A proper youth called *Guion*, dwelling also in a near Neighboring Isle, called *Procida*, did love her as dearly as his own life, and she was intimately affected towards him. Now because the sight of her was his only comfort, as occasion gave him leave, he resorted to *Ischia* very often in the day time, and as often also in the night season, when any Bark passed from *Procida* to *Ischia*; if to see nothing else, yet to behold the walls that enclosed his Mistress thus.

While this love continued in equal fervency, it chanced upon a fair Summers day, that *Restina* walked alone upon the Sea-shore, going from Rock to Rock, having a Naked Knife in her Hand, wherewith she opened such Oysters as she found among the stones, seeking for small Pearls enclosed in their shells. Her walk was very solitary and shady, with a fair Spring or Well adjoyning to it, and thither (at that very instant time) certain *Sicilian* young Gentlemen, which came from *Naples* had made their retreat. They perceiving the Gentlewoman, to be very Beautiful (she as yet not having any sight of them) and in such a silent place alone by her self: concluded together, to make a purchase of her, and carry her thence away with them; as indeed they did, notwithstanding all her outcries, and exclaims, bearing her perforce aboard their Bark.

Setting Sail thence, they arrived in *Calabria*, and then there grew a great contention between them, to which of them this booty of Beauty should belong, because each of them pleaded a Title unto her. But when they could not grow to any agreement, but doubted greater disasters would ensue thereon, by breaking their former League of Friendship: by an equal conformity in consent, they resolved, to bestow her as a Rich present, on *Frederigo* King of *Sicily*, who was then young and jovial, and could not be pleased with a better gift, wherefore they were no sooner landed at *Palermo*, but they did according as they had determined. The King did commend her Beauty extraordinarily, and liked her far beyond all his other Lovers: but, being at that time impaired in his Health, and his body much distempered by ill Diet: he gave command, that until he should be in more able disposition she must be kept in a goodly House of his own, erected in a beautiful Garden, called the *Caba*, where she was attended in most pompous manner.

Now grew the noise and rumor greater *Ischia*, about this Rape or stealing away of *Restina*; but the chiefest grievance of all was, that it could not be known how, by whom, or by what means. But *Guion di Procida* whom this injury concerned much more than any other, stood not in expectation of better tidings from *Ischia*, but hearing what course the Bark had taken, made ready another to follow after

with



with all possible speed. Flying thus on the winged Winds through the Seas, even from *Mintevs* unto the *Scales* in *Calabria*, searching for his lost Love in every Angle: at length it was told him at the *Scales*, that she was carried away by certain *Sicilian* Mariners to *Palermo*, whither *Guino* set Sail immediately.

After some diligent search made there, he understood, that she was delivered to the King, and he had given strict command, for keeping her in his place of pleasure, called the *Cube*: which news were not a little grievous to him, for now he was almost quite out of hope, not only of ever enjoying her, but also of seeing her. Nevertheless, Love would not let him utterly despair, whereupon he sent away his Bark, and perceiving himself to be unknown of any; he continued for some time in *Palermo*, walking many times by that goodly place of pleasure. It chanced on a day, that keeping his walk as he was wont to do, Fortune was so favorable to him, as to let him have a sight of her at her Window; from whence also she had a full view of him, to their exceeding comfort and contentment. And *Guino* observing that the *Cube* was seated in a place of small resort; approached so near as possible he durst, to have some conference with *Resistuta*.

As love sets a keen edge on the dullest spirit, and (by a small advantage) makes a man the more adventurous: so this little time of unseen talk, inspired him with Courage, and her with witty advice, by what means his access might be much nearer to her, and their Communication concealed from any discovery, the situation of the place, and benefit of due time considered. Night must be the Cloud of their Amorous conclusion, and therefore so much thereof being spent, as was thought convenient, he returned thither again, provided of such Grappling-Irons, as is required when men will clamber, made fast unto his Hands and Knees; by their help he attained to the top of the Wall, whence descending down into the Garden, there he found the main Yard of a Ship, whereof before she had given him instruction; and rearing it up against her Chamber Window, made that his means for ascending thereto, she having left it open for his easier entrance.

You cannot deny (fair Ladies) but here was a very hopeful beginning, and likely to have as happy an ending, were it not true Loves fatal misery, even in the very height of promised assurance, to be thwarted by unkind prevention, and in such manner as I will tell you. This night intended for our Lovers meeting, proved disastrous and dreadful to them both: for the King, who at the first sight of *Resistuta*, was highly pleased with her excelling Beauty, gave order to his Eunuchs and other women that a costly Bath should be prepared for her, and therein to let her wear away that night, because the next day he intended to visit her. *Resistuta* being Royally conducted from her Chamber to the Bath, attended on with Torch light, as if she had been a Queen: none remained there behind, but such women as waited on her, and the Guards without which watched the Chamber.

No sooner was poor *Guino* aloft at the Window, calling softly to his Mistress, as if she had been there; but he was over-heard by the women in the dark: and immediately apprehended by the Guard, who forthwith brought him before the Lord Marshal, where being examined, and he avouching, that *Resistuta* was his Elected Wife, and for her he had presumed in that manner; closely was he kept in Prison till the next morning. When he came into the Kings presence, and there boldly justified the goodness of his Cause: *Resistuta* likewise was sent for, who no sooner saw her dear Love *Guino*, but she ran and caught him fast about the Neck, Kissing him in Tears, and grieving not a little at his hard Fortune. Hereat the King grew exceedingly enraged, loathing and hating her now, much more than formerly he had Affected her; and having himself seen by what strange means he did climb over the Wall, and then mounted to her Chamber Window; he was extremely impatient, and could not otherwise be persuaded, but that their meetings thus had been many.

Forthwith he sentenced them both with death, commanding, that they should be conveyed thence to *Palermo*, and there (being stript stark naked) be bound to a stake Back to Back, and so to stand the full space of Nine hours, to see if any could take knowledge of whence, or what they were; then afterward to be consumed with fire. The sentence of death, did not so much daunt or dismay the poor

Lovers,



Lovers, as the uncivil and unsightly manner, which (in fear of the Kings wrathful displeasure) no man durst presume to contradict. Wherefore as he had commanded, so were they carried thence to *Palermo*, and bound Naked to a stake in the open Market place, and (before their Eyes) the fire of Wood brought, which was to consume them, according to the hour as the King had appointed. You need not make any question, what an huge concourse of people were soon assembled together, to behold such a sad and woful Spectacle, even the whole City of *Palermo*, both men and women. The men were stricken with admiration, beholding the unequal Beauty of fair *Restituta*, and the self-same passion possessed the women, seeing *Guion* to be such a goodly and compleat young man: but the poor unfortunate Lovers themselves, they stood with their looks dejected to the ground, being much pitied of all, but no way to be holpen or rescued by any, awaiting when the happy hour would come, to finish both their shame and lives together.

During the time of this Tragical expectation, the fame of this publick Execution being noised abroad, calling all people far and near to behold it, it came to the Ear of *Don Rogiero de Oria*, a man of much admired valour, and then Lord Admiral of *Sicily*, who came himself in person, to the place appointed for their death. First, he observed the Maiden, confessing her in his soul to be a Beauty beyond all compare. Then looking on the young man, thus he said within himself: If the inward endowments of the mind, do parallel the outward perfections of body; the world cannot yield a more compleat man. Now, as good Natures are quickly incited to compassion (especially in cases almost commanding it) and compassion knocking at the door of the soul, doth quicken the memory with many past recordations: so this Noble Admiral advisedly beholding the poor Condemned *Guion*, conceived that he had somewhere seen him before this instant, and upon this persuasion (even as if Divine Vertue had Tutored his Tongue) he said: Is not thy name *Guion di Procida*?

Mark now, how quickly misery can receive comfort, upon so poor and silly a question; for *Guion* began to Elevate his dejected Countenance, and looking on the Admiral, returned him this answer. Sir, heretofore I have been the man which you speak of; but now, both that name and man must die with me. What misfortune (said the Admiral) hath thus unkindly cross thee? Love (answered *Guion*) and the Kings pleasure. Then the Admiral would needs know the whole History at large, which briefly was related to him, and having heard how all had happened; as he was turning his Horse to ride away thence, *Guion* called to him, saying, Good my Lord; entreat one favor for me, if possible it may be. What is that replied the Admiral. You see Sir (quoth *Guion*, that I am very shortly to breath my last; all the grace which I do most humbly intreat, is, that as I am here with this Chaste Virgin, (whom I Honor and Love beyond my life) and miserably bound Back to Back: our Faces may be turned each to other, to the end, that when the fire shall finish my life, by looking on her, my soul may take her flight in full felicity. The Admiral smiling, said; I will do for thee what I can, and (perhaps) thou mayest so long look on her, as thou wilt be we ry, and desire to look off her.

At his departure, he commanded them that had the charge of this Execution, to proceed no further, until they heard more from the King; to whom he Galloped immediately, and although he beheld him to be very angerly moved; yet he spared not to speak in this manner. Sir, wherein have those poor couple offended you, that are to be Burnt at *Palermo*? The King told him: whereto the Admiral (pursuing still his purpose) thus replied. Believe me Sir, if True Love be an offence, then theirs may be termed to be one; and albeit it deserved death, yet far be it from thee to inflict it on them: for as faults do justly require punishment, so do good turns as equally merit grace and requital. Knowest thou what and who they are, whom thou hast so dishonorably Condemned to the Fire? Not I, quoth the King. Why then I will tell thee, answered the Admiral, that thou mayst take the better knowledge of them, and forbear hereafter, to be so over violently transported with anger.

The young Gentleman, is the Son to *Landsiso di Procida*, the only Brother to Lord *Jobu di Procida*, by whose means thou becamest Lord and King of this Country. The fair young Damoisel, is the Daughter to *Marino Bulgaro*, whose power extendeth so far, as to preserve thy Prerogative in *Ischia*, which (but for



him) had long since been out rooted there. Beside, these two main motives, to challenge justly Grace and Favor from thee: they are in the Flower and Pride of their Youth, having long continued in Loyal Love together, and compelled by fervency of endeared Affection, nor any will to displease thy Majesty: they have offended (if it may be termed an Offence to Love, and in such lovely young people as they are.) Canst thou then find in thine heart to let them die, whom thou rather oughtest to Honor, and recompence with no mean rewards?

When the King had heard this, and believed for a certainty, that the Admiral told him nothing but Truth, he appointed not only, that they should proceed no further, but also was exceeding sorrowful for what he had done, sending presently to have them released from the Stake, and honorably to be brought before him. Being thus instructed in their several qualities, and standing in Duty obliged to recompence the wrong which he had done, with respective honors: he caused them to be Cloathed in Royal Garments, and knowing them to be knit in Unity of Soul, the like he did in Marrying them Solemnly together; and bestowing many Rich Gifts and Presents on them, sent them honorably attended home to *Ischia*, where they were with much joy and comfort received, and lived long after in great felicity.

*Theodoro, falling in Love with Violenta, the Daughter to his Master, named Amarigo, and she Conceiving with Child by him, was Condemned to be Hanged. As they were leading him to the Gallows, beating and misusing him all the way, he happened to be known of his own Father, whereupon he was released, and afterward enjoyed Violenta in Marriage.*

### The Seventh NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, the sundry travels and perillous accidents, occasioned by those two powerful Commanders, Love and Fortune, the insulting Tyrants over Human life.*

Greatly were the Ladies minds perplexed, when they heard, that the two poor Lovers were in danger to be Burned: but bearing afterward of their happy deliverance, for which they were as joyful again: upon the concluding of the Novel, the Queen looked on Madam *Lawretta*, enjoying her to tell the next Tale, which willingly she undertook to do, and thus began.

Fair Ladies, at such time as the good King *William* reigned in *Sicily*, there lived within the same Dominion, a young Gentleman, named *Signior Amarigo*, Abbot of *Trapani*, who among his other worldly blessings, (commonly termed the Goods of Fortune was not unfurnished of Children: and therefore having need of Servants, he made his provision of them the best he might. At that time certain Gallies of *Geneway* Pirates coming from the Eastern parts, which coasting along *Armenia*, had taken divers Children: he bought some of them, thinking they were Turks. They all resembling Clownish Peasants, yet there was one among them, who seemed to be of more tractable and gentle Nature, yea, and of a more affable Countenance than any of the rest, being named *Theodoro*: who growing on in years, (albeit he lived in the condition of a Servant) was Educated among *Amarigo's* Children, and as instructed rather by Nature, than accident, his conditions were very much commended, as also the Feature of his body: which proved so highly pleasing to His Master *Amarigo*, that he made him a free man, and imagining him to be a Turk, caused him to be Baptized, and named *Pedro*, creating him superintendent of all his Affairs, and reposing his chiefest trust in him.

As the other Children of *Signior Amarigo* grew in years and stature, so did a Daughter of his, named *Violenta*, a very goodly and Beautiful Damoisel, somewhat over-long kept from Marriage by her Fathers Covetousness, and casting an Eye of good liking on poor *Pedro*. Now, albeit she loved him very dearly, and all his behavior was most pleasing to her, yet Maiden modesty forbade her to reveal it, till Love (too long concealed) must needs disclose it self. Which *Pedro* at the length



long he took notice of, and grew so forward towards her in equality of Affection, as the very sight of her was his only happiness. Yet very fearful he was, lest it should be noted, either by any of the House, or the Maiden herself: who yet well observed it, and, and to her no mean contentment, as it appeared no less (on the other side) to himself *Pedro*.

While thus they loved together meely in dumb shews, not daring once to speak to each other, (tho nothing more desired) to find some ease in this their oppressing Passions: Fortune, even as if she pitied their so long languishing, instructed them how to find out a way, whereby they might both better relieve themselves. *Signior Amurigo*, about some two or three Miles distance from *Trapani*, had a Country-House or Farm, whereto his Wife, with her Daughter and some other women, used oftentimes to make their resort, as it were in sportful recreation; *Pedro* always being diligent to man them thither. One time among the rest, the fair Sky became suddenly over-clouded, even as they were returning home towards *Trapani*, threatening a storm of Rain to overtake them, except they made the speedier halt.

*Pedro*, who was young, and likewise *Violenta*, went far more lightly than her Mother and her Company, as much perhaps provoked by Love, as fear of the sudden Rain falling, and pacing on so fast before them, that they were wholly out of sight. After many flashes of Lightning, and a few dreadful claps of Thunder, there fell such a tempestuous shower of Hail, as compelled the Mother and her train to shelter themselves in a poor Country-mans Cottage. *Pedro* and *Violenta*, having no other refuge, ran likewise into a poor Sheep-Coat, so over ruined, as it was in danger to fall on their heads; and no body dwelt in it, neither stood any other House near it, and it was scarcely any shelter for them, howbeit necessity enforced them to make shift with the meanest. The Storm increasing more and more and they covering to avoid it as well as they could; sighs and dry heims were often inter-vented, as doubly (before) they were wont to do, when willingly they could afford another kind of speaking.

At last *Pedro* took heart, and said: I would this shower would never cease, that I might be always where I am. The like could I wish, answered *Violenta*, so we were in a better place of safety. These wishes drew on other gentle Language, with modest Kisses and embraces, the only ease to poor Lovers souls; so that the Rain ceased not, till they had taken order for their oftner conversing, and absolute plighting of their Faiths together. By this time the storm was fairly over-blown, and they attending on the way, till the Mother and the rest were come, with whom they returned to *Trapani*, where by wise and provident means they often conferred in private together, and enjoyed the benefit of their Amorous desires, yet free from all ill surmise or suspicion.

But, as Lovers felicities are seldom permanent, without one encountering cross or other; so their stoin pleasures of *Pedro* and *Violenta*, met with as sour a Sauce in the farewell. For, she proved to be Conceived with Child, than which could befall them no heavier affliction, and *Pedro* fearing to lose his life therefore, deter- mined immediate flight, and revealed his purpose to *Violenta*. Which when she heard, she told him plainly, that if he fled, forthwith she would kill her self. Alas dear Love (quoth *Pedro*) with what reason can you wish my carrying here? This Conception of years, doth discover our offence, which a Fathers pity may easily pardon in you: but I being his servant and vassal, shall be punished both for your sin and mine, because he will have no mercy on me. Content thy self *Pedro* replied *Violenta*: I will take such order for mine own offence, by the discreet counsel of my loving Mother, that no blame shall any way be laid on thee, or so much as a surmise, except thou fondly betray thy self. If you can do so answered *Pedro*, and constantly maintain your promise, I will not depart, but see that you prove to be so good as your word.

*Violenta*, who had concealed her amiss so long as she could, and saw no other remedy, but now at last it must needs be discovered; went privately to her Mother, and (in Tears) revealed her Infamy, humbly craving her pardon and furtherance in hiding it from her Father. The Mother being extraordinary displeased, chiding her with many sharp and angry speeches, would needs know with whom she had thus offended. The Daughter (to keep *Pedro* from any detection) forged a Tale of her own Brain, far from any truth indeed; which her Mother verily believing, and willing to preserve her Daughter from shame, as also the fierce anger of her



Husband, he being a man of a very implacable Nature, conveyed her to the Country Farm, whither *Signior Amarigo* seldom or never resorted: intending (under the shadow of sickness) to let her lie in there, without the least suspicion of any in *Trapani*.

Sin and Shame can never be so closely carried, or clouded with the greatest cunning, but truth hath a loop-light whereby to discover it, even when it supposeth it self in the surest safety. For, on the very day of her deliverance, at such time as the Mother, and some few Friends (sworn to secrecy) were about the business, *Signior Amarigo* having been in the Company of other Gentlemen, to fly his Hawks at the River, upon a sudden (but very unfortunately, albeit he was alone by himself) leapt into his Farm-house, even to the next Room where the women were, and heard the new-born Babe to cry, whereat marvelling not a little, he called for his Wife, to know what young Child cried in his House. The Mother amazed at his strange coming thither, which never before he had used to do, and pitying the woful distress of her Daughter, which now could be no longer covered, revealed what happened to *Violenta*. But he being nothing so rash in belief, as his Wife was, made answer, that it was impossible for his Daughter to be Conceived with Child, because he never observed the least sign of Love in her to any man whatsoever, and he would be satisfied in the truth, as she expected any favor from him, unless there was no other way but death.

The Mother labored by all means she could devise, to pacify her Husbands fury, which proved all in vain: for being thus impatiently incensed, he drew forth his Sword, and stepping with it drawn into the Chamber (where she had been delivered of a goodly Son) he said unto her, "Either tell me who is the Father of this Bastard, or thou and it shall perish both together." Poor *Violenta* less respecting her own life, than she did the Childs, forgot her solemn promise made to *Pedro*, and discovered all. Which when *Amarigo* had heard, he grew so desperately enraged, that hardly he could forbear from killing her. But after he had spoken what his fury instructed him, he mounted on Horse-back again riding back to *Trapani*, where he disclosed the injury which *Pedro* had done him, to a Noble Gentleman, named *Signior Conrade*, who was Captain for the King over the City.

Before poor *Pedro* could have any intelligence, or so much as suspected any treachery against him: he was suddenly apprehended, and being called in question, stood not on any denial, but confessed truly what he had done: whereupon within some few days after, he was Condemned by the Captain, to be whipt to the place of Execution, and afterward to be Hanged by the Neck. *Signior Amarigo*, because he would cut off (at one and the same time) not only the lives of the two poor Lovers, but their Childs also: as a Frantick man violently earned out of all sense of compassion, even when *Pedro* was led and whipt to his death, he mingled strong Poyson in a Cup of Wine, delivering it to a trusty servant of his own, and a naked Rapier withal. Go carry these two presents to my late Daughter *Violenta*, and tell her from me, that in this instant hour, two several kinds of death are offered unto her, and one of them she must make choice of, either to drink the Poyson, and so die, or to run her body on this Rapiers point: which if she deny to do she shall be haled to the Publick Market place, and presently be Burnt in the sight of her Jewd Companion, according as she hath worthily deserved. When thou hast delivered this message, take her Bastard brat, so lately since Born, and dash his Beams out against the Walls, and afterward throw him to my Dogs to feed on.

When the Father had given this cruel sentence, both against his own Daughter and her young Son, the servant readier to do evil, than any good, went to the place where his Daughter was kept. Poor Condemned *Pedro*, (as you have heard) was led whipt to the Gibbet, and passing (as it pleased the Captains Officers to guide him) by a fair Inn: at the same time were lodged there three chief persons of *Arenia*, whom the King of the Country had sent to Rome as Ambassadors to the Pope's Holiness, to Negotiate about an important business nearly concerning the King and State. Reposing there for some few days, as being much wearied with their Journey, and highly honored by the Gentlemen of *Trapani*, especially *Signior Amarigo*, these Ambassadors standing in their Chamber Window, heard the woful lamentation of *Pedro* in his passage by.



*Pedro* was naked from the middle upward, and his hands bound fast behind him him, but being well observed by one of the Ambassadors, a man aged and of great Authority, named *Phineo*: he espied a great red spot upon his breast, not painted or procured by his punishment, but naturally imprinted in the flesh, which woman (in these parts) term the Rose. Upon the sight hereof, he suddenly remembered a Son of his own, which was stoln from him some fifteen years before, by Pirates on the Sea coast of *Lejus*; never hearing any tidings of him afterward. Upon further consideration, and comparing his Sons Age with the likelihood of this poor wretched mans; thus he conferred with his own thoughts. If my Son (quoth he) be living, his Age is equal to this mans time, and by the red blemish on his Breast, it plainly speaks him for to be my Son.

Moreover, thus he conceived, that if it were he, he would not but remember his own name, his Fathers, and the *Armenian* Language; wherefore, when he was just opposite against the Window, he called aloud to him saying, *Theodoro Pedro*, hearing the voice presently lifted up his Head, and *Phineo* speaking *Armenian*, said: of whence art thou, and what is thy Fathers name? The Sergeants (in reverence to the Lord Ambassador) stayed a while, till *Pedro* had returned his answer, who said, I am an *Armenian* born, Son to one *Phineo*, and was brought hither I cannot tell by whom. *Phineo* hearing this, knew assuredly that this was the same Son which he had lost; wherefore, the Tears standing in his Eyes with conceit of Joy, down he descended from the Window, and the other Ambassadors with him, running in among the Sergeants to embrace his Son, and casting his own rich Cloak about his whipt body, entreated them to forbear and proceed no further, till they heard what command he should return withal unto them: which very willingly they promised to do.

Already, by the general rumor dispersed abroad, *Phineo* had understood the occasion, why *Pedro* was thus punished, and sentenced to be Hanged; wherefore accompanied with his fellow Ambassadors, and all their attending Train, he went to *Signior Conrado*, and spake thus to him. My Lord, he whom you have sent to death as a slave, is a free Gentleman-born, and my Son, able to make her amends whom he hath dishonored, by taking her in Marriage to his lawful Wife. Let me therefore intreat you, to make stay of Execution, until it may be known, whether she will accept him as her Husband, or no; lest (if she be so pleased) you offend directly against your own Law. When *Signior Conrado* heard that *Pedro* was Son to the Lord Ambassador, he woodred thereat not a little, and being somewhat ashamed of his Fortunes error, confessed that the claim of *Phineo* was conformable to the Law, and ought not to be denied him; going presently to the Council Chamber, sending for *Signior Amarigo* immediately thither, and acquainting him fully with the case.

*Amarigo*, who believed that his Daughter and her Child was already dead, was the wofullest man in the world, for his so rash proceeding, knowing very well, that if she were not dead, the scandal would easily be wip'd away with credit. Wherefore he sent to all post haste, to the place where his daughter lay, that if his command were not already Executed, by no means to have it done at all. He who went on this speedy Errand, found there *Signior Amarigo's* servant standing before *Violenta* with the Cup of Poyson in the one hand, and the drawn Rapier in the other, reproaching her with very foul and injurious speeches, because she had delayed the time so long, and would not accept the one or other, striving (by violence) to make her take the one. But hearing his Masters command to the contrary, he left her, and returned back to him, certifying him how she refused.

Most highly pleased was *Amarigo* with these glad news, and going to the Ambassador *Phineo*, in Tears excused himself (so well as he could) for his severity, And craving pardon, assured him, that if *Theodoro* would accept his Daughter in Marriage, willingly he would bestow her on him. *Phineo* allowed his excuse to be tolerable, and said beside: If my Son will not Marry your Daughter, then let the sentence of death be Executed on him. *Amarigo* and *Phineo* being thus accorded, they went to poor *Theodoro*, fearfully looking every minute when he should die, yet joyful that he had found his Father, who moved the question to him. *Theodoro* hearing that *Violenta* should be his Wife, if he would so accept her: was overcome with such exceeding joy, as if he had leapt out of Hell into Paradise.



diser, consisting, that no greater felicity could befall him, if *Valencia* her self were so well pleased as he.

The like motion was made to her, to understand her disposition in this case, who hearing what good hap had befallen *Theodoro*, and now in like manner must happen to hers, which was not long before, when two such violent deaths were prepared for her, and one of them she must needs embrace, she accounted her misery beyond all other women's: but now she thought her self above all in happiness, if she might be Wife to her beloved *Theodoro*, submitting her self wholly to her Father's disposing. The Marriage being agreed on between them, it was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity, a general Feast being made for all the Citizens, and the young Married couple nourished up their sweet Son, which grew to be a very comely Child.

After that the Embassie was dispatched at Rome, and *Phineo* (with the rest) was returned thither again, *Valencia* did reverence him, as her own Natural Father, and he was not a little proud of so lovely a Daughter, beginning himself Feasting again, continuing the same a whole month together. Within some short while after, a Galley being fairly furnished for the purpose, *Phineo*, his Son, Daughter, and their young Son, went aboard, sailing away thence to *Lepanto*, where afterwards they lived in much tranquillity.

*Anastasio*, a Gentleman of the Family of the Honesty, by loving the Daughter to Signior Paulo Traversario, lawfully wasted a great part of his substance, without receiving any Love of her again. By persuasion of some of his Kindred and Friends, he went to a Country dwelling of his, called *Chiasso*, where he saw a Knight desperately pursue a young Damself, whom he slew, and afterward gave her to be devoured by his Hounds. *Anastasio* invited his Friends, and her also whom he so dearly loved, to take part of a Dinner with him, so likewise saw the same Damsel so torn in pieces: which his unkind Love perceiving, and fearing lest the like ill Fortune should happen to her: she accepted *Anastasio* to be her Husband.

### The Eighth NOVEL.

Declaring, that Love not only makes a man prodigal, but also an Enemy to himself. Moreover, adventures oftentimes bringeth such matters to pass, as wit and cunning in man can never comprehend.

SOON as Madam Lauretta held her peace, Madam Pompina (by the Queens command) began, and said, Lovely Ladies, as pity is most highly commended in our Sex, even so is cruelty in us secretly revenged (oftentimes) by Divine ordination. Which that you may the better know, and learn likewise to shun, as a deadly evil, I purpose to make apparent by a Novel, no less full of compassion, than delectable.

Rome being a very ancient City in Romania, there dwelt sometime a great number of worthy Gentlemen, among whom I am to speak of one more especially, named *Anastasio*, descended from the Family of Honesty, who by the death of his Father, and an Uncle of his, was left extraordinarily abounding in riches, and growing so years tiring for Marriage, (as young Gallants are easily apt enough to do) he became enamored of a very Beautiful Gentlewoman, who was Daughter to Signior Paulo Traversario, one of the most Ancient and Noble Families in all the Country. Not made he any doubt, by his means and industrious endeavor, to derive Affection from her again: for he carried himself like a brave-minded Gentleman, liberal in his expenses, honest and affable in all his actions, which commonly are the true notes of a good Nature, and highly to be commended in any man. But, howsoever Fortune became his enemy, these Laudable parts of manhood did not any way friend him, but rather appeared harmful to himself: so cruel, unkind, and almost merciless Savage did she shew her self to him: perhaps in pride of her singular Beauty, or presuming on her Nobility by birth, both which are rather Blemishes, than Ornaments in a woman, especially when they be abused. The harsh and uncivil usage in her, grew very distasteful to *Anastasio*, and so unsufferable,



sufferable, that after a long time of fruitless service, requited still with nothing but coy disdain; desperate resolutions entred into his brain, and often he was minded to kill himself. But better thoughts supplanting those furious passions, he abstained from such a violent act; and governed by more manly consideration, determined, that as she hated him; he would requite her with the like, if he could: wherein he became altogether deceived, because as his hopes grew to a daily decaying, yet his love enlarged it self more and more.

Thus *Anastasio* persevering still in his bootless Affection, and his Expences not limited within any compals, it appeared in the judgment of his Kindred and Friends, that he was fallen into a mighty Consumption, both of his body and means. In which respects, many times they advised him to leave the City of *Ravenna*, and live in some other place for such a while, as might set a more moderate stint upon his spendings, and bridle the indiscreet course of his Love, the only fuel which fed his furious fire.

*Anastasio* held out thus a long time, without lending an Ear to such Friendly counsel: but in the end, he was so nearly followed by them, as being no longer able to deny them, he promised to accomplish their request. Whereupon making such extraordinary preparation, as if he were to set thence for *France* or *Spain*, or else into some further Country: he mounted on Horseback, and accompanied with some few of his familiar Friends departed from *Ravenna*, and rode to a Country dwelling House of his own, about three or four Miles distant from the City, which was called *Chiasso*, and there (upon a very good green) erecting divers Tents and Pavillions, such as great persons make use of in the time of progress: he said to his Friends, which came with him thither, that there he determined to make his abiding, they all returning back unto *Ravenna*, and might come to visit him again so often as they pleased.

Now, it came to pass, that about the beginning of *May*, it being then a very mild and serene season, and he leading there a much more magnificent life, than ever he had done before, inviting divers to Dine with him this day, and as many to morrow, and not to leave him till after Supper: upon a sudden falling into remembrance of his cruel Mistress, he commanded all his servants to forbear his Company, and suffer him to walk alone by himself a while, because he had occasion of private Meditations, wherein he would not (by any means) be troubled. It was then about the ninth hour of the day; and he walking on solitary all alone, having gone some half a Mile distance from the Tents, entred into a Grove of Pine Trees, never minding Dinner time, or any thing else, but only the unkind requital of his Love.

Suddenly he heard the voice of a woman, seeming to make most mournful complaints, which breaking off his silent considerations, made him to lift up his Head, to know the reason of this noise. When he saw himself so far entred into the Grove, before he could imagine where he was; he looked amazedly round about him, and out of a little Thicket of Bushes and Briars round ingirt with spreading Trees, he espied a young Damocel come running towards him, Naked from the middle upward, her Hair lying on her Shoulders, and her fair Skin rent and torn with the Briars and Brambles, so that the blood ran trickling down mainly, she weeping, wringing her Hands, and crying out for mercy so loud as she could. Two fierce Blood-Hounds also followed swiftly after, and where their Teeth took hold, did most cruelly bite her. Last of all (mounted on a lusty black Courser) came Galloping a Knight, with a very stern and angry Countenance, holding a drawn short Sword in his Hand, giving her very dreadful speeches, and threatening every minute to kill her.

This strange and uncouth sight bred in him no mean admiration, as also kind compassion to the unfortunate woman: out of which compassion, sprung an earnest desire to deliver her (if he could) from a death so full of anguish and horror: but seeing himself to be without Arms, he ran and pluckt up the Plant of a Tree, which handling as if it had been a Staff, he opposed himself against the Dogs and the Knight, who seeing him coming cried out in this manner to him. *Anastasio*, put not thy self in any opposition, but refer to my Hounds and me, to punish this wicked woman as she hath justly deserved. And in speaking these words, the Hounds took fast hold on her body, so staying her until the Knight was come nearer to her, and alighted from his Horse. When *Anastasio* (after some other angry speeches) spake thus to him: I cannot tell what or who thou art, albeit thou takest such



such knowledge of me, yet I must say it is mere cowardise in a Knight, being armed as thou art, to offer to kill a naked woman, and make thy Dogs thus to seize on her, as if she were a savage beast; therefore believe me, I will defend her so far as I am able.

*Anastasio*, answered the Knight, I am of the same City as thou art, and do well remember, that thou wast a little Lad, when I (who was then named *Guido Anastasio*, and thine Uncle) became as intirely in love with this woman, as now thou art with *Paulo Traversario's* Daughter. But through her coy disdain and cruelty such was my heavy fate, that desperately I slew my self with this short Sword which thou beholdest in mine hand; for which rash sinful deed, I was and am condemned to eternal punishment. This wicked woman, rejoycing immeasurably in mine unhappy death, remained no long time alive after me, and for her merciless sin of cruelty, and taking pleasure in my oppressing torments, dying unrepentant, and in pride of her scorn, she had the like sentence of Condemnation pronounced on her, and sent to the same place where I was Condemned.

There the three impartial Judges, imposed this further infliction on us both; namely, that she should fly in this manner before me, and I (who loved her so dearly while I lived) must pursue her as my deadly enemy, not like a woman that had a taste of love in her. And so often as I can overtake her, I am to kill her with this Sword, the same weapon wherewith I slew my self. Then am I enjoyned, therewith to open her accursed body, and tear out her heart, with her other inwards, as now thou seest me do, which I give to my Hounds to feed on. Afterward, such is the appointment of the supreme powers, that she re-assumeth life again, even as if she had not been dead at all, and falling to the same kind of flight, I with my Hounds am still to follow her; without any respite or intermission. Every Friday, and just at this hour, our course is this way, where she suffereth the just punishment inflicted on her. Nor do we rest any of the other days, but are appointed unto other places, where she cruelly executed her Malice against me, being now (of her dear Affectionate Friend) ordained to be her endless Enemy, and to pursue her in this manner, for so many years, as she exercised months of cruelty towards me. Hinder me not then, in being the Executioner of Divine Justice; for all thy interposition is but in vain, in seeking to cross the appointment of supreme powers.

*Anastasio* having heard all this Discourse, his Hair stood upright, like Porcupines Quills, and his soul was so shaken with the terror, that he stept back, to suffer the Knight to do what he was enjoyned, looking yet with mild commiseration on the poor woman. Who kneeling most humbly before the Knight, and sternly seized on by the two Blood-Hounds, he opened her Brest with his Weapon, drawing forth her Heart and Bowels, which instantly he threw to the Dogs, and they devoured them very greedily. Soon after the Damosel (as if none of this punishment had been inflicted on her) started up suddenly, running amain towards the Sea shore, and the Hounds swiftly following her, as the Knight did the like, after he had taken his Sword, and was mounted on Horse back; so that *Anastasio* had soon lost all sight of them, and could not guess what could become of them.

After he had heard and observed all these things, he stood a while as confounded with fear and pity, like a simple silly man, hoodwinkt with his own Passions, not knowing the subtle Enemies cunning illusions in offering false suggestions to the sight, to work his own ends thereby, and encrease the number of his deceived servants. For with he persuaded himself, that he might make good use of this womans tormenting, so justly imposed on the Knight to prosecute, if thus it should continue still every Friday. Wherefore setting a good note or mark upon the place, he returned back to his own people, and at such times as he thought convenient, sent for divers of his Kindred and Friends from *Ravenna*, who being present with him, thus he spake to them.

Dear Kinsmen and Friends, ye have long while importuned me to discontinue my over-doating love to her, whom you all think, and I find to be my mortal enemy: as also to give over my lavish Expences, wherein I confess my self too prodigal; both which requests of yours, I will condescend to, provided, that you will perform one gracious favor for me; Namely, that on Friday next, Signior *Paulo Traversario*, his Wife, Daughter, with all other women linked in Linage to them, and such beside only as you shall please to appoint, will vouchsafe to accept a Dinner here with me; as for the reason thereto moving me, you shall then more



large be acquainted withal. This appeared no difficult matter for them to accomplish: wherefore, being returned to *Ravenna*, and as they found the time answerable to their purpose, they invited such as *Anastasio* had appointed them. And although they found it somewhat an hard matter, to gain her Company whom he had so dearly Affected; yet notwithstanding, the other women won her along with them.

A most magnificent Dinner had *Anastasio* provided, and the Tables were covered under the Pine-Trees, where he saw the cruel Lady so pursued and slain: directing the Guests first their seating, that the young Gentlewoman, his unkind Mistress, sat with her Face opposite unto the place, where the dismal spectacle was to be seen. About the closing up of Dinner, they began to hear the noise of the poor persecuted Woman, which drove them all to much admiration: desiring to know what it was, and no one relaying them, they rose from the Tables, and looking directly as the noise came to them, they espied the woful Woman, the Dogs eagerly pursuing her, the Knight Galloping after them with his drawn Weapon, and came very near unto the Company, who cryed out with loud exclaims against the Dogs, and the Knight, stepping forth in assistance of the injured woman.

The Knight spake unto them as formerly he had done to *Anastasio* (which made them draw back, possessed with fear and admiration) acting the same cruelty as he did the Friday before, not differing in the least degree. Most of the Gentlewomen there present, being near allyed to the unfortunate Woman, and likewise to the Knight, remembering well both his Love and Death, did shed Tears as plentifully, as it it had been to the very persons themselves, in usual performance of the Action indeed. With the Tragical Scene being passed over, and the Woman and Knight gone out of their sight, all that had seen this strange accident, fell into diversity of confused Opinions, yet not daring to disclose them, as doubting some further danger to ensue thereon.

But beyond all the rest, none could compare in fear and astonishment with the cruel young Maid affected by *Anastasio*, who both saw and observed all with a more inward apprehension, knowing very well, that the Moral of this dismal Spectacle carried a much nearer application to her, than any other in the Company. For now she could call to mind, how unkind and cruel she had shewn her self to *Anastasio*, even as the other Gentlewoman formerly did to her Lover, still flying from her in great contempt and scorn: for which she thought the Blood-Hounds also pursued her at the Heels already, and a Sword of Vengeance to mangle her Body. This fear grew so powerful upon her, that to prevent the like heavy doom from falling on her, she studied (and therein bestowed all the night season) how to change her Hatred into kind Love, which at the length she fully obtained, and then purposed to procure in this manner. Secretly she sent a faithful Chamber-Maid of her own, to greet *Anastasio* on her behalf, humbly entreating him to come see her: because now she was absolutely determined to give him satisfaction in all which (with honor) he could request of her. Whereto *Anastasio* answered, that he accepted her message thankfully, and desired no other favor at her Hand, but that which stood with her own offer, namely, to be his Wife in Honorable Marriage. The Maid knowing sufficiently, that he could not be more desirous of the Match, than her Mistress shewed her self to be, made answer in her name, that this motion would be most welcome to her.

Hereupon, the Gentlewoman her self became the soliciter to her Father and Mother, telling them plainly, that she was willing to be the Wife of *Anastasio*: which news did so highly content them, that upon the Sunday next following, the Marriage was very worthily solemnized, and they lived and loved together very kindly. Thus the Divine bounty, out of the malignant Enemies secret machinations, can cause good effects to arise and succeed. For, from this conceit of fearful imagination in her, not only happened this long desired Conversion of a Maid so obstinately scornful and proud: but likewise all the women of *Ravenna* (being admonished by her example) grew afterward more tractable to mens Honest motions, than ever they shewed themselves before. And let me make some use hereof (fair Ladies) to you, not to stand over-nicely conceited of your Beauty and good Parts, when men sollicite you with their best services. Remember then this disdainful Gentlewoman, but more especially her, who being the death of so kind a Lover, was therefore Condemned to perpetual punishment, and he made



made the Minister thereof, whom she had cast off with coy disdain, from which I wish your minds to be free, as mine is ready to do you any acceptable service.

Frederigo of the Alberighi Family, loved a Gentlewoman, and was not requited with like love again. But by bountiful expences, and ever-liberal invitations he wasted all his Lands and Goods, leaving nothing left him, but a Hawk or Falcon. His unkind Mistress happeneth to come to visit him, and he not having any other Food for her Dinner, made a dainty Dish of his Falcon for her to feed on. Being Conquered by this exceeding kind courtesie; she changed her former hatred towards him, accepting him as her Husband in Marriage, and made him a man of Wealthy Possessions.

### The Ninth NOVEL.

Wherein is figured to the life, the notable kindness and courtesie, of a true and constant Lover: As also the magnanimous mind of a famous Lady.

**M**Adam Phylomena having finished her Discourse, the Queen perceiving that her turn was the next, in regard of the priviledge granted to Dignities, with a smiling Countenance, thus she spake. Now or never am I to maintain the order which was instituted when we began this commendable exercise, whereto I yield with all humble obedience. And (worthy Ladies) I am to acquaint you with a Novel, in some sort answerable to the precedent, not only to let you know, how powerful your kindneses doe prevail, in such as have a free and gentle soul; but also to advise you, in being bountiful, where vertue doth justly challenge it. And evermore, let your favors shine on worthy deserving, without the directions of chance or Fortune, who never bestoweth any gift by discretion; but rashly without consideration, even to the first she blindly meets withal.

You are to understand then, that Coppo di Borghese Domenichi, who was of our own City, and pethaps (as yet) his name remaineth in great and reverend Authority, now in these days of ours, as well deserving eternal memory; yet more for his Vertues and commendable qualities, than any boast of Nobility from his predecessors. This man being well entred into years, and drawing towards the finishing of his days; it was his only delight and felicity, in conversation among his Neighbours, to talk of matters concerning Antiquity, and some other things within compass of his own knowledge: which he would deliver in such singular order, (having an absolute memory) and with the best Language, as very few or none could do the like. Among the multiplicity of his quaint Discourses, I remember he told us, that sometime there lived in Florence a young Gentleman, named Frederigo, Son to Signior Phillippo Alberigo, who was held and reputed, both for Arms, and all other actions befitting a Gentleman, hardly to have his equal through all Tuscany.

This Frederigo (as it is no rare matter in young Gentlemen) became enamoured of a Gentlewoman, named Madam Giana, who was esteemed (in her time) to be the fairest Lady in all Florence. In which respect, and to reach to the height of his desire, he made many sumptuous Feasts and Banquets. Jests, Tilts, Tournaments, and all other Noble Actions of Arms; beside, sending her infinite rich and costly Presents, making spare of nothing, but lasting all out in lavish expence. Notwithstanding, she being no less Honest than Fair, made no reckoning of whatsoever he did for her sake, or the least respect of his own person. So that Frederigo, spending thus daily more, than his means and ability could maintain, and no supplies any way redounding to him, or his faculties (as very easily they might) diminishing in such sort, that he became so poor, as he had nothing left him but a small Farm to live upon, the silly revenues whereof were so mean, as scarcely allowed him meat and drink; yet had he a fair Hawk or Falcon, hardly any where to be fellowed, so expeditious and sure she was of flight. His low ebb and poverty, no way quailing his love to the Lady, but rather setting a keener edge thereon; he saw the City life could no longer contain him, where most he coveted to abide; and



and therefore betook himself to his poor Country Farm, to let his Faulcon get his dinner and supper, patiently supporting his penurious estate, without suit or means making to one, for help or relief in any such necessity.

While thus he continued in this extremity, it came to pass, that the husband to Madam *Giana* fell sick, and his debility of body being such, as little or no hope of life remained, he made his last Will and Testament, ordaining thereby, that his Son (already grown to indifferent stature) should be heir to all his lands and riches wherein he abounded very greatly. Next unto him, if he chanced to die without a lawful heir, he substituted his wife, whom most dearly he affected, and so departed out of this life. Madam *Giana* being thus left a widow; as commonly it is the custome of our City Dames, during the summer season, she went to a house of her own in the Country, which was somewhat neer to poor *Frederigo's* Farm, and where he lived in such an honest kind of contented poverty.

Hereupon the young Gentleman her Son, taking great delight in Hounds and Hawks, grew into familiarity with poor *Frederigo*, and having seen many fair flights of his Falkon, they pleased him so extraordinarily, that he earnestly desired to enjoy her as his own; yet durst not move the motion for her, because he saw how choicely *Frederigo* esteemed her: Within a short while after, the young Gentleman became very sick, whereat his mother grieved exceedingly, as having no more but he, and never parting from him either night or day, comforting him so kindly as she could; demanding, if he had a desire to any thing, willing him to reveal it, and assuring him withall, that (if it were within the compass of possibility) he should have it. The youth hearing how many times she had made him these offers, and with such vehement protestations of performance, at last thus spake.

Mother (quoth he) if you can do so much for me, as that I may have *Frederigo's* Falkon, I am perswaded that my sickness soon will cease. The Lady hearing this, sat some short while musing to her self, and began to consider, what she might best do to compass her Sons desire: for well she knew, how long a time *Frederigo* had most lovingly kept it, not suffering it ever to be out of his sight. Moreover, she remembered, how earnest in affection he had been to her, never thinking himself happy, but only when he was in her company; wherefore, she entred into private advice with her own thoughts: Shall I send or go my self in person, to request the Falkon of him, it being the best that ever flew? It is his only Jewel of delight and that taken from him, no longer can he wish to live in this world. How far then void of understanding, shall I shew my self, to rob a Gentleman of his felicity having no other joy or comfort left him; These and the like considerations, wheeled about her troubled brain, only in tender love to her Son, perswading herself assuredly, that the Falkon were her own, if she would but request it: yet not knowing whereon it were best to resolve, she returned no answer to her Son, but sat still in her silent meditation. At the length, love to the youth so prevailed with her, that she concluded on his contentation, and (come of it what could) she would not send for it, but go herself in person to request it, and then return home again with it: whereupon thus she spake. Son, comfort thy self, and let languishing thoughts no longer offend thee: for here I promise thee, that the first thing I do to morrow morning, shall be my journey for the Falkon, and assure thy self, that I will bring it with me. Whereat the youth was sojoyed, that he imagined, his sickness began instantly a little to leave him, and promised him a speedy recovery.

Somewhat early the next morning, the Lady, in care of her Sick Sons health, was up and ready betimes, and taking another Gentlewoman with her: only as, a morning recreation, she walking to *Frederigo's* poor Country Farm, knowing that it would not a little glad him to see her. At the time of his arrival there, he was (by chance) in a silly Garden, on the back side of the house, because (as yet) it was not convenient time for flight: but when he heard, that Madam *Giana* was come thither, and desired to have some conference with him; as one almost confounded with admiration, in all haste he ran to her and saluted her with most humble reverence. She in all modest and gracious manner, requited him with the like salutations, thus speaking to him. Signior *Frederigo*, your own best wishes besfriend you. I am now come hither, to recompense some part of your passed travels, which heretofore you pretended to suffer for my sake, when your love was more to me, than did well become you to offer, or my self to accept. And such is the nature of my recompence, that I make my self your guest, and mean this day to dine with you, as also this Gentlewoman, making no doubt of our welcome: whereto with lowly reverence, thus he replied.



Madam, I do not remember, that ever I sustained any loss or hindrance by you, but rather so much good, as if I was worth any thing, it proceeded from your deservings, and by the service in which I did stand engaged to you. But my present happiness can no way be equalled, derived from your supper-abounding gracious favour, and more than common course of kindness, vouchsafing (of your own liberal nature) to come and visit so poor a servant. Oh that I had as much to spend again as heretofore riotously I have run thorow: what a welcome would your poor Host bestow on you, for gracing this homely house with your divine presence? with these words, he conducted her into his house, and then into his simple Garden, where having no convenient company for her, he said, Madam, the poverty of this place is such, that it affordeth none fit for your conversation: this poor woman, wife to an honest husbandman will attend on you while that I (with some speed) shall make ready Dinner.

Poor *Frederigo*, although his necessity was extream, and his grief great, remembering his former inordinate expences, & moiety whereof would now have stood him in some stead; yet he had a heart as free and forward as ever, not a jot dejected in his mind, though utterly overthrown by fortune. Alas! how was his good soul afflicted, that he had nothing to honour his Lady with? Up and down he runs, one while this way, then again another, exclaiming on his disastrous Fate, like a man enraged, or bereft of his senses: for he had not one penny of money, neither pawn or pledge, wherewith to procure any. The time hastied on, and he would gladly (though in mean measure) express his honourable respect to the Lady. To beg of any, his nature denyed it, and to borrow he could not, because his neighbours were as needy as himself. At last, looking round about, and seeing his Faulkon standing on her perch, which he felt to be very plump and fat, being void of all other helps in his need, and thinking her to be a Fowl fit for so noble a Lady to feed on: without any further demurring or delay, he pluckt off her neck, and caused the poor woman presently to pull her Feathers: which being done he put her on the spit, and in a short time she was daintily roasted. Himself covered the Table, set bread and salt on, and laid the Napkins, whereof he had but a few left him. Going then with cheerfull looks into the Garden, telling the Lady that dinner was ready, and nothing now wanted, but her presence. She and the Gentlewoman went in, and being seated at the Table, not knowing what they fed on, the Faulkon was all their food; and *Frederigo* not a little joyful, that his credit was so well saved. When they were risen from the table, and had spent some small time in familiar conference: the Lady thought it fit to acquaint him with the reason of her coming thither, and therefore (in very kind manner) thus began.

*Frederigo*, if you do yet remember your former carriage towards me, as also my many modest and chaste denials, which (perhaps) you thought to favour of a harsh, cruel, and unwomanly nature, I make no doubt, but you will wonder at my present presumption, when you understand the occasion, which expressly moved me to come hither. But if you were possessed of children, or ever had any, whereby you might comprehend what love (in nature) is due unto them: then I durst assure my self, you would partly hold me excused. Now in regard that you never had any, and my self (for my part) onely but one, I stand not exempted from those Laws, which are in common to other Mothers. And being compelled to obey the power of those Laws; contrary to mine own will, and those duties which reason ought to maintain, I am to request such a gift of you, which I am certain, that you do make most precious account of, as in manly equity you can do no less. For Fortune hath been extreamly adverse to you, that she hath robbed you of many other pleasures, allowing you no comfort or delight, but onely that poor one, which is your fair Faulkon. Of which bird, my Son is become so strangely desirous, as, if I do not bring it to him at my coming home: I fear so much the extremity of his sickness, as nothing can ensue thereon, but his loss of life. Wherefore I beseech you, not in regard of the love you have born me, for thereby you stand no way obliged: but in your own gentle nature (the which hath always declared it self ready in you, to do more kind offices generally, than any other Gentleman that I know) you will be pleased to give her me: or at the least, let me buy her of you. Which if you do, I shall freely then confess, that only by your means my Son's life is saved, and we both shall for ever remain engaged to you.

When *Frederigo* had heard the Ladies request, which was quite out of his power to grant, because it had been her service at dinner: he stood like a man: meelyr dilled



in his senses, the tears trickling again down his cheeks, and he was not able to utter one word. Which she perceiving, began to conjecture immediately that these tears and passions proceeded rather from grief of mind, as being lother to part with his Faulcon, than any kind of manner: which made her ready to say, that she would not have it. Nevertheless she did not speak, but rather to attend his answer. Which, after some small respite, he returned in this manner.

Madam, since the hour, when first my affection became solely devoted to your service, Fortune hath been cross and contrary to me, in many occasions, as justly and in good reason I may complain of her; Yet all seemed light and easie to be endured, in comparison of her present malicious contradiction, to my utter overthrow, and perpetual molestation. Considering, that you are come hither to my poor house which (while I was rich and able) you would not so much as vouchsafe to look on. And now you have requested a small matter of me, wherein she hath also most crookedly thwarted me, because she hath disabled me, in bestowing so mean a gift, as your self will confess, when it shall be related to you in few words.

So soon as I heard, that was it your gracious pleasure to dine with me, having regard to your excellency, and what (by merit) is justly due unto you: I thought it a part of my bounden duty, to entertain you with such excellent viands, as my poor power could any way compass, and far beyond respect or welcome, to other common and ordinary persons. Whereupon, remembering my Faulcon, which now you ask for; and her goodness excellling all other of her kind; I supposed, that she would make a dainty dish for your diet, and having dressed her, so well as I could devise to do, you have fed heartily on her, and I am proud that I have so well bestowed her. But perceiving now, that you would have her for your sick Son; it is no mean affliction to me that I am disabled of yeilding you contentment, which all my life time I have desired to do.

To approve his words, the feathers, feet, and beak, were brought in; which when she saw, she greatly blamed him for killing so rare a Faulkon, to content the appetite of any woman. Yet she commended his spirit, which poverty had no power to abate. Lastly, her hopes being frustrate for enjoying the Faulkon, and fearing the health of her Son, she thanked *Frederigo* for his kindness, returning home very melancholy. Shortly after, her Son, either grieving that he could not have the Faulkon, or by extremity of his disease, chanced to die, leaving his mother a wo-  
full Lady. After so much time was expired, as might agree with mourning; her Brethren made motions to her to marry again, because she was very rich, and yet but young. Now although she was well contented to remain a Widow; yet being continually importuned by them, and remembering the honorable honesty of *Frederigo*, his last poor yet magnificent dinner, in killing his Faulkon for her sake, said to her Brethren. This Kind of life doth like me so well, as willingly I would not leave it: but feeling you are so earnest, let me plainly tell you, that I will never accept of any other husband but onely *Frederigo di Alberino*.

Her Brethren in scornfull manner reprov'd her, telling her, he was a begger, and had nothing left. I know it well (quoth she) and am heartily sorry for it. But give me a man that hath need of wealth, rather than wealth that hath need of a man. The Brethren hearing how she stood addicted, and knowing *Frederigo* to be a worthy Gentleman, though poor, consented thereto; so she bestowed herself and her riches on him. He on the other side, having so noble a Lady to his Wife, and the same whom he had so long dearly loved, submitting all his fairest Fortunes unto her, became a better husband (for the world) than before, and they lived, and loved in equal joy and happines.

Pedro  
 You had been treated with age before I can truly understand what You had  
 from my life, but I was not born to look beauty of the  
 ended to be of me. I could have been as much as a Cloture and  
 then that, but a beautiful of me to be in with. I had not in-  
 eight to be, and I had been on any husband of mine. It be be a wo-  
 father or I have, thinking him to be a man, and offered a woman as a man  
 he before himself to be of me. I took him for an Italian, brought him a  
 (which was then with me). Why should not I be as rejected of him as  
 worldly cogitation, and I, and live in his Counting House, admitting no  
 pleasing to the breast his heart is always on his money, his head bowed with  
 and, which might be a comfort to me, the comfort he has to him, and I still



Pedro di Vinciolo went to Sup at a friends House in the City. His Wife (in the mean while) had a young man whom she loved at Supper with her. Pedro returning home on a sudden, the young man was bidden under a Coop for Hens. Pedro in excuse of his so soon coming home, declares, how in the House of Herculano (with whom he should have Suped) a Friend of his Wifes was found, which was the reason of the Suppers breaking off. Pedros Wife reproving the error of Herculanos Wife, an Ass (by chance) treads on the young mans fingers that lay bidden under the Hen-Coop. Upon his crying out Pedro steppeth thither, sees him, knows him and findes the fallacy of his Wife: with whom (nevertheless) he groweth to agreement, in regard of some imperfection in himself.

### The Tenth N O V E L.

Representing the cunning of immodest women, who by abusing themselves, do throw evil aspersions on all their Sex.

**T**HE Queens Novel being ended, and all applauding the happy fortune of Frederigo, as also the Noble nature of Giana: Dionius expecting no command, delivered his Discourse in this manner. I know not whether I should term it a vice accidental, and insuing thorow the badness of Complexions on us mortals; or an error in nature, to rejoyce rather at lewd accidents, than at deeds deserving commendation, especially when they no way concern our selves. Now, in regard that all the pains I have hitherto taken, and am also to undergo at this present, aimeth at no other end, but only to purge your minds of melancholy: pardon me I pray you (fair Ladies) if my Tale trip in some part, and savour a little of immodesty: yet in hearing it, you may observe the same course, as you do in delightful Gardens, pluck a sweet Rose, and preserve your fingers from pricking. Which easily you may do, winking at the imperfections of a foolish woman, and smiling at the amorous subtilties of his Wife, compassionating the misfortune of others, where urgent necessity doth require it.

There dwelt not long since in Perugia, a wealthy man named Pedro di Vinciale, who perhaps more to deceive some other, and restrain an evil opinion which the Perugians had conceived of him, in matter no way becoming a man, than any beauty or good feature remaining in the woman, entered into the estate of Marriage. And Fortune was so conform to him in his Election, that the woman whom he had made his Wife, had a young and enabled body, a red-haired Wench, hot spirited, standing more in need of three Husbands, than he who could not any way well content one Wife, because his mind ran more on his mony, than those offices belonging to Wedlock: which time acquainted his Wife withal, contrary to his own expectation, and those delights which the estate of Marriage afforded, knowing her self also to be of a sprightly disposition, and not to be easily tamed by Household cares, she waxed weary of her Husbands unkind courtes, upbraided him dayly with harsh speeches, making his own home as Hell to him.

When she saw that this Domestick disquietness returned her no benefit, but rather tended to her own Consumption, than any amendment in her miserable Husband, she began thus to confer with her private thoughts. This Husband of mine liveth with me, as if he were no Husband, or I his Wife: the Marriage Bed, which should be a comfort to us both, seemeth hateful to him, and as little pleasing to me because his mind is always on his mony, his head busied with worldly cogitations, and early and late in his Counting-House, admitting no familiar conversation with me. Why should not I be as respectless of him, as he declares himself to be of me? I took him for an Husband, brought him a sufficient Dowry, thinking him to be a man, and affected a woman as a man ought to do, else he had never been any Husband of mine. If he be a woman-hater, why did he make choice of me to be his Wife? If I had not intended to be of the world, I could have Coopt my self up in a Cloyster, and shorn my self like a Nun, but that I was not born to such severity of life. My Youth shall be blasted with Age before I can truly understand what Youth is, and I shall be branded with the disgraceful word barrenness, knowing my self meet



meet and able to be a Mother, were my Husband but worthy the name of a Father, or expected Issue and Posterity, to leave our memorial to after-times in our Race, as all our Predecessors formerly have done, and for which Marriage was chiefly instituted. Castles long Besieged, do yield at the last, and women wronged by their own Husbands, can hardly warrant their own frailty, especially living among so many temptations, which flesh and blood are not always able to resist. Well, I mean to be advised in this, case, before I will hazard my Honest Reputation, either to Suspicion or Scandal, than which, no woman can have two heavier Enemies, and very few there are that can escape them.

Having thus a long while consulted with her self, and (perhaps) oftner than twice or thrice; she became secretly acquainted with an aged woman, generally reputed to be more than half a Saint, walking always very demurely in the streets, counting (over and over) her *Pater Nosters*, and all the Cities Holy Pardons hanging at her Girdle, never talking of any thing, but the lives of the Holy Fathers, or the lives of the Holy Saints, or the wounds of Saint *Francis*, all the world admiring her Sanctity of life, as if she were Divinely inspired: this the Saint must be our distressed womans Counsellor, and having found out a convenient season, in large she imparted all her mind to her, in some such manner as formerly you heard, whereto she returned this answer. Now truit me Daughter, thy case is to be pitied, and so much the rather, because thou art in the flower of thy Youth, when not a minute of time is to be left: for there is no greater error in this life, than the loss of time, because it cannot be recovered again; and when the Fiends themselves affright us, yet if we keep our Embers still covered with warm Ashes on the Hearth, they have not any power to hurt us. If any one can truly speak thereof, then I am able to deliver true testimony; for I know, but not without much perturbation of mind, and piercing afflictions in the spirit, how much time I lost without any profit. And yet I lost not all, for I would not have thee think me to be so foolish, that I did altogether neglect such an especial benefit; which when I call to mind, and consider now in what condition I am, thou must imagine it is no small hearts grief to me, that age should make me utterly despised, and no Fire afforded to light my tinder.

With men it is not so, they are born apt for a thousand occasions, as well for the present purpose we talk of, as infinite others beside; yea, and many of them are more esteemed being aged, than when they are young. But women serve only for mens contentation, and to bring Children; and therefore are they generally beloved, which if they fail of, either it is by unfortunate Marriage, or some imperfection depending on Nature, or want of good will in themselves. We have nothing in this world but what is given us, in which regard, we are to make use of our time, and employ it the better while we have it. For, when we grow to be old, our Husbands, yea our dearest Friends, will scarcely look on us. We are then fit for nothing, but to sit by the fire in the Kitchen telling Tales to the Cat, or counting the Pots and Pans on the Shelves. Nay which is worse, Rhimes and Songs are made of us, even in meer contempt of our age, and commendation of such as are young, the daintiest morsels are fittest for them, and we referred to feed on the scraps from their Trenchers, or such recreation as they can spare us. I tell thee Daughter, thou couldst not make choice of a meetter woman in all the City, to whom thou mightest safely open thy mind, and knows better to advise thee than I do. But remember withal, that I am poor, and it is not your part to suffer poverty to be unsupplied. I will make thee partaker of all these blessed Pardons, at every Altar I will say a *Pater Noster*, and an *Ave Maria*, that thou mayst prosper in thy hearts desires, and be defended from foul sin and shame.

Within a while after, it came to pass that her Husband was invited forth to Supper, with one named *Hercules*, a kind Friend of his; but his Wife refused to go, because she had appointed a Friend to Supper with her, to whom the old woman was imployed as her messenger, and was well recompensed for her labor. This Friend was a gallant proper youth as any *Perrigis* yielded, and scarcely was he seated at the Table, but her Husband was returned back, and called to be let in at the door. Which when she perceived, she was almost half dead with fear, and coveting to hide the young man.



man, out of her Husbands sight, she had no other means, but in an Entry, hard by the Parlour where they purposed to have Supper, pulled a Coop or Hen-Pen, wherein she used to keep her Pullen, under which he crept, and then she covered it with an old empty Sack, and after ran to let her Husband come in. When he was entered into the House, as he was half offended at his sudden return, angrily she said: It seems Sir you are a shaver at your meat that you have made so short a Supper. In troth Wife (quoth he) I have not Supt at all, no not so much as eaten one bit. How happened that, said the woman? Marry Wife (quoth he) I will tell you, and thus he began.

As *Herculano*, his Wife, and I were sitting down at the Table, very near unto us we heard one sneeze, whereof at the first we made no reckoning, until we heard it again the second time, yea, a third, fourth, and fifth, and many more after, whereat we were not a little amazed. Now Wife I must tell you, before we entered the Room where we were to Sup, *Herculano's* Wife kept the door fast shut against us, and would not let us enter in an indifferent while; which made him somewhat offended, but now much more, when he had heard one to sneeze so often. Demanded of her a reason for it, and who it was that thus sneezed in his House: he started from the Table, and stepping to a little door near the Stairs head, necessarily made, to set such things in, as otherwise would be troublesome to the Room (as in all Houses we commonly see the like) he perceived that the party was hidden there, which we had heard so often to sneeze before.

No sooner had he opened the door, but such a smell of Brimstone came forth (whereof he felt not the least savour before) which made us likewise to cough and sneeze, being no way able to refrain it. She seeing her Husband to be much moved, excused the matter thus: that (but a little while before) she had whited certain Linnen with the smok of Brimstone, as it is a usual thing to do, and then set the Pan into that spare place because it should not be offensive to us. By this time, *Herculano* had espied him that sneezed, who being almost stifled with the smell, and closeness of this small Room wherein he lay, had not any power to help himself, but still continued coughing and sneezing, even as if his Heart would have split in twain. Forth he pluckt him by the Heels, and perceiving how the matter had past, he said to her: I thank you Wife, now I see the reason, why you kept us so long from coming into this Room: let me die, if I bear this wrong at your hands. When his Wife heard these words, and saw the discovery of her shame; without returning either excuse or answer, forth of doors she ran, but whither, we know not. *Herculano* drew his Dagger, and would have slain him that still lay sneezing: but I dissuaded him from it, as well in respect of this, as also mine own danger when the Law should censure on the deed. And after the young man was indifferently recovered, by the persuasion of some Neighbours coming in, he was close conveyed out of the House, and all the noise quietly pacified. Only (by this means, and the flight of *Herculano's* Wife) we were disappointed of our Supper, and now you know the reason of my so soon returning.

When she had heard this whole discourse, then she perceived, that other Women were subject to the like infirmity, and as wife for themselves, as she could be, though these or the like sinister accidents might sometime cross them: and gladly she wished, that *Herculano's* Wives excuse, might now serve to acquit her: but because in blaming others errors, our own may sometime chance to escape discovery, and clear us, albeit we are as guilty; in a sharp reprehending manner, thus she began: See Husband, here is handsome behavior, of an Holy fair-seeming, and Saint-like woman, to whom I durst have confes'd my sins, I conceived such a Religious persuasion of her lives integrity, free from the least scruple of taxation. A woman so far slept into years as she is, to give such an evil example to younger women, is it not a sin beyond all sufferance? Accursed be the hour, when she was born into this world, and her self likewise, to be so lewdly and incontinently given; an universal shame and slander to all the good women of our City.

Shall I term her a woman, or rather some savage monster in a womans shape? Hath she not made an open Prostitution of her Honesty, broken her plighted Troth to her Husband, and all the womanly reputation she had in this



this world? Her Husband being an Honorable Citizen, entreating her always, as few men else in the City do their Wives; what an heart-break must this needs be to him, good man? Neither I, nor any Honest woman else, ought to have any pity on her, but with our own Hands tear her in pieces, or drag her along to a good fire in the Market place, wherein she and her minion should be consumed together, and their base ashes dispersed abroad in the wind, lest the pure Air should be infected with them.

Then, remembering her own case, and her poor affrighted Friend, who lay in such distress under the Hen-Coop; she began to persuade her Husband, that he would be pleased to go to Bed, because the night passed on apace. But *Pedro* having a better will to eat, than to sleep, desired her to let him have some meat, else he must go to Bed with an empty Belly; whereto she answered. Why Husband (quoth she) do I make any large provision, when I am debar'd of your Company? I would I were the Wife of *Herculano*, seeing you cannot content your self from one nights feeding, considering it is now over-late to make any thing ready.

It fortun'd, that certain Husbandmen, which had the charge of *Pedro's* Farm-House in the Country, and there followed his affairs of Husbandry, were returned home this instant night, having their Asses laden with such Provision, as was to be used in his City-House. When the Asses were unladen, and set up in a small Stable, without watering; one of them being (belike) more thirsty than the rest, brake loose, and wandering all about smelling to seek water, happened into the Entry, where the young man lay hidden under the Hen-Pen. Now; he being constrained (like a Carp) to lie flat on his Belly, because the Coop was over-weighty for him to carry, and one of his Hands more extended forth, than was requisite for him in so urgent a shift: it was his hap (or ill fortune rather) that the Ass set his foot on the young mans Fingers, treading so hard, and the pain being very irksome to him, as he was enforced to cry out aloud: which *Pedro* hearing, he wondered thereat not a little.

Knowing that this cry was in his House, he took the Candle in his Hand, and going forth of the Parlour, heard the cry to be louder; because the Ass removed not his Foot, but rather trod the more firmly on his hand. Coming to the Coop, driving the Ass, and taking off the old Sack, he espied the young man, who beside the painful anguish he felt of his Fingers, arose up trembling, fearing some outrage beside to be offered by *Pedro*, who knew the youth perfectly, and demanded of him, how he came thither? No answer did he make to that question, but humbly entreated (for Charities sake) that he would not do him any harm. Fear not (quoth *Pedro*) I will not offer thee any violence: only tell me how thou camest hither, and for what occasion; wherein the youth fully resolved him.

*Pedro* being no less joyful for thus finding him, than his Wife was sorrowful, took him by the Hand, and brought him into the Parlour, where she sat trembling and quaking, as not knowing what to say in this distress. Seating himself directly before her, and holding the youth still fast by the Hand, thus he began. Oh Wife! What bitter speeches did you use (even now) against the Wife of *Herculano*, maintaining that she had shamed all other women and justly deserved to be burned? Why did you not say as much of your self? Or, if you had not the heart to speak, how could you be so cruel against her, knowing your Offence as great as hers? Questionless, nothing else urged you thereto, but that all women are of one and the same condition, covering their own gross faults by far inferior infirmities in others. You are a perverse generation, merely false in your fairest shews.

When she saw that he offered her no other violence but gave her such vaunting and reproachful speeches, holding still the young man before her Face, merely to vex and despight her: she began to take heart, and thus replied. Dost thou compare me with the Wife of *Herculano*, who is an old dissembling Hypocrite? Yet she can have of him what she desireth, and he useth her as a woman ought to be, which favour I could never yet find at thy Hands. Put the case, that thou keepest me in good Garments; allowing me to go neatly hosed and shod; yet well thou knowest, there are other meet matters belonging to a woman, and every way as necessarily required, both



for the preservation of Household quietness, and those other rites between a Husband and a Wife. Let me be worse Garmented, coarser Dieted, yea, debarred of all pleasures and delights; so I might once be worthy the name of a Mother, and leave some remembrance of womanhood behind me. I tell thee plainly *Pedro*, I am a woman as other women are, and subject to the same desires, as (by Nature) attend on flesh and blood: look how thou failest in kindness towards me, think it not amiss, if I do the like to thee, and endeavour thou to win the worthy title of a Father, because I was made to be a Mother.

When *Pedro* perceived that his Wife had spoken nothing but reason, in regard of his over-much neglect towards her, and not using such Household kindness, as ought to be between Man and Wife, he returned her this answer. Well Wife (quoth he) I confess my fault, and hereafter will labour to mend it conditionally, that this youth, nor any other, may no more visit my House in my absence. Get me therefore something to Eat, for doubtless, this young man and thy self fell short of your Supper, by reason of my so soon returning home. In troth Husband, said she, we did not Eat one bit of any thing, and I will be a True and Loyal Wife to thee, so thou wilt be the like to me. No more words then Wife, replied *Pedro*, all is forgotten, and forgiven, let us to Supper, and we are all Friends. She seeing his anger was so well appeased, lovingly Kissed him, and laying the cloth, set on the Supper, which she had provided for her self and the youth, and so they Supt together merrily, not one unkind word passing between them. After Supper, the youth was sent away in a friendly manner, and *Pedro* was always afterward more loving to his Wife, than formerly he had been, and no complaint passed on either side, but mutual Joy and Household contentment, such as ought to be between Man and Wife.

*Dionessa* having ended this his Tale, for which the Ladies returned him no thanks, but rather angrily frowned on him: the Queen, knowing that her Government was now concluded, arose, and taking off her Crown of Lawrel, placed it graciously on the Head of *Madam Eliza*, saying, Now Madam, it is your turn to command. *Eliza* having received the Honor, did (in all respects) as others formerly had done, and after she had instructed the Master of the Household, concerning his charge during the time of her Regiment, for contentation of all the Company, thus she spake.

We have long since heard, that with witty words, ready answers, and sudden jests or taunts, many have checked and reprov'd great folly in others, and to their no mean commendations. Now, because it is a pleasing kind of Argument, Ministering occasion of Mirth, and Wit: my desire is, that all our Discourse to-morrow shall tend thereto. I mean of such persons, either Men or Women, who with some witty answer, have encountred a scorner in his own intention, and laid the blame where it justly belonged. Every one commended the Queens appointment, because it favoured of good Wit and Judgment; and the Queen being risen, they were all discharged till Supper time, falling to such several exercises as themselves best fancied.

When Supper was ended and the Instruments laid before them, by the Queens consent, *Madam Eliza* undertook the Dance, and the Song was appointed to *Dionessa*, who began many, but none that proved to any liking, they were so palpably obscene and idle, favouring altogether of his own wanton disposition. At the length, the Queen looking strangely on him, and commanding him to sing a good one, or none at all: thus he began.

When the law that he should have no other violence but gave her such counting and respectful speech, holding still the young man before her, he began to vex and despise her: she began to take heart, and thus replied. Dost thou compare me with the Wife of Hircanus, who is an old Hypocrite? Yet she can have of him what she desireth, and he desireth her as a woman ought to be, which favour I could never yet find at thy hands. But the tale that thou hast told me in good Garment, allowing me to go nearly hated and loathed, yet well known, there are other more things belonging to a woman, and every way as necessarily required, both



The SONG.

**E** Yes, can you not refrain your hourly weeping?  
 Ears, how are you depriv'd of sweet attention?  
 Thoughts, have you lost your quiet silent sleeping?  
 Wit who hath rob'd thee of thy rare invention?  
 The lack of these being life and motion giving:  
 Are senseless shapes, and no true signs of living.

Eyes, when you gaz'd upon her Angel beauty;  
 Ears, while you heard her sweet delicious strains,  
 Thoughts (sleeping then) did yet perform their duty,  
 Wit took sprightly pleasure in his pains.  
 While she did live, then none of these were scanting,  
 But now (being dead) they all are gone and wanting.

After that *Dioneus* (by proceeding no further) declared the finishing of his Song; many more were sung beside, and that of *Dioneus* highly commended. Some part of the night being spent in other delightful exercises, and a fitting hour for rest drawing on: they betook themselves to their Chambers, where we will leave them till to morrow morning.

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F I N I S.

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F i n



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21 M I F



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THE  
DECAMERON,  
Containing an Hundred very pleasant  
NOVELS.

---

*The last Five Days.*

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THE  
DECAMERON

Containing in Hand and very pleasant

NOVELS.

The last five days.



---

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To the Right Honorable

Sir Philip Herbert, Kt.

Lord Baron of *Sherland*, Earl of *Montgomery*,  
and Knight of the most Noble Order of  
the Garter.

**H**AVING (by your Honorable command)  
Translated this *Decameron*, or *Cento*  
*Novelle*, surnamed *Il Principe Galeotto*,  
of Ten Days several Discourses, grounded on  
variable and singular Arguments, happening  
between seven Noble Ladies and three very Ho-  
norable Gentlemen: although not attired with  
such Elegancy of Phrase, or Nice Curiosity  
of Stile, as a quicker and more sprightful Wit  
could have performed, but in such Home-born  
Language, as my ability could stretch unto; yet  
it cometh (in all duty) to kiss your Noble Hand,  
and to shelter it self under your Gracions Pro-  
tection, though not from the Lereing Eye, and  
over-lavish Tongue of snarling Envy; yet from  
the power of his blasting Poyson, and malice of  
his Machinations.



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TO THE  
READER.

**B**ooks (Courteous Reader) may rightly be compared to Gardens; wherein, let the painful Gardiner express never so much care and diligent endeavour; yet among the very fairest, sweetest, and freshest Flowers, as also Plants of precious vertue; ill savouring and stinking Weeds, fit for no use but the fire or muck-hill, will spring and sprout up. So fareth it with Books of the very best quality, let the Author be never so indulgent, and the Printer vigilant: yet both may miss their aim, by the escape of Errors and Mistakes, either in sense or matter, the one fault ensuing by a ragged written Copy; and the other through want of wary Correction. If then the best Books cannot be free from this common infirmity; blame not this then, of far lighter Argument, wherein thy courtesie may help us both; His blame, in acknowledging his more sufficiency, than to write so gross and absurdly: And mine, in pardoning unwilling Errors committed, which thy Judgment finding, thy Pen can as easily Correct.

Farewel.

THE



## The SIXTH DAY.

Governed under the Authority of Madam Eliza, and the Argument of the Discourses or Novels there to be recounted, do concern such persons, who by some witty words (when any have check'd and taunted them) have revenged themselves, in a sudden, unexpected and discreet answer, thereby preventing loss, danger, scorn, and disgrace, retorting them on the busie-beaded Questioners.

### The Induction.



HE Moon having pass'd the Heaven, lost her bright splendor, by the arising of a more power Light, and every part of our World began to look clear: When the Queen (being risen) caused all the Company to be called, walked forth afterward upon the Pearled Dew (so far as was supposed convenient) in fair and familiar Conference together according as severally they were disposed, and repetition of divers the passed Novels, especially those which were most pleasing, and seemed so by their present commendations. But the Sun being somewhat higher mounted, gave such a sensible warmth to the Air, as caused their return back to the Palace, where the Tables were readily covered against their coming, strewed with sweet Herbs, and odoriferous Flowers, seating themselves at the Tables (before the heat grew more violent) according as the Queen commanded.

After Dinner, they sung divers excellent Canzonnets, and then some went to sleep, others played at the Chesse, and some at the Tables: but *Dionens* and *Madam Lauretta*, they sung the Love-conflict between *Troilus* and *Cressida*. Now was the hour come, of repairing to their consistory or meeting place; the Queen having thereto generally summoned them, and seating themselves (as they were wont to do) about the fair Fountain. As the Queen was commanding to begin the first Novel, an accident suddenly happened, which never had befalln before: to wit, they heard a great noise and tumult, among the Household servants in the Kitchen. Whereupon, the Queen caused the Master of the Household to be called, demanding of him, what noise it was, and what might be the occasion thereof? He made answer, that *Lacisca* and *Tindaro* were at some words of discontentment, but what was the occasion thereof, he knew not. Whereupon, the Queen commanded, that they should be sent for, (their anger and violent speeches still continuing) and being come into her presence, she demanded the reason of their discord; and *Tindaro* offering to make answer, *Lacisca* (being somewhat more ancient than he, and of a fiercer fiery spirit, even as if her heart would have leapt out of her mouth) turned her self to him, and with a scornful frowning countenance, said; See how this bold, unmannerly, and beastly fellow, dare presume to speak in this place before me: Stand by (saucy impudence) and give your betters leave to answer; then turning to the Queen, thus she proceeded.

Madam, this idle fellow would maintain to me, that Signior *Sicophanto* marrying with *Madama della Grazza*, had the victory of her Virginity the very first night; and I avouched the contrary, because she had been a Mother twice before, in very fair adventuring of her Fortune. And he dared to affirm beside, that young Maids are so simple, as to lose the flourishing *April* of their time, in meer fear of their Parents, and great prejudice of their amorous Friends. Only being abused by infinite promises, that this year, and that year, they shall have Husbands, when both by the Laws of Nature and Reason, they are not tyed to tarry so long, but rather ought to lay hold upon opportunity, when it is fairly and friendly offered, so that seldom they come Maids to Marriage. Beside, I have heard and know some Married Wives, that have played divers wanton pranks with their Husbands, yet carried all so demurely and smoothly, that they have gone free from publick detection. All which this Wood-Cock will



not credit, thinking me to be so young a Novice, as if I had been born but yesterday.

While *Lacisca* was delivering these speeches, the Ladies smiled on one another, not knowing what to say in this cause: And although the Queen (five or six several times) commanded her to silence; yet such was the earnestness of her spleen, that she gave no attention, but held on still, even until she had uttered all that she pleased. But after she had concluded her complaint, the Queen (with a smiling countenance) turned towards *Dionius*, saying, This matter seemeth most properly to belong to you; therefore I dare to repose such trust in you; that when our Novels (for this day) shall be ended, you will conclude the case with a definitive Sentence. Whereto *Dionius* presently thus replied. Madam the Verdict is already given, without any further expectation: and I affirm, that *Lacisca* hath spoken very sensibly, because she is a woman of good apprehension, and *Tindaro* is but a Puny, in practice and experience, to her.

When *Lacisca* heard this, she fell in a loud laughter, and turning her self to *Tindaro*, said: The honor of the day is mine, and thy own quarrel hath overthrowed thee in the field. Thou that (as yet) hast scarcely learned to suck, wouldst thou presume to know so much as I do? Couldst thou imagine me, to be such a truant in the loss of my time, that I come hither as an ignorant creature? And had not the Queen looking very frowningly on her, strictly enjoined her to silence; she would have continued still in this triumphing humor; But fearing further chastisement for disobedience, both she and *Tindaro* were commanded thence, where was no other allowance all this day, but only silence and attention, to such as should be enjoined speakers.

And then the Queen, somewhat offended at the folly of the former Controversie, commanded Madam *Philomena*, that she should give beginning to the days Novels: which (in dutiful manner) she undertook to do, and seating her self in formal fashion, with modest and very gracious gesture, thus she began.

*A Knight requested Madam Oretta, to ride behind him on Horseback, and promised, to tell her an excellent Tale by the way. But the Lady perceiving, that his Discourse was idle, and much worse delivered: entreated him to let her walk on foot again.*

### THE FIRST NOVEL.

*Reprebending the folly of such men, as undertake to report Discourses, which are beyond their wit and capacity, and gain nothing but blame for their labour.*

**G**RACIOUS Ladies, like as in our fair, clear, and serene Seasons, the Stars are bright Ornaments to the Heavens, and the Flowry Fields (so long as the Spring time lasteth) wear their goodliest Liveries, the Trees likewise bragging in their best adornings: Even so at friendly meetings, short, sweet and sententious words, are the beauty and ornament of any Discourse, favouring of wit, and sound judgment, worthily deserving to be commended. And so much the rather, because in few and witty words, aptly suting with the time and the occasion, more is delivered than was expected, or sooner answered, than rashly apprehended: which, as they become men very highly, yet do they shew more singular in women.

True it is, what the occasion may be, I know not, either by the badness of our wits, or the especial enmity between our complexions and the Celestial bodies: there are scarcely any, or very few women to be found among us, that well know how to deliver a word, when it should, and ought to be spoken; or, if a question be moved, understand to suit it with an apt answer, such as rightly is required: which is no mean disgrace to us women. But in regard that Madam *Pampinea* hath already spoken sufficiently of this matter, I mean not to press it any further: but at this time it shall satisfy me, to let you know, how wittily a Lady made due observation of opportunity, in answering of a Knight, whose talk seemed tedious and offensive to her.



No doubt there are some among you, who either do know, or (at the least) have heard, that it is no long time since, when there dwelt a Gentlewoman in our City, of excellent Grace and good Discourse, with all other rich Endowments of Nature remaining in her, as pity it were to conceal her name: and therefore let me tell you, that she was called *Madam Oretta*, the Wife to Signior *Geri Spina*. She being upon some occasion (as now we are) in the Country, and passing from place to place, by way of Neighbourly invitations) to visit her loving Friends and Acquaintance, accompanied with many Knights and Gentlewomen, who on the day before had Dined and Supt at her House, as now (belike) the self same courtly was intended to her: walking along with her Company upon the way; and the place for her welcome being farther off than she expected; a Knight chanced to overtake this fair Troop, who well knowing *Madam Oretta*, using a kind and courteous salutation, spake thus unto her.

Madam, this foot travel may be offensive to you, and were you so well pleased as my self, I would ease your Journey behind me on my Gelding, even so far as you shall command me: and beside, will shorten your weariness with a Tale worth the hearing. Courteous Sir, (replied the Lady) I embrace your kind offer with such acceptation that I pray you to perform it; for therein you shall do me an especial favour. The Knight, whose Sword (perhaps) was as unsutable to his Side, as his Wit out of Fashion for any ready Discourse, having the Lady mounted behind him; rode on with a gentle pace, and (according to his promise) began to tell a Tale, which indeed (of it self) deserved attention, because it was a known and commendable History; but yet delivered so abruptly, with idle repetitions of some particulars, three or four several times, mistaking one thing for another, and wandring erroneously from the essential subject, seeming near an end, and then beginning again: that a poor Tale could not possibly be more mangled, or worse tortured in telling, than this was; for the persons therein concerned, were so abusively nick-named, their Actions and speeches so monstrously mistaken, that nothing could appear to be more ugly.

*Madam Oretta*, being a Lady of unequalled ingenuity, admirable in judgment, and most delicate in her speech, was afflicted in soul, beyond all measure; overcome with many cold sweats, and passionate heart-aking qualms, to see a Fool thus in a Pinn-fold, and unable to get out, albeit the door stood wide open to him, whereby she became so sick, that converting her distast to a pleasing kind of acceptation, merrily thus she spake. Believe me Sir, your Horse Trots so hard, and Travels so uneasie; that I intreat you to let me walk on foot again.

The Knight, being (perchance) a better Understander, than a Discourser; perceived by this witty taunt, that this Bowl had run a contrary Bias, and he as far out of Tune, as he was from the Town. So lingering the time, until her Company was nearer arrived, he left her with them, and rode on as his wisdom could best direct him.

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*Cistio a Baker, by a witty answer which he gave unto Messer Geri Spina, caused him to acknowledge a very indiscreet motion, which he had made to the said Cistio.*

## The Second NOVEL.

*Approving, that a request ought to be civil, before it should be granted to any one whatsoever.*

**T**HE words of *Madam Oretta*, were much commended by the men and women; and the Discourse being ended, the Queen gave command to *Madam Pampinea*, that she should follow next in order, which made her to begin in this manner.

Worthy Ladies, it exceedeth the power of my capacity, to censure in the case whereof I am to speak, by saying, who sinned most, either Nature, in seating a noble soul in a vile body, or Fortune in bestowing on a body (beautified with a noble soul) a base or wretched condition of life. As we may observe by *Cistio*, a Citizen of our own, and many more beside; for, this *Cistio* being endued with a singular good spirit, Fortune hath made him no better than a Baker. And believe me



me Ladies, I could (in this case) lay as much blame on Nature, as on Fortune; if I did not know Nature to be most absolutely wise, and that Fortune hath a thousand Eyes, albeit Fools have figured her to be blind. But upon more mature and deliberate consideration, I find, that they both (being truly wise and judicious) have dealt justly, in imitation of our best advised mortals, who being uncertain of such inconveniences, as may happen unto them, do bury (for their own benefit) the very best and choicest things of esteem, in the most vile and abject places of their houses, as being subject to least suspicion, and where they may be sure to have them at all times, for supply of any necessity whatsoever, because so base a conveyance hath better kept them, than the very best Chamber in the House could have done. Even so these two great Commanders of the world, do many times hide their most precious Jewels of worth, under the Clouds of Arts or Professions of worst estimation, to the end, that fetching them thence when need requires, their splendor may appear to be the more glorious. Nor was any such matter noted in our homely Baker *Cistio*, by the best observation of *Messer Geri Spina*, who was spoken of in the late repeated Novel, as being the Husband to *Madam Oretta*; whereby this accident came to my remembrance, and which (in a short Tale) I will relate unto you.

Let me then tell you, that Pope *Bonifac* (with whom the fore-named *Messer Geri Spina*, who was in great regard) having sent divers Gentlemen of his Court to *Florence* as Ambassadors, about very serious and important business: they were lodged in the House of *Messer Geri Spina*, and he employed (with them) in the said Popes Negotiation. It chanced, that as being the most convenient way for passage, every morning they walked on foot by the Church of *Saint Mario, di Vghi*, where *Cistio* the Baker dwelt, and exercising the Trade belonging to him. Now although Fortune had humbled him to so mean a condition, yet she added a blessing of wealth to that contemptible quality, and (as smiling on him continually) no disasters at any time befel him, but still he flourished in riches, lived like a jolly Citizen, with all things fitting for honest entertainment about him, and plenty of the best Wines (both White and Claret) as *Florence*, or any part thereof yielded.

Our frolick Baker perceiving, that *Messer Geri Spina*, and the other Ambassadors, used every morning to pass by his door, and afterward to return back the same way: seeing the Season to be somewhat hot and sultry, he took it as an action of kindness and courtesie, to make them an offer of tasting his White Wine. But having respect to his own mean degree, and the condition of *Messer Geri*, he thought it far unfitting for him, to be so forward in such presumption; but rather entered into consideration of some such means whereby *Messer Geri* might be the inviter of himself to taste his Wine. And having put on him a Truss or thin Doublet of very white and fine Linnen Cloth, as also Breeches, and an Apron of the same, and a white Cap upon his Head, so that he seemed rather to be a Miller than a Baker: at such times as *Messer Geri* and the Ambassadors should daily pass by, he set before his door a new Bucket of fair Water, and another small Vessel of *Bologna* Earth (as new and slightly as the other) full of his best and choicest White Wine, with two small Glasses, looking like Silver, they were so clear. Down he sat, with all this provision before him, and emptying his Stomach twice or thrice, of some clotted flegms which seemed to offend it: even as the Gentlemen were passing by, he drank one or two Rouses of his Wine so heartily, and with such a pleasing Appetite, as might have moved a longing (almost) in a dead man.

*Messer Geri* well noting his behaviour, and observing the very same course in him two mornings together, on the third day (as he was drinking) he said unto him, Well done *Cistio*, what, is it good, or no? *Cistio* starting up, forthwith replied: Yes Sir, the Wine is good indeed, but how can I make you to believe me, except you taste of it? *Messer Geri*, either in regard of the times quality, or by reason of his pains taking, perhaps more than ordinary, or else because he saw *Cistio* had drunk so sprightly, was very desirous to taste of the Wine, and turning unto the Ambassadors, in merriment he said. My Lords, methinks it were not much amiss, if we took a taste of this honest mans Wine, perhaps it is so good, that we shall not need to repent our labour.

Hereupon he went with them to *Cistio*, who had caused a handsome seat to be fetched forth of his House, whereupon he requested them to sit down, and having commanded his men to wash clean the Glasses, he said. Fellows, now get you gone, and



and leave me to the performance of this service; for I am no worse a Skinker, than a Baker, and tarry you never so long, you shall not drink a drop. Having thus spoken, himself washed four or five small Glasses, fair and new, and causing a Vial of his best Wine to be brought him: he diligently filled it out to *Messer Geri* and the Ambassadors, to whom it seemed the very best Wine that they had drunk of in a long while before. And having given *Cistio* most hearty thanks for his kindness, and the Wine his due commendation: many days afterwards so long as they continued there they found the like courteous entertainment, and with the good liking of honest *Cistio*.

But when the Affairs were fully concluded, for which they were sent to *Florence*, and their parting preparation in due readiness: *Messer Geri* made a very sumptuous Feast for them, inviting thereto the most part of the honorable Citizens, and *Cistio* to be one amongst them; who (by no means) would be seen in an assembly of such State and Pomp, albeit he was thereto (by the said *Messer Geri*) most earnestly entreated.

In regard of which denial, *Messer Geri* commanded one of his servants to take a small Bottle, and request *Cistio* to fill it with his good Wine; and to serve it in such sparing manner to the Table, that each Gentleman might be allowed half a Glass full at their down sitting. The Serving man, who had heard great report of the Wine, and was half offended, because he could never taste thereof: took a great Flaggon Bottle, containing four or five Gallons at the least, and coming therewith unto *Cistio*, said unto him. *Cistio*, because my Master cannot have your Company among his Friends, he prays you to fill this Bottle of your best Wine. *Cistio* looking upon the huge Flaggon, replied thus. Honest Fellow, *Messer Geri* never sent thee with such a message to me: which although the Serving-man very stoutly maintained, yet getting no other answer, he returned back therewith to his Master.

*Messer Geri* returned the servant back again unto *Cistio*, saying: Go and assure *Cistio*, that I sent thee to him, and if he make thee any more such answers, then demand of him, to what place else I should send thee. Being come again to *Cistio*, he avouched that his Master had sent him, but *Cistio* affirming, that he did not: the Servant asked to what place else he should send him? Marry (quoth *Cistio*) unto the River of *Arno*, which runneth by *Florence*, there thou maist be sure to fill thy Flaggon. When the Servant had reported this answer to *Messer Geri*, the Eyes of his Understanding began to open, and calling to see what Bottle he had carried with him: no sooner looked he on the huge Flaggon, but severely reproving the sawciness of his servant, he said. Now trust me, *Cistio* told thee nothing but truth, for neither did I send thee with any such dishonest message, nor had he reason to yield or grant it.

Then he sent him a Bottle of more reasonable competency, which as soon as *Cistio* saw: Yea marry my friend, quoth he, now I am sure that thy Master sent thee to me, he shall have his desire with all my heart. So commanding the Bottle to be filled, he sent it away by the servant, and presently followed after him. When he came to *Messer Geri*, he spake unto him after this manner. Sir I would not have you to imagine, that the huge Flaggon (which first came) did any jot dismay me; but rather I conceived, that the small Vial whereof you tasted every morning, yet filled many mannerly Glasses together, was fallen quite out of your remembrance; in plainer terms, it being no Wine for Grooms or Peazants, as your self affirmed yesterday. And because I mean to be a Skinker no longer, by keeping Wine to please any other Palat but mine own: I have sent you half my store, and hereafter think of me as you shall please. *Messer Geri* took both his gift and speeches in most thankful manner, accepting him always after, as his intimate Friend, because he had so graced him before the Ambassadors.

Madam



*Madam Nonna de Pulci, by a sudden answer, did put to silence a Bishop of Florence, and the Lord Marshal: having moved a question to the said Lady, which seemed to come short of honesty.*

### The Third NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, that mockers do sometimes meet with their matches in mockery, and to their own shame.*

**W**Hen Madam Pampinea had ended her Discourse, and (by the whole Company) the answer and bounty of Cistio, had pass'd with deserved commendation: it pleased the Queen, that Madam Lauretta should next succeed; whereupon very chearfully thus she began.

Fair Assembly, Madam Pampinea (not long time since) gave beginning, and Madam Philomena hath also seconded the same Argument, concerning the slender vertue remaining in our Sex, and likewise the beauty of witty words, delivered on apt occasion, and in convenient meetings. Now, because it is needless to proceed any further, than what hath been already spoken; let me only tell you (over and beside) and commit it to memory, that the nature of meetings and speeches are such, as they ought to nip or touch the Hearer, like unto the Sheeps nibling on the tender Grass, and not as the fullen Dog biteth. For, if their biting be answerable to the Dogs, they deserve not to be termed witty jests or quips, but foul and offensive Language: as plainly appeareth by the words of Oretta, and the merry, yet sensible answer of Cistio.

True it is, that if it be spoken in way of answer, and the answer biteth Doggedly, because himself was bitten in the same manner before: he is the less to be blamed, because he maketh payment but with Coin of the same stamp. In which respect, an especial care is to be had, how, when, with whom, and where we jest or gibe, whereof very many prove too unmindful, as appeared (not long since) by a Prelate of ours, who met with a biting, no less sharp and bitter, than had first come from himself before, as very briefly I intend to tell you how.

Messer Antonio d' Orsi, being Bishop of Florence, a vertuous, wise, and reverend Prelate: it fortuned that a Gentleman of Catalogna, named Messer Diego de la Ratta, and Lord Marshal to King Robert of Naples, came thither to visit him. He being a man of very comely personage, and great observer of the choicest beauties in Court: among all the other Florentine Dames, one proved to be most pleasing in his Eye, who was a very fair woman indeed, and Neece to the Brother of the said Messer Antonio.

The Husband of this Gentlewoman (albeit descended of a worthy Family) was nevertheless, immeasurably covetous. Which the Lord Marshal understanding, made such a mad composition with him, as to give him five hundred Duckets of Gold, on condition, that he would let him lie one night with his Wife, not thinking him so base minded as to give consent. Which in a greedy avaritious humor he did, and the bargain being absolutely agreed on, the Lord Marshal prepared to fit him with a payment, such as it should be, He caused so many pieces of Silver to be cunningly gilded, as then went for currant money in Florence, and called *Popolims*; and after he had lain with the Lady (contrary to her will and knowledge, her Husband had so closely carried the business) the money was duely paid to the Cornuted Coxcomb. Afterwards this impudent shame chanced to be generally known, nothing remaining to the wilful Wittal, but loss of his expected gain, and scorn in every place where he went. The Bishop likewise (being a discreet and sober man) would seem to take no knowledge thereof, but bear out all scoffs and mocks with a well settled countenance.

Within a short while after, the Bishop and the Lord Marshal (always conversing together) it came to pass, that upon Saint Johns day, they riding through the City, side by side, and viewing the brave beauties, which of them might best deserve to win the prize: the Bishop espied a young Married Lady (which our late grievous Pestilence bereaved us of) she being named Madam Nonna de Pulci, and Cousin to Messer Alonso Rinucci, a Gentleman well known unto us all. A very goodly



goodly beautiful young woman she was, of delicate Language and singular Spirit, dwelling close by St. Peters Gate. This Lady did the Bishop shew to the Marshal, and when they were come to her, laying his Hand upon her Shoulder, he said, Madam Nonna, What think you of this Gallant? Dare you adventure another wager with him?

Such was the apprehension of this witty Lady, that these words seemed to tax her honor, or else to contaminate the hearers understanding, whereof there were great plenty about her, whose judgment might be as vile, as the speeches were scandalous. Wherefore never seeking for any further purgation of her clear Conscience, but only to retort taunt for taunt, presently thus she replied. My Lord, if I should make such a vile adventure, I would look to be paid with better money.

These words being heard both by the Bishop and Marshal, they felt themselves touched to the quick, the one, as the Factor or Broker, for so dishonest a business, to the Brother of the Bishop; and the other, as (receiving in his own person) the shame belonging to his Brother. So, not so much as looking each on other, or speaking one word together all the rest of that day they rode away with blushing Cheeks. Whereby we may collect, that the young Lady, being so injuriously provoked, did no more than well became her, to bite their baseness nearly, that so abused her openly.

*Chicibio, the Cook to Messer Currado Gianfiliazzi, by a sudden pleasant Answer which he made to his Master; converted his Anger into Laughter, and thereby escaped the punishment, that Messer meant to impose upon him.*

### The Fourth NOVEL.

*Whereby plainly appeareth, that a sudden witty and merry answer, doth oftentimes appease the furious Choler of an angry man.*

**M**Adam Lauretta sitting silent, and the answer of Lady Nonna having pass'd with general applause: the Queen commanded Madam Nephila to follow next in order; who instantly thus began. Although a ready wit (fair Ladies) doth many times afford worthy and commendable speeches, according to the accidents happening to the speaker: yet notwithstanding, Fortune (being a ready helper divers ways to the timorous) doth often tip the Tongue with such a present reply, as the party to speak, had not so much leisure as to think on, nor yet to invent; as I purpose to let you perceive, by a pretty short Novel.

Messer Currado Gianfiliazzi (as most of you have both seen and known) living always in our City in the Estate of a Noble Citizen, being a man bountiful, magnificent, and within the degree of Knighthood: continually kept both Hawks and Hounds, taking no mean delight in such pleasures as they yielded, neglecting (for them) far more serious employments, wherewith our present subject presumeth not to meddle. Upon a day, having killed with his Faulcon a Crane, near to a Village called Peretola, and finding her to be Young and Fat, he sent it to his Cook a Venetian born, named Chicibio, with command to have it prepared for his Supper. Chicibio, who resembled no other than (as he was indeed) a plain, simple, honest, merry Fellow, having dress'd the Crane as it ought to be, put it on the Spit, and laid it to the fire.

When it was well near roasted, and gave forth a very delicate pleasing savour, it fortun'd that a young woman dwelling not far off, named Brunetta, and of whom Chicibio was somewhat enamoured, entred into the Kitchen, and feeling the excellent smell of the Crane, to please her beyond all favours, that ever she had felt before, she entreated Chicibio very earnestly that he would bestow a leg thereof upon her. Whereto Chicibio (like a pleasant Companion, and evermore delighting in singing) sung her this Answer.



*My Brunetta, fair and feare,  
Why should you say so?  
The meat of my Master,  
Allows you for no Taster.*

*Go from the Kitchen, go.*

Many other speeches pass'd between them in a short while, but in the end *Chicibio*, because he would not have his Mistress *Brunetta* angry with him, cut off one of the Cranes legs from the Spit, and gave it to her to Eat. Afterward, when the Fowl was served up to the Table before *Messer Carrado*, who had invited certain strangers his Friends to Sup with him, wondering not a little, he called for *Chicibio* his Cook, demanding what was become of the Cranes other leg? Whereunto the *Venetian* (being a liar by Nature) suddenly answered: Sir, Cranes hath no more but one leg each Bird. *Messer Carrado*, growing very angry replied: Wilt thou tell me, that a Crane hath no more but one leg? Did I never see a Crane before this? *Chicibio* persisting resolutely in his denial, said believe me Sir, I have told you nothing but the truth, and when you please, I will make good my words, by such Fowls as are living.

*Messer Carrado*, in kind love to the Strangers that he had invited to Supper, gave over any further contestation; only he said, seeing thou assurest me, to let me see thy affirmation for truth, by other of the same Fowls living (a thing which as yet I never saw, or heard of) I am content to make proof thereof to morrow morning; till then I shall rest satisfied: but, upon my word, if I find it otherwise, expect such a sound payment, as thy knavery justly deserveth, to make thee remember it all thy life time. The contention ceasing for the night season, *Messer Carrado*, who, although he had slept well, remained still discontented in his mind; arofe in the morning by break of day, and puffing, and blowing angrily, called for his Horses, commanding *Chicibio* to mount on one of them; so riding on towards the River, where early (every morning) he had seen plenty of Cranes, he said to his man: We shall see anon Sirrah, whether thou or I lied yesternight.

*Chicibio* perceiving, that his Masters anger was not as yet asswaged and now it stood him upon, to make good his lie; not knowing how he should do it, rode after his Master, fearfully trembling all the way. Gladly he would have made an escape, but he could not by any possible means, and on every side he looked about him, now before and after behind, to espy any Cranes standing on both their legs, which would have been an ominous sight to him. But being come near to the River, he chanced to see (before any of the rest) upon the bank thereof, about a dozen Cranes in number, each standing upon one leg, as they use to do when they are sleeping. Whereupon, shewing them quickly to *Messer Carrado*, he said: Now Sir your self may see, whether I told you true yesternight, or no: I am sure a Crane hath but one Thigh, and one Leg, as all here present are apparent witnesses, and I have been as good as my promise.

*Messer Carrado* looking on the Cranes, and well understanding the Knavery of his man, replied: Stay but a little while Sirrah, and I will shew thee, that a Crane hath two Thighs and two Legs. Then riding somewhat nearer to them, he cryed out aloud, Shough, shough; which caused them to set down their other Legs and all fled away, after they had made a few paces against the Wind for their mounting. So going unto *Chicibio*, he said: How now you lying Knave, hath a Crane two Legs or no? *Chicibio* being well-near at his wits end, not knowing now what answer he should make; but even as it came suddenly in his mind said: Sir, I perceive you are in the right, and if you would have done as much yesternight, and had cryed Shough, as here you did: questionless, the Crane would then have set down the other Leg, as these here did: but if (as they) she had fled away too, by that means you might have lost your Supper.

This sudden and unexpected answer, coming from such a Logger-headed Lout, and so seasonably for his own safety: was so pleasing to *Messer Carrado*, that he fell into a hearty Laughter, and forgetting all anger, said, *Chicibio*, thou hast quitted thy self well, and to my contentment, albeit I advise thee, to teach me no more such tricks hereafter. Thus *Chicibio*, by his sudden and merry answer, escaped a sound beating, which (otherwise) his Master had inflicted upon him.

Messer



Messer Forefo de Rabatte, and Master Giotto, a Painter by his Profession, coming together from Mugello scornfully reprehended one another for their deformity of body.

The Fifth NOVEL.

Whereby may be observed, that such as will speak contemptibly of others, ought (first of all) to look respectively on their own imperfection.

SO soon as Madam Neiphila sat silent (the Ladies having greatly commended the pleasant Answer of *Chiebibio*) *Pamphilus*, by command from the Queen, spake in this manner. Worthy Ladies, it cometh to pass oftentimes, that like as Fortune is observed divers ways, to hide under vile and contemptible Arts, the great and unvaluable Treasures of vertue (as not long since, was well discoursed unto us by Madam *Pampinea*) so in like manner hath appeared; that Nature hath infused very singular spirits into most mishapen bodies of men. As hath been noted in two of our own Citizens. The one of them was named *Messer Forefo de Rabatta*, a man of little and low person, but yet deformed in Body, with a flat Nose, like a Terrier or Beagle, very ugly to behold. But notwithstanding all his deformity, he was so singularly experienced in the Laws, that no man was his equal, but reputed him as a Treasury of Civil knowledge. The other man, being named *Giotto*, had a spirit of such great excellency, as there was nothing in Nature, the work-mistress of all, by continual motion of the Heavens; but he by his Pen could perfectly portray; shaping them all so truly alike, that they were taken for the real matters indeed; and whether they were present or no, there was hardly any possibility of their distinguishing. So that many times it happened, that by the variable devices he made the visible sense of men became deceived, in crediting those things to be Natural, which were but Painted. By which means, he reduced that singular Art to light, which long time before had lain buried, under the gross error of some; who, in the Mystery of Painting, delighted more to content the ignorant, than to please the wise, he justly deserving to be termed one of the *Florentines* most glorious lights. And so much the rather, because he performed all his actions in true humility: for while he lived, and was a Master in his Art above all other Painters: yet he refused any such Title, which shined the more Majestical in him, as appeared by such, who knew much less than he: yet his knowledge was much desired of them.

Now, notwithstanding, all this excellency in him: he was not a jot the handsomer a man, than was our fore-named Lawyer *Messer Forefo*, therefore my Novel concerneth them both. Understand (fair assembly) the possessions of *Messer Forefo* and *Giotto*, lay in *Mugello*; wherefore, when Holy-days were celebrated by Order of Court, and in the Summer time, upon the admittance of so apt a vacation; *Forefo* rode thither upon a very unsightly Jade. The like did *Giotto* the Painter, as ill fitted every way as the other; and having dispatched their business there, they both returned back towards *Florence*, neither of them could boast which was the best mounted. Riding on a softly pace, because their Horses could go no faster; and they being well entred into years; it fortuned that a sudden shower of Rain over-took them; for avoiding whereof they made all possible haste to a poor mans Cottage, well known to them both. Having continued there an indifferent while, and the Rain unlikely to cease: to prevent all further protraction of time, and to arrive at *Florence* in due season; they borrowed two old Cloaks of the poor man, of over-worn and ragged Country Gray, as also two Hoods of the like complexion, which did more mishape them, than their own ugly deformity, and made them flouted and scorned of all that saw them.

After they had ridden some distance of ground, much moiled and bemired with their shuffling Jades, singing the dirt every where about them, that well they might be termed two filthy Companions: the Rain gave over, and the Evening somewhat clear, they began to confer familiarly together. *Forefo* Riding a lousy French Trot, every step being ready to hoist him out of his Saddle, hearing *Giotto*'s answers to every idle question he made began to survey him, even from the foot to



the head. And perceiving him to be greatly deformed, in his opinion: without any consideration of his own mishaping as bad, or rather more unsightly than he; in a scoffing laughing humor, he said, *Giotto*, dost thou imagine that a stranger, who had never seen thee before, and should now happen into our Company, would believe thee to be the best Painter in the world, as indeed thou art? Presently *Giotto* (without any further meditation) returned him this answer. Signior *Foreso*, I think he might then believe it, when (beholding you) he could imagine that you had learned your A. B. C. Which when *Foreso* heard, he knew his own error, and saw his payment returned in such Coin, as he sold his Wares for.

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*A young ingenious Scholar, being unkindly reviled and smitten by his ignorant Father, and through the procurement of an unlearned Vicar; afterward attained to be doubly revenged on him.*

### THE SIXTH NOVEL.

*Serving as an Advertisement to unlearned Parents, not to be over-rash, in censuring on Scholars perfections, through any bad or unbecoming persuasions.*

THE Ladies smiled very heartily, at the ready answer of *Giotto*; until the Queen charged Madam *Fiammetta*, that she should next succeed in order: whereupon, thus she began. The very greatest infelicity that can happen to a man, and most insupportable of all other, is Ignorance; a word (I say) which hath been so general, as under it is comprehended all imperfections whatsoever. Yet notwithstanding, whosoever can cull (grain by grain) the defects incident to human race; will and must confess, that we are not all born to knowledge: but only such whom the Heavens illuminating by their bright radiance (wherein consisteth the source and well-spring of all Science) by little and little, do bestow the influence of their bounty, on such and so many as they please, who are to express themselves the more thankful for such a blessing. And although this grace doth lessen the misfortune of many, which were over-mighty to be in all; yet some there are, who by saucy presuming on themselves, do bewray their ignorance by their own speeches; setting such behavior on each matter, and soothing every thing with such gravity, even as if they would make comparison: or (to speak more properly) durst encounter in the Lists, with great *Solomon* or *Socrates*. But let us leave them, and come to the matter of our purposed Novel.

In a certain Village of *Piccardy*, there lived a Priest or Vicar, who being merely an ignorant block, had yet such a peremptory presuming spirit; as, though it was sufficiently discerned, yet he beguiled many thereby, until at last he deceived himself, and with due chastisements to his folly.

A plain Husbandman dwelling in the same Village possessed of much Lands, and Livings, but very gross and dull in understanding; by the entreaty of some of his friends, and well-willers, some-thing more intelligible than himself: became incited, or rather provoked, to send a Son of his to the University of *Paris*, to Study there as was fitting for a Scholar. To the end (quoth they) that having but this Son only, and Fortunes blessings abounding in store for him: he might likewise have the riches of the Mind, which are those true Treasures indeed, that *Aristippus* giveth us advice to be furnished withal.

His Friends persuasions having prevailed, and he continued at *Paris* for the space of three years: what with the Documents he had attained to, before his going thither, and by means of a happy memory in the time of his being there, wherewith no young man was more singularly endued (in so short a while) he attained and performed the greater part of his Studies.

Now, as oftentimes it cometh to pass, the love of a Father (surmounting all other Affections in man) made the old Farmer desirous to see his Son: which caused his sending for him with all convenient speed, and obedience urged his as forward willingness thereto. The good old man, not a little joyful to see him in so good condition and Health, and increased so much in Stature since his parting thence: familiarly told him, that he earnestly desired to know, if his mind and body had



had attained to a competent and equal growth, which in three or four days he would put in practice.

No other help had he but a simple man, but Master Vicar must be the questioner of his Son. Wherein the Priest was very unwilling to meddle, for fear of discovering his own ignorance, which passed under the opinion that he deserved. But the Farmer being importunate, and the Vicar many ways beholding to him, could not refuse denial, but understood it very formally, as if he had been an able man in deed.

But how Fools are born to be Follies, and where they least hope there they find the best success; the simplicity of the Father, must be the means for abusing his Scholarly Son, and a Screen to stand between the Priest and his ignorance. Earnest is the old man to know, what, and how far his Son hath profited at School, and by what note he might best take understanding of his answers, which jumping fit with the Vicar's vanity, and a warlike cloak to cover his Knavery, he appoints him but one word only, namely *Nescio*, at where with if he answered to any of his demands, it was an evident token that he understood nothing. As thus they were walking and conferring in the Church, the Farmer very careful to remember the word *Nescio*, it came to pass upon a sudden, that the young man entered in to them, to the great contentment of his Father, who prayed Master Vicar, to make approbation of his Son, whether he well learned, or no, and how he had benefited at the University?

After the time of the days' lustrations had pass'd between them, the Vicar being subtle and crafty, as they walked along by one of the Tombs in the Church; pointing with his finger to the Tomb, the Priest uttered these words to the Scholar.

The young Scholar (by reason it was erected since his departure, and finding no Inscription whereby to inform him) answered, as well as he might, *Nescio*. Immediately the Father, keeping the word perfectly in his memory, grew very angrily passionate; and desiring to hear no more demands, gave him three or four boxes on the Ears, with many harsh and injurious speeches, terming him an Ass and Villain, and that he had not learned anything. His Son was patient, and returned no answer, but plainly perceived, that this was a trick intended against him, by the malicious Priest, on whom (in time) he might be revenged.

Within a short while after, the Suffragan of those parts (under whom the Priest was but a Deputy, holding the Bench of him, with no great charge to his Conscience) being abroad in his Visitation, sent word to the Vicar, that he intended to preach there on the next Sunday, and he to prepare in a readiness, *Domine & Commendum*, because he would have nothing else to his Dinner. Hereat Master Vicar was greatly amazed, because he had never heard such words before, neither could he find them in all his *Exordium*. Hereupon he went to the young Scholar, whom he had so lately before abused, and crying him merciful, with many impudent and shallow excuses, desired him to reveal the meaning of those words, *Domine & Commendum*.

The Scholar (with a sober countenance) made answer, That he had been over-much abused, (which nevertheless) he took not so impatiently, but he had already forgiven, and forgives him, with promise of comfort in this his extraordinary affliction, and grief of mind. When he had perused the Suffragan's Letter, well observing the Priest's ignorance of the Priest, he seemed (by outward appearance) to take it strangely, and cried out aloud, saying, In the name of Virtue, what may this signify? How (quoth the Priest) What manner of demand do you make? He replied, the Scholar, you have but one poor Ass, which I know you do love dearly, and yet you than told me *Commendum* very familiarly, for your Patron will have no other meat to his Dinner. The Confessor of my Ass, answered the Priest, Patron of me, who then shall carry my Coin to the Mill? There was silence, and the Scholar, for he had so far it down for an absolute resolution, and shadow of conscience, he said, I am glad you have a new name, and that the Priest had considered thereof while by himself, remembering the words of the Bible, which clearly he put upon his Patron to be rich times, of his great wealth, in his Ass. He concluded to have him guided, what danger soever should come on him, preparing them in readiness against his coming. So soon as



the Suffragan was there arrived, heavily he complained to him for his Ass: which kind of Language he not understanding, knew not what he meant, nor how he should answer. But being (by the Scholar) acquainted with the whole History, he laughed heartily at the Priests ignorant folly, wishing that all such bold Bayards (from time to time) might be so served. Likewise, that all ignorant Priests, Vicars, and other Grasshoppers of Towns, or Villages, who sometime have only seen *Partes rationis quæ sunt*, not to stand over-much on their own sufficiency, grounded solely upon their Grammar; but to beware whom they jest withal, without meddling with Scholars, who take no injuries as dullards do, lest they prove infamous by their disputations.

*Madam Philippa, being accused by her Husband Rinaldo de Pugliese, because he took her in Adultery, with a young Gentleman named Lazarino de Guazzagliotti: caused her to be cited before the Judge. From whom she delivered her self, by a sudden witty, and pleasant answer, and moderated a severe strict Statute formerly made against women.*

### The Seventh NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, of what worth it is to confess a truth, with a facetious and witty excuse.*

**A**FTER that Madam Fiammetta had given over speaking, and all the Auditory had sufficiently applauded the Scholars honest revenge, the Queen enjoined *Philostatus* to proceed on next with his Novel, which caused him to begin thus. Believe me Ladies, it is an excellent and commendable thing, to speak well, and to all purposes: but I hold it a matter of much greater worth, to know how to do it, and when necessary doth most require it. Which a Gentlewoman (of whom I am now to speak) was so well instructed in, as not only it yielded the Hearers mirthful contentment, but likewise delivered her from the danger of death, as (in few words) you shall hear related.

In the City of *Pistoia*, there was an Edict or Statute, no less blame-worthy (to speak uprightly) than most severe and cruel; which (without making any distinction) gave strict command; that every woman should be burned with fire, whose Husband found her in the Act of Adultery, with any secret or familiar friend, as one deserving to be thus abandoned, like such as prostituted their bodies to publick sale or hire. During the sharp Edict, it fortuned that a Gentlewoman, who was named *Philippa*, was found in her Chamber one night, in the Arms of a young Gentleman of the same City, named *Lazarino de Guazzagliotti*, and by her own Husband, called *Rinaldo de Pugliese*, the loving the young Gallant, as her own life, because he was most compliant in all passions, and every way as dearly addicted to her.

This sight was so irksome to *Rinaldo*, that, being overcome with extreme rage, he could hardly contain from running at him, with a violent intent to kill them both: but fear of his own life cooled his forbearance, meaning to be revenged by some better way. Such was the heat of his spleen and fury, as setting aside all respect of his own shame, he would needs prosecute the rigor of the deadly Edict, which he held lawful for him to do, although it extended to the death of his Wife. Hereupon, having Witnesses sufficient, to approve the guiltiness of her offence: a day being appointed (without desiring any other Counsel) he went in person to accuse her, and required justice against her.

The Gentlewoman, who was of a high and undaunted spirit, as all such are, who have fixed their affection resolutely, and love upon a grounded deliberation: concluded, quite against the Counsel and Opinion of her Parents, Kindred and Friends, to appear in the Court, as desiring rather to die, by confessing the truth with a manly courage, than by denying it, and her love unto so worthy a person as he was, in whose Arms she choiced to be taken; to live basely in Exile with shame, as an eternal scandal to her Race. So, before the Potestate, she made her appearance, worthily accompanied both with men and women, all advising her to deny the Act: but she not minding them or their persuasions, looking on the Judge with



with a constant countenance, and a voice of settled resolve, craved to know of him, what he demanded of her?

The Potestate well noting her brave carriage, her singular beauty and praise-worthy parts, her words apparently witnessing the height of her mind: began to take compassion on her, and doubted, lest she would confess some such matter, as should enforce him to pronounce the sentence of death against her. But she boldly scorning all delays, or any further protraction of time; demanded again, what was her accusation? Madam, answered the Potestate, I am sorry to tell you what needs I must, your Husband (whom you see present here) is the complainant against you, avouching that he took you in the Act of Adultery with another man: and therefore he requireth, that according to the rigour of our Statute here in force with us, I should pronounce sentence against you, and (consequently) the infliction of death. Which I cannot do, if you confess not the Fact, and therefore be well advised, how you answer me; and tell me the truth, if it be as your Husband accuseth you, or no.

The Lady, without any dismay or dread at all, pleasantly thus replied. My Lord, true it is, that *Rinaldo* is my Husband, and that he found me, on the night named, between the Arms of *Lazarino*, where many times heretofore he hath embraced me, according to the mutual love re-plighted together, which I deny not, nor ever will. But you know well, and I am certain of it, that the Laws enacted in any Country, ought to be common, and made with consent of them whom they do concern; which in this Edict of yours is quite contrary. For it is rigorous against none, but poor women only, who are able to yield much better satisfaction generally, than remaineth in the power of men to do. And moreover, when this Law was made, there was not any woman that gave consent to it, neither were they called to like or allow thereof: in which respect it may be termed, an unjust Law. And if you will, in prejudice of my body, and your own soul, be the Executioner of so unlawful an Edict, it lies in your power so to do.

But before you proceed to pronounce any sentence, may it please you to favour me with one small request, namely, that you would demand of my Husband, if at all times, and whensoever he took delight in my company, I ever made any curiosity, or came to him unwillingly. Whereto *Rinaldo*, without tarrying for the Potestate to move the question, suddenly answered; that (undoubtedly) his Wife at all times, and oftner than he could request it, was never sparing of her kindness or put him off with any denial. Then the Lady, continuing on her former speeches, thus replied. Let me then demand of you, my Lord, being our Potestate and Judge, if it be so, by my Husband's own free confession, that he hath always had his pleasure of me, without the least refusal in me, or contradiction; what should I do with the overplus remaining in my own power, and whereof he had no need? would you have me cast it away to Dogs? was it not more fitting for me, to pleasure therewith a worthy Gentleman, who was even as dear to me for my love, than (my Husband surfeiting, and having no need of me) to let him lie languishing and die?

Never was heard such an examination before, and to come from a woman of such worth, the most part of the honorable *Pistofians* (both Lords and Ladies) being there present, who hearing her urge such a necessary question, cryed out all aloud together with one voice (after they had laughed their fill) that the Lady had said well, and no more than she might. So that before they departed thence, by comfortable advice proceeding from the Potestate, the Edict (being reputed over-cruel) was modified, and interpreted to concern them only, who offered injury to their Husbands for money. By which means, *Rinaldo* standing as one confounded, for such a foolish and unadvised enterprise, departed from the Auditory: and the Lady, not a little joyful to be thus freed and delivered from the fire, returned home with victory to her own house.







sufferable, that he could not (with patience) endure them any longer, thus short and quickly answered. *Francesca*, if all people of our City (both men and women) be so odious in thy Eyes, and offensive to thy Nose, as thou hast often reported to me: be advised then by my counsel. Stay still at home, and look upon none but thy self only, and then thou shalt be sure that they cannot displease thee. But she, being as empty of wit as a pithless Cane, and yet thought her judgment to exceed *Solomons*, could not understand the least part of her Uncles meaning, but stood as senseless as a Sheep. Only she replied, that she would resort to some other part of the Country, which if she found as weakly furnished of handsome people, as here she did, she would conceive better of her self, than ever she had done before.

*Signior Guido Cavalcante, with a sudden and witty answer, reprehended the rash-folly of certain Florentine Gentlemen, that thought to scorn and flout him.*

### The Ninth NOVEL.

*Notably discovering the great difference that is between learning and ignorance, upon judicious apprehension.*

**W**hen the Queen perceived, that Madam *Emilia* was discharged of her Novel, and none remained now to speak next, but only her self, his priviledg always remembered to be last, she began in this manner.

Fair Company, you have this day disappointed me of two Novels at the least, whereof I had intended to make use. Nevertheless, you shall not imagine me so unfurnished, but that I have left one in store; the conclusion whereof, may minister such instruction, as will not be reputed impertinent: but rather of such material consequence, as better hath not this day past.

Understand then (most fair Ladies) that in former time, our City had many commendable Customs in it; whereof we cannot say that poor one remaineth, such hath been the too much Wealth and Covetousness, the only supplanter of all good Qualities. Among many, there was one of note, that in many places of *Florence*, men of the best Houses in every quarter, had a sociable and neighbourly meeting, creating their Company to consist of a certain number, such as were able to supply their expences; as this day one, and to morrow another: and thus in a kind of friendly course, each daily furnished the Table for the rest of the Company. Oftentimes, they did honor to divers Gentlemen and strangers, upon their arrival in our City, by inviting them into their assembly, and many of our worthiest Citizens besides; so that it grew to a customary use, and one especial day in the year appointed, in memory of this so loving a meeting, when they would ride (triumphantly as it were) on Horseback through the City, sometimes performing Tilts, Tournaments, and other Martial exercises, but they were reserved for Festival days.

Among which Company, there was one called *Signior Betto Brimeleschi*, who was earnestly desirous to Procure *Signior Guido Cavalcante de Cavalcanti*, to make one in their friendly society. And not without great reason: for over and beside his being one of the best Logicians, as those times not yielded a better: He was also a most absolute Natural Philosopher (which worthy qualities were little esteemed among these honest meeters) a very friendly Gentleman, singularly well spoken, and whatsoever else was commendable in any man, was no way wanting in him, being wealthy withal, and able to return equal honors, where he found them to be duly deserved, as no man therein could go beyond him. But *Signior Betto*, notwithstanding his long continued importunity, could not draw him into their assembly, which made him, and the rest of his Company conceive, that the solitude of *Guido*, retiring himself always from familiar conversing with men, provoked him to many curious speculations: and because he retained some part of the *Epicurean* Opinion, their vulgar judgment passed on him, that his speculations tended to no other end, but only to find out that which was never done.



It chanced upon a day, that *Signior Guido* departing from the Church of *Saint Michael d' Horta*, and passing along by the *Adamari*, so far as to *Saint John's* Church, which evermore was his customary walk: many goodly Marble Tombs were then about the said Church, as now adays are at *Saint Reparata*, and divers more beside. He entering among the Columns of Porphyry, and the other Sepulchers being there, because the door of the Church was shut: *Signior Betto* and his Company, came riding from *Saint Reparata*, and espying *Signior Guido* among the Graves and Tombs, said. Come, let us go make some jests to anger him. So putting the Spurs to their Horses, they rode apace towards him: and being upon him before hee perceived them, one of them said. *Guido* thou refusest to be one of our society, and seekest for that which never was: when thou hast found it, tell us, what wilt thou do with it?

*Guido* seeing himself round engirt with them, suddenly thus replied: Gentlemen, you may use me in your own House as you please. And setting his hand upon one of the Tombs (which was somewhat great) he took his rising, and leapt quite over it on the further side, as being of an agile and sprightly body, and being thus freed from them, he went away to his own lodging. They stood all like men amazed, strangely looking one upon another, and began afterward to murmur among themselves: That *Guido* was a man without any understanding, and the answer which he had made unto them, was to no purpose, neither favoured of any discretion, but merely came from an empty Brain, because they had no more to do in the place where now they were, than any of the other Citizens, and *Signior Guido* (himself) as little as any of them; whereto *Signior Betto* thus replied.

Alas Gentlemen, it is you your selves that are void of understanding : for, if you had but observed the answer which he made unto us : he did honestly, and (in very few words) not only notably express his own wisdom, but also deservedly reprehend us. Because, if we observe things as we ought to do, Graves and Tombs are the Houses of the dead, ordained and prepared to be the latest dwellings. He told us moreover that although we have here (in this life) our habitations and abidings; yet these (or the like) must at last be our Houses. To let us know, and all other foolish, indiscreet, and unlearned men, that we are worse than dead men, in comparison of him, and other men equal to him in skill and learning. And therefore, while we are here among the Graves and Monuments, it may be well be said, that we are not far from our own Houses, or how soon we shall be possessors of them, in regard of the frailty attending on us.

Then every one could say, that *Signior Guido* had spoken nothing but the truth, and were much ashamed at their own folly, and shallow estimation which they made of *Guido*, desiring never more after to meddle with him so grossly; and thanking *Signior Betso*, for so well reforming their ignorance, by his much better apprehension.

[illegible]



Fryar Onyon promised certain honest people of the Country, to shew them a Feather of the same Phoenix, that was with Noah in his Ark. In stead whereof he found Coals, which he avouched to be those very Coals wherein the same Phoenix was raised.

The Tenth NOVEL.

Wherein it may be observed, what palpable abuses do many times pass under the counterfeit Cloak of Religion.

W Hen all of them had deliver'd their Novels, Dioneus knowing, that it remained in him to relate the last for this day: without attending for any command (after he had impos'd silence on them, that could not sufficiently commend the witty reprehension of Gualdo) thus he began. Wise and worthy Ladies, although by the privilege you have granted, it is lawful for me to speak any thing best pleasing to my self: yet notwithstanding, it is not any part of my meaning, to vary from the matter and method, whereof you have spoken to very good purpose. And therefore following your footsteps, I intend to tell you, how craftily, and with a Rampiar suddenly rais'd in his own defence, a Religious Fryar of Saint *Antonies* Order, shunn'd a shame, which two wily Companions had prepared for him. Nor let it offend you, if I run into more large Discourse, than this Day hath been used by any, for the apter compleating of my Novel: because, if you will observe it, the Sun is as yet in the midst of Heaven, and therefore you may the better forbear me.

*Cervolds*, (perhaps) you know, or have heard, is a Village in the Vale of *Elfa*, and under the command of our *Florence*, which although it be but small: yet (in former times) it hath been inhabited with Gentlemen, and people of especial respect. A Religious Fryar of Saint *Antonies* Order, named Fryar *Onyon*, had long time used thither, to receive the benevolent Alms, which those Charitably affected people in simplicity gave him, and chiefly at divers days of the year, when their Bounty and Devotion would extend themselves more largely than at other Seasons. And so much the rather, because they thought him to be a good Pastor, of holy life in outward appearance, and carried a name of much greater matter, than remained in the man indeed: beside, that part of the Country yielded far more plentiful abundance of Onyons, than all other in *Tuscany* elsewhere, a kind of food greatly affected by those Fryars, as men always of hungry and good Appetite. This Fryar *Onyon* was a man of little Stature, Red Hair, a chearful Countenance, and the World afforded not a more crafty Companion, than he. Moreover, albeit he had very little Knowledge, Wit, or Learning, yet he was so prompt, ready, and voluble of speech, uttering often he knew not what himself: that such as were not well acquainted with his qualities, supposed him to be a singular Rhetorician, excelling either *Cicero* or *Quintilian* themselves; and he was a Gosling Friend, dearly affected by every one dwelling in these parts. According to his wonted custom, one time he went thither in the month of *August*, and on a Sunday morning, when all the dwellers thereabout, were presant to hear Mass, and in the chiefest Church above all the rest: when the Fryar saw time convenient for his purpose, he advanced himself, and began to speak in this manner.

Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, you know you have kept a commendable custom, in sending yearly to the poor brethren of our Lord *Baron Saint Anthony*, both of your Corn and other provision, some more, some less, all according to their power, means, and Devotion, to the end that blessed Saint *Anthony* should be the more careful of your Oxen, Sheep, Asses, Swine, Pigs, and other Cattel. Moreover, you have used to pay (especially such as have their names registered in our Fraternity) those duties which Annually you send unto us. For the collection whereof, I am sent by my Superiour, namely our Lord *Abbot*, and therefore (with Gods blessing) you may come after Noon hither, when you shall hear the Bells of the Church ring, then will I make a predication to you, you shall kiss the Cross, and beside, because I know you all to be most



devout servants to our Lord Baron Saint *Anthony*, in especial grace and favour, I will shew you a most holy and goodly Relick, which I my self (long since) brought from the holly Land beyond the Seas. If you desire to know what it is, let me tell you, that it is one of the Feathers of the same *Phoenix*, which was in the Ark with the Patriarch *Noah*. And having thus spoken, he became silent, returning back to hear Mass. While he delivered these and the like speeches, among the other people then in the Church, there were two shrewd and crafty Companions; the one, named *John de Bragoniero*, and the other, *Piggio Pizzino*. These subtle Fellows, after they had heard the report of Fryar *Onyon*'s Relick: although they were his intimate friends, and came thither in his Company; yet they concluded between themselves, to shew him a trick of Legierdmain, and to steal the Feather from him. When they had intelligence of Fryar *Onyon*'s Dining that day at the Castle, with a worthy friend of his: no sooner was he set at the Table, but away went they in all hast, to the Inn where the Fryar frequented, with this determination, that *Biagio* should hold conference with the Fryars Boy, while his Fellow ransacked the Wallet, to find the Feather, and carry it away with him, for a future observation, what the Fryar would say unto the people, when he found the loss of the Feather, and could not perform his promise to them.

The Fryars Boy, whom some called *Guccio Balena*, some *Guccio Imbrata*, and others *Guccio Porco*, was such a knavish Lad, and had so many bad qualities, as *Lippo Topo* the cunning Painter, or the most curious Poetical wit, had not any ability to describe them. Fryar *Onyon* himself did often observe his behaviour, and would make this report among his Friends. My Boy (quoth he) hath nine rare qualities in him, and such they are, as if *Solomon*, *Aristotle*, or *Seneca*, had only but one of them, it were sufficient to torment and trouble all their vertue, all their senses, and all their sanctity. Consider then, what manner of man he is like to be, having nine such varieties, yet void of all vertue, wit, or goodness. And when it was demanded of Fryar *Onyon*, what these nine rare conditions were; he having them all ready by heart, and in rhyme, thus answered.

*Boys I have known and seen,*

*And heard of many:*

*But*

*For Lying, Lying, Lazine,*

*For Facing, Filching, Filibustering;*

*For Careless, Graciously, all unbriskness;*

*My Boy excelleth any.*

Now over and beside all these admirable qualities, he hath many more such singularities, which (in favour towards him) I am fain to conceal. But that which I smile most at in him, is that he would have a Wife in every place where he cometh, yea, and a good House to boot too: for, in regard his beard beginneth to shew it self, rising thick in hair, black and amiable, he is verily persuaded, that all women will fall in love with him; and if they refuse to follow him, he will in all hast run after them. But truly he is a notable servant to me, for I cannot speak with any one, and in never so great secrecy, but he will be sure to hear his part; and when any question is demanded of me, he stands in such awe and fear of my displeasure, that he will be sure to make the first answer, yea, or no, according as he thinketh it most convenient.

Now, to proceed where we left, Fryar *Onyon* having left this serviceable youth at his Lodging, to see that no body should meddle with his Commodities, especially his Wallet, because of the Sacred things therein contained: *Guccio Imbrata*, who as earnestly affected to be in the Kitchen, as Birds to hop from Branch to Branch, especially, when any of the Chamber Maids were there; espied one of the Hostesses Female attendants, a gross Fat Trug, low of Stature, ill Faced, and worse formed; with a pair of Breasts like two Bombarde, smelling loathsomely of grease and sweat; down she descended into the Kitchen, like a Rile upon a piece of Cannon. This Boy, or Knave, chust whether you will stile him, having carelessly left Fryar *Onyon*'s Chamber door open, and all the holy things so

much



much to be neglected, although it was then the Month of *August*, when heat is in the highest predominance, yet he would needs sit down by the Fire, and began to confer with this amiable Creature, who was called by the name of *Nusa*.

Being set close by her, he told her, that he was a Gentleman by Attorneyship, that he had more Millions of Crowns, than all his life time would serve him to spend, beside those which lie payed away daily, as having no convenient employment for them. Moreover, he knew how to speak, and do such things, as were beyond wonder and admiration. And never remembering his old Fryars Cowl, which was so snotty and greazy, that good store of Kitchin-stuffe might have been boiled out of it; and also a foul slovenly Trufs or half Doublet, all bawdied with bousing, fat, greazy, and lubberly sweating, and other drudgeries in the Convent Kitchin, where he was an Officer in the meanest credit. So that to describe this sweet youth in his lively colours, both for Natural Perfections of body, and Artificial Composure of his Garments: never came fowler Silks out of *Tartaria* or *India*, more ugly or unsightly to be looked upon. And for a further addition to his neat Knavery, his Breeches were so rent between his Legs, his Shooes and Stockings had been at such a merciless Massacre: that the gallantest *Commandador* of *Castile* (though he had never so lately been releas'd out of slavery) could have wished for better Garments, than he; or make larger promises than he did to his *Nusa*. Professing to entitle her as his only, to free her from the Inn and Chamber thraldoms, if she would live with him, be his Love, partaker of his present possessions, and so to succeed in his future fortunes. All which bravadoes, though they were put forth with admirable insinuations: yet they converted into smoke, as all such braggadocio behaviours do, and he was as wife at the ending, as when he began.

Our former named crafty Companions, seeing *Guccio Porco* so seriously employed about *Nusa*, were therewith not a little contented, because their intended labour was now more than half ended. And perceiving no contradiction to cross their proceeding, into Fryar *Onyon*s Chamber entred they, finding it ready open for their purpose: where the first thing that came into their hand in search, was the Wallet. When they had opened it, they found a small Cabinet, wrapped in a great many foldings of rich Taffata; and having unfolded it, a fine formal Key was hanging thereat: wherewith having unlock'd the Cabinet, they found a fair Feather of a Parrots Tail, which they supposed to be the very same, that he meant to shew the people of *Sordalio*. And truly (in those days) it was no hard matter to make them believe any thing, because the idle vanities of *Egypt*, and those remoter parts, had not (as yet) been seen in *Tuscany*, as since then they have been in great abundance, to the utter ruine (almost) of *Italy*.

And although they might be known to be very few, yet the Inhabitants of the Country generally, understood little or nothing at all of them. For there, the pure simplicity of their ancient Predecessours still continuing; they had not seen any Parrots, or so much as heard any speech of them. Wherefore the crafty consorts not a little joyful of finding the Feather, took it thence with them, and because they would not leave the Cabinet empty, espying Char-Coals lying in a corner of the Chamber, they filled it with them, wrapping it up again in the Taffata, and in as demure manner as they found it. So, away came they with the Feather, neither seen or suspected by any one, intending now to hear what Fryar *Onyon* would say, upon the loss of his precious Relick, and finding the Coals were placed in stead thereof.

The simple men and women of the Country, who had been at morning Mass in the Church, and heard what a wonderful Feather they should see in the Afternoon; returned in all hast to their Houses, where one telling this news to another, and Gossip with Gossip consulting there; they made the shorter Dinner, and afterwards flocked in main troops to the Castle, contending who should first get entrance, such was their Devotion to see the Holy Feather. Fryar *Onyon* having Dined and reposed a little after his Wine, he arose from the Table to the Window, where beholding what multitudes came to see the Feather, he assured himself of good store of money. Hereupon, he sent to his Boy *Guccio Imbrata*, that upon the Bells ringing, he should come and bring the Wallet to him: which (with much ado) he did, so soon as his quarrel was ended in the Kitchin, with the amiable



Chamber-Maid *Nuta*, away then he went with his Holy Commodities: where he was no sooner arrived, but because his Belly was ready to burst with drinking water, he sent him to the Church to ring the Bells, which not only would warm the cold water in his Belly, but likewise make him run as gaunt as a Grey Hound.

When all the people were assembled in the Church together, Fryar *Onyon* (never mistaking any injury offered to him, or that his close Commodities had been meddled withal) began his predication, uttering a thousand lies to fit his purpose. And when he came to shew the Feather of the Phoenix (having first in great Devotion finished the conclusion) he caused two goodly Torches to be lighted, and ducking down his head three several times, before he would so much as touch the Tassety, he opened it with much reverence. So soon as the Cabinet came to be seen, off went his Hood, lowly he bowed down his body, and uttering especial praises of the Phoenix, and sacred properties of the wonderful Relick, the cover of the Cabinet being lifted up, he saw the same to be full of Coals. He could not suspect his Villain Boy to do the deed, for he knew him not to be endued with so much wit, only he curs'd him for keeping it no better, and curs'd himself also, for reposing trust in such a careless Knave, knowing him to be slothful, disobedient, negligent, and void of all honest understanding or grace. Suddenly (without blushing) let his loss should be discerned, he lifted his looks and hands to Heaven, speaking out so loud, as every one might easily hear him, thus: O thou omnipotent providence, for ever let thy power be praised. Then making fast the Cabinet again, and turning himself to the people, with looks expressing admiration, he proceeded in this manner.

Lords, Ladies, and you the rest of my worthy Auditors: You are to understand, that I (being then very young) was sent by my Superior, into those parts, where the Sun appeareth at his first rising. And I had received charge by express command, that I should seek for (so much as consisted in my power to do) the especially curious and priviledges belonging to *Porcellane*, which although the boyling thereof be worth but little, yet it is very profitable to any but us. In regard whereof, being upon my journey, and departing from *Venice*, passing along the *Borgo de Greco*, I proceeded thence (on Horseback) through the Realm of *Garbo*, so to *Baldunco*, till I came to *Parina*; from whence, not without great extremity of thirst, I arrived in *Sardinia*.

But why do I trouble you with the repetition of so many Countries? I coasted on still, after I had pass'd Saint *Georges Arm*, into *Truffia*, and then into *Buffia*, which are Countries much inhabited, and with great people. From thence I went into the Land of *Lying*, where I found store of the Brethren of our Religion, and many other beside, who shunned all pain and labour, only for the love of God, and cared as little for the pains and travels which others took, except some benefit arised thereby to them; nor spend they any money in this Country, but such as is without stamp. Thence I went into the Land of *Abruzzi*, where the men and women go in Galoches over the Mountains, and make them Garments of their Swines Guts. Not far from thence, I found people that carried Bread in their Staves, and Wine in Satchels, when parting from them, I arrived among the Mountains of *Bacchus*, where all the waters run down with a deep fall, and in short time, I went on so far, that I found my self to be in *India Possimata*; where I swear to you by the Holy Habit which I wear on my body, that I saw Serpents fly, things incredible, and such as was never seen before.

But because I would be loth to lie, so soon as I departed thence, I met with *Maso de Saggio*, who was a great Merchant there, and whom I found cracking Nuts, and selling Cockles by retale. Nevertheless, all this while I could not find what I sought for, and therefore I was to pass from hence by water, if I intended to travel thither, and so in returning back, I came into the Holy Land, where cool fresh bread is sold for four pence, and the hot is given away for nothing. There I found the venerable Father (blame me not I beseech you) the most worthy Patriarch of *Jerusalem*, who for the reverence due to the Habit that I wear, and love to our Lord Baron *S. Anthony*, would have me to see all the Holy Relicks, which he had there under his charge; whereof there were so many, as if I should recount them all to you, I never could come to a conclusion. But yet, not to leave you disappointed, I will relate some few of them to you.



First of all, he shewed me the finger of the Holy Ghost so whole and perfect, as ever it was. Next the Nose of the Cherubin, which appeared to S. Francis; with the paying of the Nail of a Seraphin; and one of the Ribs of *Verbum caro*, fastened to one of the Windows, covered with the Holy Garments of the Catholic Faith. Then he took me into a dark Chappel, where he shewed me divers beams of the Star that appeared to the three Kings in the East. Also a Vial of Saint Michaels sweat, when he combated with the Devil: And the Jaw bone of dead Lazarus, with many other precious things beside. And because I was liberal to him, giving him two of the Plains of *Monte Morello*, in the Vulgar Edition, and some of the Chapters *del Caprezio*, which he had long laboured in search of, he bestowed upon me some of his Relicks.

First he gave me one of the Eye Teeth of *Santa Cruz*; and a little Vial, filled with some part of the sound of those Bells, which hung in the sumptuous Temple of *Solomon*. Next he gave me the Feather of the Phoenix, which was with *Noah* in the Ark, as before I told you. And one of the Wooden Pattens, which the good Saint *Gerrard de Magnavilla* used to wear in her Travels, and which I gave (not long since) to *Gerrardo di Bonfy* at *Florence*, where it is respected with great Devotion. Moreover, he gave me a few of those Coals, wherewith the Phoenix of *Noah* was Roasted; all which things I brought away thence with me. Now, most true it is, that my Superior would never suffer me to shew them any where, until he was faithfully certified, whether they were the same precious Relicks, or no. But perceiving by sundry Miracles which they have wrought, and Letters of sufficient Credence received from the reverend Patriarch, that all is true, he hath granted me permission to shew them, and because I would not trust any one with matters of such moment, I my self brought them hither with me.

Now I must tell you, that the Feather of the same Phoenix, I conveyed into a small Cabinet or Casket, because it should not be bent or broken. And the Coals wherewith the said Phoenix was Roasted, I put into another Casket, in all respects so like to the former, that many times I have taken one for another. As now at this instant it hath been my fortune: for, imagining that I brought the Casket with the Feather, I mistook my self, and brought the other with the Coals. Wherein doubtless I have not offended, because I am certain, that we of our Order do not any thing but it is ordered by Divine direction, and our blessed Patron the Lord Baron Saint *Anthony*. And so much the rather, because about a sennight hence, the Feast of Saint *Anthony* is to be solemnized, against the preparation whereof, and to kindle your Zeal with the greater fervency, he put the Casket with the Coals into my hand, meaning to let you see the Feather, at some fitting season. And therefore my blessed Sons and Daughters, put off your Bonnets, and come higher with Devotion to look upon them. But first let me tell you, that whosoever is marked by any of these Coals, with the sign of the Cross: he or she shall live all this year happily, and no fire whatsoever shall come near to touch or hurt them. So singing a solemn Anthem in the praise of Saint *Anthony*, he unveiled the Casket, and shewed the Coals openly.

The simple multitude, having (with great admiration and reverence) a long while beheld them, they thronged in crouds to Fryar *Onyon*, giving him far greater offerings, than before they had, and entreating him to mark them each after other. Whereupon he taking the Coals in his hand, began to mark their Garment of white, and the veils on the womens heads, with Crosses of no mean extenture; affirming to them, that the more the Coals wasted with making those great Crosses, the more they still encreased in the Casket, as often before he had made trial.

In this manner, having crossed all the *Certaldanes* (to his great benefit) and their abuse: he smiled at his sudden and dexterous devise, in mockery of them who thought to have made a scorn of him, by dispossessing him of the Feather. For *Brogeniero* and *Pizzino*, being present at his Learned Predication, and having heard what a cunning shift he found, to come off cleanly, without the least detection, and all delivered with such admirable protestations: they were fain to forsake the Church, lest they should burst with laughing.

But when all the people were departed and gone, they met Fryar *Onyon* at his Inn, where closely they discovered to him, what they had done, delivering him his Feather again: which the year following, did yield him such mony, as now the Coals had done.

This



This Novel afforded equal pleasing to the whole Company, Fryar *Onyons* Sermon being much commended, but especially his long Pilgrimage, and the Relicks he had both seen, and brought home with him. Afterward, the Queen perceiving, that her Reign had now the full expiration, graciously she arose, and taking the Crown from off her own head, placed it on the head of *Dionens*, saying, It is high time *Dionens*, that you should taste part of the charge and pain, which poor women have felt and undergone in their Sovereignty and Government: wherefore, be you our King, and Rule us with such awful Authority, that the ending of our Dominion may yield us all contentment. *Dionens* being thus invested with the Crown, returned this answer.

I make no doubt (bright Beauties) but you many times have seen a better King among the Chefs-men, than I am. But yet of a certainty, if you would be obedient to me, as you ought in duty unto a true King: I should grant you a liberal freedom of that, wherein you take the most delight, and without which, our choicest desires can never be compleat. Nevertheless, I mean, that my Government shall be according to mine own mind. So, causing the Master of the Household to be called for, as all the rest were wont to do for conference with him: he gave him direction for all things fitting the time of his Regiment, and then proceeded.

Honest Ladies, we have already discoursed of variable devises and so many several manners of human industry, concerning the business wherewith *Lacisca* came to acquaint us: that her very words, have ministered me matter, sufficient for our morrows conference, or else I stand in doubt, that I could not have devised a more convenient Theme for us to talk on. She (as you have all heard) said, that she had not any Neighbour, who came a true Virgin to her Husband, and added moreover, that she knew some others, who had beguiled their Husbands, in very cunning and crafty manner. But setting aside the first part, concerning the proof of children, I conceive the second to be more apt for our intended Argument. In which respect, my will is (seeing *Lacisca* hath given us so good an occasion,) that our discoursing to morrow, may only concern such sly cunning and deceits, as women have heretofore used, for satisfying their own Appetites, and beguiling their own Husbands, without their knowledge, or suspicion, and cleanly escaping with them, or no.

This Argument seemed not very pleasing to the Ladies, and therefore they urged an alteration thereof, to some matter better suiting with the day, and their discoursing: whereto thus he answered. Ladies, I know as well as your selves, why you would have this instant Argument altered: but to change me from it you have no power, considering the season is such, as shielding all (both men and women) from meddling with any dishonest action; it is lawful for us to speak of what we please. And know you not, that through the sad occasion of the time, which now over-ruleth us, the Judges have forsaken their venerable Benches, the Laws (both Divine and Human) ceasing, granting ample licence to every one, to do what best agreeth with the conservation of life? Therefore, if your honesties do strain themselves a little, both in thinking or speaking, not for prosecution of any immodest deed, but only for familiar and blameless intercourse: I cannot devise a more convenient ground, at least that carrieth apparent reason, for reproof of perils, to ensue by any of you. Moreover, your Company, which hath been most honest, since the first day of our meeting, to this instant: appeareth not any jot to be disgraced, by any thing either said or done, neither shall be (I hope) in the meanest degree.

And what is he, knowing your choice and vertuous dispositions, so powerful in their own prevailing, that wanton words cannot misguide your ways, no nor the terror of death it self, that dare insinuate a distempered thought? But admir, that some slight or shallow judgments, hearing you (perhaps some times) talk of such Amorous follies, should therefore suspiciously imagine you to be faulty, or else you would be more sparing of speech; Their wit and censure are both alike, favouring rather of their own vile nature, who would brand others with their base-bred Imperfections. Yet there is another consideration beside, of some great injury offered to my honour, and I know not how you can acquit your selves.

I that have been obedient to you all, and born the heavy load of your business, having now (with full consent) created me your King, you would wrest the



the Law out of my Hands and dispose of my Authority as you please. Forbear (gentle Ladies) all frivolous suspicions, more fit for them that are full of bad thoughts, than you, who have true Vertue shining in your Eyes; and therefore, let every one freely speak their mind according as their humors best pleaseth them.

When the Ladies heard this, they made answer, that all should be answerable to his mind. Whereupon the King gave them all leave to dispose of themselves till Supper time. And because the Sun was yet very high, in regard all the recounted Novels had been so short: *Dionæus* went to play at the Tables with another of the young Gentlemen, and Madam *Eliza*, having withdrawn the Ladies aside, thus spake unto them. During the time of our being here, I have often been desirous to let you see a place somewhat near at hand, which I suppose you have never seen, it being called *The Valley of Ladies*. Till now, I could not find any convenient time to bring you thither, the Sun continuing still aloft, which fitteth you with the apter leisure, and the light (I am sure) can no way discontent you.

The Ladies replied, they were ready to walk with her thither: and calling one of their women to attend on them, they set on, without speaking a word to any of the men. And within the distance of half a mile, they arrived at the *Valley of Ladies*, whereinto they entred by a straight passage at the one side, from whence there issued forth a clear running River. And they found the said Valley to be so goodly and pleasant, especially in that season, which was the hottest of all the year; as all the world was no where able to yield the like. And, as one of the said Ladies (since then) related to me, there was a Plain in the Valley so directly round, as if it had been formed by a Compass, yet rather it resembled the Workmanship of Nature, than to be made by the hand of man: containing in circuit somewhat more than the quarter of a mile, invironed with six small Hills, of no great height, and on each of them stood a little Palace, shapen in the fashion of Castles.

The ground Plots descending from those Hills or Mountains, grew less and less by variable degrees, as we observe at entering into our Theaters from the highest part to the lowest, succinctly to narrow the Circle by order. Now, concerning these ground-plots, or little Meadows, those which the Sun Southward looked on, were full of Vines, Olive-Trees, Almond-Trees, Cherry-Trees, and Fig-Trees, with divers other Trees beside, so plentifully bearing Fruits, as you could not discern a hand's breadth of loss. The other Mountains, whereon the Northern Winds blow, were curiously covered with small Thickets, or Woods of Oaks, Ashes, and other Trees, so green and straight, as it was impossible to behold fairer. The goodly Plain it self, not having any other entrance, but where the Ladies came in, was planted with Trees of Firr, Cypress, Laurel, and Pines, so singularly growing in formal order, as if some artificial & cunning hand had planted them, the Sun hardly piercing through their Branches from the top to the bottom, even at the highest, or any part of his course.

All the whole field was richly spread with Grass, and such variety of delicate Flowers, as Nature yielded out of her plentiful Store-house. But that which gave no less delight than any of the rest, was a small running Brook, descending from one of the Valleys, that divided two of the little Hills, and fell directly through a Vein of the intire Rock it self, that the fall and murmur thereof was most delightful to hear, seeming all the way in the descent, like Quick-silver, weaving it self into artificial works, and arriving in the Plain beneath, it was there received into a small Channel, swiftly running through the midst of the Plain, to a place where it staid, and shaped it self into a Lake or Pond, such as our Citizens have in their Orchards or Gardens, when they please to make use of such a commodity.

This Pond was no deeper, than to reach the breast of a man, and having no mud or soil in it, the bottom thereof shewed like small beaten gravel, with pretty pebble stones intermixed, which some that had nothing else to do, would sit down and count them as they lay, as very easily they might. And not only was the bottom thus apparently seen, but also such plenty of Fishes swimming every way, as the mind was never to be wearied in looking on them. Nor was this water bounded in with any banks, but only the sides of the Meadow, which made it appear the more sightly as it arose in swelling plenty. And always as it super-  
abounded







The S O N G.

The CHORUS sung by all.

LOVE, if you I scape free from forth thy hold,  
Believe it for a truth,  
Never more shall thy falshood me enfold.

W HEN I was young, I entred first thy fights,  
Supposing there to find a solemn peace :  
I brew off all my Arms, and with delights  
Fed my poor hopes, as still they did increase.  
But like a Tyrant, full of rancorous hate,  
Thou took'st advantage :  
And I sought refuge, but it was too late.  
Love, if I can scape free, &c.

But being thus surprized in thy snares.  
To my misfortune thou madest me her slave.  
Was only born to feed me with despair,  
And keep me dying in a living grave,  
For I saw nothing dayly fore mine eyes.  
But Racks and Tortures :  
From which I could not get in any wise.  
Love, if I can scape free, &c.

My sighs and Tears I vented to the wind,  
For none would bear, or pity my complaints :  
My torments still increased in this kind,  
And more and more I felt these sharp restraints.  
Release me now at last from forth this hell.  
Assuage thy rigour,  
Delight not thus in cruelty to dwell.  
Love if I can scape free, &c.

If this thou wilt not grant, be yet so kind,  
Release me from those worse than servile bands,  
Which new vain hopes have bred, wherein I find,  
Such violent fears, as comfort quite withstands.  
Be now (at length) a little mov'd to pity :  
Be it never so little :  
Or in my death listen my Swan-like Ditty.  
Love, if I can scape free from forth thy hold,  
Believe it for a truth,  
Never more shall thy falshood me enfold.

After that Madam Eliza had made an end of her Song, which she sealed up with an heart-breaking sigh: they all sat amazedly wondering at her moans, not one among them being able to conjecture, what should be the reason of her singing in this manner. But the King being in a good and pleasing temper, calling Tindore commanded him to bring his Bag-Pipe, by the sound whereof they Danced divers Dances: and a great part of the night being spent in this manner, they all gave over, and departed to their Chambers.



The SEVENTH DAY.

When the Assembly being met together, and under the Regiment of Dioneus: the Discourses are directed, for the discovery of such policies and deceits, as women have used for beguiling of their Husbands, either in respect of their love, or for the prevention of some blame or scandal, escaping without sight, knowledge, or otherwise.

The Induction.



LL the Stars were departed out of the East, but only that, which we commonly call bright *Lucifer*, or the Day Star, gracing the Morning very gloriously: when the Master of the Household, being risen went with all the provision, to the *Valley of Ladies*, to make every thing in due and decent readiness, according as his Lord over-night had commanded him. After which departure of his, it was not long before the King arose, being awaked with the noise which the carriages made; and when he was up, the other two Gentlemen and the Ladies were quickly ready soon after. On they set towards the *Valley*, even as the Sun was rising: and all the way as they went, never before had they heard so many sweet Nightingales and other pretty Birds melodiously singing, as they did this morning; which keeping them Company throughout the Journey, they arrived at the *Valley of Ladies*, where it seemed to them, that Infinite Quires of delicate Nightingales, and other sweet singing Birds had purposely made a meeting, even as it were to give them a glad welcome thither.

Divers times they walked about the *Valley*, never satisfied with viewing it from one end to the other; because it appeared far more pleasing unto them, than it had done the precedent day: and because the days splendour, was much more conform to the beauty thereof. After they had broken their fast, with excellent Wines and Banqueting stuff, they began to tune their Instruments and sing; because (therein) the sweet Birds should not excel them, the *Valley* (with delicate Echoes) answering all their Notes. When Dinner time drew near, the Tables were covered under the spreading Trees, and by the goodly Ponds side, where they late down orderly by the Kings direction: and all Dinner while, they saw the Fishes swim by huge shoals in the Pond, which sometimes gave them occasion to talk, as well as gaze on them.

When Dinner was ended, and the Tables withdrawn, in as jocund manner as before, they renewed again their harmonious singing. In divers places of this pleasant *Valley*, were goodly field-beds readily furnished, according as the Master of the Household gave instruction, enclosed with Pavilions of costly stuffs, such as are sometimes brought out of *France*. Such as were disposed, were licenced by the King to take their rest; and they that would not, he permitted them to their wonted pastime, each according to their minds. But when they were risen from sleep, and the rest from their other exercises, it seemed to be more than half time, that they should prepare for talk and conference. So, sitting down on *Turky Carpets*, which were spread abroad upon the green Grass, and close by the place where they had Dined: the King gave command, that *Madam Emilia* should first begin, where-to the willingly yielded obedience, and expecting such silent attention, as formerly had been observed, thus she began.



John of Lorrain heard one knock at his door in the night time, whereupon he awaked his Wife Menna Tessa. She made him believe, that it was a Spirit which knocked at the door, and so they arose going both together to conjure the Spirit with a Prayer; and afterwards, they heard no more knocking.

The First NOVEL.

Reprehending the simplicity of some foolish Husbands: And discovering the wanton subtilties of some women, to compass their unlawful desires.

**M**Y Gracious Lord (quoth Madam Emilia) it had been a matter highly pleasing me that any other (rather than my self) should have begun to speak of this Argument, which it hath pleased you to appoint. But seeing it is your Highness pleasure, that I must make a passage of assurance for all the rest; I will not be irregular, because obedience is our chief Article. I shall therefore (Gracious Ladies) strive to speak something, which may be advantageable to you hereafter, in regard, that if other women be as fearful as we, especially of Spirits, of which all our Sex have generally been timorous (although, upon my credit, I know not what they are, nor never could meet with any, to tell me what they be) you may by the diligent observation of my Novel, learn a wholesom and Holy Prayer, very available, and of precious power, to conjure and drive them away, whensoever they shall presume to assault you in any place.

There dwelt sometime in Florence, and in the Street of Brancaccio, a Woollen Weaver, named John of Lorrain; one more happy in his Art, than wise in any thing else beside: because, favouring somewhat of the Gregory, and (in very deed) little less than an Idiot; He was many times made Captain of the Woollen-Weavers, in the Quarters belonging to Santa Maria Novella, and his House was the School or Receptacle, for all their Meetings and Assemblies. He had divers other petty Offices beside, by the Dignity and Authority whereof, he supposed himself much Exalted or Elevated, above the common pitch of other men. And this humor became the more tractable to him, because he addicted himself oftentimes (as being a man of an easie inclination) to be a Benefactor to the Holy Fathers of Santa Maria Novella, giving (beside his other Charitable Alms) to some one a pair of Breeches, to another a Hood, and to another an whole Habit. In reward whereof they taught him (by heart) many wholesom Prayers, as the Pater Noster in the Vulgar Tongue, the Song of Saint Alexis, the Lamentation of Saint Bernard, the Hymn of Madam Mailda, and many other such like matters, which he kept charily, and repeated usually, as tending to his souls salvation.

This man had a very fair and lovely Wife, named Menna Tessa, the Daughter of Manuccio della Cuculia wife and well advised; who knowing the simplicity of her Husband, and affecting Frederigo di Nari Pegolotti, who was a comely young Gentleman, fresh and in the flower of his time, even as she was, therefore they agreed the better together. By means of her Chamber-maid, Frederigo and she met often together, at a Country Farm of John of Lorrains, which he had near to Florence, and where she used to lodge all the Summer time, called Camirata, whither John resorted sometimes to Supper, and lodged for a night, returning home again to his City-House the next morning; yet often he would stay there longer with his own Companions.

Frederigo, who was no mean man in his Mistress favour, and therefore these private meetings the more welcome to him; received a Summons, or Assignment from her, to be there on such a night, when her Husband had no intent of coming thither. There they Supped merrily and (no doubt) did other things, nothing appertaining to our purpose, she both acquainting, and well instructing him, in a dozen (at the least) of her Husbands devout Prayers. Nor did she make any account, or Frederigo either, that this should be the last time of their meeting, because (indeed) it was not their first: and therefore they set down an order and conclusion together (because the Chamber-Maid must be no longer the messenger) in such manner as you shall hear.



*Frederigo* was to observe especially, that always when he went or came from his own House, which stood much higher than *John* of *Lorrains* did, to look upon a Vine, closely adjoyning to her House, where stood the Scull of an Asses head, advanced upon an high Pole, and when the Face thereof looked towards *Florence*, he might safely come, it being an assured sign that *John* kept at home; and if he found the Doore fast shut, he should softly knock three several times, and thereon be admitted entrance. But if the Face stood towards *Fiesola*; then he might not come, for it was the sign of *John's* being there, and there might be no meddling at all.

Having thus agreed upon this conclusion, and had many merry meetings together: one night above the rest, when *Frederigo* was appointed to Sup with *Menna Tessa* who had made ready two fat Capons, drest in most dainty and most delicate manner: it fell out so unfortunately that *John* (whose Kue was not to come that night) came very late, yet before *Frederigo*, wherewith she being not a little offended, gave *John* a slight Supper, of Lard, Bacon, and such like course Provision, because the other was kept for a better Guest. In the mean time, and while *John* was in Supper, the Maid (by her Mistres direction) had conveighed the two Capons, with boiled Eggs, Bread and a Bottle of Wine (all folded up in a fair clean Table cloth) into her Garden, that had a passage to it without entering into the House, and where she had divers times Supped with *Frederigo*. She further willed the Maid, to set all those things under a Peach-Tree, which adjoyned to the fields side: but, so angry she was at her Husbonds unexpected coming, that she forgot to bid her tarry there, till *Frederigo's* coming, and to tell him of *John's* being there: as also, to take what he found prepared ready for his Supper.

*John* and she being gone to Bed together, and the Maid likewise, it was not long after, before *Frederigo* came, and knocking once softly at the Door, which was very near to their Lodging Chamber, *John* heard the noise, and so did his Wife. But to the end, that *John* might not have the least scruple of suspicion, she seemed to be fast asleep; and *Frederigo* pausing a while, according to the order directed, knocked again the second time. *John* wondering therat very much, jogged his Wife a little, and said to her *Tessa*, hearest thou nothing? Methinks one knocketh at our Door. *Menna Tessa*, who was better acquainted with the knock, than plain honest meaning *John* was, dissembling as if she awaked out of a drowzie dream, said, Alas Husband, dost thou know what this is? In the name of our blessed Lady, be not afraid, this is but a Spirit which haunts our Country-Houses, wherof I have often told thee, and it hath many times much dismayed me, living here alone without thy comfort. Nay, such hath been my fear, that in divers nights past, so soon as I heard the knocks: I was fain to hide my self in the Bed over Head and Ears (as we usually say) never daring to be so bold, as to look out, until it was broad open day. Arise good Wife (quoth *John*) and if it be such a Spirit of the Country, as thou talkest of, never be afraid; for before we went to Bed, I said the *Telucis*, the *Intemerata*, with many other good Prayers beside: Moreover, I made the sign and shape of the Cross at every corner of our Bed, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, so that no doubt at all need to be made of any power it can have to hurt or touch us.

*Menna Tessa*, because (perhaps) *Frederigo* might receive some other suspicion, and so enter into dislike of her by anger or offence: determined to arise indeed, and to let him covertly understand, that *John* was there, and therefore said unto her Husband. Believe me *John*, thy Counsel is good, and every one of thy words hath wisdom in it: but I hold best for our own safety, thou being here, that we should Conjure him quite away, to the end he may never more haunt our House; Conjure him Wife? (quoth *John*.) By what means? And how? Be patient good man (quoth *Tessa*) and I will instruct thee. I have learned an excellent kind of Conjurat[i]on; for, the last week, when I went to procure the Pardon at *Fiesola*, one of the Holy Recluse Nuns, who (indeed *John*) is my endeared Sister and Friend, and the most sanctimonious in life of them all; perceiving me to be troubled and terrified by Spirits; taught me a wholesome and Holy Prayer, and protested withal, that she had often made experiment thereof, before she became a Recluse, and found it (always) a present help to her. Yet never durst I adventure to essay it, living here by my self all alone: but honest *John*, seeing thou art here with me, we will go both together, and Conjure this Spirit. *John* replied, that he was



was very willing; and being both up, they went fair and softly to the Door, where Frederigo stood still without, and was grown somewhat suspicious of his long attendance.

When they were come to the Door, *Menna Tessa* said to *John*: Thou must Cough and Spit, at such time as I shall bid thee. Well (quoth *John*) I will not fail you. Immediately she began her Prayer in this manner.

*Spirit that walkest thus in the night,  
Poor Country people to affright:  
Thou hast mist a'n thy mark and aim,  
The head stood right but John home came,  
And therefore thou must pack away,  
For I have nothing else to say:  
But to my Garden get thee gone,  
Under the Peach-Tree stands alone,  
There shalt thou find two Capons drest,  
And Eggs laid in mine own Hens nest,  
Bread, and a Bottle of good Wine,  
All wrapt up in a cloth most fine.  
Is not this good Goblins fare?  
Pack and say you have your share,  
Not doing harm to John or me,  
Who this night keeps me company.*

No sooner had she ended her devout Conjuring Prayer, but she said to her Husband: Now *John*, Cough, and Spit: which *John* accordingly did. And *Frederigo*, being all this while without, hearing her witty Conjurament of a Spirit, which he himself was supposed to be, being rid of his former Jealous suspicion: in the midst of all his Melancholy, could very hardly refrain from Laughing, the jest appeared so pleasing to him. But when *John* Coughed and Spit, softly he said to himself: when next thou Spittest, Spit out all thy Teeth:

The woman having three several times Conjured the Spirit, in such manner as you have already heard, returned to Bed again with her Husband, and *Frederigo*, who came as persuaded to Sup with her, being Supperless all this while; directed by the words of *Menna Tessa* in her Prayer, went into the Garden. At the foot of the Peach-Tree, there he found the Linnen cloth, with the two hot Capons, Bread, Eggs, and a Bottle of Wine in it, all which he carried away with him, and went to Supper at better leisure. Oftentimes afterward, upon other meetings of *Frederigo* and she together, they laughed heartily at her enchantment, and the honest belief of silly *John*.

I cannot deny, but that some do affirm, that the woman had turned the Face of the Asses head towards *Fiesola*, and a Country Traveller passing by the Vine, having a long piked staff on his Neck: the staff (by chance) touched the Head, and made it turn divers times about, and in the end faced *Florence*, which being the call for *Frederigo's* coming, by this means he was disappointed. In like manner some say, that *Menna Tessa's* Prayer for Conjuring the Spirit was in this order.

*Spirit, Spirit, go thy way,  
And come again some other day.  
It was not I that turned the head  
But some other. In our bed  
Are John and I. Go from our door,  
And see thou trouble us no more.*

So that *Frederigo* departed thence, both with the loss of his labour and Supper. But a Neighbour of mine, who is a woman of good years, told me that the one and the other were true, as she herself heard, when she was a little Girl. And concerning the latter accident, it was not *John of Lorrain*, but to another, named *John de Nelh*, that dwelt at Saint Peters Gate, and of the same profession as *John of Lorrain* was. Wherefore (fair Ladies) it remaineth in your own



own choice, to entertain which of the two Prayers you please, or both together if you will: for they are of extraordinary vertue in such strange occurrences, as you have heretofore heard, and (upon doubt) may prove by experience. It shall not therefore be amiss for you, to learn them both by heart, for (peradventure) they may stand you in good stead, if ever you chance to have the like occasion.

Peronella bid a young man her Friend and Lover, under a great Brewing Fat, upon the sudden returning home of her Husband; who told her that he had sold the said Fat, and brought him that bought it to carry it away. Peronella replied, that she had formerly sold it unto another, who was underneath it to see whether it were whole or sound, or no. Whereupon, he being come forth from under it; she caused her Husband to make it neat and clean, and so the last taffer carried it away.

### The Second N O V E L.

Wherein is declared, what hard and narrow shifts and distresses, such as be seriously linked in Love, are many times enforced to undergo: according as their own wit and capacity of their surprizers, drive them to, in extremities.

**N**OT without much laughter and good liking, was the Tale of Madam Emilia listened unto; and both the Prayers commended to be sound and soveraign: but it being ended, the King commanded Philostratus, that he should follow next in order, whereupon thus he began.

Dear Ladies, The deceits used by men towards your Sex, but especially by Husbands, have been so great and many, as when it hath sometime happened, or yet may, that Husbands are requited in the self-same kind: you need not find fault at any such accident, either by knowledge thereof afterward, or hearing the same reported by any one, but rather you should refer it to general publication, to the end that immodest men may know and find it for truth, that if they have apprehension and capacity; women are therein not a jot inferiour to them. Which cannot but redound to your great benefit, because when any one knoweth, that another is as cunning and subtle as himself, he will not be so rashly adventurous in deceit. And who maketh any doubt, that if those flights and tricks, whereof this days Argument may give us occasion to speak, should afterwards be put in execution by men: would it not minister just reason, of punishing themselves for beguiling you, knowing, that (if you please) you have the like ability in your own power? Mine intent is to tell you, what a woman (though but in mean quality) did to her Husband, upon a sudden, and in a moment (as it were) for her own safety.

Not long since, there lived in Naples, an honest mean man, who did take to Wife a fair and lusty young woman, being named Peronella. He professing the Trade of a Mason, and the Carding and Spinning, maintained themselves, in a reasonable condition, abating and abounding as their fortunes served. It came to pass, that a certain young man, well observing the beauty and good parts of Peronella, became much addicted in affection towards her: and by his often and secret solicitations, which he found not to be unkindly entertained, his success proved answerable to his hope, no un-indifferency appearing in their purposes, but where her estate seemed weakest, his supplies made an addition of more strength.

Now for their securer meeting, to stand clear from all matter of scandal or detection they concluded in this order between themselves. Lazaro, for so was Peronella's Husband named, being an early riser every morning, either to seek for work, or to effect it being undertaken: this amorous friend being therewith acquainted, and standing in some such convenient place, where he might see Lazaro's departure from his House, and yet himself no way discerned; poor Lazaro was no sooner gone, but presently he enters the House, which stood in a very solitary street called the *Avorio*. Many mornings had they thus met together, to their no mean delight and contentation, till one especial morning among the rest, when Lazaro was gone forth



forth to work, and *Strignario* (so was the amorous young man named) visiting *Peronella* in his House, upon a very urgent occasion, *Lazaro* returned back again, quite contrary to his former wont, keeping forth all day, and never coming home till night.

Finding his door to be fast locked, and he having knocked softly once or twice, he spake in this manner to himself. Fortune I thank thee, for albeit thou hast made me poor, yet thou hast bestowed a better blessing on me with matching me with so good, honest, and loving a Wife. Beholding, though I went early out of my House, her self hath risen in the cold to shut the door, to prevent the entrance of Thieves, or any other that might offend us. *Peronella* having heard what her Husband said, and knowing the manner of his knock, said fearfully to *Strignario*, Alas, dear friend, what shall we do? I am little less than a dead woman: For *Lazaro* my Husband is come back again, and I know not what to do or say. He never returned in this order before now, doubtless he saw when you entered the door, and for the safety of your Honor and mine, creep under this brewing Fat, till I have opened the door, to know the reason of his so soon returning.

*Strignario* made no delaying of the matter, but got himself under the Fat, and *Peronella* opening the door for her Husband's entrance, with a frowning countenance, spake thus unto him. What meaneth this so early returning home again this morning? It seemeth thou intendest to do nothing to day, having brought back thy Tools in thy hand. If such be thine intent, how shall we live? Where shall we have Bread to fill our bellies? Dost thou think, that I will suffer thee to pawn my Gown, and other poor Garments, as heretofore thou hast done? I that Card and Spin both night and day, till I have worn the flesh from my fingers, yet all will hardly find Oil to maintain our Lamp. Husband, Husband, there is not one Neighbour dwelling by us, but makes a mockery of me, and tells me plainly, that I may be ashamed to drudge and moil as I do; wondering not a little, how I am able to endure it; and thou returnest home with thy hands in thy Hofs, as if thou hadst no work at all to do this day.

Having thus spoken, she fell a weeping, and then thus began again. Poor wretched woman as I am, in an unfortunate hour was I born; and in a much worse when I was made thy Wife. I could have had a proper, handsome young man, one that would have maintained me brave and gallantly: but, beast as I was to forgo my good, and cast my self away on such a begger as thou art, and whom none would have had, but such an Ass as I. Other women live at hearts ease, and in lollity, having their amorous friends and loving Paramours, yea, one, two, three at once, making their Husbands look like a Moon crescent, whereon they shine Sun-like, with amiable looks, because they know not how to help it: when I (poor fool) live here at home a miserable life, not daring once to dream of such follies, a poor innocent soul, heartless and harmless.

Many times, sitting and fighting to my self: Lord, think I, of what mettle am I made? Why should I not have a Friend in a corner, as well as others have? I am Flesh and Blood, as they are, not made of Brass or Iron, and therefore subject to womens frailty. I would thou shouldst know it Husband, and I tell it thee in good earnest; That if I would do ill, I could quickly find a Friend at a need. Gallants there are good store, who (of my knowledge) love me dearly, and have made me very large and liberal promises, of Gold, Silver, Jewels, and gay Garments, if I would extend them the least favour. But my heart will not suffer me, I never was the Daughter of such a Mother, as had so much as a thought of such matters. No, I thank our blessed Lady and Saint *Friswid* for it: and yet thou returnest home again, when thou shouldst be at work.

*Lazaro*, who stood all this while like a well believing Loggerhead, demurely thus answered. Alas good Wife! I pray you be not so angry, I never had so much as an ill thought of you, but know well enough what you are, and have made good proof thereof this morning. Understand therefore patiently (sweet Wife) that I went forth to my Work, as daily I use to do, little dreaming (as I think you do not) that it had been Holy-day. Wife, this is the Feast day of Saint *Galeone*; whereon me may in no wise work, and this is the reason of my so soon returning. Nevertheless (dear Wife) I was not careless of our Household Provision: For, though we work not, yet we must have food, which I have provided more than a month. Wife, I remembered the Brewing Fat, whereof we have little or no use at all, but rather it is a trouble to the House, than otherwise. I met with an honest friend, who



who staieth without at the door, to him I have sold the Fat for ten *Gigliatoes*, and he tarricth to take it away with him.

How Husband? Replied *Peronella*. Why now I am worse offended than before. Thou that art a man, walkest every where, and shouldest be experienced in worldly affairs: wouldest thou be so simple, as to sell such a Brewing Fat for ten *Gigliatoes*? Why, I that am a poor ignorant woman, a house Dove, seldom going out of my door, have sold it already for twelve *Gigliatoes*, to a very honest man, who (even a little before thy coming home,) came to me; we agreed on the bargain, and he is now underneath the Fat, to see whether it be sound or no. When credulous *Lazaro* heard this, he was better contented than before, and went to him that tarricd at the door, saying. Good man, you may go your way; for, whereas you offered me but ten *Gigliatoes* for the Fat, my loving Wife hath sold it for twelve, I must maintain what she hath done: so the man departed from thence, and the variance ended.

*Peronella* then said to her Husband. Seeing thou art come home so luckily, help me to lift up the Fat, that the man may come forth, and then you two end the bargain together. *Strignario*, who though he was mewed up under the Tub, had his Ears open enough; and hearing the witty excuse of *Peronella*, took himself free from future fear: and being come from under the Fat, pretending also, as if he heard nothing, nor saw *Lazaro*, looking round about him, said. Where is the good woman? *Lazaro* stepping forth boldly like a man, replied: Here am I, what would you have Sir? Thou? quoth *Strignario*, what art thou? I ask for the good Wife, with whom I made my match for the Fat. Honest Gentleman (answered *Lazaro*) I am the honest womans Husband, for lack of a better, and I will maintain whatsoever my Wife hath done.

I cry you mercy Sir, replied *Strignario*, I bargained with your Wife for this Brewing Fat, which I find to be whole and sound: only it is unclean within, hard crusted over with some dry soil upon it, which I know not how to get off, if you will be the means of making it clean, I have the money here for it. For that Sir (quoth *Peronella*) take you no care, although no match at all had been made, what serves my Husband for, but to make it clean? Yes forth Sir, answered silly *Lazaro*, you shall have it neat and clean before you pay the mony.

So, stripping himself into his shirt, lighting a Candle, and taking Tools fit for the purpose; the Fat was whelmed over him, and he being within it, wrought until he sweated, with scraping and scrubbing. So that these poor Lovers, what they could not accomplish as they would, necessity enforced them to perform as they might. And *Peronella*, looking in at the vent-hole, where the Liquor runeth forth for the meshing; seemed to instruct her Husband in the business, as espying those parts where the Fat was foulest, saying: There, there *Lazaro*, tickle it there, the Gentleman pays well for it, and is worthy to have it: but see thou do thy self no harm good Husband. I warrant the Wife, answered *Lazaro*, hurt not your self with leaning your Stomach on the Fat, and leave the cleansing of it to me. To be brief, the Brewing Fat was neatly cleansed, *Peronella* and *Strignario* both well pleased, the mony paid, and honest-meaning *Lazaro* not discontented.



Frier Reynard, falling in love with a Gentlewoman, Wife to a man of good account, found a means to become her Gossip. Afterward, he being conferring closely with her in her Chamber, and her Husband coming suddenly thither: she made him believe, that he came thither for no other end, but to cure his God-son by a Charm, of a dangerous disease which he had by Worms.

The Third NOVEL.

Serving as a friendly advertisement to married women, that Monks, Friars, and Priests may be none of their Gossips, in regard of unavoidable perils ensuing thereby.

**P**hilistratus told not his Tale so covertly, concerning Lazaro's simplicity, and Peronellas witty policy; but the Ladies found a knot in the ruff, and laughed not a little, at his quaint manner of discoursing it. But upon the conclusion, the King looking upon Madam Eliza, willed her to succeed next, which was willingly she granted, and thus began. Pleasant Ladies, the Charm or Conjurat[i]on wherewith Madam Emilia laid her night-walking Spirit, maketh me to remember a Novel of another Enchantment; which although it carrieth not commendation equal to the other, yet I intend to report it, because it suiteth to our present purpose, and I cannot suddenly be furnished with another, answerable thereto in nature.

You are to understand then, that there lived in Siena, a proper young man, of good birth, and well friended, being named Reynard. Earnestly he affected his near dwelling Neighbour, a beautiful Gentlewoman, and Wife to a man of good esteem: of whom he grew half persuaded, that if he could (without suspicion) compass private conference with her, he should reach the height of his amorous desires. Yet seeing no likely means wherewith to further his hope, and she being great with Child, he resolved to become a Godfather to the Child, at such time as it should be brought to Christning. And being inwardly acquainted with her Husband, who was named *Credulano*; such familiar entercourses passed between them, both of Reynard's kind offer, and *Credulano's* as courteous acceptance, that he was set down for a Gossip.

Reynard being thus embraced for Madam Agnesias Gossip, and this proving the only colourable means for his safer permission of speech with her, to let her now understand by word of mouth, what long before she collected by his looks and behaviour; it fell out no way beneficial to him, albeit *Agnesia* seemed not nice or scrupulous in hearing, yet she made a more precious care of her honour. It came to pass, within no long while after (whether by seeing his labour spent, or some other urgent occasion moving him thereto, I know not) Reynard would needs enter into Religion, and whatsoever strictness or austerity he found to be in that kind of life, yet he determined to persevere therein, whether it were for his good or ill. And although within a short space, after he was thus become a Religious Monk, he seemed to forget the former love which he bare to his Gossip *Agnesia*, and divers other enormous vanities beside; yet let me tell you, succels of time tutor'd him in them again; and, without any respect to his poor Holy Habit, but rather in great derision and contempt thereof (as it were) he took an especial delight, in wearing Garments of much richer esteem, yet favoured by the same Monastical profession, appearing (in all respects) like a Court-Minion or Favorite, of a sprightly and Poetical disposition, for composing Verses, Sonnets, and Canzons, singing them to sundry excellent Instruments; and yet not greatly curious of his Company, so they were some of the best and Madam *Agnesia* one, his former Gossip.

But why do I trouble my self, in talking thus of out so lately converted Frier, Holy Father Reynard, when they of longer standing, and reputed merely for Saints in life, are rather much more vile than he? Such is the wretched condition of this world, that they shame not (Fat, Foggy, and Nasty Abby-Lubbers) to shew how full-fed they live in their Cloisters, with Cherry Cheeks, and smooth shining looks, gay and gaudy Garments far from the least expression of Humility, not walking in the streets like Doves: but high-crested like Cocks, with well crammed Gorges.



Nay which is worse, if you did but see their Chambers furnished with Gally-Pots of Electuaries, precious Unguents, Apothecary Boxes, filled with various Confections, Conserve, excellent Perfumes and other goodly Glasses of Artificial Oils and Waters, beside Runlets and small Barrels full of Greek Wine, *Muscattella*, *Lacrimæ Christi*, and other such like most precious Wines; so that (to such as see them) they seem not to be Chambers of Religious men, but rather Apothecaries Shops, or appertaining to Druggists, Grocers, Perfumers.

It is no disgrace to them to be Goury; because when other men know it not, they alledge, that strict fasting, feeding on gross meats though never so little, continual studying, and such like restraints from their bodies freer exercise, maketh them subject to many infirmities. And yet, when any one of them falls sick, the Physician must minister no such counsel to them, as Chastity, Abstinence from voluptuous meats, Discipline of the body, or any of those matters appertaining to a modest Religious life. For, concerning the plain, vulgar, and Plebeian people, these Holy Fathers are persuaded, that they know nothing really belonging to a sanctimonious life; as long watching, praying, discipline and fasting, which (in themselves) are not able to make men look lean, wretched and pale. Because Saint *Dominick*, Saint *Francis*, and divers other Holy Saints beside, observed the self same Religious Orders and Constitutions, as now their careful successors do. Moreover, in example of those forenamed Saints, who went well clothed, tho they had not three Garments for one, nor made of the finest Woollen excellent cloth, but rather of the coarsest of all other, and of the common ordinary colour, to expel cold only, but not to appear brave or gallant, deceiving thereby infinite simple credulous souls, whose purses (nevertheless) are their best pay-masters.

But leave we this, and return we back to vertuous Frier *Reynard*, who falling again to his former appetites, became an often visitant of his Gossip *Agnesia*, and now he had learned such a blusht kind of boldness; that he durst be more instant with her (concerning his privy sute) than ever formerly he had been, yea, even to sollicite the enjoying of his immodest desires. The good Gentlewoman, seeing her self so importunately pursued, and Frier *Reynard* appearing now (perhaps) of sweeter and more delicate Complexion, than at his entrance into Religion: at a set time of his secret communing with her, she answered him in as apt terms as they use to do, who are not greatly squeamish, in granting matters demanded of them.

Why, how now Frier *Reynard*? quoth she, Do Godfathers use to move such questions? Wherefo the Frier thus replied. Madam, when I have laid off this Holy Habit (which is a matter very easie for me to do) I shall seem in your Eye, in all respects like another man, quite from the course of any Religious life. *Agnesia*, biting the Lip with a pretty smile, said; O my fair Stars! You will never be so unfriendly to me. What? You being my Gossip, would you have me consent to such a sin? Our blessed Lady shield me, for my Ghostly Father hath often told me, that it is utterly unpardonable; but if it were, I fear too much confiding upon mine own strength. Gossip, Gossip, answered the Frier, you speak like a Fool, and fear (in this case) is wholly frivolous, especially the motions moved by such an one as my self, who (upon repentance) can grant you Pardon and Indulgence presently. But I pray you let me ask you one question; Who is the nearest Kinsman to your Son, either I that stood at the Font for his Baptism, or your Husband that begot him? The Lady made answer that it was her Husband. You say very true Gossip, replied the Frier, and yet notwithstanding, doth not your Husband (both at board and bed) enjoy the sweet benefit of your Company? Yes, said the Lady, why should he not? Then Lady (quoth *Reynard*) I, who am not so near a Kinsman to your Son, as your Husband is, why may you not afford me the like favour, as you do him? *Agnesia*, who was no Logician, and therefore could not stand on any curious answer, especially being so cunningly moved; believed, or rather made shew of believing, that the Godfather said nothing but truth, and thus answered. What woman is she (Gossip) that knoweth how to answer your strange speeches? And, how it came to pass, I know not, but such an agreement passed between them, that, for once only (so it might not infringe the league of Gossipship, but that rule to countenance their further intent) such a favour should be afforded, so it might stand clear from suspicion.

An especial time being appointed, when this Amorous Combat should be fought in Loves Field, Frier *Reynard* came to his Gossips House, where none being present



present to hinder his purpose, but only the Nurse which attended on the Child, who was an indifferent fair and proper woman, this Holy Brother that came thither in his Company (because Friars were not allowed to walk alone) was sent aside with her into the Pigeon Loft, to instruct her in a new kind of *Pater Noster*, lately devised in their Holy Convent. In the mean while, as Frier *Reynard* and *Agnesia* were entering into her Chamber, she leading her little Son by the hand, and making fast the door for their better safety: the Frier laid by his Holy Habit, Cowl, Hood, Book, and Beads to be (in all respects) as other men were. No sooner were they thus entered the Chamber, but her Husband *Credulano*, being come into the House, and unseen of any, staid not till he was at the Chamber door, where he knocked, and called for his Wife.

She hearing his Voice: Alas Gossip (quoth she) what shall I do? My Husband knocketh at the door, and now he will perceive the occasion of our so familiar acquaintance. *Reynard* being striped into his Truss and straight Trousers, began to tremble and quake exceedingly. I hear your Husbands Tongue Gossip, said he, and seeing no harm as yet hath been done, if I had but my Garments on again, we would have one excuse or other to serve the turn, but till then you may not open the door. As womens wits are seldom gadding abroad, when any necessity concerneth them at home: even so *Agnesia*, being suddenly provided of an invention, both how to speak and carry her self in this extremity, said to the Frier. Get on your Garments quickly, and when you are clothed, take your little Godson in your Arms, and listning well what I shall say, shape your answers according to my words, and then refer the matter to me. *Credulano* had scarcely ended his knocking, but *Agnesia* stepping to the door, said Husband I come to you. So she opened the door, and (going forth to him) with a chearful Countenance thus spake. Believe me Husband, you could not come in a more happy time, for your young Son was suddenly extreemly sick, and (as good Fortune would have it) our loving Gossip *Reynard* chanced to come in; and questionless, but by his good Prayers and other Religious pains, we had utterly lost our Child, for he had no life left in him.

*Credulano*, being as credulous as his name imported, seemed ready to swoon with sudden conceit: Alas good Wife (quoth he) how happened this? Sit down sweet Husband (said she) and I will tell you all. Our Child was suddenly taken with a swooning, wherein I being unskillful did verily suppose him to be dead, not knowing what to do or say. By good hap our Gossip *Reynard* came in, and taking the Child in his Arms, said to me. Gossip, this is nothing else but Worms in the Belly of the Child, which ascending to the Heart, must needs kill the Child, without all question to the contrary. But be of good comfort Gossip, and fear not, for I can Charm them in such sort, that they shall all die, and before I depart hence, you shall see your Son as healthful as ever. And because the manner of this Charm is of such nature, that it required Prayer and Exercising in two places at once: Nurse went up with his Holy Brother into our Pigeon Loft, to Exercise their Devotion there, while we did the like here, For none but the Mother of the Child must be present at such a Mystery, nor any enter to hinder the Operation of the Charm; which was the reason of making fast the Chamber door. You shall see Husband soon the Child, which is in differently recovered in his Arms, and if Nurse and his Holy Brother were returned from their Meditations, he saith, that the Charm would then be fully effected; for the Child beginneth to look chearful and merry.

So dearly did *Credulano* love the Child, that he verily believed what his Wife had said, never misdoubling any other treachery: and lifting up his Eyes, with a vehement sigh, said, Wife, may I not go in and take the Child into my Arms? No, not yet good Husband (quoth she) in any case, lest you should overthrow all that is done. Stay but a little while, I will go in again, and if all be well, then will I call you. In went *Agnesia* again, making the door fast after her: The Frier having heard all the passed speeches, by this time he was fitted with his Habit, and taking the Child in his Arms, he said to *Agnesia*. Gossip, me thought I heard your Husbands Voice, is he at your Chamber door? Yes Gossip *Reynard* (quoth *Credulano* without, while *Agnesia* opened the door, and admitted him entrance) indeed it is I. Come in Sir I pray you, replied the Frier, and here receive your Child of me, who was in great danger, of your ever seeing him any more alive. But you must take order, to make an Image of Wax, agreeing with the stature of the Child, to be placed upon the Altar before the Image of Saint *Francis*, by whose merits the Child is thus restored to health.



The Child beholding the Father made signs of coming to him, rejoicing merrily, as young Infants use to do; and *Credulano* clasping him in his Arms, wept with conceit of joy, kissing him infinitely, and heartily thanked his Gossip *Reynard* for the recovery of his Godson. The Friars brotherly Companion who had given sufficient instructions to the Nurse, and a small Purse full of Sisters white Thread, which a Nun (after shift) had bellowed on him, upon the Husbands admittance into the Chamber (which they easily heard) came in also to them, and seeing all in very good terms, they holpe to make a joyful conclusion, the Brother saying to Friar *Reynard*: Brother, I have finished all those four Jaculatory Prayers, which you commanded me.

Brother, answered *Reynard*, you have a better breath than I, and your success hath proved happier than mine, for before the arrival of my Gossip *Credulano*, I could accomplish but two Jaculatory Prayers only, But it appeareth, that we have both prevailed in our Devote desires, because the Child is perfectly cured. *Credulano* calling for Wine and good Cheer, Feasted both the Friars very jocosely, and then conducting them forth of his House, without any further intermission, caused the Childs Image of Wax to be made, and sent it to be placed on the Altar of Saint *Francis* among many other the like oblations.

*Tosano* in the night season, did Lock his Wife out of his House, and she not prevailing to get entrance again by all the entreaties she could possibly use: made him believe, that she had thrown her self into a Well, by casting a great Stone into the same Well. *Tosano* bearing the fall of the Stone into the Well, and being persuaded that it was his Wife indeed; came forth of his House, and ran to to the Wells side. In the mean while, his Wife got into the House, made fast the door against her Husband, and gave him many reproachful speeches.

#### The Fourth N O V E L.

Wherein is manifested, that the malice and subtilty of women, surpasseth all the Art and Wit in man.

SO soon as the King perceived, that the Novel reported by Madam *Eliza* was finished: he turned himself to Madam *Lauretta*, and told her that it was his pleasure, that she should now begin the next; whereto she yielded in this manner. O Love: What, and how many are thy prevailing forces? How strange are thy foresights? And how admirable thine attempts? Where is, or ever was the Philosopher or Artist, that could instruct the wiles, escapes, preventions, and demonstrations, which suddenly thou teachest such, as are thy apt and understanding Scholars indeed? Certain it is, that the documents and eruditions of all other whatsoever, are of weak or of no worth, in respect of thine: as hath notably appeared by the demonstrances already past, and whereto (worthy Ladies) I will add another of a simple woman, who taught her Husband such a Lesson, as she never learned of any, but Love himself.

There dwelt sometime in *Arezzo* (which is a fair Village of *Tuscany*) a rich man named *Tosano*, who enjoyed in Marriage a young beautiful woman, called *Chenai* of whom (without any occasion given, or reason known to himself) he became exceeding jealous. Which his Wife perceiving, she grew much offended thereat, and took it in great scorn, that she should be servile to so vile and slavish a condition; Oftentimes she demanded of him, from whence this jealousy in him received origin, he having never heard of any; he could make her no other answer, but what his own bad humour suggested, and drove him every day almost to death's door, by fear of that which no way needed. But whether as a just scourge for this his gross folly, or a secret decree, or dained to him by Fortune and the Fates, I am not able to distinguish: It came so to pass, that a young Gallant made means to enjoy her favor, and she was so discreetly wise in judging of his worthiness, that affection passed so far mutually between them, as nothing wanted, but efforts to answer words, suited with time and place convenient, for which order was taken as best they might, and to avoid all evil suspicion, which should make against their honors.

Among



Among many other evil conditions, very frequent and familiar in her Husband *Tosano*: he took a great delight in drinking, which not only he held to be a commendable quality, but was always solicited thereto: that *Cheta* her self began to like and allow it in him, feeding his humor so effectually, with drinking, quaffing, and carousing, that (at any time when she listed) she could make him howle beyond all measure: and leaving him sleeping in this drunkenness, would always get her self to Bed. By help hereof, she compassed the first familiarity with her Friend, yea, divers times after, as occasion served: and so confidently did she build on her Husbands drunkenness, that not only she adventured to bring her Friend home into her own House; but also would as often go to his, which was somewhat near at hand, and abide with him there, the most part of the night season.

While *Cheta* thus continued on these amorous courses, it fortuned that her sly suspicious Husband, began to perceive, that though she drunk very much with him, yea, until he was quite spent and gone: yet she remained fresh and sober still, and thereby imagined strange matters, that he being fast asleep, his Wife took advantage of his drowsiness, and might — and so forth. Being desirous to make experience of this his distrust, he returned home at night (not having drunk any thing all that day) dissembling both by his words and behaviour, as if he were notoriously drunk indeed, which his Wife constantly believing, said to her self: That he had now more need of sleep than drink; getting him immediately into his warm Bed; and then going down the stairs again, softly went out of doors unto her Friends House, as formerly she had used to do, and there she remained until midnight.

*Tosano* perceiving that his Wife came not to Bed, and imagining to have heard his door open and shut: arose out of his Bed, and calling his Wife *Cheta* divers times, without any answer returned: he went down the stairs, and finding the door but closed too, made it fast and sure on the inside, and then got him up to the Window, to watch the returning home of his Wife, from whence she came, and then to make her conditions apparently known. So long there he staid, till at the last she returned indeed, and finding the door so surely shut, she was exceeding sorrowful, essaying how she might get it open by strength: which when *Tosano* had long suffered her in vain to approve, thus he spake to her. *Cheta*, *Cheta*, all thy labour is merely lost, because here is no entrance allowed for thee, therefore return to the place from whence thou camest, that all thy Friends may judge of thy behaviour, and know what a night-walker thou art become.

The woman hearing this displeasing language, began to use all humble entreaties, desiring him (for Charities sake) to open the door and admit her entrance, because she had not been in any such place as his jealous suspicion might suggest to him: but only to visit a weak sick neighbour, the nights being long, she not (as yet) capable of sleep, nor willing to sit alone in the House. But all her persuasions served to no purpose, he was so settled in his own opinion, that all the Town should now see her nightly gadding, which before was not so much as suspected. *Cheta* seeing, that fair means would not prevail, she entered into rough speeches and threatnings: saying, If thou wilt not open the door and let me come in, I will so shame thee, as never base man was. As how I pray thee? answered *Tosano*, what canst thou do to me?

The woman, whom love had inspired with sprightly counsel, ingeniously instructing her what to do in this distress, sharply thus replied. Before I will suffer any such shame as thou intendest towards me, I will Drown my self here in this Well before our door, where being found dead, and thy villanous jealousy so apparently known, beside thy more than beastly drunkenness: all the Neighbours will constantly believe, that thou didst first Strangle me in the House, and afterwards throw me into this Well. So either thou must fly upon the supposed offence, or lose all thy Goods by Banishment, or (which is much more fitting for thee) have thy Head smitten off, as a wilful Murderer of thy Wife; for all will judge it to be no otherwise. All which words moved not *Tosano* a jot from his obstinate determination: but he still persisting therein, thus she spake. I neither can nor will longer endure this base villany of thine: to the mercy of Heaven I commit my soul, and stand there my wheel, a Witness against so hard hearted a Murderer.



No sooner had she thus spoke, but the night being so extremely dark, as they could not discern one another; *Cheta* went to the Well, where finding a very great stone, which lay loose upon the brim of the Well, even as if it had been laid there on purpose, she cried out aloud saying, forgive me fair Heavens, and so threw the stone down into the Well. The night being very still and silent, the fall of the great stone made such a dreadful noise in the Well, that he hearing it at the Window, thought verily she had drowned her self indeed. Whereupon, running down hastily, and taking a Bucket fastned to a strong cord, he left the door wide open, intending speedily to help her. But she standing close at the doors entrance, before he could get to the Wells side, she was within the House, softly made the door fall on the inside, and then went up to the Window, where *Tosano* before had stood talking to her.

While he was thus dragging with his Bucket in the Well, crying and calling *Cheta*, take hold good *Cheta*, and save thy life: she stood laughing in the Window, saying, Water should be put into Wine before a man drinks it, and not when he hath drunk too much already. *Tosano* hearing his Wife thus to flout him out of his Window, went back to the door, and finding it made fast against him: he willed her to grant him entrance. But she forgetting all gentle Language, which formerly she had used to him: in meer mockery and derision (yet intermixed with some sighs and tears, which women are said to have at command) out aloud (because all the Neighbours should hear her) thus she replied.

Beastly drunken Knave as thou art, this night thou shalt not come within these doors, I am not able to endure thy base behaviour, it is more than high time, that thy course of life should be publickly known, and at what drunken hours thou returnest home to thy House. *Tosano*, being a man of very impatient Nature, was as bitter unto her in words on the other side, which the Neighbours about them (both men and women) hearing; looked forth of their Windows, and demanding a reason for this their disquietness, *Cheta* (seeming as if she wept) said,

Alas my good Neighbours, you see at what unfitting hours, this bad man comes home to his House, after he hath lain in a Tavern all day drunk, sleeping and snorting like a Swine. You are my honest Witnesses, how long I have suffered this beastliness in him, yet neither your good counsel, and my too often loving admonitions, can work that good which we have expected. Wherefore, to try if shame can procure any amendment, I have shut him out of doors, until his drunken fit be overpast, and so he shall stand to cool his feet.

*Tosano* (but in very unkind manner) to her being abroad that night, and how she had used him: But the Neighbours seeing her to be within the House, and believing her, rather than him, in regard of his too well known ill qualities; very sharply reprooved him, gave him gross speeches, pitying that any honest woman should be so continually abused and wronged. Now my good Neighbours (quoth she) you see what manner of man he is. What would you think of me, if I should walk the streets thus in the night time, or be so late out of mine own House, as this daily Drunkard? I was afraid that you would have given credit to his dissembling speeches, when he told you, that I was at the Wells side, and threw something into the Well; but that I know your better opinion of me, and how seldom I am to be seen out of doors, although he would induce your sharper judgment of me, and lay that shame upon me, wherein he hath sinned himself.

The Neighbours both men and women, were all very severely incensed against *Tosano*, condemning him for his great fault that night committed, and avouching his Wife to be Vertuous and Honest. Within a little while, the noise passing from Neighbour to Neighbour, at the length it came to the Ears of her Kindred, who forthwith resorted thither, and hearing how sharply the Neighbours reprehended *Tosano*: they took him, soundly bastinadoed him, and hardly left any bone of him unbruised. Afterward, they went into the House, took all such things thence as belonged to her, taking her also with them to their dwelling, and threatening *Tosano* with further infliction of punishment, both for his drunkenness and causeless jealousy.

*Tosano* perceiving how cruelly they had handled him, and what crooked means might further be used against him, in regard her Kindred and Friends were very mighty: thought it much better, patiently to suffer the wrong already done him, than by obstinate contending to proceed further, and fare worse. He became a suter to



to her Kindred, that all might be forgotten and forgiven, in recompence whereof, he would not only refrain from drunkenness, but also, never more be jealous of his Wife. This being faithfully promised, and *Cbeta* reconciled to her Husband, all strife was ended, she enjoyed her Friends favour, as occasion served, but yet with such discretion as it was not note. Thus the Coxcomb fool, was fain to purchase his peace, after a notorious wrong sustained, and further injuries to be offered.

*A Jealous man, cloathed with the Habit of a Priest, became the Confessor to his own Wife; who made him believe, that she was deeply in love with a Priest, which came every night, and lay with her; by means of which Confession, while her Jealous Husband watched the door of his House; to surprize the Priest when he came: she that never meant to do amiss, had the company of a secret Friend, who came over the top of the House to visit her, while her foolish Husband kept the door.*

### The Fifth NOVEL.

*In just scorn and mockery of such Jealous Husbands, that will be so idle beaded upon no occasion. And yet when they have good reason for it, do least of all suspect any such injury.*

**M**Adam *Lauretta* having ended her Novel every one commended the Woman, for fitting *Tosano* in his kind; and as his jealousy and drunkenness justly deserved: the King (to prevent all loss of time) turned to *Madam Fiammetta*, commanding her to follow next: whereupon, very graciously, she began in this manner.

Noble Ladies, the precedent Novel delivered by *Madam Lauretta*, maketh me willing to speak of another jealous man; as being half persuaded, that whatsoever is done by their Wives, and especially upon no occasion given, they do no more than well becometh them. And if those grave heads, which were the first institutors of Laws, had diligently observed all things: I am of the mind, that they would have ordained no other penalty for women, than they appointed against such, as (in their own defence) do offend any other. For jealous Husbands, are meer insidiators of their Wives lives, and most diligent pursuers of their deaths, being locked up in their Houses all the Week long, employed in nothing but domestick drudging Affairs: which makes them desirous of high Festival days, to receive some little comfort abroad, by an honest recreation or pastime, as Husbandmen in the Fields, Artizans in our City, or Governours in our judicial Courts; yea as the Lord himself, who rested the seventh day from all his Travels. In like manner, it is so willed and ordained by the Laws, as well Divine as Human, which have regard to the glory of God, and for the common good of every one; making distinction between those days appointed for labour, and the other determined for rest. Wherein jealous persons (in no case) will give consent, but all those days (which for other women are pleasing and delightful) unto such, over whom they command, are most irksome, sad and sorrowful, because then they are locked up, and very strictly restrained. And if question were urged, how many good women do live and consume away in this torturing hell of affliction: I can make no other answer, but such as feel it, are best able to discover it. Wherefore to conclude the propheme to my present purpose, let none be over-rash in condemning women, for what they do to their Husbands, being jealous without occasion; but rather commend their wit and providence.

Sometime (fair Ladies) there lived in *Arimino*, a Merchant, very rich in wealth and worldly possessions, who having a beautiful Gentlewoman to his Wife, he became extremely jealous of her. And he had no other reason for this foolish conceit; but, like as he loved her dearly, and found her to be very absolutely fair; even so he imagined, that although she devised by her best means to give him content; yet others would grow enamoured of her, because she appeared so lovely to all. In which respect, time might tutor her to affect some other beside himself: the only common argument of every bad minded man, being weak and shallow in his own understanding. This jealous humour increasing in him more and more, he kept her in such narrow restraint, that many persons condemned to death, have enjoyed larger liberty in their imprisonment. For, she might not be present at Feasts, Weddings,



things, nor go to Church, or so much as to be seen at the door: Nay, she durst not stand in her Window, nor look out of her House, for any occasion whatsoever. By means whereof, life seemed most tedious and offensive unto her, and she supported it the more impatiently, because she knew her self not any way guilty.

Seeing her Husband still persist in this shameful course towards her; she studied, how she might best comfort her self in this desolate case; by devising one means or other (if any were to be found) whereby he might be requited in his kind, and bear that Badge of shame whereof he was now but only afraid. And because she could not gain so small a permission, as to be seen at any Window, where (haply) she might have observed some one passing by in the street, discerning a little parcel of her love: she remembred at length, that in the next House to her Husbands (they both joyning close together) there dwelt a young proper Gentleman, whose perfections carried correspondency with her desires. She also considered with her self, that if there were any partition wall; such a chink or cranny might easily be made therein, by which (at one time or other) she should gain a sight of the young Gentleman, and find an hour so fitting, as to confer with him, and bestow her lovely favour on him, if he pleased to accept it. If success (in this case) proved answerable to her hope, then thus she resolved to outrun the rest of her wearisome days, except the frensie of mad jealousy did finish her Husbands loathed life before.

Walking from one room to another, through every part of the House; and no Wall escaping without diligent surveying, on a day when her Husband was absent from home, she espied in a corner very secret, an indifferent cleft in the Wall, which though it yielded no full view on the other side, yet she plainly perceived it to be an handsome Chamber, and grew more than half persuaded, that it might either be the Chamber of *Philippo* (for so was the Neighbouring young Gentleman named) or else a passage guiding thereto. A Chamber-Maid of hers, who compassionated her case very much; made such observance, by her Mistresses direction, that she found it to be *Philippo's* Bed-Chamber, and where always he used to lodge alone. By often visiting this rift or chink in the Wall, especially when the Gentleman was there; and by throwing in little stones, flowers, and such like things, which still fell in his way as he walked: so far she prevailed, that he stepping to the chink, to know from whence they came; she called softly to him, who knowing her voice, there they had such private conference together, as was not any way displeasing to either. So that the chink being made a little larger; yet so, as it could not be easily discerned, their Mouths might meet with Kisses together, and their Hands folded each in other; but nothing else to be performed, for continual fear of her jealous Husband.

Now the Feast of *Christmas* drawing near, the Gentlewoman said to her Husband, that, if it stood with his liking, she would do such a duty as fitted with so solemn a time, by going early in a morning unto Church, there to be Confessed, and receive her Saviour, as other Christians did. How now? Replied the jealous As, what sins have you committed, that should need Confession? How Husband? Quoth she, what do you think me to be a Saint? Who knoweth not I pray, that I am as subject to sin, as any other woman living in the world? But my sins are not to be revealed to you, because you are no Priest. These words inflamed his jealousy more violently than before, and needs must he know what sins she had committed, and having resolved what to do in this case, made her answer: That he was contented with her motion, always provided, that she went to no other Church, than to their own Chappel, betimes in a morning; and their own Chaplain to Confess her, or some other Priest by him appointed, but not any other: and then she to return home presently again. She being a woman of acute apprehension, presently collected his whole intention: but seeming to take no knowledge thereof, replied, that she would not swerve from his direction.

When the appointed day was come, she arose very early, and being prepared answerably to her own liking, to the Chappel she went as her Husband had appointed, where her jealous Husband (being much earlier risen than she) attended for her coming: having so ordered the matter with his Chaplain, that he was clothed in his Cowl, with a large Hood hanging over his Eyes, that she could not know him; and so he went and sat down in the Confessors place. She being entered into the Chappel, and calling for the Priest to hear her Confession, he made her answer: that he could not intend it, but would bring her to another Holy Brother, who



who was at better leisure than he. So to her Husband he brought her, that seemed (in all respects) like the Confessor himself: save only his Hood was not so closely veiled, but she knew his beard, and said to her self. What a mad world is this, when jealousy can metamorphose an ordinary man into a Priest? But, let me alone with him, I mean to fit him with that which he looks for.

So, appearing to have no knowledge at all of him, down she fell at his feet, and he had conveyed a few Cherry stones into his Mouth, to trouble his Speech from her knowledge; for, in all things else he thought himself to be sufficiently fitted for her. In the course of her Confession, she declared, that she was Married to a most wicked jealous Husband, and with whom she led a very hateful life. Nevertheless (quoth she) I am indifferently even with him, for I am beloved of a Holy Frier, that every night cometh and lieth with me. When the jealous Husband heard this, it stabbed him like a Dagger to the heart, and but for his greedy covetous desire to know more, he would fain have broke off Confession, and got him gone. But perceiving that it was his wisest course, he questioned further with his Wife, saying: Why good woman doth not your Husband lodge with you? Yes Sir, quoth she. How is it then possible (replied the Husband) that the Frier can lodge there with you too?

She dissembling a far fetched sigh, thus answered. Reverend Sir, I know not what skillful Art the Frier useth, but this I am sure, every door in our House will fly open to him, so soon as he doth but touch it. Moreover, he told me, that when he cometh unto my Chamber door, he speaketh certain words to himself, which immediately casteth my Husband into a dead sleep, and understanding him to be thus sleepily entranced: he openeth the door, entrench in, lieth down by me, and this every night he faileth not to do. The jealous Coxcomb angrily scratching his head, and wishing his Wife half hanged, said: Mistress, this is very badly done, for you should keep your self from all men, but your Husband only. That shall I never do, answered she, because (indeed) I love him dearly. Why then (quoth our supposed Confessor) I cannot give you any Absolution, I am the more sorry Sir, said she, I came not hither to tell you any leafings, for if I could, yet I would not, because it is not good to fable with such Saint-like-men as you are. You do therein (quoth he) the better, and surely I am very sorry for you, because in this dangerous condition, it will be the utter loss of your soul: nevertheless, both for your Husbands sake and your own, I will take some pains, and use such especial Prayers in your name, which may (perchance) greatly avail you. And I purpose now and then, to send you a Novice or young Clerk of mine, whom you may safely acquaint with your mind, and signify to me, by him, whether they have done you good, or no: and if they prove helpful, then will we proceed therein. Alas Sir, said she, never trouble your self, in sending any body to our House; because if my Husband should know it, he is so extremely jealous, as all the world cannot otherwise persuade him but that he cometh thither for no honest intent, and then I shall live worse than now I do. Fear not that, good woman, quoth he, but believe it certainly, that I will have such a care in this case, as your Husband shall never speak thereof to you. If you can do so Sir, said she, without any prejudice to my honour, and my Husbands further jealousy, proceed I pray you, and I am well contented.

Confession being thus ended, and she receiving such Penance as he appointed, she arose on her feet, and went to hear Mass; while our jealous Woodcock (testily puffing and blowing) put off his Religious Habit, returning home presently to his House, beating his Brains all the way as he went, what means he might best devise, for the taking of his Wife and the Frier together, whereby to have them both severely punished. His Wife being come home from the Chappel, discerned by her Husbands looks that he was like to keep but a sorry *Christmas*: yet he used his utmost industry, to conceal what he had done, and which she knew as well as himself. And he having fully resolved, to watch his own street door the next night ensuing in person, in expectation of the Friars coming, said to his Wife, I have occasion both to Sup and Lodge out of my House this night, wherefore see you the street door that it be surely made fast on the inside, and the door at the midst of the stairs, as also your own Chamber-door, and then (in Gods name) get you to bed. Whereto she answered, that all should be done as he had appointed.

Afterward, when she saw convenient time, she went to the chink in the Wall, and making such a sign as she was wont to do: *Philippo* came thither, to whom she declared her mornings affairs, and what directions her Husband had given her. Furthermore she said, certain I am that he will not depart from the House, but sit and



watch the door without, to take one that comes not near. If therefore, you can climb over the House top and get in at our Gutter Window, you and I may confer more familiarly together. The young Gentleman being no dullard, had his lesson quickly taught him; and when night was come, *Gelofo* (for so mult me term the Cock-braind Husband) Arms himself at all points, with a brown Bill in his hand, and so he sits to watch his own door. His Wife had made fast all the doors, especially that on the midst of the stairs, because, he should not (by any means) come to her Chamber; and so, when the hour served, the Gentleman adventured over the House top, found the Gutter Window, and the way conducting him to her Chamber, where I leave them to their further amorous conference.

*Gelofo* more than half mad with anger, first, because he had lost his Supper: next, having sitten almost all the night (which was extremely cold and windy) his Armour much molesting him, and yet he could see no Frier come: when day drew near and he ashamed to watch there any longer; conveyed himself to some more convenient place, where putting off his Arms, and seeming to come from the place of his Lodging; about the ninth hour, he found his door open, entred in, and went up the stairs, going to Dinner with his Wife. Within a while after, according as *Gelofo* had ordered the business, a youth came thither seeming to be the Novice sent from the Confessor, and he being admitted to speak with her, demanded, whether she was troubled and molested that night passed, as formerly she had been, or whether the party came or no? The Woman, who knew well enough the Messenger (notwithstanding all his formal disguise) made answer, that the party expected, came not: but if he had come, it was to no purpose; because her mind was now otherwise altered, albeit she changed not a jot from her amorous conclusion.

What should I now further say unto you? *Gelofo* continued his watch many nights together, as hoping to surprize the Frier at his entrance, and his Wife kept still her contented quarter, according as opportunity served. In the conclusion, *Gelofo* being no longer able to endure his bootless watching, nor some (more than ordinary) pleasing countenance in his Wife: one day demanded of her (with a very stern and frowning brow) what secret sins she had revealed to the Ghostly Father, upon the day of her shrift? The woman replied, that she would not tell him, neither was it a matter reasonable, or lawful so to do. Wicked Woman, answered *Gelofo*: I know them all well enough, even in despite of thee, and every word that thou spakest unto him. But Huswife, now I must further know, what the Frier is, with whom you are so far in love, and (by means of his enchantments) lieth with you every night; tell me what and who he is, or else I mean to cut your Throat.

The woman immediately made answer, it was not true that she was in love with any Frier. How? Quoth *Gelofo*, didst not thou Confess so much to the Ghostly Father, the other day when thou wast at shrift? No Sir, said she, but if I did, I am sure he would not disclose it to you, except he suffered you to be there present, which is an Article beyond his duty. But if it were so, then I confess freely, that I did say so unto him. Make an end then quickly Wife (quoth *Gelofo*) and tell me who the Frier is. The woman fell into a hearty laughter, saying. It liketh me singularly well, when a wife man will suffer himself to be led by a simple woman, even as a sheep is to the slaughter, and by the horns. If once thou wast wise, that wisdom became utterly lost, when thou fellst into that divellish frensie of jealousy, without knowing any reason for it: for, by this beast-like and no manly humour, thou hast eclipsed no mean part of thy glory, and to the disgrace of my honour, and womanly reputation.

Dost thou imagine Husband, that if I were so blinded in mind, as thow in that which should inform thy understanding, I could have found out the Priest, that would needs be my Confessor? I knew thee Husband to be the man, and therefore I prepared my wit accordingly, to fit thee with the foolish imagination which thou soughtest for, and (indeed) gave it thee. For, if thou hadst been wise, as thou makest the world to believe by outward appearance, thou wouldst never have expressed such a baleness of mind, to borrow the colour of a sanctified Cloak, thereby to undermine the secrets of thine honest-meaning Wife. Wherefore, to feed thee in thy fond suspicion and imagination, I was the more free in my Confession, and told thee truly, with whom I had transgressed. Did I not tell thee, that I loved a Frier? And art not thou he whom I love, being a Frier, and my Ghostly Father, though (to thine own shame) thou madest thy self so? I said moreover, that there is not one door in our House, that can keep it self shut against him, but (when he pleaseth) he



he comes and lies with me. Now tell me Husband, What door in our House hath at any time been shut against thee, but they are freely thine own, and grant thee free entrance? Thou art the same Frier that confest me, and lieth every night with me, and so often as thou didst send thy young Novice or Clerk to me, as often did I truly return thee word, when the same Frier lay with me. But by jealousie thou hast lost thine understanding and wit, that thou wilt hardly believe all this.

Alas good man, like an armed Watchman, thou satest at thine own door all a cold Winter night, perswading me poor silly credulous woman, that upon urgent occasions, thou must needs Sup and Lodge from home. Remember thy self better hereafter, become a true understanding man, as thou shouldst be, and make not thy self a mocking stock to them who know thy jealous qualities as well as I do, and be not so watchful over me, as thou art. For I swear by my true honesty, that if I were but as willing as thou art suspicious, I could deceive thee, if thou hadst an hundred Eyes, as Nature affords thee but two, and have my pleasure, freely, yet thou be not a jot the wiser, or my credit any way impaired.

Our wonderful wife *Geloso*, who very advicedly considered that he had wholly heard his Wives secret Confession, and dreamed on no other doubt beside, but perceiving (by her speeches) how he was become a scorn to all men: without returning other answer, confirmed his Wife to be both wise and honest, and how when he had just occasion to be jealous indeed, he utterly forswore it, and counted them all Coxcombs that would be so misguided. Wherefore, she having thus wisely won the way to her own desires, and he reduced into a more human temper: I hope there was no need of clambring over Houses in the night time like Cats, nor walking in at Gutter Windows; but all abuses were honestly reformed.

*Madam Isabella*, delighting in the company of her affected Friend, named *Lionello*, and she likewise beloved by Signior *Lambertuccio*: at the same time as she had entertained *Lionello*, she was also visited by *Lambertuccio*. Her Husband returning home in the very instant; she caused *Lambertuccio* to run forth with a drawn Sword in his Hand, and (by that means) made an excuse sufficient for *Lionello* to her Husband.

### The Sixth NOVEL.

Wherein is manifestly discerned, that if love be driven to a narrow straight in any of his attempts; yet he can accomplish his purpose by some other supply.

**W**ondrously pleasing to all the Company, was the reported Novel of *Madam Fiammetta*, every one applauding the womans wisdom, and that she had done no more, than as the jealous fool her Husband justly deserved. But she having ended, the King gave order unto *Madam Pampinea*, that now it was her turn to speak, whereupon thus she began. There are no mean store of people who say (though very false and foolishly) that Love maketh many to be out of their wits, and that such as fall in love, do utterly lose their understanding. To me this appeareth a very idle opinion, as already it hath been approved by the related discourses, and shall also be made manifest by another of mine own.

In our City of *Florence*, famous for some good, though as many bad qualities, there dwelt (not long since) a Gentlewoman, endued with choice beauty and admirable perfections, being Wife to Signior *Beltramo*, a very valiant Knight, and a man of great Possessions. As oftentimes it cometh to pass, that a man cannot always feed on one kind of Bread, but his appetite will be longing after change: so fared it with this Lady, named *Isabella*, she being not satisfied with the delights of her Husband, grew enamoured of a young Gentleman, called *Lionello*, compleat of person, albeit not of the fairest fortunes, yet his affection every way suitable to hers. And full well you know (fair Ladies) that where the minds reciprocally accord, no diligence wanteth for the desires execution: so this amorous couple, made many solemn protestations, until they should be friended by opportunity.

It fortuned in the time of their hopeful expectation, a Knight, named Signior *Lambertuccio*, fell likewise in love with *Isabella*: but because he was somewhat unsightly of person, and utterly unpleasing in the Eye, she grew regardless of his frequent



solicitations, and would not accept either Tokens, or Letters. Which when he saw, (being very rich, and of great power) he sought to compass his intent by a contrary course, threatening her with scandal and disgrace to her reputation, and with his associates to bandy against her best friends. She knowing what manner of man he was, and how able to abuse any with infamous imputations, wisely returned him hopeful promises, though never meaning to perform any, but only (Lady-like) to flatter and fool him therewith.

Some few miles from Florence, *Beltramo* had a Castle of pleasure; and there his Lady *Isabella* used to be all Summer, as all other do the like, being so possessed. On a day, *Beltramo* being ridden from home, and she having sent for *Lionello*, to take advantage of her Husbands absence; accordingly he went, not doubting but to win what he had long expected. Signior *Lambertuccio* on the other side, meeting *Beltramo* riding from his Castle, and *Isabella* now fit to enjoy his Company: Gallops thither with all possible speed, because he would be no longer delaid. Scarcely was *Lionello* entred the Castle, and receiving directions by the waiting woman, to her Ladies Chamber: but *Lambertuccio* Galloped in at the Gate, which the woman perceiving, ran presently and acquainted her Lady with the coming of *Lambertuccio*.

Now was she the only sorrowful woman in the world; for nothing was now to be feared, but Storms and Tempests, because *Lambertuccio* spake no other than Lightning and Thunder, and *Lionello*, (being no less affraid than she) by her persuasion crept behind the Bed, where he hid himself very contentedly. By this time *Lambertuccio* was dismounted from his Courser, which he fastned (by the Bridle) to a Ring in the Wall, and then the waiting woman came to him, to guide him to her Lady and Mistress: who stood at the stairs head, graced him with a very acceptable welcome, yet marvelling much at his so sudden coming. Lady (quoth he) I met your Husband upon the way, which granting mine access to see you; I came to claim your long delaid promise, the time being now so favourable for it.

Before he had uttered those words, *Beltramo* having forgot an especial evidence in his Study, which was the only occasion of his Journey came Galloping back again into the Castle Court, and seeing such a goodly Gelding stand fastened there, could not readily imagine who was the owner thereof. The waiting woman, upon the sight of her Masters entring into the Court, came to her Lady, saying: My Master *Beltramo* is returned back, newly alighted, and (questionless) coming up the stairs. Now was our Lady *Isabella*, ten times worse affrighted than before, (having two several amorous suiters in her House, both hoping, neither speeding, yet her credit lying at the stake for either) by this unexpected return of her Husband. Moreover, there were no possible means, for the concealing of Signior *Lambertuccio*, because his Gelding stood in the open Court, and therefore made a shrewd presumption against her, upon the least doubtful question urged.

Nevertheless, as womens wits are always best upon sudden constraints, looking forth of her Window, and espying her Husband preparing to come up: she threw herself on her day Couch, speaking thus (earnestly) to *Lambertuccio*. Sir, if ever you loved me, and would have me faithfully to believe it, by the instant safety both of your own honour, and my life, do but as I advise you. Forth draw your sword, and with a stern countenance, threatening death and destruction: run down the stairs, and when you are beneath, say, I swear by my best fortunes, although I miss of thee now here, yet I will be sure to find thee somewhere else. And if my Husband offer to stay you, or move any question to you: make no other answer but what you formerly spake in fury. Beside, so soon as you are mounted on Horseback have no further conference with him, upon any occasion whatsoever; to prevent all suspicion in him, of our future resolutions and intendments.

*Lambertuccio* sware many terrible Oaths, to observe her directions in every part, and having drawn forth his sword, grasping it naked in his hand, and setting worse looks on the business, than ever Nature gave him, because he had spent so much labour in vain; he failed not in a jot of the Ladies injunction. *Beltramo* having commanded his Horse to safe custody, and meeting *Lambertuccio* descending down the stairs, so armed, swearing, and most extreemly storming, wondring extraordinarily at his threatening words, made offer to embrace him, and understand the reason of this distemper. *Lambertuccio* repulling him rudely, and setting foot in the stirrup, mounting on his Gelding, spake no thing else but this. I swear by the fairest of all my fortunes, although I miss of thee here: yet I will be sure to find thee somewhere else, and so he Galloped mainly away.

When



When *Beltramo* was come up into his Wives Chamber, he found her cast down upon her Couch, weeping, full of fear and greatly discomfited; wherefore he said unto her, What is he that Signior *Lambertuccio* is so extreame offended withal, and threatneth in such implacable manner? The Lady arising from her Couch, going near to the Beds, because *Lionello* might the better hear her; returned her Husband this answer. Husband (quoth she) never was I so dreadfully affrighted till now, for a young Gentleman, of whence, or what he is, I know not, came running into our Castle for rescue, being pursued by Signior *Lambertuccio*, with a weapon ready drawn in his hand. Ascending up our stairs, by what fortune, I know not, he found my Chamber door standing open, finding me also working on my Sampler, and in wonderful fear and trembling.

Good Madam (quoth he) for Gods sake help to save my life or else I shall be slain here in your Chamber. Hearing his pitious cry, and compassionating his desperate case; I arose from my work, and in my demanding of whence, and what he was, that durst presume so boldly into my Bed-Chamber: presently came up Signior *Lambertuccio* also, in the same uncivil sort, as before I told you, swaggering and swearing; Where is this traiterous villain? Hereupon I slept (somewhat stoutly) to my Chamber door, and as he offered to enter, with a womans courage I resisted him, which made him so much enraged against me, that when he saw me to debar his entrance, after many terrible and vile Oaths and Vows he ran down the stairs again, in such like manner as you chanced to meet him.

Now trust me dear Wife (said *Beltramo*) you have behaved your self very well and worthily: for, it would have been a most notorious scandal to us, if a man should be slain in our Bed-Chamber: and Signior *Lambertuccio* carried himself very dishonestly, to pursue any man so outragiously, having taken my Castle as his Sanctuary. But alas Wife, what is become of the poor affrighted Gentleman? In troth Sir (quoth she) I know not, but (somewhere or other) hereabout he is hidden: Where art thou honest friend? said plain-meaning *Beltramo*, Come forth and fear not, for thine Enemy is gone.

*Lionello*, who had heard all the fore-passed discourse, which she had delivered to her Husband *Beltramo*, came creeping forth amazedly (as one now very fearfully affrighted indeed) from under the further side of the Bed, and *Beltramo* said unto him, What a quarrel was this, between thee and furious *Lambertuccio*? Not any at all Sir, replied *Lionello*, to my knowledge, which verily persuadeth me; that either he is not well in his wits, or else he mistaketh me for some other; because, so soon as he saw me on the way, somewhat near to this your Castle, he drew forth his sword, and swearing an horrible Oath, said, Traitor, thou art a dead man. Upon these rough words, I staid not to question the occasion of mine offending him: but fled from him so fast as possibly I could; but confess my self (indeed) over-bold, by presuming into your Ladies Bed-Chamber, which yet (equalled with her mercy) hath been the only means at this time, of saving my life.

She hath done like a good Lady answered *Beltramo*, and I do very much commend her for it. But recollect thy dismaied spirits together, for I will see thee safely secured hence; afterward look to thy self so well as thou canst. Dinner being immediately made ready, and they having merrily feasted together: he bestowed a good Gelding on *Lionello*, and rode along with him to *Florence*, where he left him quietly in his own Lodging. The self-same Evening (according as *Isabella* had given instruction) *Lionello* conferred with *Lambertuccio*: and such an agreement passed between them, that though rough speeches were noised abroad, to set the better colour on the business; yet all matters were so cleanly carried, that *Beltramo* never knew this quaint deceitful policy of his Wife.



Lodovico discovered to his Mistress Madam Beatrix, how amorously he was affected to her. She cunningly sent Egano her Husband into his Garden, in all respects disguised like her self, while (friendly) Lodovico conferred with her in the mean while. Afterward Lodovico pretending a lascivious allurements of his Mistress, thereby to wrong his honest Master, in stead of her, beateth Egano soundly in the Garden.

### The Seventh NOVEL.

Whereby is declared, that such as keep many honest seeming servants, may sometimes find a Knave among them, and one that proves to be over savvy with his Master.

**T**His so sudden dexterity of wit in *Isabella*, related in very modest manner by Madam *Pampinea*, was not only admired by all the Company; but likewise passed with as general approbation. But yet Madam *Philomena* (whom the King had commanded next to succeed) peremptorily said. Worthy Ladies, if I am not deceived, I intend to tell you another Tale presently; as much to be commended as the last.

You are to understand then, that it is no long time since, when there dwelt in *Paris* a *Florentine* Gentleman, who falling into decay of his Estate, by over-bountiful expences; undertook the degree of a Merchant, and thrived so well by his Trading that he grew to great wealth, having one only Son by his Wife, named *Lodovico*. This Son, partaking somewhat in his Fathers former height of mind, and no way inclinable to deal in Merchandize, had no meaning to be a Shopman, and therefore accompanied the Gentlemen of *France*, in sundry services for the King; among whom, by his singular good carriage and qualities, he happened to be not meanly esteemed. While thus he continued in the Court, it chanced, that certain Knights, returning from *Jerusalem*, having there visited the Holy Sepulchre, and coming into company where *Lodovico* was: much discourse passed among them, concerning the fair women of *France*, *England*, *Italy*, and other parts of the world, where they had been, and what delicate beauties they had seen.

One in the company constantly avouched, that of all the women by them so generally observed, there was not any comparable to the Wife of *Egano de Galuzzi*, dwelling in *Bologna*, and her name was Madam *Beatrix*, reputed to be the only fair woman of the world. Many of the rest maintained as much, having been at *Bologna*, and likewise seen her. *Lodovico* hearing the woman to be so highly commended, and never (as yet) feeling any thought of amorous inclination; became suddenly toucht with an earnest desire of seeing her, and his mind could entertain no other matter, but only of travelling thither, yea, and to continue there, if occasion so served. The reason for his journey urged to his Father, was to visit *Jerusalem*, and the Holy Sepulchre, which with much difficulty at length he obtained his leave.

Being on his journey towards *Bologna*, by the name of *Anichino*, and not of *Lodovico*, and being there arrived; upon the day following, and having understood the place of her abiding: it was his good hap, to see the Lady at her Window; she appearing in his Eye far more fair, than all reports had made her to be. Hereupon, his affection became so inflamed to her, as he vowed, never to depart from *Bologna*, until he had obtained her love. And devising by what means he might effect his hopes, he grew persuaded (setting all other attempts aside) that if he could be entertained into her Husbands service, and undergo some business in the House, time might tutor him to obtain his long expected, and much wished desire. Having given his attendants sufficient allowance, to spare his company, and take no knowledge of him, telling his Horses also, and other notices as might discover him: he grew into acquaintance with the Host of the House where he lay, revealing an earnest desire in himself to serve some Lord or worthy Gentleman, if any were willing to give him entertainment.

Now believe me Sir (answered the Host) you seem worthy to have a good service indeed, and I know a Noble Gentleman of this City, who is named *Egano*:  
he



he will (without all question) accept your offer, for he keepeth many men of very good deserving, and you shall have my furtherance therein so much as may be. As he promised, so he performed, and taking *Anichino* with him unto *Egano*; so far he prevailed by his friendly protestations, and good opinion of the young Gentleman; that *Anichino* was (without more ado) accepted into *Egano's* service, than which nothing could be more pleasing to him. Now had he the benefit of daily beholding his hearts Mistress, and so acceptable proved his service to *Egano*, that he grew very far in love with him: not undertaking any affairs whatsoever, without the advice and direction of *Anichino*, so that he reposed the most especial trust in him, as a man altogether governed by him.

It fortuned upon a day, that *Egano* being ridden to fly his Hawk at the River, and *Anichino* remaining behind at home, Madam *Beatrix*, who (as yet) had taken no notice of *Anichino's* love to her (albeit her self, observing his fair carriage and commendable qualities, was highly pleased to have so seeming a servant) called him to play at Chels with her: and *Anichino*, coveting nothing more than to content her, carried himself so dexterously in the Game, that he permitted her still to win, which was no little joy to her. When all the Gentlewomen, and other friends there present, as spectators to behold their play, had taken their farewell, and were departed, leaving them all alone, yet gaming still, *Anichino* breathing forth an in-tire sigh, Madam *Beatrix* looking merrily on him, said. Tell me *Anichino*, art not thou angry to see me win? It should appear so by that solemn sigh. No truly Madam, answered *Anichino*, a matter of far greater moment, than loss of infinite Games at the Chels, was the occasion why I sighed. I pray thee (replied the Lady) by the love thou bearest me, as being my servant (if any love at all remain in thee towards me) give me a reason for that hearty sigh.

When he heard himself so severely conjured, by the love he bare to her, and loved none else in the world beside, he gave a far more heart-sick sigh, than before. Then his Lady and Mistress entreated him seriously, to let her know the cause of those two deep sighs: whereto *Anichino* thus replied. Madam, if I should tell you, I stand greatly in fear of offending you: and when I have told you, I doubt your discovery thereof to some other. Believe me *Anichino* (quoth she) therein thou neither canst or shalt offend me. Moreover, assure thy self, that I will never disclose it to any other, except I may do it with thy consent, Madam (said he) seeing you have protested such a solemn promise to me, I will reveal no mean secret unto you.

So with tears standing in his Eyes, he told her what he was; where he heard the first report of her singular perfections, and instantly became enamoured of her, as the main motive of his entering into her service. Then he humbly entreated her, that if it might agree with her good liking, she would be pleased to commiserate his case, and grace him with her private favours. Or if she might not be so merciful to him; that yet she would vouchsafe, to let him live in the lowly condition as he did, and think it a thankful duty in him, only to love her. O singular sweetness, naturally living in fair feminine blood! How justly art thou worthy of praise in the like occasions? Thou couldst never be won by sighs and tears; but hearty imprecations have always prevailed with thee, making thee apt and easie to amorous desires. If I had praises answerable to thy great and glorious deservings, my voice should never faint, nor my Pen wax weary, in the due and obsequious performance of them.

Madam *Beatrix*, well observing *Anichino* when he spake, and giving credit to his so solemn protestations; they were so powerful in prevailing with her that her senses (in the same manner) were enchanted; and sighs flew as violently from her, as before he had vented them: which stormy tempests being a little over-blown, thus she spake. *Anichino*, my hearts dear affected friend, live in hope, for I tell thee truly, never could gifts, promises, nor any Courtings used to me by Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, or other (although I have been solicited by many) win the least grace or favour at my hand, no, nor move me to any affection. But thou in a minute of time (compared with their long and tedious suing) hast expressed such a sovereign potency in thy sweet words, that thou hast made me more thine, than mine own: and believe it unfeignedly, I hold thee to be worthy of my love. Wherefore, with this Kiss I freely give it thee, and make thee a further promise, that before this night shall be fully past, thou shalt in better manner perceive it. Adventure into my Chamber about the hour of midnight, I will leave the door open: thou knowest on which side of the Bed I use to rest, come thither and fear not; if I sleep, the least gentle



gentle touch of thy hand will wake me, and then thou shalt see how much I love thee. So with a kind Kiss or two, the bargain was concluded, she licensing his departure for that time, and he staying in hope of his hearts happiness, he thought every hour a year.

In the mean while, *Egano* returned home from Hawking, and so soon as he had Supt (being very weary) he went to Bed, and his Lady with him, leaving her Chamber door open, according as she had promised. At the hour appointed, *Anichino* came, finding the door but easily put to, which (being entred) softly he closed again in the same manner as he found it. Going to the Beds side where the Lady lay, and gently touching her Brest with his Hand, he found her to be awake, and perceiving he was come according unto promise, she caught his Hand fast with hers, and held him very strongly. Then turning (as she could) towards *Egano*, she made such means, as he awaked, whereupon she spake unto him as followeth.

Sir, Yesternight I would have had a few speeches with you: but in regard of your weariness and early going to Bed, I could not have any opportunity. Now this time and place being most convenient, I desire to be resolved by you: Among all the men retained into your service; which of them do you think to be the best, most loyal, and worthiest to enjoy your love? *Egano* answered thus: Wife, why should you move such a question to me? Do not you know, that I never had any servant heretofore, or ever shall have hereafter, in whom I reposed the like trust as I have done, and do in *Anichino*? But to what end is this motion of yours? I will tell you Sir (quoth she) and then be Judg your self, whether I have reason to move this question, or no. Mine opinion every way equalled yours, concerning *Anichino*, and that he was more just and faithful to you, than any could be amongst the rest: But Husband, like as where the water runeth stillest, the Foord is deepest, even so his smooth looks have beguiled both you and me: For no longer ago than this present day, no sooner were you ridden forth on Hawking, but he (belike purposely) tarrying at home, watching such a leisure, as best fitted his intent: was not ashamed to solicit me, both to abuse your Bed, and mine own spotless honour.

Moreover, he prosecuted his vile purpose with such alluring persuasions: that being a weak woman, and not able to endure over many amorous proofs (only to acquaint you with his most sawcy immodesty, and to revenge your self upon him as best you may; your self being best able to pronounce him guilty) I made him promise to meet him in our Garden, presently after midnight; and to find me sitting under the Pine-Tree; never meaning (as I am vertuous) to be there. But, that you may know the deceit and falsehood of your servant, I would have you to put on my Night-Gown, my Head Attire, and Chin-cloth, and sitting but a short while there underneath the Pine-Tree: such is his insatiate desire, as he will not fail to come, and then you may proceed, as you find occasion.

When *Egano* heard these words, suddenly he started out of Bed, saying. Do I foster such a Snake in mine own Bosom? Gramercy Wife for this politick promise of thine, and believe me, I mean to follow it effectually. So on he put his Ladies Night-Gown, her formal Head Attire and Chin-cloth, going presently down into the Garden to expect *Anichino's* coming to the Pine-Tree. But before the matter grew to this issue, let me demand of you, fair Ladies, in what a lamentable condition (as you may imagine) was poor *Anichino*; to be so detained by her, hear all his amorous suit discovered, and likely to draw very heavy afflictions on him? Undoubtedly, he looked for immediate apprehension by *Egano*, imprisonment and publick punishment for his so malapert presumption: and had it proved so, she had much renowned her self, and dealt with him but as he had justly deserved.

But frailty in our Feminine Sex, is too much prevalent, and makes us wander from vertuous courses when we are well onward in the way to them. Madam Beatrice, whatsoever passed between her and *Anichino*, I know not, but, either to continue this new begun league for further time, or, to be revenged upon her Husbands simplicity, in over-rashly giving credit to so smooth a lie; this was her advise to him, *Anichino*, (quoth she) Take a good Cudgel in thy Hand, then go into the Garden so far as the Pine; and there, as if formerly thou hadst solicited me unto this secret meeting, only but by way of approving my honesty: in my name revile thy Master so bitterly as thou canst, bestowing many sound blows on him with thy Cudgel;



Cudgel; yet urge the shame still (as it were to me,) and never leave him, till thou hast beaten him out of the Garden, to teach him keep his Bed another time. Such an apt Scholar as *Anichino* was in this kind, needs no tutoring, but a word is enough to a ready Wit. To the Garden goes he, with a good Willow Cudgel in his hand, and coming near to the Pine-Tree, there he found *Egano* disguised like to his Lady; who arising from the place where he late, went with chearful gesture to welcome him; but *Anichino* (in rough and stern manner) thus spake unto him. Wicked, shameless, and most immodest woman, art thou come, according to thine unchast and lascivious promise? couldst thou so easily credit (though I tempted thee, to try the vertue of thy Continency) I would offer such a damnable wrong to my worthy Master, that so dearly loves me, and reposeth his especial confidence in me? Thou art much deceived in me, and shalt find, that I hate to be false to him.

So lifting up the Cudgel, he gave him therewith half a score good Bastinadoes, laying them on soundly, both on his Arms and Shoulders: and *Egano* feeling the smart of them, durst not speak one word, but fled away from him so fast as he could: *Anichino* still following, and multiplying many other injurious speeches against him, with the Epithets of Strumpet, Lustful and Unsatiable Woman. Go thou lewd beast (quoth he) most unworthy the Title of a Lady, or to be Wife unto so good a natured man, as my Master is, to whom I will reveal thy most ungracious incivility to morrow, that he may punish thee a little better than I have done.

*Egano* being thus well beaten for his Garden walk, got within the door, and so went up to his Chamber again: his Lady there demanding of him, whether *Anichino* came according to his promise, or no? Come? Quoth *Egano*. Yes Wife, he came but dearly to my cost: for he verily taking me for thee, hath beaten me very extremly, calling me an hundred Whores and Strumpets, reputing thee to be the wickedest woman living. In good sadness *Beatrix*, I wondered not a little at him that he would give thee any such vile speeches, with intent to wrong me in mine honour. Questionless, because he saw thee to be jovial spirited, gracious and affable towards all men; therefore he intended to make trial of thine honest carriage. Well Sir (said she) 'twas happy that he tempted me with words, and let you taste the proof of them by deeds: and let him think that I brook those words as distastably, as you do or can, his ill deeds. But seeing he is so just, faithful, and loyal to you, you may love him the better, and respect him as you find occasion.

Whereto *Egano* thus replied. Now trust me Wife, thou hast said very well: and drawing hence the Argument of his settled persuation; that he had the Chastest woman living to his Wife, and so just a servant, as could not be fellowed: there never was any further discovery of this Garden-night accident. Perhaps, Madam *Beatrix* and *Anichino* might subtilly smile thereat in secret, in regard that they knew more than other else beside did. But, as for honest meaning *Egano*, he never had so much as the least mistrust of ill dealing, either in his Lady, or *Anichino*; whom he loved and highly esteemed far more respectively upon this proof of his honesty wards him, than he would or could possibly have done, without a trial so plain and pregnant.



Arriguccio Berlinghieri, became immeasurably jealous of his Wife Simonida, who fastened a thread about her great Toe, for to serve as a signal, when her amorous friend should come to visit her. Arriguccio findeth the fallacy, and while he pursueth the amorous friend, she causeth her Maid to lie in her Bed against his return, whom he beateth extremely, cutting away the Locks of her Hair (thinking he had done all this violence to his Wife Simonida :) and afterward fetcheth her Mother and her Brethren, to shame her before them, and so be rid of her. But they finding all his speeches to be false; and reputing him to be a jealous fool; all the blame and disgrace falleth upon himself.

### The Eighth NOVEL.

Whereby appeareth, that an Husband ought to be very well advised, when he meaneth to discover any wrong offered his Wife; except he himself do rashly run into all the shame and reproach.

**I**T seemed to the whole assembly, that Madam Beatrix, dealt somewhat strangely, in the manner of beguiling her Husband; and affirmed also, that Anichino had great cause of fear, when she held him so strongly by her Beds side, and related all his amorous temptations. But when the King perceived, that Madam Philomena sat silent, he turned to Madam Neiphila, willing her to supply the next place; who modestly smiling thus began.

Fair Ladies, it were an heavy burthen imposed on me, and a matter much surmounting my capacity, if I should vainly imagine, to content you with so pleasing a Novel, as those have already done, by you so singularly reported: nevertheless I must discharge my duty in obeying my Sovereign, and take my fortune as it falleth out, albeit I hope to find you merciful.

You are to know then, that sometime there lived in our City, a very wealthy Merchant, named Arriguccio Berlinghieri, who (as many Merchants have done) fondly imagined, to make him a Gentleman by Marriage. Which that he might the more assuredly do, he took to Wife a Gentlewoman, one much above his degree and Element, she being named Simonida. Now in regard that he delighted (as it is the usual life of a Merchant) to be often abroad, and little at home, whereby she had small benefit of his Company; she grew very forward in affection with a young Gentleman, called Signior Roberto, who had solicited her by many amorous means, and (at length) prevailed to win her favour. Which favour being once obtained, affection gads so far beyond all discretion, and makes Lovers so heedless of their private conversations: that either they are taken tardy in their folly, or else subjected to scandalous suspicion.

It came to pass that Arriguccio, either by rumour, or some other more sensible apprehension, had received such intelligence concerning his Wife Simonida, as he grew into extraordinary jealousy of her, refraining travel abroad, as formerly he was wont to do, and ceasing from his very ordinary affairs, addicting all his care and endeavour, only to be watchful of his Wife; so that he never durst sleep, until she was by him in Bed, which was no mean molestation to her, being thus curbed from her familiar meetings with Roberto. Nevertheless, having a long while consulted with her wits, to find some apt means for conversing with him, being thereto also very earnestly still solicited by him; you shall hear what course she undertook.

Her Chamber being on the street side, somewhat jutting over it, she observed the disposition of her Husband, that every night it was long before he fell asleep; but being once fallen into it, no noise whatsoever, could easily awake him. This his solemn and sound sleeping, emboldened her so far, as to meet with Roberto at the street door, which (while her Husband slept) softly she would open to him, and there in private converse with him.

But because she would know the certain hour of his coming without the least suspicion of any: she hung a thread forth of her Chamber Window, descending down, within the compass of Roberto's reach in the street, and the other end thereof, guided from the Window to the Bed, being conveyed under the cloaths, and being in Bed, she fastened it about her left great Toe, wherewith Roberto was sufficiently



sufficiently acquainted, and thus instructed withal ; that at his coming, he should pluck the thread, and if her husband was in his dead sleep, she would let go the thread, and come down to him : but if he slept not, she would hold it strongly, and then his tarrying would prove but in vain, there could be no meeting that night.

This device was highly pleasing to *Roberto* and *Simonida*, being the intelligencer of their often meeting, and many times also advising the contrary. But in the end, as the quaintest cunning may fail at one time or other ; so it fortun'd one night, that *Simonida* being in a sound sleep, and *Arriguccio* waking, because his drowsie hour was not as yet come : as he extended forth his leg in the bed, he found the thread, which feeling in his hand, and perceiving it was tied to his wives great Toe ; it proved apt tinder to kindle further jealousy, and now he suspected some treachery indeed, and so much the rather, because the thread was guided (under the cloaths) from the bed to the window, and there hanging down into the street, as a warning to some further business.

Now was *Arriguccio* so furiously inflamed, that he must needs be further resolv'd in this apparent doubt : and because therein he would not be deceived, softly he cut the thread from his wives Toe, and made it fast about his own ; to try what success would ensue thereon. It was not long before *Roberto* came, and according as he used to do, he pluckt the thread, which *Arriguccio* felt, but because he had not tied it fast, and *Roberto* pulling it over-hardly, it fell down from the window into his hand, which he understood as his lesson, to attend her coming, and so he did. *Arriguccio* stealing softly out of his bed from his wife, and taking his Sword under his arm, went down to the door, to see who it was, with full intent of further revenge. Now albeit he was a Merchant, yet he wanted not any courage, and boldness of Spirit, and opening the door without any noise, only as his wife was wont to do : *Roberto*, there waiting his entrance, perceived by the doors unfashionable opening, that it was not *Simonida*, but her husband, whereupon he betook himself to flight, and *Arriguccio* fiercely followed him. At the length, *Roberto* perceiving flight availed him not, because his enemy still pursued him : being armed also with a Sword, as *Arriguccio* was ; he returned back upon him, the one offering to offend, as the other stood upon his defence, and so in the dark they fought together.

*Simonida* awaking, even when her husband went forth of the Chamber, and finding the thred to be cut from her Toe ; conjectured immediately, that her subtil cunning was discovered, and supposing her husband in pursuit of *Roberto*, presently she arose ; and considering what was likely to ensue thereon, called her Chamber-maid (who was not ignorant in the business) and by persuasions prevail'd so with her, that she lay down in her place in the bed, upon solemn protestations and liberal promises, not to make her self known, but to suffer all patiently, either blows, or any ill usage of her husband, which she would recompense in such bountifull sort, as she should have no occasion to complain. So, putting forth the watch-light, which every night burned in the Chamber, she departed thence, and sat down in a close corner of the house, to see what would be the end of all this stir after her husbands coming home.

The fight (as you have formerly heard) continuing between *Roberto* and *Arriguccio*, the neighbours hearing of the clashing of their Swords in the streets ; arose out of their beds, and reproved them in very harsh manner. In which respect *Arriguccio*, fearing to be known, and ignorant also what his adversary was (no harm being as yet done on either side) permitted him to depart ; and extreamly full of anger, returned back again to his house. Being come up into his bed-chamber, Thus he began ? Where is this lewd and wicked woman ? what ? Hast thou put out the light, because I should not find thee ? that shall not avail thee, for I can well find a drab in the dark. So, groping on to the beds side, and thinking he had taken hold of his wife, he grasped the Chamber-maid, so beating her with his fists, and spurning her with his feet, that all her face was bloody and bruised. Next, with his Knife he cut of a great deal of her hair, giving her the most villanous speeches as could be devised : swearing that he would make her a shame to all the world.

You need make no doubt, but the poor maid wept exceedingly, as she had good occasion to do : and albeit many times she desired mercy, and that he would not be so cruel to her : yet notwithstanding, her voice was so broken with crying, and his impatience so extream, that rage hindered all power of distinguishing, or know-



ing his Wives tongue from a strangers. Having thus madly beaten her, and cut the locks off from her head, thus he spake to her. Wicked woman and no Wife of mine, be sure I have not done with thee yet; for, although I mean not now to beat thee any longer, I will go to thy Brethren, and they shall understand thy dishonest behaviour. Then will I bring them with me, and they perceiving how much thou hast abused both their honour and thine own; let them deal with thee as they find occasion, for thou art no more a companion for me. No sooner was these angry words uttered, but he went forth of the Chamber, bolting it fast on the outward side as meaning to keep her safely enclosed, and out of the house he went alone by himself.

*Simonida*, who had heard all this tempestuous conflict, perceiving that her Husband had lockt the street door after him, and was gone whither he pleased: unbolted the Chamber door, lighted a wax candle, and went in to see her poor maiden, whom she found to be most piteously misused. Shee comforted her as well as she could, brought her again into her own lodging Chamber, where washing her face and hurts in very soverain waters, and rewarding her liberally with *Arriguccio's* own gold; she held herself to be sufficiently satisfied. So, leaving the maid in her lodging, and returning again into her own Chamber: she made up the bed in such former manner, as if no body had lodged therein that night. Then hanging up her Lamp fresh fill'd with oyl, and clearly lighted, she deck'd her self in so decent sort, as if she had been in no bed at all that night.

Then taking sowing-work in her hand, either shirts or bands of her Husbands; hanging the lamp by her, and sitting down at the stairs head, she fell to work in very serious manner, as if she had undertaken some imposed task.

On the other side, *Arriguccio* had travelled so far from his house, till he came at last to the dwelling of *Simonida's* brethren: where he knockt so soundly, that he was quickly heard, and (almost as speedily) let in: *Simonida's* brethren, and her mother also, hearing of *Arriguccio's* coming thither so late, rose from their beds, and each of them having a wax Candle lighted, came presently to him, to understand the cause of this his so unseasonable visitation. *Arriguccio* beginning at the original of the matter, the thread found tied about his Wives great toe, the fight and household conflict after following: related every circumstance to them. And for the better proof of his words, he shewed them the thread it self, the locks supposed of his wives hair, and adding withall; that they might now dispose of *Simonida* as themselves pleased, because she should no longer remain in his house.

The brethren to *Simonida* were exceedingly offended at this relation, in regard they believed it for truth, and in this fury, commanded Torches to be lighted preparing to part thence with *Arriguccio* home to his own house, for the more sharp reprehension of their Sister. Which when her mother saw, she followed them weeping, first entreating one, and then the other, not to be over rash in crediting such a slander, but rather search the truth thereof advisedly: because the Husband might be angry with his Wife upon some other occasion, and having outraged her, made this the means in excuse of himself. Moreover she said, that she could not chuse but wonder greatly, how this matter should thus come to pass; because she had good knowledg of her daughter, during the whole course of her education, faultless and blameless in every degree; with many other good words of her beside, as proceeding from naturall affection of a mother.

Being come to the house of *Arriguccio*, entring in, and ascending up the stairs, they heard *Simonida* sweetly singing at her working; but pausing, upon hearing their rude trampling, she demanded, who was there. One of the angry brethren answered: Lewd woman as thou art, thou shalt know soon enough who is here: Our blessed Lady be with us (quoth *Simonida*) and sweet St. *Francis* help to defend me, who dare use such unseemly speeches? Starting up, and meeting them on the stair head: Kind Brethren, (said she) is it you? What, and my loving Mother too? For Sweet Saint *Charities* sake, what may be the reason of your coming hither in this manner? She being set down again to her work so neatly apparelled, without any sign of outrage offered her, her face unblemished, her hair comely ordered, and differing wholly from the former speeches of her husband: the Brethren marvelled thereat not a little, and asswaging somewhat the impetuous torrent of their rage, began to demand in cool blood (as it were) from what ground her Husbands complaints proceeded, and threatening her roughly, if she would not confesse the truth to them.



*Ave Maria* (quoth *Simonida*, crossing herself) Alas dear Brethren, I know not what you say, or mean, nor wherein my husband should be offended, or make any complaint at all of me. *Arriguccio* hearing this, looking on her like a man that had lost his senses: for well he remembered, how many cruel blows he had given her on the face, beside scratches of his nails, and spurns of his feet, as also the cutting of her hair, the least shew of all which misusage, was not now to be seen. Her Brethren likewise briefly told her, the whole effect of her husbands speeches, shewing her the thread, and in what cruel manner he sware he did beat her. *Simonida*, turning then to her husband, and seeming as confounded with amazement, said. How is this husband? what do I hear? would you have me supposed (to your own shame and disgrace) to be a bad woman, and your self a cruel curst man, when (on either side) there is no such matter? When were you this night here in the house with me? Or when should you beat me and I not feel or know it? Believe me (sweet heart) all these are merely miracles to me.

Now was *Arriguccio* ten times more mad in his mind, than before, saying, Devil, and no woman, did we not this night go both together to bed? Did not I cut this thread from thy great toe, tied it to mine, and found the crafty compact between thee and thy Minion? Did I not follow and fight with him in the street? Came I not back again and beat thee as a Strumpet should be? And are not these the locks of hair, which I myself did cut from thy head?

Alas Sir (quoth she) where have you been? Do you know what you say? you did not lodge in this house this night, neither did I see you all the whole day and night till now!

But leaving this, and come to the matter now in question, because I have no other testimony but my own words. You say, that you did beat me, and cut those locks of hair from my head. Alas Sir, why should you slander your self? In all your life time you did never strike me. And to approve the truth of these speeches, do you your self, and all else here present, look on me advisedly, if any sign of blow or beating is to be seen on me. Nor were it an easie matter for you to do, either to smite, or so much as lay your hand (in anger) on me, it would cost dearer than you think for. And whereas you say, that you did cut these locks of hair from my head; it is more then either I know, or felt, nor are they in colour like to mine: but because my Mother and Brethren shall be my witnesses therein, and whether you did it without my knowledg; you shall all see, if they be cut or no. So, raking off her head attire, she displayed her hair over her shoulders, which had suffered no violence, neither seemed to be so much as uncivilly or rudely handled.

When the Mother and Brethren saw this, they began to murmur against *Arriguccio*, saying. What think you of this Sir? You tell us of strange matters which you have done, and all proving false and unlikely, we wonder how you can make good thereof. *Arriguccio* looked wild and confusedly, striving still to maintain his accusation: but he seeing every thing fall to be flatly against him, he durst not attempt to speak one word. *Simonida* took advantage of this distraction in him, and turning to her brethren, said. I see now the mark whereat he aimeth, to make me do what I never meant: Namely, that I should acquaint you with his vile qualities, and what a wretched life I lead with him, which seeing he will needs have me to reveal; bear with me if I do it upon compulsion.

Mother and Brethren, I am verily perswaded, that those accidents which he disclosed to you, have doubtless in the same manner hapned to him, and you shall hear how. Very true it is, that this seeming honest man to whom (in a luckless hour) you married me, stileth himself by the name of a Merchant, coveting to be so accounted and credited, as holy in outward appearance, as a Religious Monk, and as demure in looks, as the modestest maid; like a notorious common drunkard, is a Tavern hunter, where making his luxurious matches, one while with one whore, then again with another, he causeth me every night to sit tarrying for him, even in the same sort as you found me: sometimes till midnight, and other whiles till broad day light in the morning.

And questionless, being in his wonted drunken humour, he hath lain with one of his sweet consorts, about whose toe he found the thread, and finding her as false to him, as he hath always been to me: did not only beat her but also cut the hair from her head. And having not yet recovered his senses, is verily perswaded, and cannot be altered from it, but that he performed all this villany to me. And if you do but advisedly observe his countenance, he appeareth yet to be more than half drunk.

But



But whatsoever he hath said concerning me, I make no account at all thereof, because he spake it in his drunkenness; and as freely as I do forgive him, even so (good Mother, and kind Brethren) let me intreat you to do the like.

When the Mother had heard these words, and confidently believed her Daughter: she began to torment herself with anger, saying. By the faith of my body, Daughter, this unkindness is not to be endured, but rather let the dog be hanged, that his qualities may be known, he being utterly unworthy, to have so good a woman to his Wife, as thou art. What could he have done more, if he had taken thee in the open street, and in company of some wanton Gallant? In an unfortunate hour wast thou married to him, base jealous Coxcomb as he is; and it is quite against sense, or reason, that thou shouldst be subject to his fooleries. What was he, but a Merchant of Eel-skins, or Oranges; bred in some paltry Country Village; taken from Hog-rubbing; cloathed in Sheeps-Sattin, with Clownish Startops, Leather stockings, and Caddies garters: His whole habit not worth three shillings: And yet he must have a fair Gentlewoman to his Wife, of honest fame, riches and reputation; when, comparing his pedigree with hers, he is far unfit to wipe her shoes.

Oh my dear Sons, I would you had followed my counsel, and permitted her to match in the honourable Family of Count *Guido*, which was much moved, and seriously pursued. But you would needs bestow her on this goodly Jewel; who, although she is one of the fairest beauties in all Florence, chaste, honest and truly vertuous: is not ashamed at midnight, to proclaim her for a common whore, as if we had no better knowledg of her. But by the blessed Mother of Saint *Iohn*, if you would be ruled by mine advice, our law should make him dearly smart for it.

Alas my Sons did I not tell you at home in our own house, that his words were no way likely to prove true? Have not your eyes observed his unmannerly behaviour to your Sister? If I were as you are, hearing what he hath said, and noting his drunken carriage beside; I should never give over, as long as he had any life in him: And were I a man as I am a woman, none other than my self should revenge her wrongs, making him a spectacle to all drabbing drunkards.

When the Brethren had heard and observed all these occurrences; in most bitter manner they railed on *Arrignuccio*, bestowing some good bastinadoes on him beside, concluding thus with him in the end. Quoth one of them, we will pardon this shameful abusing of our Sister, because thou art a notorious drunkard: but look to it (on peril of thy life) that we have no more such news hereafter; for, believe it unfeignedly, if any such impudent rumours happen to our ears, or so much as a flying fame thereof; thou shalt surely be paid for both faults together.

So home again went they, and *Arrignuccio* stood like one that had neither life nor motion, nor knowing whether what he had done was true or no, or if he dreamed all this while, and so (without uttering any word) he left his Wife, and went quietly to bed. Thus by her wisdom, she did not onely prevent an imminent peril: but made a free and an open passage, to further contentment with her amorous friend, yet dreadless of any distaste or suspicion in her husband.



*Lydia a Lady of great beauty, birth and honour, being Wife to Nicostratus, Governour of Argos, falling in love with a Gentleman named Pyrrhus; was requested by him (as a true testimony of her unfeigned affection) to perform three several actions of her self. She did accomplish them all, and embraced and kissed Pyrrhus in the presence of Nicostratus; by persuading him, that whatsoever he said, was merely false.*

The Ninth N O V E L.

*Wherein is declared, that great Lords sometime be deceived by their Wives, as well as men of meaner condition.*

**T**HE Novel delivered by Madam Neiphila, seemed so pleasing to all the Ladies; as they could not refrain from hearty Laughter, beside much liberality of speech. Albeit the King did oftentimes urge silence, and commanded Pamphilus to follow next. So, when attention was admitted, Pamphilus began in this manner. I am of opinion, fair Ladies, that there is not any matter, how uneasy or doubtful soever it might seem to be; but the man or woman that affecteth fervently, dare boldly attempt and effectually accomplish. And this persuasion of mine, although it hath been sufficiently approved, by many of our passed Novels: Yet notwithstanding, I shall make it much more apparent to you, by a present discourse of mine own. Wherein I have occasion to speak of a Lady, to whom Fortune was more favourable, than either Reason or Judgment, could give direction. In which regard, I would not devise any of you, to entertain so high an imagination of mind, as to track her footsteps of whom I am now to speak: because Fortune containeth not always one and the same disposition; neither can all mens Eyes be blinded after one manner. And so proceed we to our Tale.

In Argos, a most ancient City of Achaia, much more renowned by her precedent Kings, than wealth or any other great matter of worth: there lived as Lieutenant or Governour thereof, a Noble Lord, named Nicostratus, on whom (albeit he was well steep in years) Fortune bestowed in Marriage a great Lady, no less bold of spirit, than choicely beautified. Nicostratus, abounding in treasure and wealthy possessions, kept a goodly train of Servants, Horses, Hounds, Hawks, and what else not, as having an extraordinary felicity in all kind of Game, as singular exercises to maintain his health.

Among his other Servants and Followers, there was a young Gentleman, graceful of person, excellent in speech, and every way as active as no man could be more: his name Pyrrhus, highly affected of Nicostratus, and more intimately trusted than all the rest. Such seemed the perfections of this Pyrrhus, that Lydia (for so was the Lady named) began to affect him very earnestly, and in such sort, as day or night she could take no rest, but devised all means to compass her hearts desire. Now, whether he observed this inclination of her towards him, or else would take no notice thereof, it could not be discerned by any outward apprehension: which moved the more impatiency in her, and drove her hopes to despairing passions. Wherein to find some comfort and ease, she called an ancient Gentlewoman of her Chamber, in whom she reposed confidence, and thus she spake to her.

*Lescia, The good turns and favours thou hast received from me, should make thee faithful and obedient to me: therefore set a Lock upon thy Lips, for revealing to any one whatsoever, such matters as now I shall impart to thee; except it be to him that I command thee. Thou perceivest Lescia, how youthful I am, apt to all sprightly recreations, rich, and abounding in all that a woman can wish to have, in regard of Fortunes common and ordinary favours: yet I have one especial cause of complaint: namely, the inequality of my Marriage, my Husband being over-ancient for me; in which regard, my youth finds it self too highly wronged, being defeated of those duties and delights, which women (far inferiour to me) are continually cloyed withal, and I am utterly deprived of. I am subject to the same desires they are, and deserve to taste the benefit of them, in as ample manner, as they do or can.*

Hitherto



Hitherto have I lived with loss of time, which yet (in some measure) may be retrieved and recompensed: for though Fortune were my enemy in Marriage, by such a disproportion of our conditions: yet she may be friend in another nature, and kindly redeem the injury done me. Wherefore *Lescia*, to be as compleat in this case, as I am in all the rest beside; I have resolved upon a private friend, and one more worthy than any other, Namely, my servant *Pyrrhus*, whose youth carryeth some correspondency with mine, and so constantly have I settled my love to him, as I am not well, but when I think on him, or see him: and (indeed) shall die, except the sooner I may enjoy him. And therefore, if my life and well-fare be respected by thee, let him understand the integrity of mine affection, by such good means as thou findest it most expedient to be done: intreating him from me, that I may have some conference with him, when he shall thereto be solicited by me.

The Chamber Gentlewoman *Lescia*, willingly undertook the Ladies Embassie; and to soon as opportunity did favour her: having drawn *Pyrrhus* into an apt and commodious place, she delivered the Message to him, in the best manner she could devise. Which *Pyrrhus* hearing, did not a little wonder thereat, never having noted any such matter; and therefore suddenly conceived that the Lady did this only to try him; whereupon, somewhat roundly and roughly, he returned this answer. *Lescia*, I am not so simple, as to credit any such Message to be sent from my Lady, and therefore be better advised of thy words. But admit that it should come from her, yet I cannot be persuaded, that her soul consented to such harsh Language, far differing from a form so full of beauty. And yet admit again, that her Heart and Tongue herein were relatives: My Lord and Master hath so far honoured me, and so much beyond the least part of merit in me: as I will rather die, than any way offer to disgrace him: And therefore I charge thee, never more to move me in this matter.

*Lescia* not a jot danted at his stern words, presently she said. *Pyrrhus*, both in this and all other messages my Lady shall command me, I will speak to thee whenever she pleaseth, receive what discontent thou canst thereby; or make presumption of what doubts thou maist devise. But as I found thee a senceless Fellow, dull, and not shaped to any understanding, so I leave thee: And in that anger parted from him, carrying back the same answer to her Lady. She no sooner heard it, but instantly she wished her self to be dead; and within some few days after, she conferred again with her Chamber-woman, saying, *Lescia*, thou knowest well enough, that the Ox falleth not at the first blow of the Ax, neither is the Victory won, upon a silly and shallow adventure: Wherefore I think it convenient, that once more thou shouldest make another trial of him, who (in prejudice to me) standeth so strictly on his Loyalty; and choosing such an hour as seemeth most commodious, soundly possess him with my tormenting passions. Bestir thy wits, and tip thy Tongue with a womans Eloquence, to effect what I so earnestly desire: because by languishing in this love sick affection, it will be the danger of my death, and some severe detriment to him, to be the occasion of so great a loss.

*Lescia* comforted her Lady, so much as lay in her power to do, and having sought for *Pyrrhus*, whom she found at good leisure, and, in a pleasing humour, thus she began. *Pyrrhus*, some few days since I told thee, in what extream agonies thy Lady and mine was, only in regard of her love to thee: and now again I come once more, to give thee further assurance thereof: Wherefore believe it unfeignedly, that if thy obstinacy continue still, in like manner as the other day it did, expect very shortly to hear the tidings of her death.

It is my part therefore, to entreat thee to comfort her long languishing desires: but if thou persist in thy harsh opinion, in stead of reputed thee a wise and fortunate young man, I shall confess thee to be an ignorant Ass. What a glory is it to thee, to be affected of so fair a Lady, beyond all men whatsoever? Next to this, tell me, how highly maist thou confess thy self bound to Fortune, if thou but duely consider, how she hath elected thee as sole sovereign of her hopes, which is a Crown of honor to thy youth, and a sufficient refuge against all wants and necessities? Where is any to thy knowledge like thy self, that can make such advantage of his time, as thou maist do, if thou wert wise? Where canst thou find any one to go beyond thee in Arms, Horses, sumptuous Garments, and Gold, as will be given to thee if *Lydia* may be the Lady of thy Love? Open then thy understanding to my words, return into thine own soul, and be wise for thy self.



Remember (*Pyrrhus*) that Fortune presents her self but once before any one with cheerful looks, and her Lap wide open of richest favours, where if choice be not quickly made, before she fould it up, and turn her back; let no complaint afterward be made of her, if the Fellow that had so fair an offer, prove to be miserable, wretched, and a Beggar, only through his own negligence. Beside, what else hath formerly been said there is now no such need of Loyalty in servants to their Ladies, as should be among dear Friends and Kindred: but servants ought rather (as best they may) be such to their Masters, as they are to them. Dost thou imagine, that if thou hadst a fair Wife, Mother, Daughter or Sister, and pleasing in the Eye of our *Nicostratus*, he would stand on such nice terms of Duty or Loyalty, as now thou dost to his Lady? Thou wert a very fool to rest so persuaded. Assure thy self, that if intreaties and fair means might not prevail, force and compulsion would win the mastery: Let us then use them, and the commodities unto them belonging, as they would use us and ours. Use the benefit of thy Fortune, and beware of abusing her favour. She yet smiles on thee; but take heed lest she turn her back, it will then be over-late to repent thy folly. And if my Lady die through thy disdain, be assured, that thou canst not escape with life, beside open shame and disgrace for ever.

*Pyrrhus*, who had often considered on *Lescas* first message, concluded with himself; that if any more she moved the same matter, he would return her another kind of answer; wholly yielding to content his Lady; provided that he might remain assured, concerning the intire truth of the motion, and that it was not urged to try him: wherefore, thus he replied. *Lescas*, do not imagine me so ignorant, as not to know the certainty of all thy former allegations, confessing them as freely as thou dost, or canst. But yet let me tell thee withal, that I know my Lord to be wise and judicious; and having committed all his affairs to my care and trust, never blame me to misdoubt, lest my Lady (by his counsel and advise) make thee the messenger of this motion, thereby to call my Fidelity in question.

To clear which doubt, and for my further assurance of her well meaning toward me; if she will undertake the performance of three such things as I must needs require in this case, I am afterward her own, in any service she can command me. The first of them, is; that in the presence of my Lord and Master, she kill his fair Faulcon, which so dearly he affecteth. The second, to send me a Lock or Tuft of his Beard, being pulled away with her own hand. The third and last, with the same hand also, to pluck out one of his best and soundest Teeth, and send it me as her loves true token. When I find all these three effectually performed, I am wholly hers, and not before.

These three strict impositions, seemed to *Lescas*, and her Lady likewise, almost beyond the compass of all possibility. Nevertheless, Love, being a powerful Orator in persuading, as also so adventurous even on the most difficult dangers; gave her courage to undertake them all: sending *Lescas* back again to him, with full assurance, of these more than *Herculean* labours. Moreover, her self did intend to add a fourth task, in regard of his strong opinion concerning the great Wisdom of his Lord and Master. After she had effected all the other three, she would not permit him to kiss her, but before his Lords face: which yet should be accomplished in such sort, as *Nicostratus* himself should not believe it, although apparently he saw it. Well, (quoth *Pyrrhus*) when all these wonders are performed, assure my Lady, that I am truly hers.

Within a short while after, *Nicostratus* made a solemn Festival (according as yearly he used to do) in honour of his birth day, inviting many Lords and Ladies thereto. On which rejoycing day, so soon as Dinner was ended, and the Tables withdrawn: *Lydia* came into the great Hall, where the Feast was solemnly kept; very rich and costly apparelled; and there, in presence of *Pyrrhus*, and the whole assembly, going to the Perch whereon the Faulcon sat, wherein her Husband took no little delight, and having untied her, as if she meant to bear her on her Fist: took her by the Jesses, and beating her against the Wall, killed her. *Nicostratus* beholding this, called out aloud unto her, saying. Alas Madam! What have you done? She making him no answer, but turning to the Lords and Ladies, which had Dined there, spake in this manner.

Oh should I take revenge on a King, that had offended me, if I had not so much heart, as to wreak my spleen on a paltry Hawk. Understand then, worthy Lords and Ladies, that this Faulcon hath long time robbed me of those delights, which men (in meer equity) ought to have with their Wives: because continually, so soon



men (in meer equity) ought to have with their Wives: because continually, so soon as break of day hath appeared, my Husband, starting out of Bed, makes himself ready, presently to Horse, and the Faulcon on his Fist, rides abroad to his Recreations in the Fields. And I, in such forsaken sort as you see, am left all alone in my Bed, discontented and despised: often vowing to my self, to be thus revenged as now I am, being with-held from it by no other occasion, but only want of a fit and apt time, to do it in the presence of such persons, as might be just Judges of my wrongs, and as I conceive you all to be.

The Lords and Ladies hearing these words, and believing this deed of hers to be done no otherwise, but out of her entire affection to *Nicostratus*, according as her speeches sounded: compassionately turning towards him (who was exceedingly displeased) and all smiling said, Now in good sadness Sir, Madam *Lydia* hath done well, in acting her just revenge upon the Hawk, that bereft her of his Husbands kind company; than which, nothing is more precious to a loving Wife, and a Hell it is to live without it. And *Lydia* being suddenly withdrawn into her Chamber; with much other friendly and familiar talk, they converted the anger of *Nicostratus* into mirth and smiling.

*Pyrrhus*, who had diligently observed the whole carriage of this business, said to himself, My Lady hath begun well, and proceeding on with no worse success, will (no doubt) bring her love to an happy conclusion. As for the Lady herself, she having thus killed the Hawk, it was no long while after, but being in the Chamber with her Husband, and they conversing familiarly together: she began to jest with him, and he in the like manner with her, tickling and toying each the other, till at the length she played with his Beard, and now she found occasion aptly serving, to effect the second task imposed by *Pyrrhus*. So, taking fast hold on a small tuft of his Beard, she gave a sudden snatch, and plucked it away quite from his chin. Whereat *Nicostratus* being angerly moved, she (to appease his distaste) pleasantly thus spake, How now, my Lord? Why do you look so frowningly? What? Are you angry for a few loose hairs of your Beard? How then should I take it, when you pluck me by the hair of my head, and yet I am not a jot discontented, because I know you do it but in jesting manner? These friendly speeches cut off all further contention, and she kept charily the tuft of her Husbands Beard, which (the very self-same day) she sent to *Pyrrhus* her hearts chosen friend.

But now concerning the third matter to be adventured, it drove her to a much more serious consideration, than those two which she had already so well and exactly performed; notwithstanding, like a Lady of unconquerable spirit, and (in whom) Love enlarged his Power more and more: She suddenly conceived what course was best to be kept in this case, forming her attempt in this manner. Upon *Nicostratus* waited two young Gentlemen, as Pages of his Chamber, whose Fathers had given them to his service, to learn the manners of honourable Courtship, and those qualities necessarily required in Gentlemen. One of them, when *Nicostratus* sat down to dinner or supper, stood in Office of his Carver, delivering him all the meats whereon he fed. The other (as Taster) attended on his Cup, and he drank no other drink, but what he brought him, and they both were very pleasing unto them.

*Lydia* called these two Youths aside; and, among some other speeches, which served as an induction to her intended policy; she persuaded them, that their mouths yielded an unfavoury and ill-pleasing smell, whereof their Lord seemed to take dislike. Wherefore she advised them, that at such times as they attended on him in their several places, they should (so much as possibly they could) withdraw their heads aside from him, because their breath might not be noyous unto him. But withall to have an especial care, of not disclosing to any person, what she had told them; because (out of meer love) she had acquainted them therewith: which very constantly they believed, and followed the same direction as she had advised, being loth to displease, where service bound them to obey. Chusing a time fitting for her purpose, when *Nicostratus* was in private conference with her, thus she began. Sir, you observe not the behaviour of your two Pages, when they wait on you at the Table? Yes but I do Wife (quoth he) how squeamishly they turn their heads aside from me, and it hath often been in my mind, to understand a reason why they do so.



Seating her self by him, as if she had some weighty matter to tell him; she proceeded in this manner. Alas, my Lord, you shall not need to question them, because I can sufficiently resolve you therein: which (nevertheless) I have long concealed, because I would not be offensive to you. But in regard it is now manifestly apparent, that others have tasted what (I imagined) none but my self did, I will no longer hide it from you. Assuredly, Sir, there is a most strange and unwonted ill savour, continually issuing from your mouth, smelling most noisomely, and I wonder what should be the occasion. In former times I never felt any such foul breathing to come from you, and you who daily converse with so many worthy persons, should seek means to be rid of so great an annoyance. You say very true Wife (answered *Nicostratus*) and I protest to you, on my Credit, I feel no such ill smell, neither know what should cause it, except I have some corrupted tooth in my mouth. Perhaps, Sir (quoth she) it may be so, and yet you feel not the savour which others do, yea, very offensively.

So walking with her to the Window, he opened wide his mouth, the which nicely she surveyed on either side, and, turning her head from him, as seeming unable to endure the savour: starting, and shrieking out aloud; she said, *Santa Maria!* What a sight is this? Alas, my good Lord, How could you abide this, and for so long a while? Here is a tooth on this side, which (so far as I can perceive) is not only hollow and corrupted, but also putrified and rotten: and if it continue still in your head, believe it for a truth, that it will infect and spoil all the rest near it. I would therefore counsel you, to let it be pluckt out, before it breed you further danger. I like your counsel well *Lydia*, replied *Nicostratus*, and presently intend to follow it; let therefore my Barber be sent for, and, without any longer delay, he shall pluck it out instantly.

How, Sir? (quoth she) your Barber? upon mine Honour, there shall come no Barber here. Why, Sir, it is such a rotten tooth, and standeth so fairly for my hand, that without help or advice of any Barber, let me alone for plucking it forth, without putting you to any pain at all. Moreover, let me tell you, Sir, those Tooth-drawers are so rude and cruel, in performing such Offices, as my heart cannot endure, that you shall come within compals of their currish courtesie, neither shall you, Sir, if you will be ruled by me. If I should fail in the manner of their facility, yet Love and Duty hath instructed me, to forbear your least painning, which no unmannerly Barber will do.

Having thus spoken, and he well contented with her kind offer, the Instruments were brought, which are used in such occasions, all being commanded forth of the Chamber, but only *Lescia*, who evermore kept still in her company. So, locking fast the door, and *Nicostratus* being seated, as she thought fittest for her purpose, she put the Tanacles into his mouth, catching fast hold on one of his soundest teeth: which, notwithstanding his loud crying, *Lescia* held him so strongly, that forth she pluckt it, and hid it, having another tooth ready made hot and bloody, very much corrupted and rotten, which she held in the Tanacles, and shewed to him, who was well near dead with anguish. See, Sir, (quoth she) was this tooth to be suffered in your head, and to yield so foul a smell as it did? He verily believing what she said, albeit he had endured extreme pain, and still complained of her harsh and violent pulling it out: rejoiced yet, that he was now rid of it, and she comforting him on the one side, and the anguish asswaging on the other, he departed forth of the Chamber.

In the mean while, by *Lescia* she sent the sound tooth to *Pyrrhus*, who (wondering not a little at her so many strange attempts, which he urged so much the rather, as thinking their performance impossible, and in meer loyal duty to his Lord) seeing them all three to be notably effected; he made no further doubt of her intire love towards him, but sent her assurance likewise of his readines and serviceable diligence, whensoever she would command him.

Now after the passage of all these adventures, hardly to be undertaken by any other Woman: yet she held them insufficient for his security, in the grounded persuasion of her love to him, except she performed another of her own, and according as she had boldly promised. Hours do now seem days, and days multiplicity of years, till the kiss may be given and received in the presence of *Nicostratus*, yet he himself to avouch the contrary.

Madam *Lydia* (upon a pretended sickness) keepeth her Chamber, and as Women can hardly be exceeded in dissimulation: so, she wanted no wit, to



seem exquisitely cunning, in all the outward appearances of sickness. One day after dinner, she being visited by *Nicostratus*, and none attending on him but *Pyrrhus* only: she earnestly entreated, that as a mitigation to some inward afflictions which she felt, they would help to guide her into the Garden.

Most gladly was her motion granted, and *Nicostratus* gently taking her by one Arm, and *Pyrrhus* by the other, so they conducted her into the Garden, seating her in a fair flowry Grass-plot, with her back leaning to a Pear-tree. Having sitten there an indifferent while, and *Pyrrhus*, being formerly instructed, in the directions which she had given him, thus she spake, somewhat faintly. *Pyrrhus*, I have a kind of longing desire upon a sudden, to taste of these Pears. Wherefore climb up into the Tree, and cast me down one or two; which instantly he did. Being aloft in the Tree, and throwing down some of the best and richest Pears; at length (according to his premeditated Lesson) looking down, he said.

Forbear, my Lord, Do you not see, in how weak and feeble condition my Lady is, being shaken with so violent a sickness? And you, Madam, how kind and loving soever you are to my Lord, are you so little careful of your health, being but now come forth of your sick Chamber, to be ruffled and tumbled in such rough manner? Though such dalliances are not amiss in you both; being fitter for the private Chamber, than an open Garden, and in the presence of a servant: yet time and place should always be respectively considered, for the avoiding of ill example, and better testimony of your own wisdoms, which ever should be like your selves. But if so soon, and even in the heat of a yet turbulent sickness, your equal love can admit these kisses and embraces: your private Lodgings were much more convenient, where no servants eye can see such wantonnels, nor you be reproved of indiscretion, for being too publick in your familiarity.

*Lydia*, suddenly turning to her Husband, said, What doth *Pyrrhus* prate? Is he well in his wits? No, Madam, reply *Pyrrhus*, I am not frantick. Are you so fond as to think that I do not see your folly? *Nicostratus* wondering at his words, presently answered, Now trust me, *Pyrrhus*, I think thou dreamest. No, my Lord, replied *Pyrrhus*, I dream not a jot, neither do you, or my Lady: but if this Tree could afford the like kindness to me, as you do to her, there would not a Pear be left upon it. How now, *Pyrrhus*? (quoth *Lydia*) this language goeth beyond our understanding, it seemeth thou knowest not what thou sayest. Believe me, Husband, If I were as well as ever I have been, I would climb this Tree, to see those idle wonders which he talketh of: for while he continued thus above, it appeareth, he can find no other prattle, albeit he taketh his mark amiss.

Hereupon, he commanded *Pyrrhus* to come down, and being on the ground: Now, *Pyrrhus* (quoth he) tell me what thou saidst. *Pyrrhus*, pretending an alteration into much amazement, strangely looking about him, said, I know not very well (my Lord) what answer I should make you, fearing lest my sight hath been abused by error: for when I was aloft in that Tree, it seemed manifestly to me: that you embraced my Lady (though somewhat rudely, in regard of her perillous sickness, yet lovingly) and as youthfully as in your younger days, with infinite kisses, and wanton dalliances, such as (indeed) deserved a far more private place in my opinion. But in my descending down, me thought you gave over that amorous familiarity, and I found you seated as I left you. Now trust me, *Pyrrhus*, answered *Nicostratus*, Thy tongue and wit have very strangely wandered, both from reason and all real apprehension: because we never stured from hence, since thou didst climb up into the Tree; neither moved otherwise, than as now thou seest us. Alas, my good Lord, (said *Pyrrhus*) I humbly crave pardon for my presumption, in reproving you for meddling with your own: which shall make me hereafter better advised, in any thing whatsoever I hear or see.

Marvel and amazement encreased in *Nicostratus* far greater than before, hearing him to avouch still so constantly what he had seen, no contradiction being able to alter him, which made him rashly swear and say, I will see my self whether this Pear-tree be enchanted, or no; and such wonders to be seen when a man is up in it, as thou wouldst have us to believe. And being mounted up so high, that they were safe from his sudden coming on them, *Lydia* had soon forgotten her



her sickness, and the promised kiss cost her above twenty more, beside very kind and hearty embraces, as lovingly respected and entertained by *Pyrrhus*. Which *Nicostratus* beholding aloft in the Tree; cryed out to her, saying, Wicked Woman what dost thou mean? And thou Villain, *Pyrrhus*, Darest thou abuse thy Lord, who hath reposed so much trust in thee? So, descending down again, yet crying to them still: *Lydia* replied, Alas, my Lord, why do you rail and rave in such sort? So, he found her seated as before, and *Pyrrhus* waiting with dutiful reverence, even as when he climbed up the Tree: but yet he thought his sight not deceived for all their demure and formal behaviour; which made him walk up and down extremely fuming and fretting unto himself, and which in some milder manner to qualifie, *Pyrrhus* spake thus to him;

I deny not (my good Lord) but freely confels, that even as your self, so I, being above in the Tree, had my sight most fallly deluded: which is so apparently confirmed by you, and in the same sort, as there needeth no doubt of both our beguiling, in one and the same suspicious nature: in which case to be more assuredly resolved, nothing can be questioned, but whether your belief do so far mislead you, as to think that my Lady (who hath always been most wise, loval, and vertuous,) would so shamefully wrong you, yea, and to perform it before your face, wherein I dare gage my life to the contrary. Concerning my self, it is not fit for me to argue or contest in mine own commendation: you that have ever known the sincerity of my service, are best able to speak in my behalf: and rather would I be drawn in pieces with four wild Horses, than be such an injurious slave to my Lord and Master.

Now then, it can be no otherwise, but we must needs rest certainly persuaded, that the guile and offence of this false appearance, was occasioned by the Tree only. For all the world could not make me believe, but that I saw you kiss and most kindly embrace my Lady: if your own eyes had not credited the like behaviour in me to her, of which sin I never conceived so much as a thought. The Lady (on the other side) seeming to be very angrily incensed, starting faintly up on her feet, yet supporting her self by the Tree, said. It appeareth, Sir, that you have entertained a goodly opinion of me, as if I were so lewd and lasciviously disposed, or addicted to the least desire of wantonness: that I would be so forgetful of mine own honour, as to adventure it in your sight, and with a servant of my House? Oh, Sir, such Women as are so familiarly affected, need learn no wit of men in amorous matters; their private Chambers shall be better trusted, than an open blabbing and tell-tale Garden.

*Nicostratus*, who verily believed what they had both said, and that neither of them would adventure such familiarity before his face, would talk no more of the matter, but rather studied of the rarity of such a miracle, not seen, but in the height of the Tree, and changing again upon the descent. But *Lydia*, containing still her colourable kind of impatience, and angrily frowning upon *Nicostratus*, sternly said, If I may have my will, this villainous, and deceiving Tree, shall never more shame me, or any other Woman: and therefore *Pyrrhus*, run for an Ax, and by felling it to the ground, in an instant, revenge both thy wrong and mine. Dost not thou serve a worthy Lord? And have not I wise Husband, who, without any consideration, will suffer the eye of his understanding to be so dazled, with a foolish imagination beyond all possibility? For, though his eyes did apprehend such a folly; and it seemed to be a truth indeed: yet in the depth of a settled judgment, all the world should not persuade him, that it was so.

*Pyrrhus* had quickly brought the Ax, and hewing down the Tree, so soon as the Lady saw it fall; turning her self to *Nicostratus*, she said, Now that I have seen mine honour and honesties Enemy laid along, mine anger is past, and, Husband, I freely pardon you: intreating you heartily henceforward, not to presume or imagin, that my love either is, or can be altered from you.

Thus the mocked and derided *Nicostratus* returned in again with his Lady and *Pyrrhus*; where perhaps (though the Pear-tree was cut down) they could find as cunning means to over-reach him.



Two Citizens of Siena, the one named Tingoccio Nini, and the other Mucio di Tura, affected both one Woman, called Monna Mita, to whom one of them was a Gossip. The Gossip died, and appeared afterward to his Companion, according as he had formerly promised him to do, and told him what strange wonders he had seen in the other World.

### The Tenth NOVEL.

Wherein such men are covertly reprehended, who make no care or conscience at all of those things that should preserve them from sin.

**N**OW there remained none but the King himself, last of all to recount this Novel; who, after he heard the Ladies complaints indifferently pacified, for the rash felling down of such a precious Pear-tree; thus he began. Fair Ladies, it is a case more than manifest, that every King, who will be accounted just and upright, should first of all and rather than any other, observe those Laws which he himself hath made, otherwise to be reputed as a servant, worthy punishment, and no King. Into which fault and reprehension, I your King, shall well near be constrained to fall; for yesterday I enacted a Law, upon the former of our discouraging with full intent, that this day I would not use any part of my priviledg; but being subject (as you all are) to the same Law, I should speak of that Argument, which already you have done.

Wherein, you have not only performed more than I could wish, upon a subject so suitable to my mind: but in every Novel, such variety of excellent matter, such singular illustrations, and delicate eloquence hath flown from you all: as I am utterly unable to invent any thing (notwithstanding the most curious search of my brain) apt or fit for the purpose, to paragon the meanest of them already related. And therefore seeing I must needs sin in the Law established by my self; I tender my submission as worthy of punishment, or what amends else you please to enjoin me. Now, as returned to my wonted priviledg, I say, That the Novel recounted by Madam Eliza, of the Fryer Godfather, and his Gossip Agnesia, as also the sottishness of the Seneſe her Husband, hath wrought in me (worthy Ladies) to such effect; as, forbearing to speak any more of these wily pranks, which witty Wives exercise on their simple Husbands; I am to tell you a pretty short Tale; which, though there is matter enough in it, not worthy the crediting, yet partly it will be pleasing to hear.

Sometime there lived in Siena two popular men, the one being named Tingoccio Nini, and the other Meucio di Tura; Men simple and of no understanding, both of them dwelling in Porta Salaja. These two men lived in such familiar conversation together, and expressed such cordial affection each to other, as they seldom walked asunder; but (as honest men use to do) frequented Churches and Sermons, oftentimes hearing, both what miseries and beatitudes were in the world to come, according to the merits of their souls that were departed out of this life, and found their equal repayment in the other. The manifold repetition of these matters, made them very desirous to know, by what means they might have tidings from thence, for their further confirmation. And finding all their endeavours utterly frustrated, they made a solemn vow and promise (each to other under oath) that he which first died of them two, should return back again (so soon as possibly he could) to the other remaining alive, and tell him such tydings as he desired to hear.

After the promise was thus faithfully made, and they still keeping company as they wonted do to: It fortuneed that Tingoccio became Gossip to one named Ambrosio Anselmino, dwelling in Camporeggio, who by his Wife, called Monna Mita, had a sweet and lovely Son. Tingoccio often resorted thither, and consorted with his Companion Meucio; the she Gossip, being a Woman worthy the loving, fair and comely of her person: Tingoccio, notwithstanding the Gossipship between them, had more than a months mind to his God-childs Mother. Meucio also fell sick of the same disease, because she seemed pleasing in his eye, and Tingoccio gave her no mean commendations; yet, carefully they concealed their love to themselves,

but



but not for one and the same occasion. Because *Tingoccio* kept it close from *Meucio*, lest he should hold it disgraceful in him, to bear amorous affection to his Gossip, and thought it unfitting to be known. But *Meucio* had no such meaning, for he knew well enough that *Tingoccio* loved her, and therefore conceived in his mind, that if he discovered any such matter to him: He will (quoth he) be jealous of me, and being her Gossip (which admitteth his conference with her when himself pleaseth) he may easily make her to distaste me, and therefore I must rest contented as I am.

Their love continuing on still in this kind, *Tingoccio* proved so fortunate in the business, that having better means than his companion, and more prevailing courses, when, where, and how to Court his Mistris, which seemed to forward him effectually. All which *Meucio* plainly perceived, and though it was tedious and wearisome to him, yet hoping to find some success at length, he would not take notice of any thing, as fearing to infringe the amity between him and *Tingoccio*, and so his hope to be quite supplanted. Thus the one triumphing in his loves happiness, and the other hoping for his felicity to come; a lingering sickness seized on *Tingoccio*, which brought him to so low a condition, as at the length he died.

About some three or four nights after, *Meucio* being fast asleep in his bed, the Ghost of *Tingoccio* appeared to him, and called so loud, that *Meucio* awaking, demanded who called him? I am thy friend *Tingoccio*, replied the Ghost, who according to my former promise made, am come again in vision to thee, to tell thee tidings out of the neather world. *Meucio* was a while somewhat amazed; but, recollecting his more manly spirits together, boldly he said, My Brother and Friend, thou art heartily welcome: but I thought thou hadst been utterly lost. Those things (quoth *Tingoccio*) are lost, which cannot be recovered again, and if I were lost, how could I then be here with thee? Alas, *Tingoccio*, replied *Meucio*, my meaning is not so; but I would be resolved, whether thou art among the damned souls in the painful fire of Hell-torments, or no? No (quoth *Tingoccio*) I am not sent thither, but for divers sins by me committed I am to suffer very great and grievous pains. Then *Meucio* demanded particularly, the punishment inflicted there, for the several sins committed here: Wherein *Tingoccio* fully resolved him. And upon further question, what he would have to be done for him here, made answer, That *Meucio* should cause Masses, Prayers, and Alms-deeds, to be performed for him, which (he said) were very helpful to the souls abiding there, and *Meucio* promised to see them done.

As the Ghost was offering to depart, *Meucio* remembered *Tingoccio's* Gossip *Monna Mira*, and raising himself higher upon the Pillow, said, My memory informeth me, friend *Tingoccio*, of your kind Gossip *Monna Mira*, with whom (when you remained in this life) I knew you to be very familiar: let me entreat you then to tell me what punishment is inflicted on you there, for that wanton sin committed here? O Brother *Meucio*, answered *Tingoccio*, so soon as my soul was landed there, one came immediately to me, who seemed to know all mine offences readily by heart, and forthwith commanded, that I should depart thence into a certain place where I must weep for my sins in very grievous pains. There I found more of my companions; condemned to the same punishment as I was, and being among them, I called to mind some wanton dalliance, which had passed between my Gossip and me, and expecting therefore far greater afflictions, than as yet I felt, (although I was in a huge fire, and exceedingly hot) yet with conceit of fear, I quaked and trembled wondrously.

One of my other Consorts being by me, and perceiving in what an extream agony I was, presently said unto me, My friend, what hast thou done more than any of us here condemned with thee, that thou tremblest and quakest being in so hot a fire? Oh my friend (said I) I am in fear of a greater judgment than this, for a grievous offence by me heretofore committed while I lived. Then he demanded of me what offence it was; whereto thus I answered, It was my chance in the other world, to be Godfather at a Childs Christening, and afterward I grew so affectionate to the Childs Mother, as (indeed) I kissed her twice or thrice. My Companion laughing at me in mocking manner. Go like an Ass as thou art, and be no more afraid hereafter, for here is no punishment inflicted, in any kind whatsoever, for such offences of frailty committed, especially with Gossips, as my self can witness.

Now day drew on, and the Cocks began to Crow, a dreadful hearing to walking



walking Spirits, when *Tingoccio* said to *Meucio*, Farewel my friendly companion, for I may tarry no longer with thee, and instantly he vanished away. *Meucio* having heard this confession of his friend, and verily believing it for a truth, that no punishment was to be inflicted in the future World, for offences of frailty in this life, and chiefly with Gossips: began to condemn his own folly, having been a Gossip to many Wives, yet modesty restrained him from such familiar offending. And therefore being sorry for this gross ignorance, he made a vow to be wiser hereafter. And if Fryer *Reynard* had been acquainted with this kind of shrift (as doubtless he was, though his Gossip *Agnestia* knew it not) he needed no such Syllogisms, as he put in practice, when he converted her to his lustful knavery, in the comparison of kindred by him moved concerning her Husband, the Child and himself. But, these are the best fruits of such Fryerly Confessions, to compass the issue of their inordinate appetites; yet clouded with the cloak of Religion, which hath been the overthrow of too many.

By this time the gentle blast of *Zephyrus* began to blow, because the Sun grew near his setting, wherewith the King concluded his Novel, and none remaining more to be thus employed: taking the Crown from off his own head, he placed it on *Madam Laurettaes*, saying, Madam, I Crown you with your own Crown, as Queen of our Company. You shall henceforth command as Lady and Mistis, in such occasions as shall be to your liking, and for the contentment of us all; with which words he sate him down. And *Madam Lauretta* being now created Queen, she caused the Master of the household to be called, to whom she gave command, that the Tables should be prepared in the pleasant Valley, but at a more convenient hour than formerly had been, because they might (with better ease) return back to the Palace. Then she took order likewise, for all such other necessary matters, as should be required in the time of her regiment: and then turning her self to the whole Company, she began in this manner.

It was the will of *Dionens* yesternight, that our discourses for this day, should concern the deceits of Wives to their Husbands. And were it not to avoid taxation of a spleenitive desire to be revenged, like the Dog being bitten, biteth again: I could command our to morrows conference, to touch mens treacheries towards their Wives. But because I am free from any such fiery humour, let it be your general consideration, to speak of such queint beguilings, as have heretofore past, either of the Woman to the Man, or the Man to the Woman, or of one Man to another: and I am of opinion, that they will yield us no less delight, than those related (this day) have done. When she had thus spoken, she rose, granting them all liberty, to go recreate themselves until Supper time.

The Ladies being thus at their own disposing, some of them bared their legs and feet, to wash them in the cool Current. Others, not so minded, walked on the green Grass, and under the goodly spreading Trees. *Dionens*, and *Madam Fiammetta*, they sate singing together, the Love-war between *Arcite* and *Palamon*. And thus with diversity of disports, in choice delight and much contentment, all were employed, till Supper drew near. When the hour was come, and the Tables covered by the Ponds side: we need not question their diet and dainties, infinite birds sweetly singing about them, as no musick in the world could be more pleasing; beside calm winds, fanning their faces from the neighbouring hill (free from flies, or the least annoyance) made a delicate addition to their pleasure.

No sooner were the Tables withdrawn, and all risen: but they fetcht a few turnings about the Valley, because not (as yet) quite set. Then in the cool evening according to the Queens appointment, in a soft and gentle pace, they walked homeward: devising on a thousand occasions, as well those which the days discourses had yielded, as others of their own inventing beside. It was almost dark night, before they arrived at the Palace; where, with variety of choice Wines, and abounding plenty of rare Banqueting, they out-wore the little toil and weariness, which the long walk had charged them withall. Afterward according to their wonted order, the Instruments being brought and played on, they fell to dancing about the fair Fountain; *Tindaro* intruding (now and then) the sound of his Bag-pipe, to make the musick seem more melodious. But in the end, the Queen commanded *Madam Philomena* to sing; whereupon the Instruments being tuned fit for the purpose, thus she began.



## The S O N G.

The CHORUS Sung by the whole Company.

*Wearisom is my life to me,  
Because I cannot once again return  
Unto the place which made me first to mourn.*

**N**othing I know, yet feel a powerful fire,  
Burning within my breast,  
Through deep desire;

*To be once more where first I felt unrest,  
Which cannot be express'd.*

*O my sole good! O my best happiness!*

*Why am I thus restrain'd?*

*Is there no comfort in this wretchedness?*

*Then let me live content, to be thus pain'd.*

*Wearisom is my life to me; &c.*

*I cannot tell what was that rare delight,  
Which first inflam'd my soul,  
And gave command in spight,  
That I should find no ease by day or night,  
But still live in controul.*

*I see, I hear, and feel a kind of bliss,  
Yet find no form at all:*

*Others in their desire, feel blessedness,  
But I have none nor think I ever shall.*

*Wearisom is my life to me, &c.*

*Tell me if I may hope in following days,  
To have but one poor sight  
Of those bright Sunny rays,  
Dazeling my sense, did overcome me quite,  
Bequeath'd to wandering ways.  
If I be posted off, and may not prove,  
To have the smallest grace:  
Or but to know, that this proceeds from love,  
Why should I live despis'd in every place?  
*Wearisom is my life to me, &c.**

*Me thinks mild favour whispers in my Ear,  
And bids me not despair;  
There will a time appear  
To quell and quite confound consuming care,  
And joy surmount proud fear.  
In hope that gracious time will come at length,  
To cheer my long dismay:  
My spirits reassume your former strength,  
And never dread to see that joyful day.  
*Wearisom is my life to me,  
Because I cannot once again return  
Unto the place which made me first to mourn.**



This Song gave occasion to the whole Company, to imagine, that some new and pleasing apprehension of Love, constrained Madam *Philomena* to sing in this manner. And because (by the Discourse thereof) it plainly appeared, that she had felt more than she saw, she was so much the more happy, and the like was wished also by all the rest. Wherefore after the Song was ended; the Queen remembering, that the next Day following was *Friday*, turning her self graciously to them all, thus she spake.

You know, Noble Ladies, and you likewise most Noble Gentlemen, that to morrow is the day Consecrated to the Passion of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, which (if you have not forgotten it, as easily you cannot) we devoutly celebrated, Madam *Neiphila* being then Queen, ceasing from all our pleasant discoursing, as we did the like on the *Saturday* following, Sanctifying the sacred Sabbath, in due regard of it self. Wherefore being desirous to imitate precedent good Examples, which in worthy manner she began to us all: I hold it very decent and necessary, that we should abstain to morrow, and the day ensuing from recounting any of our pleasant Novels, reducing to our memories, what was done (as on those days) for the salvation of our souls. This Holy and Religious motion made by the Queen, was commendably allowed by all the Assembly, and therefore, humbly taking their leave of her, and an indifferent part of the night being already spent; severally they betook themselves to their Chambers.

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*The End of the Seventh Day.*

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## The EIGHTH DAY.

Wherein all the Discourses, pass under the Rule and Government of the honourable Lady Lauretta. And the Argument imposed, is, concerning such witty deceivings, as have, or may be put in practice, by Wives to their Husbands; Husbands to their Wives; or one man towards another.

### The Induction.



Early in the morning, *Aurora* shewing her self bright and lovely; the Suns golden beams began to appear on the tops of the adjoining Mountains; so that Herbs, Plants, Trees, and all things else, were very evidently to be discerned. The Queen and her Company, being all come forth of their Chambers, and having walked a while abroad, in the goodly Green Meadows, to taste the sweetness of the fresh and wholesom air, they returned back again into the Palace, because it was their duty so to do.

Afterward, between the hours of seven and eight they went to hear Mass, in a fair Chappel near at hand, and thence returned to their Lodgings. When they had Dined merrily together, they fell to their wonted Singing and Dancing: Which being done, such as were so pleased (by Licence of the Queen first obtained) went either to their rest, or such exercises as they took most delight in. When midday, and the heat thereof was well over-past, so that the air seemed mild and temperate: according as the Queen had commanded; they were all seated again about the Fountain, with intent to prosecute their former pastime. And then Madam *Neiphila*, by the charge imposed on her, as first Speaker for this day, began as followeth.



*Gulfardo made a match or wager with the Wife of Gasparvolo, for the obtaining of her amorous favour, in regard of a sum of money first to be given her. The money he borrowed of her Husband, and gave it in payment to her, as in case of discharging him from her Husbands Debt. After his return home from Geneway, he told him in presence of his Wife, how he had paid the whole sum to her, with charge of delivering it to her Husband, which she confessed to be true, albeit greatly against her will.*

### The First NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, that such women as will make sale of their honesty, are sometimes over-reached in their payment, and justly served as they should be.*

**S**EEING it is my fortune, Gracious Ladies, that I must give beginning to this days discourting, by some such Novel which I think expedient, as duty bindeth me, I am therewith well contented. And because the deceits of women to men, have been at large and liberally related; I will tell you a subtle trick of a man to a woman. Not that I blame him for the deed, or think the deceit not well fitted to the woman; but I speak it in a contrary nature, as commending the man, and condemning the woman very justly; as also to shew, how men can as well beguile those crafty Companions, which least believe any such cunning in them, as they that stand most on their artificial skill.

Howbeit, to speak more properly, the matter by me to be reported, deserveth not the reproachful title of deceit, but rather of a recompence duly returned: because women ought to be chaste and honest, and to preserve their honour as their lives, without yielding to the contamination thereof, for any occasion whatsoever. And yet nevertheless (in regard of our frailty) many times we prove not so constant as we should be: yet I am of opinion, that she which selleth her honesty for money, deserveth justly to be burned. Whereas by the contrary, she that falleth into the offence, only by intire affection (the powerful Laws of Love being above all resistance) in equity meriteth pardon, especially of a Judge not over-rigorous: as not long since we heard from *Philostratus*, in revealing what happened to *Madam Phillippa de Frato*, upon the dangerous Edict.

Understand then, my most worthy Auditors, that there lived sometime in *Millain* an *Almain* Souldier, named *Gulfardo*, of commendable carriage in his person, and very faithful to such as he served, a matter not common among the *Almains*. And because he made just repaiment to every one that lent him monies; he grew to such especial credit, and was so familiar with the very best Merchants; as (many times) he could not be so ready to borrow, as they were willing always to lend him. He thus continuing in the City of *Millain*, fastened his affection on a very beautiful Gentlewoman, named *Mistress Ambrosia* Wife unto a Rich Merchant, who was called *Signior Gasparvolo Sagastaccio*, who had good knowledge of him, and respectively used him. Loving this Gentlewoman with great discretion, without the least apprehension of her Husband: he sent upon a day to entreat conference with her, for enjoying the fruition of her love, and she should find him ready to fulfil whatsoever she pleased to command him, as at any time he would make good his promise.

The Gentlewoman, after divers of these private solicitings, resolutely answered, that she was as ready to fulfil the request of *Gulfardo*, provided, that two especial considerations might ensue thereon. First, the faithful concealing thereof to any person living. Next, because she knew him to be rich, and she had occasion to use two hundred Crowns, about business of important consequence: he should freely bestow so many on her, and (ever after) she was to be commanded by him. *Gulfardo* perceiving the covetousness of this woman, whom (notwithstanding his doting affection) he thought to be intirely honest to her Husband: became so deeply offended at her vllle answer, that his fervent love converted into as earnest loathing her; determining constantly to deceive her, and to make her avaritious motion, the only means whereby to effect it.



He sent her word, that he was willing to perform her request, or any far greater matter for her: in which respect, he only desired for to know, when she would be pleased to have him come see her, and to receive the money of him? No creature he acquainted with his settled purpose, but only a dear friend and kind companion, who always used to keep him company, in the nearest occasions that concerned him. The Gentlewoman, or rather most disloyal Wife, upon this answer sent her, was extraordinarily jocond and contented, returning him a secret Letter, wherein she signified: that *Gasparvolo* her Husband, had important affairs which called him to *Geneway*: but he should understand of his departure, and then (with safety) he might come see her, as also his bringing of the two hundred Crowns.

In the mean while, *Gulfardo* having determined what he would do, watched a convenient time, when he went unto *Gasparvolo*, and said: Sir, I have some business of main importance, and shall need to use but two hundred Crowns only: I desire you to lend me so many Crowns, upon such profit as you were wont to take of me, at other times when I have made use of you, and I shall not fail you at my day.

*Gasparvolo* was well contented with the motion, and made no more ado, but counted down the Crowns: departing thence (within few days after) for *Geneway*, according to his Wives former message; she giving *Gulfardo* also intelligence of his absence, that now (with safety) he might come see her, and bring the two hundred Crowns with him.

*Gulfardo*, taking his friend in his Company, went to visit Mistress *Ambrosia*, whom he found in expectation of his arrival, and the first thing he did, he counted down the two hundred Crowns, and delivering them to her in the presence of his friend, said: Mistress *Ambrosia*, receive these two hundred Crowns, which I desire you to pay unto your Husband on my behalf, when he is returned from *Geneway*. *Ambrosia*, received the two hundred Crowns, not regarding wherefore *Gulfardo* used these words: because she verily believed, that he spake in such manner, because his friend should take no notice, of his giving them to her, upon any covenant passed between them; whereupon, she said. Sir, I will pay them to my Husband for you; and cause him to give you a sufficient discharge: but first I will count them over my self, to see whether the sum be just, or no. And having drawn them over upon the Table, the sum containing truly two hundred Crowns (wherewith she was most highly contented) she locked them safe up in her Cupboard, and *Gulfardo's* friend being gone (as formerly it was compacted between them) she came to converse more familiarly with him, having provided a Banquet for him. What passed between them afterward, both then, and oftentimes beside, before her Husband returned home, is a matter out of my Element, and rather requires my ignorance, than knowledge.

When *Gasparvolo* was come from *Geneway*, *Gulfardo* observing a convenient time, when he was sitting at the door with his Wife; took his Friend with him, and coming to *Gasparvolo*, said. Worthy Sir, the two hundred Crowns which you lent me, before your journey to *Geneway*, in regard they could not serve my turn, to compass the business for which I borrowed them: within a day or two after, in presence of this Gentleman my friend, I made repayment of them to your Wife, and therefore I pray you cross me out of your Book. *Gasparvolo*, turning to his Wife, demanded; whether it was so, or no? She beholding the witness standing by: who was also present at her receiving them: durst not make any denial, but thus answered. Indeed Husband, I received two hundred Crowns of the Gentleman, and never remembered to acquaint you therewith since your coming home: but hereafter I will be made no more your receiver, except I carried a quicker memory.

Then said *Gasparvolo*: Signior *Gulfardo*, I find you always a most honest Gentleman, and I will be ready at any time, to do you the like, or a far greater kindness; depart at your pleasure, and fear not the crossing of my Book. So *Gulfardo* went away merrily contented, and *Ambrosia* was served as she justly merited; she paying the price of her own lewdness to her Husband, which she had a more covetous intent to keep, questionless, not caring how many like lustful matches she could make, to be so liberally rewarded, if this had succeeded to her mind: whereas he shewed himself wife and discreet, in paying nothing for his pleasure, and well requiting a covetous queen according to her kind.



A lusty youthful Priest of *Varlungo*, fell in love with a pretty woman, named *Monna Belcolore*. To compass his amorous desire, he left his Cloak (as a pledge of further payment) with her. By subtilie sleights afterward, he made means to borrow a Morter of her, which when he sent home again in the presence of her Husband; he demanded to have his Cloak sent him, as having left it in pawn for the Morter. To pacifie her Husband, offended that she did not lend the Priest the Morter without a pawn: she sent him back his Cloak again, albeit greatly against her will.

### The Second NOVEL.

Approving, that no promise is to be kept with such women as will make sale of their honesty for coin. A warning also for men, not to suffer Priests to be over familiar with their Wives.

**B**oth the Gentlemen and Ladies gave equal commendations of *Gulfardo's* quaint beguiling the *Millain* Gentlewoman *Ambrosia*, and wishing all other (of her mind) might always be so served. Then the Queen, smiling on *Pamphilus*, commanded him to follow next: whereupon, thus he began.

I can tell you (fair Ladies) a short Novel, against such as are continually offensive to us, yet we being no way able to offend them, at least, in the same manner as they do injure us. And for your better understanding what and how they be, they are our lusty Priests, who advance their Standart, and make their publick predica-tions against our Wives, winning such advantage over them, that they can pardon them both of the sin and punishment, whensoever they are once subjected unto their persuasions, even as if they brought the Soldan bound and captived, from *Alexan-dria* to *Avignon*. Which imperious power, we (poor souls) cannot exercise on them, considering we have neither heart nor courage, to do our devoir in just re-venge on their Mothers, Sisters, Daughters, and Friends, with the like spirit as they rise in Arms against our Wives. And therefore I mean to tell you a Tale of a Country mans Wife, more to make you laugh at the conclusion thereof, than for any singularity of words or matter: yet this benefit you may gain thereby, of an ap-parent proof, that such Cinamon amorous and persuading Priests, are not always to be credited on their words or promises.

Let me then tell you, that at *Varlungo*, which you know to be not far distant hence, there dwelt a youthful Priest, lusty, gallant, and proper of person (especi-ally for womens service) commonly called by the name of sweet Sir *Simon*. Now, albeit he was a man of slender reading, yet notwithstanding, he had store of Latine Sentences by heart, some true, but twice so many maimed and false, Saint-like shews, Holy speeches, and Ghostly admonitions, which he would Preach under an Oak in the fields, when he had Congregated his Parishioners together. When women lay in Child-Bed, he was their daily comfortable visitant, and would Man them from their Houses, when they had any occasion to walk abroad: carrying always a Bottle of Holy Water about him, wherewith he would sprinkle them by the way; pieces of Hallowed Candles, and Chrism Cakes, which pleased women extraordinarily, and all the Country afforded not such another frolick Priest, as this our nimble and active sweet Sir *Simon*.

Among many other of his Feminine Parishioners, all of them being handsome and comely women: yet there was one more pleasing in his wanton Eye, than any of the rest, named *Monna Belcolore*, and Wife to a plain mechanick man, called *Bentvegna del Mazzo*. And, to speak uprightly, few Country Villages yielded a Woman, more fresh and lovely of Complexion, although not admirable for beauty; yet sweet Sir *Simon*, thought her a Saint, and fain would be offering at her shrine. Divers pretty pleasing qualities she had, as sounding the Cymbal, playing artificially on the Tumbrel, and singing thereto as it had been a Nightingale, Dancing also so dexterously, as happy was the man that could Dance in her Company. All which so enamored sweet Sir *Simon*, that he lost his wonted sprightly behaviour, walked sullen, sad, and melancholy, as if he had melted all his metal, because he could hardly have a sight of her. But on the Sunday morning, when he heard or knew that she was in the Church, he would tickle it with a *Kyrie* and a *Sandus*, even as if he



he contended to shew his singular skill in singing, when it had been as good to hear an Ass Bray. Whereas on the contrary, when she came not to Church, Mass, and all else were quickly shaken up, as if his Devotion waited upon her presence. Yet he was so cunning in the carriage of his Amorous business, both for her credit and his own, as *Bentivegna* could not perceive it, or any Neighbour so much as suspect it.

But to compass more familiar acquaintance with *Belcolore*, he sent her several gifts and presents, day by day, as sometimes a bunch of dainty green Garlick, whereof he had plenty growing in his Garden, which he manured with his own hands, and better than all the Country yielded; otherwhille a small Basket of Pease or Beans, and Onions or Scallions, as the season served. But when he could come in place where she was; then he darted amorous winks and glances at her, with becks, nods, and blushes, Loves private Ambassadors; which she (being but Country-bred) seeming by outward appearance, not to see, retorted disdainfully, and forthwith would absent her self, so that sweet Sir *Simon* laboured still in vain, and could not compass what he coveted.

It came to pass within a while after, that on a time (about high noon) Sir *Simon* being walking abroad, chanced to meet with *Bentivegna*, driving an Ass before him, laden with divers commodities, and demanding of him, whither he went: *Bentivegna*, thus answered. In troth Sir *Simon*, I am going to the City, about some special business of mine own, and I carry these things to Signior *Bonacerci da Ginefredo*, because he should help me before the Judge, when I shall be called in question concerning my Patrimony. Sir *Simon* looking merrily on him, said. Thou dost well *Bentivegna*, to make a friend sure before thou need him; go, take thy blessing with thee, and return again with success. But if thou meet with *Laguccio*, or *Naldino*, forget not to tell them, that they must bring me my shoes-ties before Sunday. *Bentivegna* said, he would discharge his errand, and so parted from him driving his Ass on towards Florence.

Now began Sir *Simon* to shrug, and scratch his head, thinking this to be a fit convenient time, for him to go visit *Belcolore*, and to make trial of his fortune: wherefore, setting aside all other business, he stayed no where till he came to the House, whereinto being entered, he said: All happiness be to them that dwell here. *Belcolore* being then above in the Chamber, when she heard his Tongue, replied. Sweet Sir *Simon*! you are heartily welcome, whither are you walking, if the question may be demanded? Believe me dainty Duck, answered Sir *Simon*, I am come to sit a while with thee, because I met thy Husband going to the City. By this time, *Belcolore* was descended down the stairs, and having once again given welcome to Sir *Simon*, she sat down by him, cleansing of Colewort seeds from such other course chaffe, which her Husband prepared before his departure.

Sir *Simon* hugging her in his Arms, and fetching a vehement sigh, said. My *Belcolore*, how long shall I pine and languish for thy love? How now Sir *Simon*? answered she, is this behaviour for an Holy man? Holy men *Belcolore*, are made of the same matter as others be, they have the same affections, and therefore subject to their infirmities. *Santa Maria*, answered *Belcolore*, Dare Priests do such things as you talk of? Yes *Belcolore*, (quoth he) and much better than other men can, because they are made for the very best business, in which regard they are restrained from Marriage. True (quoth *Belcolore*) but much more from meddling with other mens Wives. Touch not that Text *Belcolore*, replied Sir *Simon*, it is somewhat above your capacity: talk of that I came for, namely thy love, my Duck, and my Dove, Sir *Simon* is thine, I pray be thee mine.

*Belcolore*, observing his smirking behaviour, his proper person, pretty talk, and quaint insinuating; felt a motion to Female frailty, which yet she would withstand so long as she could, and not be over-hasty in her yielding. Sir *Simon* promised her a new pair of shoes, Garters, Ribbands, or what else she would request. Sir *Simon* (quoth she) all these things which you talk of, are fit for women: but if your love to me be such as you make choice of, fulfil what I will motion to you, and then (perhaps) I shall tell you more. Sir *Simon*'s heat made him hasty to promise whatsoever she would desire, whereupon thus she replied, On Saturday laid she, I must go to Florence, to carry home such Yarn as was sent me to Spin, and to amend my Spinning Wheel: if you will lend me ten Florines wherewith I know you are always furnished, I shall redeem from the Usurer my best Pericoat, and my Wedding Gown (both well-near lost for lack of repayment) without which I cannot be seen at Church, or in any other good place else, and then afterward other matters may be accomplished.

Alas,



Alas, sweet *Belcolore* answered Sir *Simon*: I never bare any such sum about me, for man of our Profession, do seldom carry any money at all: but believe me on my word before *Saturday* come, I will not fail to bring them hither. O Sir (quoth *Belcolore*) you men are quick promisers, but slow performers. Do you think to use me, as poor *Billezza* was, who trusted to fair words, and found her self deceived? Now Sir *Simon*, her example in being made a scandal to the world, is a sufficient warning for me: if you be not so provided, go and make use of your friends, for I am not otherwise to be moved. Nay *Belcolore* (quoth he) I hope you will not serve me so, but my word shall be of better worth to you. Consider the conveniency of time, we being so privately here alone: whereas at my returning hither again, some hinderance may thwart me, and the like opportunity be never obtained. Sir, Sir, (said she) you have heard my resolution; if you will fetch the *Florines*, do, otherwise walk about your business, for I am a woman of my word.

Sir *Simon* perceiving, that she would not trust him upon bare words, nor any thing was to be done, without *Saluum me fac*, whereas his meaning was *Sine custodia*; thus answered. Well *Belcolore*, seeing you dare not credit my bringing the ten *Florines*, according to my promised day, I will leave you a good Pawn, my very best Cloak, lined quite through with rick Silk, and made up in the choicest manner.

*Belcolore*, looking on the Cloak, said. How much may this Cloak be worth? How much? Quoth Sir *Simon*, upon my word *Belcolore*, it is of a right fine *Flanders* Serge, and not above eight days since, I bought it thus (ready made) of *Lotto* the Fripperer, and payed for it six and twenty *Florines*, a pledge then sufficient for your ten. Is it possible, said she, that it should cost so much? Well, Sir *Simon* deliver it me first, I will lay it up safe for you against *Saturday*; when if you fetch it not, I will redeem mine own things with it, and leave you to release it you self.

The Cloak is laid up by *Belcolore*, and Sir *Simon* so forward in his affection; that (in brief) he enjoyed what he came for; and departed afterward in his light tripping *Caftock*, but yet through by-Lanes, and no much frequented places, smelling on a Nosegay, as if he had been at some Wedding in the Country, and went thus lightly without his Cloak for his better ease. As commonly after actions of evil, Repentance knocketh at the door of Conscience, and urgeth a guilty remembrance with some sense of sorrow: so was it now with sweet Sir *Simon*, who surveying over all his Vails of Offering Candles, the validity of his yearly benefits, and all coming nothing near the sum of (scarce half) six and twenty *Florines*; he began to repent his deed of darkness, although it was acted in the day time, and considered with himself, by what honest (yet unsuspected means) he might recover his Cloak again, before it went to the Broaker, in redemption of *Belcolores* Pawned Apparel, and yet to send her no *Florines* neither.

Having a cunning reaching Wit, especially in matters for advantage, and pretending to have a Dinner at his Lodging, for a few of some invited friends: he made use of a Neighbours Boy, sending him to the House of *Belcolore*, with request of lending him her Stone Morter, to make Green-Sawce in for his Guests, because he had Meat required such Sawce. *Belcolore* suspecting no treachery, sent him the Stone Morter with the Pestel, and about Dinner time, when he knew *Benivegna* to be at home with his Wife, by a spy which was set for the purpose; he called the Clerk (usually attending on him) and said. Take this Morter and Pestel, bear them home to *Belcolore*, and tell her: Sir *Simon* sends them home with thanks, they having sufficiently served his turn, and desire her likewise, to send me my Cloak which the Boy left as a pledge for better remembrance, and because she should not lend it without a Pawn.

The Clerk coming to the House of *Belcolore*, found her sitting at Dinner with her Husband, and delivering her the Pestel and Morter, performed the rest of Sir *Simon's* message. *Belcolore* hearing the Cloak demanded, slept up to make answer. But *Benivegna*, seeming (by his looks) to be much offended, roughly replied, Why how now Wife? Sir *Simon* is our special friend, and cannot he be pleased without a Pawn? I protest upon my word, I could find in my heart to smite thee for it. Rise quickly thou wert best, and send him back his Cloak; with this warning hereafter, that whatsoever he will have, be it our poor Ass, or any thing else being ours, let him have it; and tell him (Master Clerk) he may command it. *Belcolore* rose grumbling from the Table; and fetching the Cloak forth of the Chest which stood near at hand in the same Room; she delivered it to the Clerk, saying:  
Tell



Tell Sir *Simon* from me, and boldly say you heard me speak it: that I make a vow to my self, he shall never make use of my Morter hereafter, to beat any more off his sawciness in, let my Husband say whatsoever he will, I speak the word and will perform it.

Away went the Clerk home with the Cloak, and told Sir *Simon* what she had said; whereto he replied, If I must not make use of her Morter, I will not trust her with the keeping of my Cloak, for fear it go to the gage indeed.

*Bumirvegna* was a little displeased at his Wives words, because he thought she spake but in jest: albeit *Belcolore* was so angry with Sir *Simon*, that she would not speak to him, till vintage time following. But then Sir *Simon*, what by sharp threatnings, of her soul to be in danger of hell fire, continuing so long in hatred of a holy Priest, which words did not a little terrifie her; besides daily presents to her, of sweet new Wines, roasted Chestnuts, Figs and Almonds: all unkindness became converted to former familiarity; the garments were redeemed: he gave her Sonnets which she would sweetly sing to her Cimbale, and further friendship increased between her and sweet Sir *Simon*.

*Calandrino*, *Bruno*, and *Buffalmaco*, all of them being Painters by Profession, travelled to the Plain of *Mugnone*, to find the precious Stone called *Heliotropium*.

*Calandrino* perswading himself that he had found it, returned home to his house heavily laden with stones. His Wife rebuking him for his absence, he groweth into anger, and sorely beats her. Afterward, when the case is debated among his other friends *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco*, all is found to be meer foolery.

### The Third NOVEL.

Fastly reprehending the simplicity of such men, as are too much addicted to credulity, and will give credit to every thing they hear.

**P***Amphilus* having ended his Novel, wherewith the Ladies laughed exceedingly, so that very hardly they could give over: the Queen gave charge to Madam *Eliza*, that she should next succeed in order; when being scarcely able to refrain from smiling, thus she began.

I know not (Gracious Ladies) whether I can move you to as hearty laughter, and with a brief Novel of mine own, as *Pamphilus* did with his: yet I assure you, it is both true and pleasant, and I will relate it in the best manner I can.

In our City, which ever more hath contained all sorts of Peoples, not long since there dwelt a Painter, named *Calandrino*, a simple man; yet as much addicted to matter of novelty, as any man whatsoever could be. The most part of his time he spent in the company of two other Painters, the one called *Bruno*, and the other *Buffalmaco*, men of very recreative spirits, and indifferent good capacity, often resorting to the said *Calandrino*, because they took delight in his honest simplicity, and pleasant behaviour. At the same time likewise, there dwelt in *Florence*, a young Gentleman of singular disposition, to every witty conceit, as the world did not yield a better companion, he being named *Maso del Saggio*, who having heard somewhat of *Calandrino*'s silliness, determined to jest with him in merry manner, and to suggest his longing humors after novelries, with some conceit of extraordinary nature.

He happening (on a day) to meet him in the Church of St. *John*, and seeing him seriously busied, in beholding the rare Pictures, and the curious carved Tabernacle, [which not long before] was placed on the high Altar in the said Church: considered with himself, that he had now fit place and opportunity to effect what he had long time desired. And having imparted his mind to a very intimate friend, how he intended to deal with simple *Calandrino*: they went both very near him where he sat all alone, and making shew as if they saw him not; began to consult between themselves, concerning the rare property of precious stones; whereof *Maso* discoursed as exactly, as if he had been a most skilfull Lapidary; to which conference of theirs, *Calandrino* lent an attentive ear, in regard it was a matter of singular rarity.

Soon after *Calandrino* started up, and perceiving by their loud speaking, that



they talked of nothing which required secret Counsel: he went into their company [the only thing which *Maso* desired] and holding on still the former Argument; *Calandrino* would needs request to know, in what place these precious stones were to be found, which had such excellent vertues in them? *Maso* made answer, that the most of them were to be had in *Berlinzonia*, near to the City of *Bascha*, which was in the Territory of a Country, called *Bengodi*, where the Vines were bound about with Sautages, a Goose was sold for a penny; and the Goslings freely given in to boot. There was also an high Mountain, wholly made of *Parmezane*, grated Cheese, whereon dwelt People, who did nothing else but make *Macharones* and *Ragouttes*, boyling them with broth of Capons, and afterward hurled them all about to whosoever can or will catch them. Near to this Mountain runneth a fair River, the whole stream being pure white Bastard, none such was ever sold for any money, and without one drop of water in it.

Now trust me Sir, [said *Calandrino*] that is an excellent Country to dwell in: but I pray you tell me Sir, what do they with the Capons after they have boyled them? The *Baschans* [quoth *Maso*] eat them all. Have you Sir, said *Calandrino*, at any time been in that Country? How? answered *Maso*, do you demand if I have been there? Yes man, above a thousand times, at the least. How far Sir, I pray you [quoth *Calandrino*] is that worthy Country, from this our City? In troth, reply'd *Maso*, the miles are hardly to be numbred, for the most part of them, we travel whilst we are nightly in our beds, and if a man dream right; he may be there upon a sudden.

Surely Sir, said *Calandrino*, it is further hence, than to *Abruzzo*? yes questionless, reply'd *Maso*; but, to a willing mind no travel seemeth tedious.

*Calandrino* well noting, that *Maso* delivered all these speeches with a steadfast countenance, no sign of smiling, or any gesture to urge the least dislike: he gave such credit to them, as to any matter of apparent and manifest truth, and upon this confidence he said.

Believe me Sir, the Journey is over far for me to undertake, but if it were nearer; I could afford to go in your company; only to see how they make *Macharones*, and to fill my belly with them.

But now Sir, said *Calandrino*, I pray you pardon me to ask whether any such precious stones as you speak of, are to be found in that Country, or no? yes indeed, replied *Maso*, there are two kinds of them to be found in those Territories, both being of very great vertue. One kind are gritty stones, of *Semigono*, and of *Montigny*, by vertue of which places, when as any Mill-stones or Grind-stones are to be used, they grind the said as they use to do Meal, and so make them of what bigness they please. In which respect, they have a saying there, that nature made them to grind stones; but *Maso* said, Mill-stones. Such plenty are there of these Mill-stones, so gloriously here esteemed among us, as Emeralds are with them, whereof they have whole Mountains, far greater than our *Montemorello*, which shine most gloriously at Midnight. And how meanly do we account of these Mill-stones, yet they drill them hard and enchain them in Rings, which afterward they send to the great Soldado, and have what they will demand for them.

The other kind is a most precious Stone indeed, which our best Lapidaries call the *Heliotropium*, the vertue whereof is so admirable, as whosoever beareth it about him so long as he keepeth it, is impossible for any eye to discern him, because he walketh moostly invisible. O Lord Sir, (quoth *Calandrino*) these stones are of rare vertue indeed: but where else may a man find that *Heliotropium*? where to *Maso* thus answered: That Country only doth not contain the *Heliotropium*, for they be many times found upon our Plain of *Adugnone*. Of what brightnes Sir, (quoth *Calandrino*) is the Stone, and what colour? the *Heliotropium*, answered *Maso*, is not always of one quality, because some are big, and others less; but all are of one colour, namely, black.

*Calandrino* committing all these things to respective memory, and pretending to be called thence by some other especial affairs, departed from *Maso*, concluding resolutely with himself to find this precious stone if possibly he could: yet intending to do nothing, until he had acquainted *Bruno* and *Buffalmacco* therewith, whom he loved dearly: he went in all haste to seek them; because, (without any longer trifling the time) they three might be the first men, that should find out this precious stone, spending almost the whole morning before they were all three met together. For they were painting at the Monastery of the Sisters of *Faenza*, where



where they had very serious employment, and followed their business diligently: where having found them, and saluting them in such kind manner, as continually he used to do, thus he began.

Loving friends, if you were pleased to follow mine advice, we three will quickly be the richest men in *Florence*; because by information from a Gentleman (well deserving to be credited) on the Plain of *Mugnone*, there is a precious stone to be found, which whosoever carrieth it about him, walketh invisible, and is not to be seen by any one. Let us three be the first men to go and find it, before any other hear thereof, and go about it, and assure our selves that we shall find it, for I know it, (by description) so soon as I see it. And when we have it, who can hinder us from bearing it about us? Then will we go to the Tables of our Bankers, or Money-Changers, which we see daily with plenty of gold and silver, where we may take so much as we list, for they (nor any) are able to descry us. So, (in short time) we shall all be wealthy, never needing to drudge any more, or paint muddy walls, as hitherto we have done; and as many of our poor profession are forced to do.

*Bruno* and *Buffalmaco*, hearing this began to smile, and looking merrily each on other, they seemed to wonder thereat, and greatly commended the counsel of *Calandrino*. *Buffalmaco* demanding how the stone was called. Now it happened, that *Calandrino* (who had but a gross and blockish memory) had quite forgot the name of the stone, and therefore said, what need have we of the name, when we know and are assured of the stones virtue? Let us make no more ado, but (setting aside all other business) go seek it where it is to be found. Well my friend (answered *Bruno*) you say we may find it, but how, and by what means?

There are two sorts of them (quoth *Calandrino*) some big, others smaller, but all carry a black colour: therefore (in my opinion) let us gather all such stones as are black, so shall we be sure to find it among them without any further loss of time.

*Buffalmaco* and *Bruno*, liked and allowed the counsel of *Calandrino*, which when they had (by several commendations) given him assurance of, *Bruno* said, I do not think it a convenient time now, for us to go about so weighty a business: for the Sun is yet in the highest degree, and striketh such a heat on the Plains of *Mugnone*, as all the stones are extremely dried, and the very blackest will now seem whitest. But in the morning after the dew is fallen, and before the Sun shineth forth, every stone retaineth his true colour. Moreover, there be many Labourers now working on the Plain, about such business as they are severally assigned who seeing us in so serious a search may imagine what we seek for, and partake with us in the said inquisition; by which means they may chance to speed before us, and so we may lose both our trot and amble. Wherefore by my consent, if your opinion jump with mine, this is an enterprize only to be performed in an early morning, when the black stones are to be distinguished from the white, and a Festival day were the best of all other, for then there will be none to discover us.

*Buffalmaco* applauded the advice of *Bruno*, and *Calandrino* did no less, concluding all together, that Sunday morning (next ensuing) should be the time, and then they all three would go seek the stone. But *Calandrino* was very earnest with them, that they should not reveal it to any living body, because it was told him as an especial secret, disclosing further to them, what he had heard concerning the Country of *Bengods*, maintaining [with solemn Oaths and Protestations] that every part thereof was true. Upon this agreement, they parted from *Calandrino* who hardly enjoyed any rest at all, either by night or day, so greedy he was to be possessed of the stone. On the Sunday morning, he called upon his Companions before break of day, and going forth at *St. Galls* Port, they stayed not, till they came to the Plain of *Mugnone*, where they searched all about to find this strange stone.

*Calandrino* went stealing before the other two, and verily perswading himself, that he was born to find the *Heliotropium*, and looking on every side about him, he rejected all other Stones but the black, whereof first he filled his bosom, and afterwards, both his pockets. Then he took off his large painting apron, which he fastned with his girdle in the manner of a Sack, and that he filled full of Stones likewise. Yet not so satisfied, he spread abroad his cloak, which being also full of stones, he bound it up carefully, for fear of losing the very least of them. All which *Buffalmaco* and *Bruno* still observing (the day growing on and hardly he could reach home by dinner time) according as merrily they



had concluded, and pretending not to see *Calandrino* albeit he was not far from them: What is become of *Calandrino*? said *Buffalmaco*. *Bruno* gazing strangely every where about him as if he were desirous to find him, replied. I saw him not long since, for then he was hard by before us; questionless, he hath given us the slip, is privily gone home to dinner, and making stark fools of us, hath left us to pick up black stones, upon the parching Plains of *Mugnone*. Well (quoth *Buffalmaco*) this is but the trick of an hollow-hearted friend, and not such as he protested himself to be to us. Could any but we have been so sottish, to credit his frivolous persuasions, hoping to find any stone of such vertue, and here on the fruitless Plains of *Mugnone*? No, no, none but we would have believed him.

*Calandrino* (who was close by them) hearing these words, and seeing the whole manner of their wondering behaviour: became constantly perswaded, that he had not only found the precious stone; but also had some store of them about him, by reason he was so near them, and yet they could not see him, therefore he walked before them. Now was his joy beyond all compass of expression, and being exceeding proud of so happy an adventure, did not mean to speak one word to them, but (heavily laden as he was) to steal home fair and softly before them; which indeed he did, leaving them to follow after if they would. *Bruno* perceiving his intent, said to *Buffalmaco*: What remaineth now for us to do? Why should not we go home, as well as he? And reason too, replied *Bruno*, It is in vain to tarry any longer here: But I solemnly protest, *Calandrino* shall no more make an Ass of me; and were I now as near him, as not long since I was, I would give him such a remembrance on the heel with this Flint-stone, as should stick by him this month, to teach him a Lesson for abusing his friends.

He threw the stone and hit him shrewdly on the heel therewith; but all was one to *Calandrino*, whatsoever they said, or did, as thus they still followed after him. And tho the blow of the stone was painful to him; yet he mended his pace so well as he was able, in regard of being overladen with stones, and gave them not one word all the way, because he took himself to be invisible, and utterly unseen of them. *Buffalmaco* taking up another Flint-stone, which was indifferent heavy and sharp, said to *Bruno*: Seest thou this Flint? Casting it from him, smote *Calandrino* on the back therewith, saying: O that *Calandrino* had been so near, as I might have hit him on the back with the stone. And thus all the way on the Plain of *Mugnone*, they did nothing else but pelt him with stones even so far as the Port of St. Gall, where they threw down what other stones they had gathered, meaning not to molest him any more, because they had done enough already.

There they stept before him into the Port, and acquainted the Warders with the whole matter, who laughing heartily at the jest, the better to uphold it, would seem not to see *Calandrino* in his passage by them, but suffered him to go on, sore wearied with his burthen, and sweating extremely. Without resting himself in any place, he came home to his house, which was near to the corner of the Mills, Fortune being so favourable to him in the course of this mockery, that as he passed along the Rivers side, and afterward through part of the City; he was neither met nor seen by any, in regard they were all in their houses, because it was dinner time.

*Calandrino*, every minute ready to sink under the weighty burthen, entred into his own house, where (by great ill luck) his wife, being a comely and very honest woman, and nam'd *Monna Trista*, was standing aloft on the stairs head. She being somewhat angry for his so long absence, and seeing him come in grunting and groaning, frowningly said: I thought that the Devil would never let thee come home: all the whole City hath dined; and yet we must remain without our dinner. When *Calandrino* heard this, and perceived that he was not invisible to his Wife: full of rage and wroth, he began to rail, saying: Ah thou wicked woman, where art thou? Thou hast utterly undone me: but (as I live) I will pay thee soundly for it. Up the stairs he ascended into a small Parlor, where when he had spread all his burthen of stones on the floor: he ran to his Wife, catching her by the hair of the head, and throwing her at his feet; giving her so many spurns and cruel blows, as she was not able to move either arms or legs, notwithstanding all her tears, and humble submission.

Now *Buffalmaco* and *Bruno*, after they had spent an indifferent while, with the Warders at the Port in laughter; in a fair and gentle pace, they followed *Calandrino* home to his house, and being come to the door; they heard the harsh bickering



bickering between him and his wife, and seeming as if they were newly arrived they called out aloud to him. *Calandrino* being in a sweat, stamping and raving still at his wife: looking out of the Window, entreated them to ascend up to him, which they did, counterfeiting grievous displeasure against him. Being come into the room, which they saw all covered over with stones, his wife sitting in a corner, all the hair (well-near) torn off her head, her face broken and bleeding, and all her body cruelly beaten; on the other side, *Calandrino* standing unbraced and ungirded, struggling and wallowing like a man out of breath: after a little pausing, *Bruno* thus spake,

Why how now *Calandrino*? what may the meaning of this matter be? What art thou preparing for Building, that thou hast provided such plenty of stones? How fitteth thy poor wife? how hast thou misused her? are these the behaviours of a wife or honest man? *Calandrino*, utterly over-spent with travel, and carrying such an huge burthen of stones, as also the toilsome beating of his wife, (but much more impatient and offended; for that high good fortune, which he imagined to have lost:) could not collect his spirits together, to answer them one ready word, wherefore he sate fretting like a mad man. Whereupon, *Buffalmaco* thus began to him. *Calandrino*, if thou be angry with any other, yet thou shouldst not have made such a mockery of us, as thou hast done: in leaving us (like a couple of Coxcombs) on the Plain of *Mugnone*, whither thou lead'st us with thee, to seek a precious stone called *Heliotropium*. And couldst thou steal home, never bidding us so much as farewell? how can we but take it in very evil part, that thou shouldst abuse two honest neighbors? Well, assure thy self, this is the last time that ever thou shalt serve us so.

*Calandrino* (by this time) being somewhat better come to himself, with an humble protestation of courtesie, returned them this answer. Alas my good friends, be not you offended, the case is far otherwise than you imagine. Poor unfortunate man that I am, I found the rare precious stone that you spake of: and mark me well, if I do not tell you the truth of all. When you asked one another (the first time) what was become of me; I was hard by you: at the most within the distance of two yards length; and perceiving that you saw me not, (being still so near, and always before you:) I went on smiling to my self, to hear you brabble and rage against me.

So, proceeding on in his discourse, he recounted every accident as it hapned, both what they had said and did unto him, concerning the several blows, with the two Flint-stones, the one hurting him grievously in the heel, and the other paining him as extremely in the back, with their speeches used then, and his laughter, notwithstanding he felt the harm of them both, yet being proud that he did so invisibly beguile them. Nay more (quoth he) I cannot forbear to tell you, that when I passed through the Port, I saw you standing with the Warders; yet, by vertue of that excellent Stone, undiscovered of you all. Beside, going along the streets, I met many of my Gossips, friends, and familiar acquaintance, such as used daily to converse with me, and drinking together in every Tavern: yet not one of them spake to me, neither used any courtesie or salutation; (which indeed) I did the more freely forgive them, because they were not able to see me.

In the end of all, when I was come home into mine own house, this devilish and accursed woman, being aloft upon my stairs head, by much misfortune chanced to see me; in regard (as it is not unknown to you) that women cause all things to lose their vertue. In which respect, I that could have stild my self the only happy man in *Florence*, am now made most miserable. Therefore did I justly bear her, so long as she was able to stand against me, and I know no reason to the contrary, why I should not yet tear her in a thousand pieces: for I may well curse the day of our Marriage, to hinder and bereave me of such an invisible Blessedness.

*Buffalmaco* and *Bruno* hearing this, made shew of very much marvelling thereat, and many times maintained what *Calandrino* said; being well-near ready to burst with laughter; considering how confidently he stood upon it, that he had found the wonderful stone, and lost it by his Wives speaking only to him. But when they saw him rise in fury once more, with intent to beat her again: then they stept between them; affirming, that the woman had no way offended in this case, but rather he himself: who knowing that women cause all things to lose



lose their vertue, had not therefore expressly commanded her, not to be seen in his presence all that day, until he had made full proof of the Stones vertue. And questionless. The consideration of a matter so available and important, was quite taken from him, because such an especial happiness, should not belong to him only; but (in part) to his friends, whom he had acquainted therewith, drew them to the plain with him in company, where they took as much pains in search of the Stone, as possibly he did, or could; and yet dishonestly he would deceive them, and bear it away coverously, for his private benefit.

After many other, as wise and wholsom perswasions, which he constantly credited, because they spake them, they reconciled him to his wife, and she to him: but not without some difficulty in him: who falling into wonderful grief and melancholy, for loss of such an admirable precious stone, was in danger to have died within less than a month after.

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*The Provost belonging to the Church of Fiesola, fell in Love with a Gentlewoman, being a Widow, and named Piccarda, who hated him as much as he loved her. He imagining that he lay with her, by the Gentlewomans Brethren, and the Bishop under whom he served was taken abed with her maid, an ugly foul deformed Slut.*

#### The Fourth NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, how Love often times is so powerful in aged men, and driving them to such doating, that it redoundeth to their great disgrace and punishment.*

**L**ady Eliza having concluded the Novel, not without infinite commendations of the whole company: the Queen turning her looks to Madam Emilia, gave her such an express sign, as she must needs follow next after Madam Eliza, whereupon she began in this manner,

Virtuous Ladies, I very well remember (by divers Novels formerly related) that sufficient hath been said, concerning Priests and Religious Persons; and all other carrying shaven Crowns, in their luxurious desires. But because one cannot at any time say so much, as thereto no more may be added: beside them already spoken of, I will tell you another concerning the Provost of a Cathedral Church, who would needs (in despite of all the world,) love a Gentlewoman whether she would or no: and therefore, in due chastisement both unto his age and folly, she gave him such entertainment as he justly deserved.

It is not unknown to you all, that the City of Fiesola, the Mountain whereof we may very easily hither discern, hath been (in times past) a very great and most ancient City: altho at this day it is well nigh all ruined: yet nevertheless, it always was, and yet is a Bishops See, albeit not of the wealthiest. In the same City, and no long while since, near unto the Cathedral Church, there dwelt a Gentlewoman, being a Widow, and commonly there stiled Madam Piccarda, whose house and inheritance was but small, wherewith yet she lived very contentedly (having no wandering eye, or wanton desires) and no company but her two brethren, Gentlemen of especial honest and gracious disposition.

This Gentlewoman, being yet in the flourishing condition of her time, did ordinarily resort unto the Cathedral Church, in holy zeal, and religious devotion; where the Provost of the place became so enamored of her, as nothing (but the sight of her) yielded him any contentment. Which fond affection of his, was forwarded with such audacious and bold carriage, as he dared to acquaint her with his Love, requiring her interchange of affection, and the like opinion of him, as he had of her. True it is, that he was very far entred into years, but young and lusty in his own proud conceit, presuming strangely beyond his capacity, and thinking as well of his ability, as the youthfullest gallant in the world could do. Whereas (in very deed) his person was utterly displeasing, his behavior immodest and scandalous, and his usual Language, favouring of such sensuality, as very few or none cared for his company. And if any woman seemed respectful of him, it was in regard of his outside and profession, and more for fear, than the least affection, and always as welcom to them as the head-ach.

His



His fond and foolish carriage still continuing to this Gentlewoman; she being wife and virtuously advised, spake thus unto him: Holy Sir, if you love me according as you protest, and manifest by your outward behaviour: I am the more to thank you for it, being bound in duty to love you likewise. But if your love have any harsh or unsavory taste, which mine is no way able to endure, neither dare entertain in any kind whatsoever: you must and shall hold me excused, because I am made of no such temper. You are my ghostly and spiritual Father, an holy Priest. Moreover, years have made you honourably aged; all which several weighty considerations, ought to confirm you in continency and chastity. Remember withal (good Sir) that I am but a child to you in years, and were I bent to any wanton appetites, you should justly correct me by Fatherly counsel, such as most beautifieth your sacred profession. Besides, I am a Widow, and you are not ignorant how requisite a thing honesty is in Widows. Wherefore, pardon me (holy Father:) for, in such manner as you make the motion; I desire you not to love me, because I neither can or will at any time so affect you.

The Provost gaining no other grace at this time, would not give over for this first repulse, but pursuing her still with unbeseeming importunity; many private means he used to her by Letters, Tokens and insinuating Embassages; yea, whensoever she came to the Church, he never ceased his wearisome solicitings. Whereat she growing greatly offended, and perceiving no likelihood of his desisting; became so tired with his tedious suit, that she considered with her self, how she might dispatch him as he deserved, because she saw no other remedy. Yet she would not attempt any thing in this case, without acquainting her Brethren first therewith. And having told them, how much she was importuned by the Provost, and also what course she meant to take (wherein they both counselled and encouraged her:) within a few days after, she went to Church as she was wont to do; where so soon as the Provost espied her, forthwith he came to her, and according to his continued course, he fell into his amorous courting. She looking upon him with a smiling countenance, and walking aside with him out of any hearing: after he had spent many impertinent speeches, she (venting forth many a grievous sigh) at length returned him this answer.

Reverend Father, I have often heard it said: That there is not any Fort or Castle, how strongly munited soever it be; but by continual assailing, at length (of necessity) it must and will be surprized. Which comparison, I may full well alude to my self. For, you having so long time solicited me, one while with affable language, then again with tokens and enticements, of such prevailing power, as have broken the very baricado of my former deliberation, and yielded me up as your Prisoner, to be commanded at your pleasure, for now I am only devoted yours.

Well may you (gentle Ladies) imagine, that this answer was not a little welcome to the Provost, who, shrugging with conceit of joy, presently thus replied. I thank you Madam *Piccarda*, and to tell you true, I held it almost as a Miracle, that you could stand upon such long resistance, considering, it never so fortun'd to me with any other. And I have many times said to my self, that if women were made of silver, they hardly could be worth a penny, because there can scarcely one be found of so good alloy as to endure the test and Essay. But let us break off this frivolous conference, and resolve upon a conclusion; how, when, and where we may safely meet together. Worthy Sir, answered *Piccarda*, your self may appoint the time whensoever you please, because I have no Husband to whom I should render any account of my absence, or presence: but I am not provided of any place.

A pretty while the Provost stood musing, and at last said. A place Madam? where can there be more privacy than in your own house? alas Sir [quoth she] you know that I have two Gentlemen my brethren, who continually are with me, and others of their friends beside: My house also is not great, wherefore it is impossible to be there, except you could be like a dumb man, without speaking one word, or making the very least noise; beside, to remain in darkness, as if you were blind, and who can be able to endure all these? and yet (without these) there is no adventuring, albeit they never come into my Chamber: but their lodging is so close to mine, as there cannot any word be spoken, be it never so low, but they hear it very easily. Madam, said the Provost, for one or two nights I can make hard shift. Why Sir (quoth she) the matter only remaineth in you. Let me alone Madam, I will



will be governed by your directions: but in any case, let us begin this night. With all my heart, said she. So appointing him how, and when he should come; he parted from her, and she returned home to her house.

Here I am to tell you, that this Gentlewoman had a servant, in the nature of an old maid, not endued with any well-featured face, but instead thereof, she had the vilest and most counterfeit countenance, as hardly could be seen a worse. She had a wry mouth, huge great lips, foul teeth, great and black, a monstrous stinking breath, her eyes bleared, and always running, the complexion of her face between green and yellow, as if she had not spent the Summer-season in the City, but in the parching Country under a hedge; and beside all these excellent parts, she was crook-backed, poult-footed, and went like a lame Mare in fetters. Her name was *Ciuta*, but in regard of her flat nose, lying as low as a Beagles, she was called *Ciutazza*. Now, notwithstanding all this deformity in her, yet she had a singular opinion of her self, as commonly all such foul Sluts have: in regard whereof, Madam *Piccarda* calling her aside, Thus began.

*Ciutazza*, if thou wilt do for me one nights service, I shall bestow on thee a fair new Smock. When *Ciutazza* heard her speak of a new Smock, instantly she answered, Madam, if you please to bestow a new Smock on me, were it to run through the fire for you, or any business of far greater danger, you only have the power to command me, and I will do it. I will not (said *Piccarda*) urge thee to any dangerous action, but only to lodge in my bed this night with a man, and give him courteous entertainment, who shall reward thee liberally for it. But have an especial care that thou speak not one word, for fear thou shouldst be heard of my Brethren, who (as thou knowest) lodge so near by; do this, and then demand the Smock of me. Madam (answered *Ciutazza*) if it were to lie with six men, rather than one; if you say the word, it shall be done.

When night was come, the Provost also came according to appointment, even when the two Brethren were in their lodging, where they easily heard his entrance, as *Piccarda* (being present with them) had informed them. In went the Provost without any candle or making the least noise to be heard, and being in *Piccarda's* Chamber, went to bed: *Ciutazza* tarrying not long from him, but (as her Mistress had instructed her) she went to bed likewise not speaking any word at all, and the Provost, imagining to have her there, whom he so highly affected, fell to embracing and kissing *Ciutazza*, who was as forward in the same manner to him, and there for a while I intend to leave them.

When *Piccarda* had performed this hot piece of business, she referred the effecting of the remainder to her Brethren, in such sort as it was compacted between them. Fair and softly went the two brethren forth of their Chamber, and going to the Market-place, Fortune was more favourable to them than they could wish, in accomplishing the issue of their intent. For the heat being somewhat tedious, the Lord Bishop was walking abroad very late, with purpose to visit the Brethren at the Widows house, because he took great delight in their company, as being good Scholars, and endued with other singular parts beside. Meeting with them in the Market place, he acquainted them with his determination; whereof they were not a little joyful, it jumping so justly with their intent.

Being come to the Widows house, they passed through a small neather Court, where lights stood ready to welcome him thither; and entering into a goodly Hall, there was store of good wine and banqueting, which the Bishop accepted in very thankful manner: and courteous complement being over-passed, one of the Brethren thus spake. My good Lord, seeing it hath pleased you to honour our poor Widowed Sisters House with your presence, for which we shall thank you while we live: we would entreat one favour more of you, only but to see a sight which we will shew you. The Lord Bishop was well contented with the motion, so the Brethren conducting him by the hand, brought him into their Sisters Chamber, where the Provost was in bed with *Ciutazza*, both soundly sleeping, but in-folded in his arms, as wearied (belike) with their former wantoning, and whereof his age had but little need.

The Curtains being close drawn about the bed, altho the season was exceeding hot, they having lighted Torches in their hands; drew open the Curtains, and shewed the Bishop his Provost, close snuggling between the arms of *Ciutazza*. Upon a sudden the Provost awaked, and seeing so great a light, as also so many people about him: shame and fear so daunted him, that he shrunk down into the bed, and hid his head. But the Bishop being displeased at a sight so un-

seemly,



seemly, made him to discover his head again, to see whom he was in bed withall. Now the poor Provost perceiving the Gentlewomens deceit, and the proper handsome person so sweetly embracing him; it made him so confounded with shame, as he had not the power to utter one word: But having put on his Cloathes by the Bishops command, he sent him [under sufficient guard] to his Palace, to suffer due chastisement for his sin committed; and afterward he desired to know by what means he became so favoured of *Ciutazza*, the whole History thereof, the two Brethren related at large to him.

When the Bishop had heard of the discourse, highly he commended the wisdom of the Gentlewoman, and worthy assistance of her Brethren, who contemning to soil their hands in the blood of a Priest, rather sought to shame him as he deserved. The Bishop enjoyed a penance of Repentance for Forty days after, but love and disdain made him to weep Nine and Forty: Moreover, it was a long while after before he durst be seen abroad. But when he came to walk the streets the Boys would point their fingers at him, saying, *Behold the Provost that lay with Ciutazza*: Which was such a wearisome life to him, that he became [well near] distracted of his wits. In this manner the honest Gentlewoman discharged her duty, and rid her self of the Provosts importunity: *Ciutazza* had a merry night of it, and a new smock also for her labour.

*Three pleasant Companions, plaid a merry prank with a Judge belonging to the Marquesate of Ancona, at Florence; at such time as he sat on the Bench, and hearing Criminal Causes.*

### THE FIFTH NOVEL.

*Giving admonition, that for the managing of publick affairs, no other persons are or ought to be appointed, but such as be honest, and meet to sit upon the Seat of Authority.*

**N**O sooner had Madam *Emilia* finished her Novel, wherein the excellent wisdom of *Picarda*, for so worthily punishing the old Provost, had general commendations of the whole Assembly; but the Queen looking on *Philostatus*, said, *I command you next to supply the place*: Where to he made answer, that he was both ready and willing, and then thus began. Honourable Ladies, the merry Gentlemen, so lately remembred by Madam *Eliza*, being named *Maso del Saggio*; causeth me to pass over an intended Tale, which I had resolved on when it came to my turn, to report another concerning him, and two Men more, his friendly Companions. Which although it may appear to you somewhat displeasing, in regard of a little gross and unmannerly behaviour, yet it will move merriment without any offence, and that is the main reason why I relate it.

It is not unknown to you, partly by intelligence from our reverend predecessors, as also some understanding of our own, that many times have resorted to our City of *Florence*, Potestates and Officers, belonging to the Marquesate of *Ancona*; who commonly were Men of low spirit, and their lives so wretched and penurious, as they might rather be termed Misers, than Men. And in regard of this their natural covetousness and misery, the Judges would bring also in their company, such Scribes and Notaries, as being parallel with their Masters, they all seemed Swaines come from the Plough, or bred up in some Coblers quality, rather than Scholars or Students of Law.

At one time (above all the rest) among other Potestates and Judges, there came an especial man, as pick'd out of purpose, who was named *Messer Nicolo de San Lepido*, who (at the first beholding) looked rather like a Tinker, than an Officer in Authority. This handsome Man (among the rest) was deputed to hear Criminal Causes. And, as often it happeneth, that Citizens, although no business inviteth them to judicial Courts, yet they still resort thither, sometimes accidentally: So it fortuned, that *Maso del Saggio* being one morning in search of an especial friend, went to the Court-house, and being there, observed in what manner *Messer Nicolo* was seated; who looking like some strange Fowl, lately come forth of a far Countrey; he began to survey him the more seriously, even from the head to the foot, as we use to say.

R r

And



And albeit he saw his Gown furred with Miniver, as also the hood about his neck, a Pen and Inkhorn hanging at his girdle, and one skirt of his Garment longer than other, with more mishapen lights about him, far unfitting for a Man of so civil profession; yet he spied one error extraordinary, the most notable (in his opinion) that ever he had seen before. Namely, a paultry pair of Breeches, wickedly made, and worse worn, hanging down so low as half his legg, even as he sat upon the Bench, yet cut so sparingly of the Cloth, that they gaped wide open before, as a wheel-barrow might have full entrance allowed it. This strange sight was so pleasing to him, as leaving off further search of his friend, and scorning to have such a spectacle alone by himself; he went upon another Inquisition; Namely, for two other merry Lads like himself, the one being called *Ribi*, and the other *Mattenzzo*, Men of the same mirthful disposition as he was, and therefore the fitter for his Company.

After he had met with them, these were his Salutations: *My honest Boys, if ever you did me any kindness, declare it more effectually now, in accompanying me to the Court-house, where you shall behold such a singular spectacle, as (I am sure) you never yet saw the like.* Forthwith they went along together, and being come to the Court-house, he shewed them the Judges handfom pair of Breeches, hanging down in such base and beastly manner; that (being as yet far off from the Bench) their hearts did ache with extremity of Laughter. But when they came near to the seat whereon *Messer Nicolao* sat, they plainly perceived that it was very easie to be crept under, and withal that the board whereon he set his feet, was rotten and broken, so that it was no difficult matter, to reach it and pull it down as a Man pleased, and let him fall bare Breecht to the ground. Cheer up your spirits (my hearts) quoth *Maso*, and if your longing be like to mine, we will have yonder Breeches a good deal lower, for I see how it may quickly be done.

Laying their heads together plotting and contriving several ways, which might be the likeliest to compass their intent; each of them had his peculiar appointment, to undertake the business without failing, and it was to be performed the next morning. At the Hour assigned, they met there again, and finding the Court well filled with people, the Plaintiffs and Defendants earnestly Pleading: *Mattenzza* (before any body could descry him) was cunningly crept under the Bench, and lay close to the board whereon the Judge placed his feet. Then stept in *Maso* on the right hand of *Messer Nicolao*, and took fast hold on his Gown before; the like did *Ribi* on the left hand, in all respects answerable to the other. Oh my Lord Judge (cried *Maso* out aloud) I humbly intreate you for Charities sake, before this pilfering Knave escape away from hence; that I may have Justice against him, for stealing away my drawing-over stockings, which he stoutly denieth, yet mine own eyes beheld the deed, it being now not above fifteen days since, when first I bought them for mine own use.

Worthy Lord Judge (cried *Ribi*, on the other side) do not believe what he saith, for he is a paltry fellow, and because he new I came to make my complaint, for a Male Cloakbag which he stole from me; he urgeth this occasion for a pair of drawing stockings, which he delivered me with his own hands. If your Lordship will not credit me, I can produce as Witnesses, *Trecco* the Shoemaker, with *Monna Grassa* the Sow-seller, and he that sweeps the Church of *Santa Maria Verzaia*, who saw him when he came posting hither. *Maso* halling and tugging the Judge by the sleeve would not suffer him to hear *Ribi*, but cried out still for Justice against him, as he did the like on the contrary side.

During the time of this their clamorous contending, the Judge being very willing to hear either party: *Mattenzzo*, upon a sign received from the other, which was a word in *Masos* pleading, laid hold on the broken board, as also on the Judges low hanging Breech, plucking at them both so strongly, that they fell down immediately; the Breeches being only tied but with one Point before. He hearing the boards breaking underneath him, and such main pulling at his Breeches; strove (as he sate) to make them fast before, but his point being broken, and *Maso* crying in his ear on the one side, as *Ribi* did the like on the other; he was at his wits end to defend himself. My Lord (quoth *Maso*) you may be ashamed that you me not Justice, why will you not hear me, but wholly lend your ear to my Adversary? My Lord, (said *Ribi*) never was Libel prefer'd in this Court, of such a paltry, trifling matter, and therefore I must and will have justice.



By this time the Judge was dismounted from the Bench, and stood on the ground, with his slovenly breeches hanging about his heels: *Mattenzzo* being cunningly stoln away, and undiscovered by any body, *Ribi* thinking he had shamed Judge sufficiently, went away protesting, that he would declare his cause in the hearing of a wiser Judge. And *Maso* forbearing to tug his Gown any longer, in his departing, said, *Fare you well Sir, you are not worthy to be a Magistrate, if you have no more regard of your Honour and Honesty, but will put off poor Mens suits at your pleasure.* So both went several ways, and soon departed out of sight.

The Worshipful Judge *Messer Nicolao* stood all this while on the ground; and in the presence of all the beholders, trussed up his Breeches, as if he were new risen out of his bed; when bethinking himself on the matters in difference, he called for the two men, who contended for the drawing stockings and cloak-bag; but no one could tell what was become of them. Whereupon, he wrapt out a kind of Judges Oath, saying, I will know whether it be Law here in *Florence*, to make a Judge sit bare Breecht on the Bench of Justice, and in the hearing of Criminal Causes; whereat the chief Potestate, and all the standers-by laughed heartily.

Within few days after, he was informed by some of his especial friends, that this had never happened to him, but only to testify how understanding the *Florentines* are in their ancient constitutions and customs, to embrace Love, and Honour, honest discreet worthy Judges and Magistrates; whereas on the contrary, they as much condemn miserable knaves, fools, and dolts, who never merit to have any better entertainment. Wherefore it would be best for him, to make no more inquiry after the Parties, lest a worse inconvenience should happen to him.

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*Bruno and Buffalmaco stole a young Brawn from Calendrino, and for his recovery thereof, they used a pretended kind of conjuration, with Pills made of ginger and strong Malmesey. But instead of this application, they gave him two pills of a Dogges dates or dousets, confected in Aloes, which he received one after the other; by means whereof they made him believe, that he had rob'd himself. And for fear they should report this theft to his Wife, they made him to go buy another Brawn.*

### The Sixth NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared, how easily a plain and simple Man may be made a fool, when he dealeth with crafty Companions.*

**P***hilostratus* had no sooner ended his Novel, and the whole Assembly laughed heartily thereat; but the Queen gave command to Madam *Philomena*, that she should follow next in order; whereupon thus she began. Worthy Ladies, as *Philostratus* by calling to memory the name of *Maso del Saggio*, hath contented you with another merry Novel concerning him, in the same manner must I entreat you to remember once again *Calendrino* and his subtle consorts, by a pretty tale which I mean to tell you; how, and in what manner they were revenged on him, for going to seek the invisible Stone.

Needless were any fresh relation to you, what manner of people those three Men were, *Calendrino*, *Bruno*, and *Buffalmaco*, because already you have had sufficient understanding of them. And therefore as an induction to my discourse, I must tell you that *Calendrino* had a small Country-house, in a Village near to *Florence*, which came to him by the Marriage of his Wife. Among other Cattle and Poultry, which he kept there in store, he had a young Bore ready for Brawn, whereof yearly he used to kill one for his own provision; and always in the Month of *December*, he and his Wife resorted to their Village house, to have the Brawn both killed and salted.

It came to pass at this time concerning my Tale, that the Woman being somewhat crazie and sickly, by her Husbands unkind usage, whereof you heard so lately; *Calendrino* went alone to the killing of his Boar, which coming to the hearing of *Bruno*, and *Buffalmaco*, and that the Woman could by no means be there; to pass away the time a little in merriment, they went to a friendly Companion of theirs, an honest jovial Priest, dwelling not far off from *Calendrinos* Country-house.



The same Morning as the Boar was killed, they all Three went thither, and *Calendrino* seeing them in the Priests company, bid them all heartily welcome; and to acquaint them with his good Husbandry, he shewed them his House, and the Boar where it hung. They perceiving it to be fare and fat, knowing also that *Calendrino* intended to salt it for his own store, *Bruno* said unto him: Thou art an Ass *Calendrino*, sell thy Brawn, and let us make merry with the Mony, then let thy Wife know no otherwise than that it was stolen from thee, by those Theeves which continually do haunt Country-houses, especially in such scattering Villages.

Oh mine honest friends, answered *Calendrino*, your counsell is not to be followed, neither is my Wife so easily to be perswaded; this were the readiest way to make our House a Hell, and she to become the Master Divil; therefore talk no farther, for flatly I will not do it. Albeit they laboured him very earnestly, yet all proved to no purpose; only he desired them to sup with him, but in so cold a manner as they denied him, and parted thence from him. As they walked on the way, *Bruno* said to *Buffalmaco*, Shall we Three (this night) rob him of his Brawn? Yea marry quoth *Buffalmaco*, how is it to be done? I have (said *Bruno*) already found the means to effect it, if he take it not from the place, where last we saw it. Let us do it then (answered *Buffalmaco*) why should we not do it? Sir *Domine* here and we, will make good cheer with it among our selves. The nimble Priest was as forward as the best; and the match being fully agreed on, *Bruno* thus spake, My delicate Sir *Domine*, art and cunning must be our main helps; for thou knowest *Buffalmaco*, what a covetous wretch *Calendrino* is, glad to drink always on other Mens expences: Let us go take him to the Tavern, where the Priest (for his own Honour and Reputation) shall offer to make payment of the whole Reckoning, without receiving a farthing of his, whereof he will not be a little joyful, so shall we bring to pass the rest of the business, because there is no body in the House but only himself, for he is best at ease without Company.

As *Bruno* had propounded, so was it accordingly performed, and when *Calendrino* perceived, that the Priest would suffer none to pay, but himself, he drank the more freely; and when there was no need at all, took his Cups courageously one after another. Two or Three hours of the Night were spent, before they parted from the Tavern; *Calendrino* going directly home to his House, and instantly to Bed; without any other Supper, imagining that he had made fast his door, which (indeed) he left wide open; sleeping soundly without suspicion of any harm intended unto him. *Buffalmaco* and *Bruno* sup't with the Priest, and so soon as Supper was ended, they took certain Engines, for their better entring into *Calendrino's* House, and so went on to effect their purpose. Finding the door standing ready open, they entred in; took the Brawn, carryed it to the Priests House, and afterward went all to Bed.

When *Calendrino* had well slept after his Wine, he arose in the Morning, and being descended down the stairs; finding the street door wide open, he looked about him for his Brawn, but it was gone. Enquiring of the Neighbours dwelling near about him, he could hear no tidings of his Brawn, but became the wofullest Man in the World, telling every one that his Brawn was stole. *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco* being risen in the Morning they went to visit *Calendrino*, to hear how he took the loss of his Brawn; and he no sooner had a sight of them, but he called them to him; and with the tears running down his cheeks, said: Ay my dear friends, I am rob'd of my Brawn. *Bruno* stepping closely to him, said in his ear: It is wonderful, that once in thy life time thou canst be wise. How? answered *Calendrino*, I speak to you in good earnest. Speak so still in earnest (replied *Bruno*) and cry it out so loud as thou canst, then let who list believe it to be true.

*Calendrino* stamp't and fretted exceedingly, saying, As I am a true Man to God, my Prince and Country, I tell thee truly, that my Brawn is stoln. Say so still I bid thee (answered *Bruno*) and let all the World believe thee, if they list to do so, for I will not. Wouldst thou (quoth *Calendrino*) have me damn my self to the Devil? I see thou dost not credit what I say; but would I were hanged by the neck if it be not true, that my Brawn is stoln. How can it possibly be, replied *Bruno*? did I not see it in thy House yesternight? Wouldst thou have believe that it is flown away, (quoth *Calendrino*) yet I am certain that it is stoln away; for which I am weary of my life, because I dare not go home; to mine own House, in regard my Wife will never believe it; and yet if she should credit it, we are sure to have no quiet for a Twelve Months space.

*Bruno*



*Bruno*, seeming as if he were more than half sorrowful, yet supporting still his former jesting humour, said: Now trust me *Calandrino*, if it be so, they that did it are much to blame. If it be so? answered *Calandrino*, belike thou wouldst have me blaspheme Heaven, and all the Saints therein: I tell thee once again *Bruno*, that this last night my Brawn was stoln. Be patient good *Calandrino*, replied *Buffalmaco*, and if thy Brawn be stoln from thee, there are means enow to get it again. Means enow to get it again? said *Calandrino*, I would fain hear one likely one, and let all the rest go by. I am sure *Calandrino*, answered *Buffalmaco*, thou art verily perswaded that no thief came from *India* to steal thy Brawn from thee: in which respect, it must needs then be some of thy neighbours: whom if thou couldst lovingly assemble together, I know an experiment to be made with Bread and Cheese, whereby he that hath it will quickly be discovered.

I have heard (quoth *Bruno*) of such an experiment, and held it to be infallible; but it extendeth only to persons of Gentility, whereof there are but few dwelling hereabout, and in the case of stealing a Brawn, it is doubtful to invite them, neither can there be any certainty of their coming. I confess what you say, answered *Buffalmaco*, to be very true: but then in this matter so nearly concerning us to be done, and for a dear friend, what is your advice? I would have Pills made of Ginger, compounded with your best and strongest *Malmsey*, then let the ordinary sort of people be invited (for such only are most to be mistrusted) and they will not fail to come, because they are utterly ignorant of our intention. Besides the Pills may be hallowed and consecrated, as Bread and Cheese on the like occasion. Indeed you say true (replied *Buffalmaco*) but what is the opinion of *Calandrino*? Is he willing to have this trial made, or no? Yes, by all means, answered *Calandrino*, for gladly I would know who hath stolen my Brawn; and your good words have (more than half) comforted me, and do make me glad in this case.

Well then (quoth *Bruno*) I will take the pains to go to *Florence*, to provide all things necessary for this secret service; but I must be furnished with money to effect it. *Calandrino* had some forty shillings then about him, which he delivered to *Bruno*, who presently went to *Florence* to a friend of his an Apothecary, of whom he bought a pound of white Ginger, which he caused him to make up in small Pills: and two other beside made up of Dogges-dates or Dowsets, consecreted all over with strong Aloes, yet well moulded over with Sugar, as all the rest were: And because they should the more easily be known from the other, they were spotted with gold, in very formal and physical manner. He bought moreover, a big Flaggon of the best *Malmsey*, returning back with all these things to *Calandrino*, and directing him in this order.

You must put some friend in trust, to invite your neighbours (especially such as you suspect) to a Breakfast in the morning: And because it is done as a Feast in kindness they will come to you the more willingly. This night will I and *Buffalmaco* take such order, that the Pills shall have the charge imposed on them, and then we will bring them hither again in the morning; and I my self (for your sake) will deliver them to your Guests, and perform whatsoever is to be said or done. On the next morning, a goodly company being assembled under a fair Elm before the Church; as well young *Florentines* (who purposely came to make themselves merry) as neighbouring Husbandmen of the Village: *Bruno* was to begin this service, with the Pills in a fair Cup, and *Buffalmaco* followed him with another Cup, to deliver the wine out of the Flagon, all the company being set round as in a circle; and *Bruno* with *Buffalmaco* being in the midst of them, *Bruno* thus spake. Honest friends, it is fit that I should acquaint you with the occasion, why we are thus met together, and in this place; because if any thing may seem offensive to you, afterward you shall make no complaint of me. From *Calandrino* (our loving friend here present) yesternight there was a new-kild fat Brawn taken, but who hath done the deed, as yet he knoweth not; and because none other, but some one (or more) here among us, must needs offend in this case; he desiring to understand who they be, would have each man to receive one of these Pills, and afterward to drink of the Wine; assuring you all, that whosoever stole the Brawn hence, cannot be able to swallow the Pill; for it will be so extream bitter in his mouth, as it will enforce him to cough and spit extraordinarily; in which respect, before such a notorious shame be received, and in so goodly an Assembly; it were much better for him, or them that have Brawn, to confess it to this honest Priest, and I will abstain in urging it any further.



Every one there present answered, that they were well contented both to eat and drink, and let the shame fall where it deserved; whereupon *Bruno* appointing them how they should sit, and placing *Calendrino* as one among them; he began his counterfeit exorcisme, giving each man a Pill, and *Buffalmaco* a Cup of wine after it. But when he came to *Calendrino*, he took one of them which was made of the Dogs dates or Dowsets, and delivering it into his hand, presently he put it into his mouth and chewed it. So soon as his tongue tasted the bitter Aloes, he began to cough and spit extreemly, as being utterly unable to endure the bitterness and noisome smell. The other men that had received the Pills, began to gaze one upon another, to see whose behaviour should discover him; and *Bruno* having not yet delivered Pills to them all, proceeded on still in his business, as seeming not to hear any coughing, till one behind him said, What meaneth *Calendrino* by this his most grievous spitting and coughing?

*Bruno* suddenly turning him about, and seeing *Calendrino* to cough and spit in such sort, said to the rest, *Be not too rash (honest Friends) in judging of any man; some other matter (than the Pill) may procure this coughing, wherefore he shall receive another, the better to clear your belief concerning him.* He having put the second prepared Pill into his mouth, while *Bruno* went to serve the rest of the Guests: if the first were exceeding bitter to his taste, this other made it a great deal worse, for tears streamed forth of his eyes as big as Cherry-stones, and champing and chewing the Pill, as hoping it would overcome his coughing; he coughed and spit the more violently, and in grosser manner than he did before, nor did they give him any wine to help it.

*Buffalmaco*, *Bruno*, and the whole company perceiving how he continued still his coughing and spitting, said all with one voice, *That Calendrino was the Thief to himself*; and gave him many gross speeches beside, all departing home unto their houses, very much displeased and angry with him. After they were gone, none remained with him but the Priest. *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco*, who thus spake to *Calendrino*, *I did ever think thou wast the thief thy self, yet thou imputedst thy robbery to some other, for fear we should once drink freely of thy purse as thou hast done many times of ours.* *Calendrino*, who had not yet ended his coughing and spitting, swore many bitter oaths, that his Brawn was stolne from him. *Talk so long as thou wilt, quoth Buffalmaco, thy knavery is both known and seen, and well thou maist be ashamed of thy self.* *Calendrino* hearing this, grew desperately angry, and to incenie him more, *Bruno* thus pursued the matter.

Hear me *Calendrino*, for I speak to thee in honest earnest; there was a man in thy company, who did eat and drink here among thy neighbours, and plainly told me, that thou keptst a young Lad here to do thee service, feeding him with such victuals as thou couldst spare; by him thou didst send away thy Brawn, to one that bought it of thee for four Crowns, only to cozen thy poor wife and us. Canst thou not yet learn to leave thy mocking and scorning? Thou hast forgot how thou broughtst us to the plain of *Mugnone*, to seek for black invisible stones; which having found, thou concealedst them to thy self, stealing home invisibly before, making us follow like fools after thee.

Now likewise by horrible and lying Oaths, and perjured protestations, thou wouldst make us to believe, that the Brawn (which thou hadst cunningly sold for ready Money) was stolen from thee out of thy House, when thou art only the Thief to thy self, as by that excellent rule of art (which never faileth) hath plainly to thy shame appeared. We being so well acquainted with thy delusions, and knowing them perfectly; now do plainly tell thee, that we mean not to be fool'd any more. Nor is it unknown to thee, what pains we have taken in making this singular piece of proof. Wherefore we inflict this punishment on thee, that thou shalt bestow on this honest Priest and us, two couple of Capons and a Flagon of Wine, or else we will discover this knavery of thine to thy Wife.

*Calendrino* perceiving, that all his protestations could win no credit with them, who had now the Law remaining in their own hands, and purposed to deal with him as they pleased; apparently saw, that sighing and sorrowing did nothing avail him. Moreover, to fall into his Wives Tempestuous storms of chiding, would be worse to him than racking and torturing; he gladly therefore gave them Money, to buy the two couple of Capons and Wine, being heartily contented likewise, that he was so well delivered from them. So the merry Priest, *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco*,  
having



having taken good order for salting the Brawn, closely carried it with them to *Florence*, leaving *Calendrino* to complain of his loss, and well requited for mocking them with the invifible stones.

*A young Gentleman being a Scholar fell in love with a Lady named Helena, she being a widow, and addicted in affection to another Gentleman. One whole night in cold winter, she caused the Scholar to expect her coming, in an extream frost and snow. In revenge whereof, by his imagined Art and skill, he made her stand naked on the top of a Tower, the space of a whole day, and in July, to be Sun-burnt and bitten with Wasps and Flies.*

The Seventh NOVEL.

*Serving as an admonition to all Ladies and Gentlewomen, not to mock or scorn Gentlemen-Scholars, when they make means of love to them : Except they intend to seek their own shame, by disgracing them.*

Greatly did the Ladies commend Madam *Philomenaes* Novel, laughed heartily at poor *Calendrino*, yet grieving withal, that he should be so knavishly cheated, not only of his Brawn, but two couple of Capons, and a Flagon of Wine beside. But the whole discourse being ended, the Queen commanded Madam *Pampinea* to follow next with her Novel, and presently she thus begun. It happeneth oftentimes (bright beauties) that mockery falleth on him that intended the same unto another : and therefore I am of opinion, that there is little wisdom declared in him or her, who taketh delight in mocking any person. I must needs confess, that we have smiled at many mockeries and deceits, related in those excellent Novels, which we have already heard : without any due revenge returned, but only in this last of silly *Calendrino*. Wherefore it is now my determination, to urge a kind of compassionate apprehension, upon a very just retribution, happening to a Gentlewoman of our City, because her scorn fell deservedly upon her self, remaining mocked, and to the peril of her life. Let me then assure you, that your diligent attention may redound to your benefit, because if you keep your selves (henceforward) from being scorned by others ; you shall express the greater wisdom, and be the better warned by their mishaps.

As yet there are not many years overpast, since there dwelt in *Florence* a young Lady descended of Noble Parentage ; very beautiful, of sprightly courage, and sufficiently abounding in the goods of Fortune, she being named Madam *Helena*. Her delight was to live in the estate of Widow-hood, desiring to match her self no more in marriage, because she bare affection to a gallant young Gentleman, whom she had made her private election of, and with whom (having excluded all other amorous cares and cogitations) by means of her Waiting-woman, she had divers meetings and kind conference.

It chanced at the very same time, another young Gentleman of our City, called *Reniero*, having long studied in the Schools at *Paris*, returned home to *Florence*, not to make sale of his Learning and Experience, as many do ; but to understand the reason of things, as also the causes and effects of them, which is marvellously fitting for any Gentleman. Being greatly honoured and esteemed of every one, as well for his carriage towards all in general, as for his knowledg and excellent parts ; he lived more like a familiar Citizen, than in the nature of a Courtly Gentleman, albeit he was choicely respected in either estate.

But as oftentimes it cometh to pass, that such as are endued with the best judgment and understanding in natural occasions, are soonest caught and intangled in the snares of Love : So fell it out with our Scholar *Reniero*, who being invited to a solemn Feast, in company of other his especial Friends ; this Lady *Helena*, attired in her black Garments (as Widows commonly use to wear) was likewise there a Guest. His eye observing her beauty and gracious demeanour, she seemed in his judgment, to be a Woman so compleat and perfect, as he had never seen her equal before ; and therefore he accounted the man more than fortunate, that was worthy to embrace her in his arms. Continuing this amorous observation of her from time to time to time, and knowing withal, that rare and excellent things are not easily obtained, but by painful study, labour, and endeavour ; he resolved with



with himself constantly, to put in practice all his bel parts of industry, only to honour and please her, and attaining to her contentment, it would be the means to win her Love, and compass thereby his hearts desire.

The young Lady, who fixed not her eyes on inferior subjects, (but esteemed her self above ordinary reach or capacity) could move them artificially, as curious Women well know how to do, looking on every side about her, yet not in a gadding or gross manner; for she was not ignorant in such darting glaunces, as proceeded from an inflamed affection, which appearing plainly in *Reniero*; with a pretty smile she said to her self, *I am not come hither this day in vain; for if my judgement fail me not, I think I have caught a Woodcock by the Bill.* And lending him a cunning look or two, quaintly carryed with the corner of her eye, she gave him a kind of perswading apprehension, that her heart was the guide to her eye. And in this artificial School-trick of hers, she carryed therewith another consideration, to wit, that the more other eyes fed themselves on her perfections, and were (well-near) lost in them beyond recovery; so much the greater reason had he to account his fortune beyond comparifon, that was the sole master of her heart, and had her Love at his command.

Our witty Scholar having set aside Philosophical considerations, strove how he might best understand her carriage towards him, and believing that she beheld him with pleasing regards; he learnt to know the House where she dwelt, passing daily by the door divers times, under colour of some more serious occasions; wherein the Lady very proudly gloried, in regard of the reasons before alledged, and seemed to afford him looks of good liking. Being led thus with a hopeful persuasion, he found the means to gain acquaintance with her Waiting-Woman, revealing to her his intire affection, desiring her to work for him in such sort with her Lady, that his Service might be Gracious in her acceptance. The Gentlewoman made him a very willing promise, and immediately did his errand to her Lady; who heard her with no small pride and squeamishness; and breaking forth into a scornful laughter, thus she spake.

*Ancilla* (for so she was named) dost thou not observe, how this Scholar is come to lose all the wit here, which he studied so long for in the University of *Paris*. Let us make him our only Table-argument, and seeing his folly soareth so high, we will feed him with such a dyet as he deserveth. Yet when thou speakest next with him, tell him, that I affect him more than he can do me; but it becometh me to be careful of my Honour, and to walk with an untainted brow, as other Ladies and Gentlewomen do; which he is not to dislike, if he be so wise as he maketh shew of, but rather will the more commend me. Alas good Lady lack-wit, little did she understand (fair assembly) how dangerous a case it is dealing with Scholars.

At his next meeting with the Waiting-Woman, she delivered the Message, as her Lady had commanded her, whereof poor *Reniero* was so joyful, that he pursued his Love suit the more earnestly, and began to write Letters, send gifts and tokens; all which were still received, yet without any other answer to give hope, but only in general, and thus she dallied with him a long while. In the end she discovered this matter to her secret chosen friend, who fell suddenly sick of the head-ake, only through meer conceit of jealousy; which she perceiving, and grieved to be suspected without any cause, especially by him whom she esteemed above all other; she intended to rid him quickly of that idle Disease. And being more and more solicited by the Scholar, she sent him word by her Maid *Ancilla*, that (as yet) she could find no convenient opportunity to yield him such assurance, as he should not any way be distrustful of her Love.

But the Feast of *Christmas* was now neer at hand, which afforded leisure much more hopeful, than any other formerly passed. And therefore, the next night after the first Feasting day, if he pleased to walk in the open Court of her House she would soon send for him into a place much better besceeming, and where they might freely converse together.

Now was our Scholar the only jocund Man of the World, and failed not the time assigned him, but went unto the Ladies house, where *Ancilla* was ready to give him entertainment, conducting him into the base Court, where she lockt him up fast, untill her Lady should send for him. This night she had privately sent for her friend also, and sitting merrily at supper with him, told him what welcome she had given the Scholar, and how she farther meant to use him, saying, *Now Sir, consider*



with your self, what hot affection I bear to him, of whom you became so fondly jealous. The which words were very welcome to him, and made him extraordinary joyful, desiring to see them as effectually performed, as they appeared to him by her protestations.

Here you are to understand (Gracious Ladies) that according to the season of the year, a great Snow had fallen the day before, so as the whole Court was covered therewith, and being an extream frost upon it, our Scholar could not boast of any warm walking, when the teeth quivered in his head with cold, as a dog could not be more discourteously used; yet hope of enjoying Loves recompence at length, made him to support all this injury with admirable patience.

Within a while after, Madam *Helena* said to her friend, Walk with me (dear heart) into my Chamber, and there at a secret little Window, I shall shew thee what he doth, that drove thee to such a suspicion of me, and we shall hear beside, what answer he will give my Maid *Ancilla*, whom I will send to him in his coldness.

When she had so said, they went to the appointed Window, where they could easily see him clearly, but he not them; and then they heard *Ancilla* also, calling to him forth of another Window, saying Signior *Reniero*, My Lady is the wofullest Woman in the World, because (as yet) she cannot come to you, in regard that one of her Brethren came to visit her, and held her with much longer discourse than she expected; whereby she was constrained to invite him to sup with her, and yet he is not gone; but shortly I hope he will, and then expect her coming presently; till then she entreateth your gentle sufferance.

Poor *Reniero*, our overcredulous Scholar, whose vehement affection to Madam *Helena*, so hoodwinked the sight of his understanding, as he could not be distrustful of any guile; returned this answer to *Ancilla*. Say to your Lady that I am bound in duty to attend the good hour of her leisure, without so much as the very least pre-judicate conceit in me: Nevertheless, entreat her to let it be so soon as she possible may; because here is miserable walking, and it beginneth to snow again extreamly. *Ancilla* making fast the Casement went presently to Bed; when *Helena* spake thus to her amorous friend, What say'st thou now? Dost thou think that I loved him as thou wast afraid of? If I did, he should never walk thus in the Frost and Snow. So away went they likewise from their close Window; and spent wanton dalliances together, laughing and deriding (with many bitter taunts and jests) the lamentable condition of poor *Reniero*.

About the Court walked he numberless times, finding such exercises as he could devise, to compass warmth in any manner; no seat or shelter had he any where, either to ease himself by sitting down a while, or keep him from the Snow, falling continually on him, which made him bestow many Curses on the Ladies Brother, for his so long tarrying with her, as believing him verily to be in the House, or else she would (long before) have admitted his entrance, but therein his hope was meerly deceived. It grew now to be towards the hour of midnight, and *Helena* had delighted her self with her friend extraordinarily, till at last, thus she spake to him, What is thy opinion of my amorous Scholar? Which dost thou imagine to be the greatest, either his sense and judgment, or the affection I bear to him? Is not this cold sufferance of his, able to quench the violent heat of his Loves extremity, and having so much Snow Broath to help it? Believe me (sweet Lady) quoth her friend, as he is a Man and a Learned Scholar I pity that he should be thus ungently dealt withal; but as he is my Rival and Loves enemy, I cannot allow him the least compassion, resting the more confidently assured of your Love to me, which I will always esteem most precious.

When they had spent a long while in this or the like conference with infinite sweet kisses and embraces intermixed; then she began again in this manner, Dear Love (quoth she) cast thy Cloak about thee as I intend to do with my night Mantle, and let us step to the little Window once more to see whether the flaming fire that burn'd in the Scholars brest (as he daily avouched to me in his Love Letters) be as yet extinct or no. So going to the Window again, and looking down into the Court, there they saw the Scholar dancing in the Snow, to the cold tune of his teeth quivering and chattering, and clapping his arms about his Body, which was no pleasing melody to him. How thinkest thou now sweet heart (said she) cannot I make a Man dance without the sound of a Taber or a Bakpipe? yes believe me Lady (quoth he) I plainly perceive you can, and would be very loath, that you should exercise your cunning on me. Nay, said she, we will yet delight our



selves a little more; let us softly descend down the stairs, even so far as the Court door; thou shalt not speak a word, but I will talk to him, and hear some part of his quivering Language, which cannot choose but be passing pleasing for us to hear.

Out of the Chamber went they, and descended down stairs to the Court door; where without opening it, she laid her Mouth to a small cranny, and in a low soft kind of Voice, called him by his name; which the Scholar hearing, was exceeding joyful, as believing that the hour of his deliverance was come, and entrance now should be admitted him. Upon the hearing of her Voyce, he stept close to the door, saying, *For charities sake, good Lady, let me come in, because I am almost dead with cold*; whereto thus she answered in mocking manner, I make no doubt *Reniero*, but the Night is indifferent cold, and yet somewhat the warmer by the Snow's falling; and I have heard that such Weather as this is ten times more extream at *Paris*, than here in our warmer Country. And trust me, I am exceeding sorrowfull, that I may not (as yet) open the door, because mine unhappy Brother, who came (unexpected) yesternight to sup with me, is not yet gone, as within a short while (I hope) he will, and then shall I gladly set open the door to you, for I made an excuse to steal a little from him, only to chear you with this small kind of comfort, that his so long tarrying might be the less offensive to you.

Alas sweet Madam, answered quaking and quivering *Reniero*, be then so favourable to me, as to free me from forth this open Court where there is no shelter or help for me, the Snow falling still so exceedingly, as a Man might easily be more than half Buried in it; let me be but within your door, and there I will wait your own good leisure. Alas dear *Reniero* (answered *Helena*) I dare not do it, because the door maketh such a noise in the opening, as it will be too easily heard by my Brother; but I will go and use such means, as shortly he shall get him gone, and then I dare boldly give you entrance. Do so good Madam, replied *Reniero*, and let there be a fair fire made ready, that when I am within, I may the sooner warm my self; for I am so strangely benumbed with cold, as well-near I am past all sense of feeling.

*Can it be possible (quoth Helena) that you should be so benumbed with cold? Then I plainly perceive, that Men can lie in their Love-Letters, which I can shew under your own hand, how you fryed in flames, and all for my love, and so have you Written to me in every Letter. Poor credulous Women are often deluded, in believing what Men Write and speak out of Passion, but I will return back to my Brother, and make no doubt of dispatch, because I would gladly have your Company.*

The amorous Friend to *Helena*, who stood by all this while, laughing at the Scholars hard usage, returned up again with her to her Chamber, where they could not take a jot of rest, for flouting and scorning the betrayed Scholar. As for him poor Man, he was become like the Swan, coldly chattering his teeth together, in a strange new kind of harmony to him. And perceiving himself to be meerly mocked, he attempted to get open the door, or how he might pass forth at any other place; but being no ways able to compass it, he walked up and down like an angry Lyon, cursing the hard quality of the time, the discourtesie of the Lady, the over-tedious length of the Night; but (most of all) his own folly and simplicity, in being so basely abused and gull'd. Now began the heat of his former affection to *Helena*, altered into as violent a detestation of her; yea, extremity of hatred in the highest degree; beating his brains, and ransacking every corner of invention, by what means he might best be revenged on her, which now he much more desired to effect, than to enjoy the benefit of her Love, or to be embraced between her arms.

After that the sad and discomfortable Night had spent it self, and the break of Day was beginning to appear; *Ancilla* the Waiting-Woman, according as she was instructed by her Lady, went down and opened the Court door, and seeming exceedingly to compassionate the Scholars unfortunate Night of sufferance, said unto him,

Alas courteous Gentlemen, in an unblest hour came my Ladies Brother hither yesternight, inflicting too much trouble upon us, and a grievous time of affliction to you. But I am not ignorant, that you being vertuous, and a judicious Scholar, have an invincible spirit of patience, and sufficient understanding withal; that what this Night could not afford, another may make a sound amends for. This I can and dare sufficiently assure you, that nothing could be more displeasing my Lady, neither can she well be quieted in her mind, untill she have made



made a double and treble requital, for such a strange unexpected inconvenience, whereof she had not the very least suspicion.

*Reniero* swelling with discontentment, yet wisely clouding it from open apprehension, and knowing well enough, that such golden speeches and promises, did always favour of what intemperate spleen would have more lavishly vented forth, and therefore in a modest dissembling manner, without the least shew of any anger, thus he answered.

In good sadness *Ancilla*, I have endured the most miserablest night of cold, frost and snow, that ever any poor Gentleman suffered; but I know well enough, your Lady was not in any fault thereof, neither meriteth to be blamed, for in her own person (as being compassionate of my distress) she came so far as the door of this Court, to excuse her self, and comfort me. But as you said, and very well too, what hath failed this night, another hereafter may more fortunately perform: in hope whereof, commend my love and dutious service to her, and (what else remaineth mine) to your gentle self.

So, our half frozen Scholar, scarcely able to walk upon his legs, returned home (so well as he could) to his own lodging; where, his spirits being grievously out of order, and his eyes staring ghastly through lack of sleep; he lay down on his bed, and after a little rest found himself in much worse condition than before, as meerly taken lame in his arms and his legs. Whereupon he was enforced to send for Physicians, to be advised by their counsel, in such an extremity of cold received. Immediately they made provision for his health (albeit the nerves and sinews could very hardly extend themselves) yet in regard he was young, and Summer swiftly drawing on; they had the better hope of effecting his safety out of so dangerous a cold.

But after he was become almost well and lusty again, he used to be seldom seen abroad for an indifferent while; concealing his intended revenge secret to himself, yet appearing more affectionate to Madam *Helena*, than formerly he had been.

Now it came to pass (within no long while after) that Fortune being favourable to our injured Scholar, prepared a new accident, whereby he might fully effect his hearts desire: For the lusty young Gallant, who was Madam *Helena's* dear darling and delight, and (for whose sake) she dealt so unhumanely with poor *Reniero*, became weary of her amorous service, and was fallen in liking of another Lady, scorning and disdainning his former Mistress; whereat she grew exceedingly displeased, and began to languish most grievously in sighs and tears.

But *Ancilla* her waiting woman, compassionating the perilous condition of her Lady, and knowing no likely means whereby to conquer this oppressing grief, which she suffered for the loss of her hearts chosen friend; at length she began to consider that the Scholar still walked daily by the door, as he formerly used to do, and (by him) there might some good be done.

A fond and foolish opinion overswayed her, that the Scholar was extraordinarily skilful in the Art of Negromancy, and could thereby so over-rule the heart of her lost friend, as he should be compelled to love her once again, in as effectual manner as before; herewith immediately she acquainted her Lady, who being as rashly credulous, as her maid was opinionative (never considering that if the Scholar had any experience in Negromancy, he would thereby have procured his own success) gave belief to her surmise, in very jovial and comfortable manner, and intreated her in all kindness, to know of him, whether he could work such a business, or no, and (upon his undertaking to effect it) she would give absolute assurance, that (in recompence thereof) he should unfeignedly obtain his hearts desire.

*Ancilla* was quick and expeditious in delivering this message to discontented *Reniero*, whose soul being ready to mount out of his body, only by conceit of joy; cheerfully thus he said within himself. Gracious Fortune! how highly am I obliged to thee for this so great a favour? now thou hast blest me with a happy time, to be justly revenged on so wicked a woman, who sought the utter ruin of my life, in recompence of the unfeigned affection I bear her. Return to thy Lady (quoth he) and saluting her first on my behalf, bid her to abandon all care in this business; for if her amorous friend were in India, I would make him come (in meek despite of his heart) and crave mercy of her for his base transgression. But concerning the mean how, and in what manner it is to be done, especially on her own behalf, I will impart it to her so soon as she pleaseth; fail not to tell her so instantly from me, and that all my utmost pains are at her service.



*Ancilla* came jocundly home with her answer, and a conclusion was set down for their meeting together at *Santa Lucia del prato*, which accordingly was performed, in very solemn conference between them. Her affection had such power over her, that she had forgot into what peril she brought his life, by such an unnatural night-walk: but disclosed all her other intention to him, how loth she was to lose so dear a friend, and desiring him to exercise his utmost height of skill, with large promises of her manifold favours to him, whereto our Scholar thus replied

Very true it is *Madam*, that among other studies at Paris, I learned the Art of *Negromancy*, the depth whereof I am as skilful in, as any other Scholar whatsoever. But because it is greatly displeasing unto God, I made a vow never to use it, either for my self or any other. Nevertheless, the love I bear you is of such power, as I know not well how to deny whatsoever you please to command me: In which respect, if in doing you my best service, I were sure to be seized on by all the Devils, I will not fail to accomplish your desire, you only having the power to command me. But let me tell you *Madam*, it is a matter not so easily to be performed, as you perhaps may rashly imagine, especially, when a woman would repeal a man to her, or a man a woman; because it is not to be done but by the person to whom it properly belongeth, and therefore it behoveth, that such as would have this business effected, must be of a constant mind, without the least scruple of fear, because it is to be accomplished in the dark night season, in which difficulties I do not know how you are able to warrant your self; or whether you have such courage of spirit as (with boldness) to adventure.

*Madam Helena*, more hot in pursuit of her amorous contentment, than any way governed by temperate discretion, presently thus answered, Sir, Love hath set such a keen edge on my unconquered affection, as there is not any danger so difficult, but I dare resolutely undertake it for the recovery of him, who hath so shamefully refused my kindness: Wherefore (if you please) shew me wherein I must be so constant and dreadless. The Scholar, who had (more than half) caught a *Ninny-hammer* by the beak, thus replied. *Madam*, of necessity I must make an Image of Tin, in the name of him whom you desire to recall. Which when I have sent you, the Moon being then in her full, and your self stript stark naked, immediately after your first sleep, seven times you must bathe your self with it in a swift running River. Afterward, naked as you are, you must climb upon some Tree, or else upon an uninhabited house top, where standing dreadless of any peril, and turning your face to the North, with the Image in your hand, seven times you must speak some certain words, as I will deliver to you in writing.

After you have so often spoken them, two goodly Ladies (the very fairest that ever you beheld) will appear unto you, very graciously saluting you, and demanding what you would have them to perform for you. Safely you may speak unto them, and orderly tell them what you desire; but be very careful that you name not one man for another. When you have uttered your mind they will depart from you, and then you may descend again to the place where you did leave your garments, which having put on, then return to your house. And undoubtedly, before the midst of the night next following, your friend will come in tears to you, and humbly crave your pardon on his knees, being never able afterward to be false to you, or leave your Love for any other whatsoever.

The Lady hearing these words, gave very settled belief to them, imagining unfeignedly, that she had (more than half) recovered her friend already, and held him embraced between her arms; in which jocund persuasion, the cheerful blood mounted up into her cheeks, and thus she replied. Never make you any doubt Sir, but that I can sufficiently perform whatsoever you have said, and am provided of the only place in the world, where such a weighty business is to be effected. For I have a Farm or Dairy-house, neer adjoining to the Vale of *Arno*, and closely bordering upon the same River. It being now the Month of *July*, the most convenient time in all the year to bathe in, I can be the easier induced thereunto. Moreover there is hard by the River side a small Tower or Turret uninhabited, whereinto few people do seldom enter, but only Herd-men or Flock-keepers, who ascend up (by the help of a wooden Ladder) to a Tarras on the top of the said Tower, to look all about for their Beasts, when they are wandred astray; it standing in a solitary place, or out of the common way or resort: There dare I boldly adventure to mount up, and with the invincible courage of a wronged Lady (not fearing to look death in the face) do all that you have prescribed,



prescribed, yea, and much more, to recover my dear lost Lover again, whom I value equal with my own life.

*Reniero*, who perfectly knew both the Dairy Farm, and the old small Turret, not a little joyful to hear how forward she was to shame herself; answered in this manner. Madam, I was never in those parts of the Country, albeit they are so near our City, and therefore I must needs be ignorant, not only of your Farm, but the Turret also. But if they stand in such convenient manner as you have described, all the World could not yield the like elsewhere, so apt and suitable to your purpose; wherefore, with such expedition as possibly I can use, I will make the Image, and send it to you, as also the Charm, very fairly Written. But let me intreat you, that when you have obtained your hearts desire, and are able to judge truly of my Love and Service; not to be unmindful of me, but to perform, that you have with such protestations promised; which she gave him her hand and faith to do, without any impeach or hinderance; and so they parted, and she returned home to her House.

Our over-joyed Scholar, applauding his happy Stars, for furthering him with so fair a way to his revenge; imagining that it was already half executed, made the Image in due form, and wrote an old Fable, instead of a Charm; both which he sent to the Lady, so soon as he thought the time to be fitting; and this admonition withal, that the Moon being entering into the full, without any longer delay, she might venture upon the business, the next night following, and remain assured to repossess her friend. Afterward for the better pleasing of himself, he secretly, attended only by his servant, went to the House of a trusty friend of his, who dwelt somewhat near the Turret, there to expect the issue of this Lady-like enterprise. And Madam *Helena* accompanied with none but *Ancilla*, walked on to her dairy Farm, where the Night ensuing, pretending to take her rest sooner than formerly she used to do, she commanded *Ancilla* to go to Bed, referring herself to her best liking.

After she had slept her first sleep (according to the Scholars direction) departing softly out of her Chamber, she went on towards the ancient Tower, standing hard by the River of *Arno*, looking heedfully about her, lest she should be spied by any person. But perceiving her self to be so secure as she could desire; putting off all her Garments, she hid them in a small brake of bushes; afterward, holding the Image in her hand, seven times she bathed her Body in the River, and then returned back with it to the Tower. The Scholar, who at the Nights closing up of Day, had hid himself among the Willows and other Trees, which grew very thick about the Tower, saw both her going and returning from the River, and as she passed thus naked by him, he plainly perceived, that the Nights obscurity could not cloud the delicate whiteness of her Body, but made the Stars themselves to gaze amorously on her, even as if they were proud to behold her Bathing, and (like so many twinkling Tapers) shewed her emulation of another *Diana*. Now what conflicts this caused in the mind of our Scholar, one while quenching his hateful spleen towards her, all coveting to embrace a piece of such perfection; and another while, thinking it a purchase for one of *Cupids* Souldiers, to seize and surprize her upon so fair an advantage, none being here to yield her rescue; in the fiery trial of such Temptations, I am not able to judge, or to say, what resistance flesh and blood could make, being opposed with such a sweet enemy.

But he well considering what she was, the greatness of his injury, as also how and for whom; he forgot all wanton allurements of Love, scorning to entertain a thought of Compassion, continuing constant in his resolution, to let her suffer, as he himself had done. So, *Helena* being mounted upon the Turret, and turning her face toward the North; she repeated those idle frivolous words (composed in the nature of a Charm) which she had received from the Scholar. Afterward, by soft and stealing steps, he went into the old Tower and took away the Ladder, whereby she Ascended to the Tarrafs, staying and listening how she proceeded in her amorous exorcisme.

Seven times she rehearsed the Charm to the Image, looking still when the two Ladies would appear in their likeness, and so long she held on her imprecations (feeling greater cold, than willingly she would have done) that break of day began to shew it self, and half despairing of the Ladies coming, according as the Scholar had promised, she said to her self, I much misdoubt that *Reniero* hath quitted me with such another piece of night service, as it was my luck to bestow



on him : but if he have done it in that respect, he was but ill advised in his revenge, because the Night wants three parts of its length, as then it had ; and the cold which he suffered, was far superiour in quality to mine, albeit it is more sharp now in the Morning, than all the time of the Night it hath been.

And, because day-light should not discover her on the Terrass, she went to make her descent down again, but finding the Ladder to be taken away, and thinking how her publick shame was now inevitable, her heart dismaied, and she fell down in a Swoond on the Terrass ; yet recovering her senses afterward, her grief and sorrow exceeded all capacity of utterance. For, now she became fully perswaded that this proceeded from the Scholars malice, repenting for her unkind usage towards him, but much more condemning her self, for reposing any trust in him, who stood bound (by good reason) to be her enemy.

Continuing long in this extream affliction, and surveying all likely means about her, whereby she might descend from the Terrass, whereof she was wholly disappointed ; she began to sigh and weep exceedingly, and in this heavy perplexity of spirit, thus she complained to her self. Miserable and unfortunate *Helena*, what will be said by thy Brethren, Kindred, Neighbours, and generally throughout all *Florence*, when they shall know, that thou wast found here on this Turret, stark-naked ? Thine honourable carriage and honesty of life, heretofore free from a thought of suspicion, shall now be branded with detestation ; and if thou wouldst cloud this mishap of thine by such lies and excuses, as are not rare amongst Women ; yet *Reniero*, who knoweth all thy privy compacting, will stand as a Thousand Witnesses against thee, and shame thee before the whole City, so both thine Honour and loved friend are lost for ever.

Having thus consulted with her self, many desperate motions entred her mind, to throw herself headlong from off the Terrass ; till better thoughts won possession of her Soul. And the Sun being risen, she went to every corner of the Terrass, to espy any Lad come abroad with Beasts, by whom she might send for her Waiting-Woman. About this instant the Scholar, who lay sleeping (all this while) under a bush, suddenly awaking ; saw her look over the wall, and she likewise espied him ; whereupon he said unto her, *Good morrow Madam Helena, What ? are the Ladies come yet or no ?* *Helena* hearing his scorning question, and grieving that he should so delude her ; in tears and lamentations she intreated him to come near the Tower, because she desired to speak with him. Which courtesie he did not deny her, and she lying groveling on her breast upon the Terrass, to hide her body that no part thereof might be seen, but her head ; weeping, she spake thus to him.

*Reniero*, upon my credit, if I gave thee an ill nights rest, thou hast well revenged that wrong on me ; for, although we are now in the Month of *July*, I have been plagued with extremity of cold, (in regard of my Nakedness) even almost Frozen to death ; beside my continual tears and lamenting, that folly perswaded me to believe thy protestations, wherein I account it well-near miraculous, that mine eyes should be capable of any sight. And therefore I pray thee, not in respect of any Love which thou canst pretend to bear me ; but for regard of thine own self, being a Gentleman and a Scholar, that this punishment which thou hast already inflicted on me, may suffice for my former injuries towards thee, and to hold thy self revenged fully, as also permit my garments to be brought me, that I may descend from hence, without taking that from me, which afterwards thou canst never restore me, I mean my Honour. And consider, that albeit thou didst not enjoy me that unhappy night, yet thou hast power to command me at any time whatsoever, with making many diversities of amends, for one Nights offence only committed. Content thy self good *Reniero*, and as thou art an honest Gentleman, say thou art sufficiently revenged on me, in making me dearly confess my own error. Never exercise thy malice upon a poor weak woman, for the Eagle disdaineth to prey on the yielding Dove : and therefore in meer pity and for manhoods sake, be my release from open shame and reproach.

The Scholar, whose envious spleen was swoln very great in remembering such a malicious cruelty exercised on him, beholding her to weep and make such lamentations ; found a fierce conflict in his thoughts, between content and pity. It did not a little joy and content him, that the revenge he so earnestly desired to compass, was now by him so effectually inflicted ; And yet (in mere humanity)

pity



pity provoked him to commiserate the Ladies distressed condition : but clemency being over-weak to withstand his rigour, thus he replied. Madam *Helena*, if mine entreaties (which, to speak truly, I never knew how to steep in tears, nor wrap up my tears in Sugar-candy, so cunningly as you women know how to do) could have prevailed, that miserable night when I was well-neer frozen to death with cold, and meerly buried with snow in your Court, not having any place of refuge or shelter; your complaints would now the more easily over-rule me. But if your honour in estimation, be now more precious to you than heretofore, and it seemeth so offensive to stand there naked; convert your persuasions and prayers to him, in whose arms you were that night embraced, both of your triumphing in my misery, when poor I trotted about your Court, with the teeth quivering in my head, and beating my arms about my body, finding no compassion in him or you. Let him bring thee thy garments, let him come help thee down with the Ladder, and let him have the care of thine honour, on whom thou hast been so prodigal heretofore in bestowing it, and now hast unwomanly thrown thy self in peril, only for the maintenance of thine immodest desires. Why dost thou not call on him to come help thee? To whom doth it more belong, than to him? For thou art his, and he thine. Why then should any other but he help thee in this distress? Call him (Fool as thou art) and try, if the love he beareth thee, and thy best understanding joyned with his, can deliver thee out of my sottish detaining thee. I have not forgot, that when you both made a pastime of my misery, thou didst demand of him, which seemed greatest in his opinion, either my sottish simplicity, or the love thou bearest him. I am not now so liberal or courteous to desire that of thee, which thou wouldst not grant, if I did request it: No, no, reserve those night favours for thy amorous friend, if thou dost escape hence alive to see him again. As for my self, I leave thee freely to his use and service, because I have sufficiently paid for a womans falshood, and wise men take such warning, that they scorn to be twice deceived, and by one woman. Proceed on still in thy flattering persuasions, terming me to be a Gentleman and a Scholar, thereby to win such favour from me, that I should think thy wicked villany towards me, to be already sufficiently punished. No, treacherous *Helena*, thy blandishments cannot hood-wink the eyes of my understanding, as when thou didst out-reach me with thy disloyal promises and protestations. And let me now tell thee plainly, that all the while I continued in the University of *Paris*, I never attained unto so perfect an understanding of my self, as in that one miserable night thou didst instruct me. But admit, that I were inclined unto a merciful and compassionate mind, yet thou art none of them on whom milde and gracious mercy should any way declare her effects. For, the end of penance among savage beasts, such as thou art, and likewise of due vengeance, ought to be death; whereas among men, it should suffice according to thy saying. Wherefore, in regard that I am neither an Eagle, nor thou a Dove, but rather a most venomous Serpent: I purpose with my utmost hatred, and as an ancient enemy to all such as thou art, to make my revenge famous on thee.

I am not ignorant, that whatsoever I have already done unto thee, cannot properly be called revenge, but rather chastisement; because revenge ought always to exceed the offence, which (as yet) I am far enough from. For, if I did intend to revenge my wrongs, and remembered thy monstrous cruelty to me; then thy life, if I took it from thee, and an hundred more such as thy self, were far insufficient, because in killing thee I should kill but a vile inhumane Beast, yea, one that deserved not the name of a Woman. And to speak truly, art thou any more, or better (setting aside thy borrowed hair, and painted beauty) which in few years will leave thee wrinkled and deformed) than the basest beggarly Chamber-stuffe that can be? Yet thou soughtest the death of a Gentleman and Scholar, as (in scorn) not long since, thou didst term me; whose life hereafter may be more beneficial to the world, than millions of such as thou art, to live in the like multiplicity of ages. Therefore if this anguish be sensible to thee, learn what it is to mock men of apprehension, and (amongst them especially) such as are Scholars: to prevent thy falling hereafter into the like extremity, if it be thy good luck to escape out of this. It appeareth to me that thou art very desirous to come down hither to the ground; the best counsel that I can give thee, is to leap down headlong, that by breaking of thy neck (if thy Fortune be so fair) thy life and loathsome qualities ending



ending together, I may sit and smile at thy deserved destruction. I have no other comfort to give thee, but only to boast my happiness, in teaching thee the way to ascend that Tower, and in thy descending down (even by what means thou canst devise) make a mockery of me, and say thou hast learned more than I could instruct thee.

All the while as *Reniero* uttered these speeches, the miserable Lady sighed and wept very grievously; the time running on, and the Sun ascending higher and higher; but when she heard him silent, thus she answered. Unkind and cruel man, if that wretched night was so grievous to thee, and mine offence appeared so great, as neither my youth, beauty, tears, and humble intercessions, are able to derive any mercy from thee; yet let the last consideration move thee to some remorse: Namely, That I reposed new confidence in thee (when I had little or no reason at all to trust thee) and discovered the integrity of my soul unto thee, whereby thou didst compass the means to punish me thus deservedly for my sin. For, if I had not reposed confidence in thee, thou couldst not (in this manner) have wrought revenge on me, which although thou didst earnestly covet, yet my rash credulity was thy only help. Assuage then thine anger, and graciously pardon me, wherein if thou wilt be so merciful to me, and free me from this fatal Tower: I do here faithfully promise thee, to forsake my most false and disloyal friend, electing thee as my Lord and constant Love for ever.

Moreover, although thou condemnest my beauty greatly, esteeming it as a trifle, momentary, and of slender continuance; yet such as it is (being comparable with any other womans whatsoever) I am not ignorant, that were there no other reason to induce liking thereof; yet men in the vigour of their youth (as I am sure you think your self not aged) do hold it for an especial delight, ordained by nature for them to admire and honour. And notwithstanding all thy cruelty extended to me, yet I cannot be perswaded that thou art so flinty or iron hearted, as to desire my miserable death by casting my self headlong down (like a mad woman) before thy face, so to destroy that beauty, which (if thy Letters lyed not) was once so pleasing in thine eyes. Take pity then on me for Charities sake, because the Sun beginneth to heat extreemly: And as over-much cold (that unhappy night) was mine offence, so let no, over-violent warmth be now my utter ruine and death.

The Scholar who (only to delight himself) maintained this long discoursing with her, returned her this answer. Madam, you did not repose such confidence in me, for any good will or affection in you towards me, but in hopes of recovering him whom you had lost; wherein you merit not a jot of favour, but rather the more sharp and severe infliction. And whereas you infer, that your over-rash credulity, gave the only means to my revenge: Alas! therein you deceive your self, for I have a thousand crotchets working continually in my brain, whereby to entrap a wiser creature than a woman, yet veiled all under the cunning cloak of Love but sauced with the bitter Wormwood of Hate. So that, had not this happened as now it doth, of necessity you must have fallen into another: But, as it hath pleased my happy Stars to favour me therein, none could prove more to your eternal scandal and disgrace, than this of your own devising; which I made choice of, not in regard of any ease to you, but only to content my self.

But if all other devises else had failed, my pen was, and is my prevailing Champion, wherewith I would have written such and so many strange matters, concerning you in your very dearest reputation; that you should have curst the hour of your conception, and wisht your birth had been abortive. The powers of the Pen are too many and mighty, whereof such weak wits as have made no experience, are the less able to use any relation. I swear to you Lady, by my best hopes, that this revenge which (perhaps) you esteem great and dishonourable, is no way comparable to the wounding lines of a Pen, which can character down so infinite infamies (yet none but guilty and true taxations) as will make your own hands immediate instruments to tear your eyes from forth of your head, and so bequeath your after-dayes unto perpetual darkness. Now concerning your lost Lover, for whose sake you suffer this unexpected penance; although your choice hath proved but bad, yet still continue your affection to him; in regard that I have



have another Lady and Mistress, of higher and greater desert than you, and to whom I will continue for ever constant. And whereas you think, the warm beams of the Sun will be too hot and scorching for your nice body to endure: remember the extream cold which you caused me to feel, and if you can intermix some part of that cold with the present heat, I dare assure you, the Sun (in his highest heat) will be far more temperate for your feeling.

The disconsolate Lady perceiving, that the Scholars words favoured of no mercy, but rather as coveting her most desperate ending; with the tears streaming down her cheeks, thus she replied. Well Sir, seeing there is no matter of worth in me, whereby to derive any compassion from you: yet for that Ladies sake, whom you have elected worthy to enjoy your love, and so far excelleth me in Wisdom; vouchsafe to pardon me, and suffer my Garments to be brought me, wherewith to cover my nakedness, and so to descend down from this Tower, if it may stand with your gentle Nature to admit it.

Now began Reniero to laugh very heartily, and perceiving how swiftly the day ran on his course, he said unto her. Believe me Madam Helena, you have so conjured me by mine endeared Lady and Mistress, that I am no longer able to deny you; wherefore tell me where your garments are, and I will bring them to you, that you may come down from the Turret. She believing his promise, told him where she had hid them, and Reniero departing from the Tower, commanded his servant, not to stir thence: but to abide still so near it, as none might get entrance there till his returning. Which charge was no sooner given to his man, but he went to the house of a near neighbouring friend, where he dined well, and afterward laid him down to sleep.

In the mean while, Madam Helena remaining still on the Tower, began to comfort her self with a little vain hope, yet sighing and weeping incessantly, seating her self as well as she could, where any small shelter might yield the least shade, in expectation of the Scholars returning: one while weeping, then again hoping, but most of all despairing, by his so long tarrying away with her Garments; so that being over-wearied with anguish and long watching, she fell into a little slumbering. But the Sun was so extream hot, the hour of noon being already past, that it mcerly parched her delicate body, and burnt her bare head so violently: as not only it seared all the flesh it touched; but also cleft and chinkt it strangely, besides blisters and other painful scorchings in the flesh which hindred her sleeping, to help her self (by all possible means) and the Turret being covered with Lead, gave the greater addition to her torment; for, as she removed from one place to another, it yielded no mitigation to the burning heat, but parched and wrinkled the flesh extraordinarily, even as when a piece of parchment is thrown into the fire, and recovered out again, can never be extended to his former form.

Moreover she was so grievously pained with the head-ake, as if it seemed to split in a thousand pieces, whereat there needed no great marvel, the Lead of the Turret being so exceedingly hot, that it afforded not the least defence against it, or any repose to qualifie the torment: but drove her still from one place to another, in hope of ease, but none was there to be found.

Nor was there any wind at all stirring, whereby to assuage the Suns violent scalding, or keep away huge swarms of Wasps, Hornets, and terrible biting Flies, which vexed her extreamly, feeding on those parts of her body that were rift and chinkt, like crannies in a mortered wall, and pained her like so many points of pricking needles, labouring still with her hands to beat 'em away, but yet they fastned on one place or other, and afflicted her in grievous manner, causing her to curse her own life, her amorous friend, but (most of all) the Scholar, that promised to bring her Garments, and as yet returned not. Now began she to gaze upon every side about her, to espie some labouring Husband-men in the fields, to whom she might call or cry out for help, not fearing to discover her desperate condition: but Fortune therein also was adverse to her, because the heats extremity, had driven all the Village out of the fields, causing them to feed their Cattle about their own houses, or in remote and shady Valleys: so that she could see no other creature to comfort her, but Swans swimming in the River Arno, and wishing her self there a thousand times with them, for to cool the extremity of her thirst, which so much the more encreased, only by the sight thereof, and utterly disabled of having any. She saw beside



in many places about her goodly Woods, fair cool shades, and Country houses, here and there dispersed; which added the greater violence to her affliction, that her desires (in all these) could no way be accomplished. What shall I say more concerning this disastrous Lady? The parching beams of the Sun above her, the scalding heat of the Lead beneath her, the Flies and Hornets every way stinging her, had made such an alteration of her beautiful body: that, as it checked and controuled the precedent Nights darkness, it was now so metamorphosed with redness, yea, and blood issuing forth in many places, as she seemed (almost) loathsome to look on, continuing still in this agony of torment, quite void of all hope, and rather expecting death, than any other comfort.

*Reniero* then when some three hours of the afternoon were over past, awaked from sleeping: and remembering *Madam Helena*, he went to see in what estate she was; as also to send his servant unto dinner, because he had fasted all that day. She perceiving his arrival, being altogether weak, faint and wonderously over wearied; she crept on her knees to a corner of the Turret, and calling to him spake in this manner. *Reniero*, thy revenge exceedeth all manhood and respect, For if thou wast almost frozen in my Court, thou hast roasted me all day long on this Tower, yea, meerly broyled my poor naked body, beside starving me through want of food, and drink. Be now then so merciful (for manhoods sake) as to come up hither, and inflict that on me, which mine own hands are not strong enough to do, I mean the ending of my loathed and wearisome life, for I desire it beyond all comfort else, and I shall honour thee in the performance of it. If thou deny me this gracious favour; at least send me up a glass of water, only to moisten my mouth, which my tears (being all meerly dried up) are not able to do, so extream is the violence of the Suns burning heat.

Well perceived the Scholar, by the weakness of her voice, and scorching of her body by the Suns parching beams, that she was brought now to great extremity: which sight as also her humble intercession, began to touch him with some compassion, nevertheless, thus replied. Wicked woman, my hands shall be no means of thy death, but make use of thine own, if thou be so desirous to have it: and as much water shalt thou get of me to assuage thy thirst, as thou gavest me fire to comfort my freezing, when thou wast in the luxurious heat of thy immodest desires, and I well-near frozen to death with extremity of cold. Pray that the Evening may rain down Rose-water on thee, because that in the River of *Arno*, is not good enough for thee: for as little pitty do I take on thee now, as thou didest extend compassion to me then.

Miserable woman as I am, answered *Helena*; Why did the heavens bestow beauty on me, which others have admired and honoured, and yet (by thee) is utterly dispised? More cruel art thou than any savage beast; thus to vex and torment me in such merciless manner. What greater extremity couldest thou inflict on me, if I had been the destruction of all thy kindred, and left no one man living of thy race! I am verily perswaded, that more cruelty cannot be used against a Traitor, who was the subversion of an whole City, than this tyranny of thine, roasting me thus in the beams of the Sun, and suffering my body to be devoured with Flies, without so small a mercy, as to give me a little cool water, which murderers are permitted to have, being condemned by Justice, and led to Execution: yea wine also if they request it.

But, seeing thou art so constant in thy pernicious resolve, as neither thy own good nature, nor this lamentable sufferance in me, are able to alter thee: I will prepare myself for death patiently, to the end, that heaven may be merciful to my soul, and reward thee justly according to thy cruelty. Which words being ended, she withdrew her self towards the midst of the Tarras, despairing of escaping (with life) from the violence of heats; and not once only, but infinite times beside (among her other grievous extremities) she was ready to dye with drought, bemoaning incessantly, her dolorous condition.

By this time the day was well-near spent, and night began to hasten on apace: When the Scholar (imagining that he had afflicted her sufficiently) took her Garments, and wrapping them up in his mans Cloak, went thence to the Ladies house, where he found *Ancilla* the waiting woman, setting at the door, sad and disconsolate for her Ladies long absence, to whom thus he spake. How now *Ancilla*? Where is thy Lady and Mistress? *Alas Sir (quoth she) I know not. I thought*



thought this morning to have found her in her bed, as usually I was wont to do, and where I left her yesternight at our parting: but there she was not, nor in any place else of my knowledge, neither can I imagine what is become of her, which is to me no mean discomfort.

But can you (Sir) say any thing of her? *Ancilla*, said he, I would thou hadst been in her company, and at the same place where now she is, that some punishment for thy fault might have fallen upon thee, as already it hath done on her. But believe it assuredly, that thou shalt not freely escape from my fingers, till I have justly payed thee for thy pains, to teach thee to abuse any Gentleman as thou didst me.

Having thus spoken, he called to his servant, saying give her the Garments, and let her go look her Lady, if she will. The Servingman fulfilled his Masters command, and *Ancilla* having received her Ladies Cloaths, knowing them perfectly, and remembring (withal) what had been said: she waxed very doubtful, lest they had slain her, hardly refraining from exclaiming on them, but that grief and heavy weeping overcame her; so that upon the Scholars departing she ran in all haste with the Garments towards the Tower.

Upon this fatal and unfortunate day to Madam *Helena*, it chanced that a Clown or Countrey Peasant belonging to her Farm or Dairy house, having two of his young Heyfers wandred astray, and he labouring in diligent search to find them: within a while after the Scholars departure, came to seek them in Woods about the Tower, and notwithstanding all his crying and calling for his beasts, yet he heard the Ladies grievous moans and lamentations. Wherefore, he cryed out so loud as he could, saying: Who is it that mourneth so aloft on the Tower? Full well she knew the voice of her Peasant, and therefore called unto him, and said in this manner.

Go (quoth she) I pray thee for my Waiting-woman *Ancilla*, and bid her make some means to come up hither to me. The Clown knowing his Lady, said. How now Madam? Who hath carried you up so high? Your woman *Ancilla* hath sought for you all this day, yet no one could ever have imagined you to be there. So looking about him he espied the two sides of the Ladder, which the Scholar had pulled in sunder; as also the steps which he had scattered thereabout, placing them in due order again as they should be; and binding them fast with Withies and Willows.

By this time *Ancilla* was come thither, who so soon as she was (making all possible speed she could) entred into the Tower, could not refrain from tears, and grievous complaints, beating her hands on against another, and crying out, thus she said. Madam, Madam, my dear Lady and Mistress! Alas, Where are you? So soon as she heard the tongue of *Ancilla*, she replied (so well as she could) saying: Ah my sweet Woman, I am here aloft upon the Tarras; weep not, neither make any noise, but quickly bring me some of my Garments. When she heard her answer in this comfortable manner, she mounted up the Ladder, which the Peasant had made very firm and strong, holding it fast for her safer ascending; by which means she went up on the Tarras. Beholding her Lady in so strang a condition, resembling no humane body, but rather the trunk of a Tree half burned, lying flat on her face, naked, scorched, and strangely deformed: she began to tear the locks of her own hair, raving and raging in as pitiful manner, as if her Lady had been quite dead. Which stormy tempest. Madam *Helena* soon pacified, entreating her to use silence, and help to put on her Garments.

Having understood by her, that no one knew of her being there, but such as brought her Cloaths, and the poor Peasant, attending there still to do her any service: she became the better comforted, entreating them by all means, that it might be concealed from any further discovery, which was on either side most faithfully protested.

The poor Clown help to bear down his Lady upon his back, because the Ladder stood not conveniently enough for her descending, neither were her limbs pliable for her own use, by reason of their rifts and smarting. *Ancilla* following after and being more respective of her Lady, than her own security in descending; missing the step in the midst of the Ladder, fell down to the ground, and quite brake her Leg in the fall, the pain whereof was so grievous unto her, that she cryed and roared extraordinarily, even like a Lyon in the Desert.



When the Clown had set his Lady safe on a fair green bank, he returned to see what the waiting-woman ailed, and finding her Leg to be quite broken: he carried her also to the same bank, and there seated her by her Lady, who perceiving what a mischance had hapned, and she (from whom she expected her only best hope) to be now in far greater necessity her self: she lamented exceedingly, complaining on Fortunes cruel malice towards her, in thus heaping one misery upon another, and never ceasing to torment her, especially now in the conclusion of all, and when she thought all future perils to be past.

Now was the Sun upon his setting, when the poor honest Country-man, because dark night should not overtake them, conducted the Lady home to his own house: and gaining the assistance of his two brethren and wife, setting the waiting-woman in a Chair, thither they brought her in like manner. And questionless, there wanted no diligence and comfortable language, to pacifie the Ladies continual lamentations. The good wife led the Lady into her own poor Lodging, where (such cates as they had to feed on) lovingly she set before her: conveying her afterward into her own bed, and taking such good order, that *Ancilla* was carried in the night time to *Florence*, to prevent all ensuing danger, by reason of her Legs breaking.

*Madam Helena*, to colour this misfortune of her own, as also the great mishap of her woman: forged an artificial and cunning Tale, to give some formal appearance of her being in the Tower, perswading the poor Countrey people, that in a strange accident of thunder and lightning, and by the illusion of wicked spirits, all this adventure hapned to her. Then Physicians were sent for; not without much anguish and affliction to the Lady (by reason of her fleshes fleying off, with the Medicins and Emplaistres applyed to the body) who was glad to suffer whatsoever they did, beside falling into a very dangerous Feaver; out of which she was not recovered in a long while after, but continued in daily despair of her life, beside other accidents hapning in her time of Physick, utterly unavoidable in such extremities: and hardly had *Ancilla* her Leg cured.

By this unexpected penance imposed on *Madam Helena*, she utterly forgot her amorous friend; and (from thence forward) carefully kept her self from fond loves allurements, and such scornful behaviour, wherein she was most disorderly faulty. And *Reniero* the Scholar, understanding that *Ancilla* had broken her Leg, which he reputed as a punishment sufficient for her, held himself satisfied, because neither the Mistress nor her Maid, could now make any great boast, of his nights hard entertainment, and so concealed all matters else.

Thus a wanton headed Lady, could find no other subject to work her mocking folly on, but a learned Scholar, of whom she made no more respect, than any other ordinary man, never remembering, that such men are expert (I cannot say all, but the greater part of them) to help the frenzie of foolish Ladies, that must injoy their loose desires, by Negromancy, and the Devils means. Let it therefore (fair Ladies) be my loving admonition to you, to detest all unwomanly mocking and scorning, but more especially to Scholars.



Two near dwelling Neighbours, the one being named Spinelloccio Tavena, and the other Zeppa di Mino, frequenting each others Company daily together; Spinelloccio Cuckolded his Friend and Neighbour, which happening to the knowledge of Zeppa, he prevailed so well with the Wife of Spinelloccio, that he being lockt up in a Chest, he revenged his wrong at that instant, so that neither of them complained of his misfortune.

### The Eighth NOVEL

Wherein is approved, that he which offereth shame and disgrace to his Neighbour; may receive the like injury (if not in worse manner) by the same Man.

GRIEVOUS and full of compassion, appeared the hard Fortunes of Madam Helena to be, having much discontented, and (well near) wearied all the Ladies in hearing them recounted. But because they were justly inflicted upon her, and according as (in equity) she had deserved, they were the more moderate in their commiseration: howbeit, they reputed the Scholar not only over-obstinate, but also too strict, rigorous and severe. Wherefore, when Madam Pampinea had finished her Novel, the Queen gave command to Madam Fismetta, that she should follow next with her discourse; whereto she shewing obedience thus began.

Because it appeareth in my judgement (fair Ladies) that the Scholars cruelty much displeased you, making you more melancholly than this time requireth: I hold it therefore very convenient, that your contristed spirits should be chearfully revived, with matter more pleasing and delightful. And therefore I mean to report a Novel of a certain man, who took an injury done him in much milder manner, and revenged his wrong more moderately, than the incensed Scholar did. Whereby you may comprehend, that it is sufficient for any man, and so he ought to esteem it, to serve another with the same sawce, which the offending party caused him first to tast of: without coveting any stricter revenge, than agreeth with the quality of the injury received.

Know then (Gracious Assembly) that, as I have heretofore heard, there lived not long since in *Sienna*, two young men, of honest parentage and equal condition, neither of the best, nor yet the meanest calling in the City: the one being named *Spinelloccio Tavena*, and the other termed *Zeppa di Mino*, their houses Neighbouring together in the street *Camollia*. Seldom the one walked abroad without the others Company, and their houses allowed equal welcome to them both; so that by outward demonstrations, and inward mutual affections, as far as humane capacity had power to extend, they lived and loved like two Brethren, they both being wealthy, and married unto two beautiful women.

It came to pass that *Spinelloccio* by often resorting to the house of *Zeppa*, as well in his absence, as when he abode at home; began to glance amorous looks on *Zeppa's* wife, and pursued his unneighbourly purpose in such sort: that he being the stronger perswader, and she (belike) to credulous in believing or else over-feeble in resisting; from private imparlance, they fell to action; and continued their close fight a long while together, unseen and without suspicion, no doubt to their equal joy and contentment.

But, whether as a just punishment, for breaking so loving a league of friendship and neighbour-hood, or rather a fatal infliction evermore attending on the closest Cuckoldry, their felicity still continuing in this kind: it fortun'd on a day *Zeppa* abiding within doors, contrary to the knowledge of his wife *Spinelloccio* came to enquire for him, and she answering (as she verily supposed) that he was gone abroad: up they went both together into the Hall, and no body being there to hinder what they intended, they fell to their wonted recreation without any fear, kissing and embracing as Lovers use to do—



*Zeppa* seeing all this, spake not one word, neither made any noyse at all, but kept himself closely hidden, to observe the issue of this Amorous Conflict. To be brief, he saw *Spinelloccio* go with his Wife into the Chamber, and make the door fast after them, whereto he could have been Angry, which he held to be no part of true wisdom. For he knew well enough, that to make an out-cry in this case, or otherwise to reveal this kind of injury, it could no way make it less, but rather give a greater addition of shame and scandal: he thought this no course for him to take; wiser Considerations entered into his Brain, to have his wrong fully revenged, yet with such a discreet and orderly carriage, as no Neighbours knowledge should by any means apprehend it, or the least sign of discontent in himself blab it, because they were two dangerous Evils.

Many notable courses wheeled about this conceit, every one promising fairly, and ministring means of formal appearance, yet one (above the rest) won his absolute Allowance, which he intended to prosecute as best he might. In which Resolution he kept still very close, so long as *Spinelloccio* was with his Wife; but he being gone, he went into the Chamber, where he found his Wife, amending the form of her Head-Attire, which *Spinelloccio* had put into a disordered fashion. Wife (quoth he) what art thou doing? Why? Do you not see Husband? answer'd she. Yes that I do Wife, replied *Zeppa*, and some things else hapned to my sight, which I could wish that I had not seen. Rougher Language growing between them, of his avouching, and her as stout denying, with defending her cause over-weakly, against the manifold proofs both of Eye and Ear: at last she fell on her Knees before him, weeping incessantly, and no Excuses now availing, she confest her long Acquaintance with *Spinelloccio*, and most humbly entreated him to forgive her. Upon the which Penitent Confession and Submission, *Zeppa* thus Answered.

Wife if thy inward contrition be answerable to thy outward seeming sorrow, then I make no doubt, but faithfully thou dost acknowledge thine own faults and evil doing, for which if thou expectest pardon of me; determine then to fulfill effectually, such a business as I must enjoyn, and thou must perform it. I command thee to tell *Spinelloccio*, that to morrow morning, about nine of the clock, when we are both abroad walking, he must find some apt occasion to leave my company, and then come hither to visit thee. When he is here, suddainly will I return home, and upon thy hearing of my entrance: to save his own credit, and thy self from detection, thou shalt require him to enter into this Chest, untill such time as I am gone forth again, which he doing, for both your safeties, so soon as he is in the Chest, take the key and lock him up fast. When thou hast effected this, then shall I acquaint thee with the rest remaining, which also must be done by thee, without dread of the least harm to him or thee, because there is no malicious meaning in me, but such as (I am perswaded) thou canst not justly dislike. The Wife, to make some satisfaction for her offence committed, promised that she would perform it, and so she did.

On the morrow morning, the hour of nine being come, when *Zeppa* and *Spinelloccio* were walking abroad together, *Spinelloccio* remembering his promise unto his Mistriss, and the clock telling him the appointed hour, he said to *Zeppa*. I am to dine this day with an especial friend of mine, who I would be loath should tarry for my coming, and therefore hold my departure excused. How now? answered *Zeppa*, the time for dinner is yet far enough off, wherefore then should we part so soon? Yea but *Zeppa*, replied *Spinelloccio*, we have weighty matters to confer on before dinner, which will require three hours space at the least, and therefore it behoveth me to respect due time.

*Spinelloccio* being departed from *Zeppa*, (who followed fare and softly after him) being come to the house, and kindly welcomed by the Wife: they were no sooner gone up the stairs, and entring in at the Chamber door; but the Woman heard her Husband cough, and also his coming up the stairs. Alas dear *Spinelloccio* (quoth she) what shall we do? My Husband is coming up, and we shall be both taken tardy; step into this Chest, lye down there and stir not, till I have sent him forth again, which shall be within a very short while. *Spinelloccio* was not a little joyful for her good advice; down into the Chest lay he: and she lockt him in: by which time *Zeppa* was entered the Chamber. Where are you Wife; said he, (speaking so loud, as he in the Chest might hear him) What, is it time to go to dinner? It will be anon Sir, answered she, as yet it



is over-early, but seeing you are come, the more hast shall be made, and every thing will be ready quickly.

*Zeppa*, sitting down upon the Chest wherein *Spinelloccio* lay not a little affrighted, speaking still aloud, as formerly he did: Come hither Wife (quoth he) how shall we do for some good Company to dine with us? Mine honest kind Neighbour *Spinelloccio* is not at home, because he dineth forth to day with a dear Friend of his, by which means, his Wife is left at home alone; give her a call out at our Window, and desire her to come dine with us, for we two can make no merry Musick, except some more come to fill up the Comfort.

His Wife being very timorous, yet diligent to do whatsoever he commanded, so prevailed with the Wife of *Spinelloccio*; that she came to them quickly, and so much the rather because her Husband dined abroad. She being come up into the Chamber, *Zeppa* gave her most kind Entertainment, taking her gently by the hand, and winking on his Wife, that she should betake her self to the Kitchen, to see Dinner speedily prepared, while he sate conversing with his Neighbour in the Chamber.

His Wife being gone, he shut the door after her; which the new-come Neighbour perceiving she said, Our blessed Lady defend me, *Zeppa*, What is your meaning in this? Have you caused me to come hither to this intent? Is this the Love you bear to *Spinelloccio*, and your professed loyalty in Friendship? *Zeppa*, seating her down on the Chest wherein her Husband was inclosed, entreating her patience, thus began. Kind and Loving Neighbour, before you adventure too far in Anger, vouchsafe to hear what I shall tell you.

I have loved and still do love *Spinelloccio* as my brother, but yesterday (albeit he knoweth it not) I found the honest trust I reposed in him, deserved no other, or better recompence, but even to be bold with my Wife, in the self same manner as I am, and as he ought to do with none but you. Now in regard of the love which I bear him, I intend to be no otherwise revenged on him, but in the same kind as the offence was committed. He hath been more than familiar with my Wife, I must borrow the self-same courtesie of you, which in equity you cannot deny me, weighing the wrong you have sustained by my Wife. Our injuries are alike in your Husband to me, and in my Wife to you: let then their punishment and ours be alike also; as they, so we; for in this case there can be no juster revenge.

The Woman hearing this, and perceiving the manifold confirmations thereof, protested (on solemn-oath) by *Zeppa*; her belief grew settled, and thus she answered. My loving Neighbour *Zeppa*, seeing this kind of revenge is (in meer justice) imposed on me, and ordained as a due scourge, as well to the breach of friendship and neighbour-hood, as abuse of his true and loyal Wife: I am the more willing to consent; always provided, that it be no imbarment of love between your Wife and me, albeit I have reason to alledge, that she began the quarrel first: and what I do, is but to right my wrong, as any other woman of spirit would do: Afterwards we may the more easily pardon one another. For breach of peace (answered *Zeppa*) between my wife and you, take my honest word for your warrant. Moreover, in requital of this favour to me, I will bestow a dear and precious Jewel on you, excelling all the rest which you have beside.

In delivering these words, he sweetly kissed and embraced her, as she sat on the Chest wherein her Husband lay: now, what they did else beside, in recompence of the wrong received, I leave to your imagination, as rather deserving silence, than immodest blabbing. *Spinelloccio*, being all this while in the Chest, hearing easily all the words which *Zeppa* had uttered, the answer of his Wife, as also what musick they made over his head: you may guess in what a case he was, his heart being ready to split with rage, and but that he stood in fear of *Zeppa* he would have rail'd and exclaimed on his Wife, as thus he lay shut up in the Chest. But entering into better consideration, that so great an injury was first began by himself, and *Zeppa* did no more than in reason and equity he might well do (having evermore carried himself like a kind neighbour and friend toward him, without the least offer of distast) he faithfully resolved to be a firmer friend to *Zeppa* than formerly he had been, if it might be embraced and accepted on the other side.



Delights and pleasures, be they never so long in contenting and continuance, yet they come to a period and conclusion at last ; So *Zeppa* having ended his Amorous Combat, and over the head of his perfidious friend, thought himself sufficiently revenged. But now in consideration of a further promise made on the bargain ; *Spinelloccio's* Wife challenged the Jewel, than which kind of recompence, nothing can be more welcome to Women. Hereupon *Zeppa* calling for his own Wife, commanded her to open the Chest ; which she did, and he merrily smiling, said : Well Wife, you have given me a Cake instead of Bread, and you shall lose nothing for your labour. So *Spinelloccio* coming forth of the Chest, it requireth a better wit than mine, to tell you which of them stood most confounded with shame, either *Spinelloccio* seeing *Zeppa*, and knowing well enough what he had done : or the Woman beholding her Husband, who easily heard all their familiar Conference, and the Action thereupon so deservedly performed.

See Neighbour, is not this your dearest Jewel ? Having kept it a while in my Wives Custody ; according to my promise, here I deliver it to you. *Spinelloccio* being glad of his deliverance out of the Chest, albeit not a little ashamed of himself, without using many impertinent words said. *Zeppa*, our wrongs are equally requited on each other, and therefore I allow thy former speeches to my Wife, that thou wast my Friend, as I am the like to thee, and so I pray thee let us still continue. For nothing else is now to be divided between us, seeing we have shared alike in our Wives, which none knowing but our selves, let it be as closely kept to our selves. *Zeppa* was well pleased with the motion, and so all four dined lovingly together, without any variance or discontentment. And thence forward, each of the Women had two Husbands, and either Husband enjoyed two Wives, without further contention or debate.

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*Master Simon, an idle headed Doctor of Physick, was thrown by Bruno and Buffalmaco, into a common Ley-stall of filth : the Physician fondly believing that (in the Night-time) he should be made one of a new created Company, who usually went to see Wonders at Corsica : and there in the Ley-stall they left him.*

## The Ninth NOVEL.

*Wherein is approved, that Titles of Honour, Learning, and Dignity, are not always bestowed on the wisest Men.*

**A**FTER that the Ladies had a while considered on the communication between the two Wives of *Sienna*, and the falshood in friendship of their Husbands : the Queen who was the last to recount her Novel, without offering injury to *Dionens*, began to speak thus.

The reward for a precedent wrong committed, which *Zeppa* retorted upon *Spinelloccio*, was answerable to his desert, and no more than Equity required : in which respect, I am of Opinion, that such men ought not to be over-sharply reprov'd, as do injury to him who seeketh for it, and justly should have it, although *Madam Pampinea* ( not long since ) avouched the contrary. Now, it evidently appeareth, that *Spinelloccio* well deserved what was done to him, and I purpose to speak of another who needs would seek after his own disgrace. The rather to confirm my former speeches, that they which beguile such wilful foolish men, are not to be blamed but rather commended. And he unto whom the shame was done, was a Physician, which came from *Bologna* to *Florence* ; and returned thither again like unto a Beast, notoriously baffled and disgraced.



It is a matter well known unto us, and (almost) observed day by day, that divers of our Citizens, when they return from their studying at *Bologna*, one becometh an Advocate, another a Physician, and a third a Notary, with long and large Gowns, some of Scarlet, and Hoods furred with miniver, beside divers other great appearances, succeeding effectually daily in their several kinds. Among whom there returned (not long since) thence, one Master *Simon da Villa*, more rich in possessions left him by his parents, than any knowledge there-to obtained; yet cloathed in Scarlet, with his Miniver hood, and styled a Doctor of Physick, which title he only bestowed on himself, and took a goodly house for his dwelling, in the street which we commonly call *La via del Cocomero*. This Master Doctor *Simon*, being newly come thither, among other notable qualities in him, had one more especial than any of the rest, namely to know the names and conditions of such persons, as daily passed by his door, and what professions they were of, whereby any likelihood might be gathered of needing his help, and being his Patients, observing them all with very great vigilant care.

But among all the rest by him thus warily noted, he most observed two Painters, of whom we have heretofore twice discoursed, *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco*, who walked continually together, and where his near dwelling Neighbours. The matter which most of all he noted in them, was, that they lived merrily, and with much less care than any else in the City beside, and verily they did so indeed. Wherefore he demanded of divers persons who had good understanding of them both, of what estate and condition they were. And hearing by every one, that they were but poor men and Painters: he greatly marvelled, how it could be possible for them, that they should live so joyously, and in such poverty. It was related to him further beside, that they were men of a quick and ingenious apprehension, whereby he politickly imagined, that their poor condition could not so well maintain them, without some courses else, albeit not publickly known unto men; yet redounding to their great commodity and profit. In which regard, he grew very desirous, by what means he might become acquainted, and grow into familiarity with them both, or either of them at the least; wherein (at the length) he prevailed, and *Bruno* proved to be the man.

Now *Bruno* plainly perceiving (within a short while of this new begun Acquaintance) that the Physician was a Logger-head, and meerly no better than a *Gregorian* Animal: he began to have much good pastime with him, by telling him strange and incredible Tales, such as none but a Coxcomb would give credit to; yet they delighted Doctor Dunce extraordinarily, and *Bruno's* familiarity was so highly pleasing to him, that he was a daily Guest at Dinner and Supper with him, and he was not meanly proud of enjoying his Company. One day as they sate in familiar Conference together, he told *Bruno* that he wondred not a little at him and *Buffalmaco*, they being both so poor People, yet lived far more jovially than Lords, and therefore desired to understand by what means they compassed such mirthful maintenance. *Bruno* hearing the Doctors demand, and perceiving that it favoured more of the Fool, than any the very least taste of Wisdom: smiled unto himself, and determined to return him such an Answer as might be fitting for his Folly, whereupon thus he replied.

Believe me Master Doctor, I would not impart to many People, what private help we have for our maintenance: but yet I dare boldly acquaint you therewith, in regard you are one of our most intimate Friends, and of such secrecie, as (I know) you will not reveal it to any. True it is, that mine honest Neighbour and my self do lead our Lives in such merry manner as you see, and better than all the world is aware of; for I cannot imagine you to be so ignorant, but are certainly perswaded, that if we had no better means, than our poor manual Trade and Profession; we might sit at home with Bread and Water, and be nothing so lively spirited as we are. Yet Sir, I would not have you to conceive, that we do either Rob or Steal, or use any other unlawful Courses: only we Travel to *Corfica*, from whence we bring (without the least prejudice to any other) all things we stand in need of, or whatsoever we can desire. Thus do we maintain our selves well and honestly, and live in this mirthful disposition.

Master Doctor hearing this Discourse, and believing it constantly, without any further instruction or intelligence: became possessed with very much admiration, and had also the most earnest desire in the world, to know what this Travelling to *Corfica* might be: entreating *Bruno* with very great in-



instances, to tell him what it was, and made many protestations never to disclose it to any one. How now Master Doctor? answered *Bruno*. What a strange motion do you make to me? It is too great a Secret which you desire to know, yea, a matter of mine own ruine, and an utter expulsion out of this World, with condemnation into the mouth of *Lucifer da San Gallo*, if any man whatsoever should know it from me, therefore I pray you to urge it no more. O my dear and honest Neighbour *Bruno* (quoth the Doctor) assure thy self upon my Soul, that whatsoever thou revealest to me, shall be under seal from all, but only our selves. Fie, fie, Master Doctor, answered *Bruno*, you are too pressing and importunate. So sitting smiling to himself, shaking his head, and beating his breast, as if he were in some strange distraction of mind, stamping with his feet, and beating his Fist oftentimes on the Table, at last he started up, and spake in this manner.

Ah Master Doctor, the love I bear to your capricious and rarely circumscribed Experience, and likewise the confidence I repose in your scrupulous taciturnity, are both of such mighty and prevailing power; as I cannot conceal any thing from you, which you covet to know. And therefore if you will swear unto me by the Cross of *Montefon*, that never (as you have already faithfully promised) you will disclose a secret so admirable; I will relate it unto you, and not otherwise. The Doctor sware, and sware again, then *Bruno* thus began.

Know then my learned and judicious Doctor, that it is not long time since, when there lived in this City of ours, a man very excellent in the Art of *Negromancy*, who named himself *Michale Scotto*, because he was a *Scottish* Man born: of many worthy Gentlemen (very few of them being now living) he was much honoured and respected. When he grew desirous to depart from hence, upon their earnest motion and entreaty, he left two of his Scholars behind him, men of absolute skill and experience: giving them especial charge and command, to do all possible services they could devise, for those Gentlemen who had so highly honoured him. The two famous Scholars, were very helpful to those Gentlemen, in divers of their Amorous occasions, and very many other matters beside.

Not long after, they finding the City, and behaviour of the People sufficiently pleasing to them; they resolved on their continuance here, entering into a League of love and Friendship with divers, never regarding whether they were Gentlemen, or no, or distinguishing the Poor from the Rich: but only in being conformable to their Complexions, Sociable, and fit for Friendship.

They created a kind of Society, consisting of about five and twenty men, who should meet together twice in a month, and in a place reputed convenient for them: where being so Assembled, every man uttered his mind to those two Scholars, in such cases as they most desired to have, wherewith they were all satisfied the self-same Night. It came so to pass that *Buffalmaco* and I, grew into Acquaintance with those two worthy Scholars, and our private familiarity together proved so prosperous, that we were admitted into the same Society, and so have ever since continued. Now Sir, I am to tell you a matter deserving admiration, and which (in very good judgements) would seem to exceed all belief. For, at every time when we were assembled together, you are not able to imagine, what sumptuous hangings of Tapestry did adorn the Hall where we sat at meat, the Tables covered in such Royal manner, waited on by numberless noble and goodly attendants, both men and women, serving readily at each mans command, of the Company. The Basins, Ewers, Pots, Flaggons, and all the vessels else which stood before, and for the service of our diet, being composed only of gold and silver, and out of no worse did we both eat and drink: the viands being very rare and dainty, abounding in plenty and variety, according to the appetite of every person, as nothing could be wished for or desired here in this world, but it was instantly obtained.

In good sadness Sir, I am not able to remember and tell you (within the compass of a thousand years) what, and how many several kinds of Musical Instruments, were continually played on before us; what multiplicity of Wax lights burned in all parts of the Rooms; neither the excessive store of rich Drugs, Marchpanes, Comfiets, and rare Banqueting stuff, consumed there at one feasting, wherein there wanted no bounty of the best and purest Wines. Nor do I (Master Doctor) repute you so weakly witted, as to think, that when we

were



were assembled there, any of us all were cloathed in such simple and mean Garments as ordinarily are worn in the Streets on mens bodies, or any so silly as the very best you have. No Sir, not any one man among us, but appear'd by his Apparel, equal to the greatest Emperour on the Earth, his Robe most sumptuously imbroidered with precious Stones, Pearls and Carbuncles, as all the World afforded not the like. But above all the rest, the delights and pleasures there are beyond my Capacity to express, or (indeed) any comparison: as namely, store of goodly and beautiful Women, brought thither from all parts of the World; always provided, if men be desirous of their Company: but for your easier comprehension, I will make some brief relation of them to you, according as I heard them there named.

There is the great Lady of *Barbanicchia*; the Queen of *Baschia*, the Wife to the great *Soldane*, the Empress of *Osbecho*; the *Ciancianfera* of *Nornura*; the *Semifante* of *Berlinzona*; and the *Scalpedra* of *Narsia*. But why do I break my Brain in numbring up so many to you? All the Queens of the World are there, even so far as to the *Schinchimurra* of *Prestor John*, that hath a horn in the midst of her posteriors, albeit not visible to every Eye.

Now I am further to tell you, that after we have tasted a Cup of precious Wine, fed on a few delicate Comfits, and danced a dance or two to the rare Musick: every one taketh a Lady by the hand, of whom he pleaseth to make his Election, and she conducteth him to her Chamber, in very grave and gracious manner. Concerning the Chambers there, each of them resembleth a Paradise to look on, they are so fair and goodly; and no less odoriferous in smell, than the sweetest perfumes in your Apothecaries Shops, or the rare compounds of Spices, when they are beaten in an open Mortar. And as for the Beds, they are infinitely richer, than the very costliest belonging to the Duke of *Venice*: yet (in such) each man is appointed to take his rest, the Musick of rare Cymbals lasting all Night long, much better to be by you considered, than in my rude Eloquence expressed.

But of all those rich and sumptuous Beds (if pride of mine own Opinion do not deceive me) them two provided for *Buffalmaco* and me, had hardly any equal, he having the Queen of *France* as his Lady and Mistress; and I, the renowned Queen of *England*, the only two choise Beauties of the whole World, and we appeared so pleasing in their Eyes, as they would have refused the greatest Monarchs on the Earth, rather than be rejected by us. Now therefore you may easily consider with your self, what great reason we have to live more merrily, than any other men can do: in receiving also from them (whensoever we please to command them) a thousand or two thousand Florins at the least, which are both truly and duly sent us. Enjoying thus the benefit of this high happiness; we that are Companions of this Society, do term it in our vulgar Language, *The Pyrates Voyage to Corsica*. Because, as Rovers or Pyrates rob and rake away the Goods of such as they meet withall, even so do we; only there remaineth this difference between us, that they never restore what they have taken: which we do immediately afterward, whether it be required or no. And thus Master Doctor, as to my most indeared Friend, I have now revealed the meaning of sayling to *Corsica*, after the manner of our private Pyracie, and how important the close retention of the Voyage is, you are best able your self to judge: In which regard, remember your Oaths and faithful Promises, or else I am undone for ever.

Our worthy wife Doctor, whose best skill scarcely extended so far as to cure the Itch in Children; gave such sound belief to the relation of *Bruno*, as any man could do, to the most certain truth of life and death: having his desire immeasurably inflamed to be made a member of this strange Society, which he more coveted, than any thing in the world beside, accounting it a felicity far beyond all other.

Whereupon he answered *Bruno*, that it was no great matter of marvel, if he lived so merrily as he did, having such a singular supply, to avoid all necessities whatsoever: and very hardly could he refrain from immediate request, to be accepted into the company. But yet he thought fit to defer it further, untill he had made *Bruno* more beholden to him, by friendly entertainments and other courtesies, when he might (with better hope) be bold to move the motion.



Well may you conceive, that nothing more hammer'd in the Doctor's head, than this rare Voyage to Corfica, and Bruno was his daily Guest at dinner and Supper, with such extraordinary appearances of kindness and courtesie, as if the Physitian could not live, except he had the Company of Bruno. Who seeing himself to be so lovingly respected, and hating ingratitude, for favours so abundantly heaped on him: he painted the whole story of Lent about his Hall, and an *Agnus Dei* fairly guilt, on the Portal of his Chamber, as also a goodly Urinal on his Street-door, to the end that such as had need of his Counsel, might know where so judicious a Doctor dwelt. In a Gallery likewise by his Garden, he painted the furious Battel between the Rats and Cats, which did (not a little) delight Master Doctor.

Moreover at such times as Bruno had not Supt with our Physitian, he would be sure to tell him on the Morrow, that the Night passed he had been in the Company which he did wot of. And there (quoth he) the Queen of England having somewhat offended me, I commanded that the *Gomedra*, belonging to the *Grand Cham* of *Tartaria*, should be brought me, and instantly she was. What may the meaning of *Gomedra* be? said the Doctor, I understand not those difficult Names. I believe you Sir, answered Bruno, nor do I need to marvel thereat: and yet I have heard *Porcograsso* speak, and also *Vannacenna*, and both unexperienced in our Language. You would say (replied the Doctor) *Hippocrates* and *Avicenna*, who were two admirable Physicians. It may be so (said Bruno) and as hardly do I understand your Names; but *Gomedra* in the *Grand Cham's* Language, signifies Empress in ours: But had you once seen her Sir, she would make you forget all Physical Observations, your Arguments, Receipts and Medicines, only to be in her heavenly presence; which words he used (perceiving his forward longing) to inflame him the more. Not long after, as the Doctor was holding the Candle to Bruno, at the perfecting the bloody Battel of the Cats and Rats, because he could never be wearyed in his Company, and therefore was the more willing to undergo the Office of the Candle-holder: he resolved to acquaint him with his mind, being alone by themselves, thus he began.

Bruno, as Heaven knoweth, there is not this day any Creature living, for whom I would gladly do more, than for thee, and the very least word of thy mouth, hath power to command me to go bare-footed, even from hence so far as to *Peretola*, and account my labour well employed for thy sake, wherefore never wonder at my continual kindness towards thee, using thee as my domestic Companion, and embracing thee as my bosom Friend, and therefore I am the bolder in moving one Request unto thee.

As thou well knowest, it is no long while since, when thou didst Acquaint me with the behaviour of the *Corfican* Roving-Company, to be one in so rare and excellent a Society, such hath been my earnest longing ever since, as Day nor Night have I enjoyed any Rest, but should think my Felicity beyond all compare, if I should be entertained in Fellowship among you.

Nor is this desire of mine but upon great occasion, as thy self shalt perceive, if I prove accepted into your Society, and let me then be made a mocking-stock for ever, if I cause not to come thither, one of the most delicate young Women, that ever any Eye beheld, and which I my self saw (not above a year since) at *Cacavineiglia*, on whom I bestowed my intirest Affection, and by the best Urinal that ever I gazed on, would have given her ten fair *Bologninaes*, to yield the matter I moved to her, which yet I could not (by any means) compass. Therefore with all the flowing faculties of my Soul I entreat thee, and all the very uttermost of my all indeed, to instruct me in those ways and means, whereby I may hope to be a Member of you. Which if thou dost accomplish for me, and I may find it effectually performed: I shall not only be thy True and Loyal Friend for ever, but will honour thee beside, beyond all men living.

I know thee to be a man of judgement, deeply informed in all well grounded Experience: thou seest what a proper, portly, and comely man I am, how fildy my Legs are answerable to my Body, my Looks amiable, lovely, and of a Rosie colour: beside I am a Doctor of Physick, of which Profession (being only most expedient) I think you have not one in your Society. I have many commendable qualities in me, as playing on divers Instruments, exquisite in Singing, and composing rare Ditties, whereof I will instantly sing you one. And so he began to sing.



*Bruno* was swoln so big with desire of laughter, that he had scarcely any power to refrain from it: nevertheless, he made the best means he could devise: and the Song being ended, the Physician said. How now *Bruno*? What is thine opinion of my singing? Believe me Sir, replied *Bruno*, the Vials of *Saggineli*, will lose their very best tunes, in contending against you, so mirilissically are the sweet accents of your voice heard. I tell thee truly *Bruno*, (answered Master Doctor) thou couldest not by any possibility have believed it, if thou hadst not heard it. In good sadness Sir (said *Bruno*) you speak most truly. I could (quoth the Doctor) sing thee infinite more beside, but at this time I must forbear them. Let me then further inform thee *Bruno*, that beside the compleat perfections thou seest in me, my Father, was a Gentleman, although he dwelt in a poor Countrey Village, and by my Mothers side, I am derived from them of *Vallecchio*. Moreover, as I formerly shewed thee, I have a goodly Library of Books, yea, and so fair and costly Garments, as few Physicians in *Florence* have the like. I protest to thee upon my faith, I have one Gown, which cost me (in ready mony) almost an hundred pounds in *Bagattinoes*, and it is not yet above ten years old. Wherefore let me prevail with thee good *Bruno*, to work so with the rest of thy friends, that I may be one of your singular Society; and, by the honest trust thou reposest in me, be boldly sick whensoever thou wilt, my pains and Physick shall be freely thine, without the payment of one single-penny. *Bruno* hearing his importunate words, and knowing him (as all men else did beside) to be a man of more words than wit, said. Master Doctor, snuff the Candle I pray you, and lend me a little more light with it hitherward, untill I have finished the tails of these Rats, and then I will answer you.

When the Rats tails were fully finished, *Bruno* declaring by outward behaviour, that he greatly distasted the matter moved, thus answered. Worthy Master Doctor, the courtesies you have already extended towards me, and the bountiful favours promised beside, I know to be exceeding great, and far beyond the compass of any merit in me. But concerning your request, albeit in respect of your admired brain and wisdom, it is of little or no moment at all; yet it appeareth over-mighty to me, and there is not any man now living in the world, that hath the like authority over me, and can more command me, than you (with one poor syllable) easily may do: as well in regard of my Love and Duty, as also your singular and sententious speeches, able not only to make me break a sound and settled resolution, but almost to remove mountains out of their places; and the more I am in your Learned Company, so much the faster am I linked unto you, in immoveable affection, so fare am I in love with your admirable qualities. And had I no other reason to affect you in such endeared manner, as I do; yet because you are enamoured of so rare a beauty, as you have already related to me, it only were a motive sufficient to compel me. But indeed I must needs tell you, that I have not so much power in this case as you (perhaps) do imagine, which barreth me from such forward readines, as otherwise needed not to be urged. Nevertheless, having so solemnly ingaged your faith to me, and no way misdoubting your faithful secrecy, I shall instruct you in some means to be observed; and it appeareth plainly to me, that being furnished with such plenty of Books as you are, and other rich endowments, as you have before rehearsed, you cannot but attain to the full understanding and period of your longing desire.

Speak boldly thy mind *Bruno*, answered the Doctor: for, I perceive thou hast no perfect knowledge of me as yet, neither what an especial gift I have of secrecy. Messer *Gasparino da Salicete*, when he was Judge and Potestare over the people of *Ferlini*, made choice of me (among infinite of his most endeared friends) to acquaint with a secret of no mean moment. And such a faithful Secretary he found me, as I was the only man, that knew his marriage with *Bergamino*; Why then should any distrust be made of me? If it be so as you say Sir, (answered *Bruno*), your credit is the sounder, and I dare the better adventure on your fidelity: the means then which you are to work by, I shall now direct you in.

We have always in this noble Society of ours, a Captain, and two Counsellors, which are changed at every six months end; and now at Christmas next (so near drawing on) *Buffalmaco* shall be elected Captain, and my self one of the



the Counsellors; for so it is already agreed on, and orderly set down. Now he that is Captain, may do much more than any other can, and appoint matters as himself pleaseth. Wherefore, I think it very expedient, that so soon as possibly you may, you procure acquaintance with *Buffalmaco*, entreating him withall respective courtesie. He is a man, who when he perceiveth you to be so wonderfully wise and discreet, he will immediately be in love with you: so, when you have your best senses about you, and your richest Garments on (always remembred) that your acquaintance first be fully confirmed, then never fear to urge your request, for he can have no power at all to deny you; because I have already spoken of you to him, and find him to stand affected to you very intirely: thus when you have began the business, leave me to deal with him in the rest.

Now trust me kind friend *Bruno*, replied the Physician, I like your advice exceeding well. For, if he be a man, that taketh delight to converse with men of skill and judgment, and you have made the way for his knowing me; he will even thirst, and long to follow after me, to understand the incredible Eloquence flowing from, me, and the rare composition of my Musical Ditties, out of which he may learn no mean wisdom. When the matter was thus agreed on between them, *Bruno* departed thence, and acquainted *Buffalmaco* with every circumstance: which made him think every day a year, untill he might joyn in the fooling of Master Doctor, according to his own fancy. Who being also as desirous on the other side, to make one in the *Corfican* Voyage; could rake no manner of rest, either by day or night, till he was greatly linked in friendship with *Buffalmaco*, which very quickly he compassed.

For now there wanted no costly dinners and suppers, with all delicacies could be devised, for the entertainment of *Buffalmaco* and *Bruno*; who like Guests very easie to be invited (where rich wines and good chear are never wanting) needed little sending for, because his house was as familiar to them, as their own. In the end, when the Physician espied an opportunity apt for the purpose, he made the same request to *Buffalmaco* as formerly he had done to *Bruno*. Whereat *Buffalmaco*, suddainly starting, and looking frowningly on *Bruno*, as if he were extraordinarily incensed against him: clapping his hand furiously on the Table, he said, I swear by the great God of *Pasignano*, that I can hardly refrain from giving thee such a blow on the face, as to make thy Nose fall at thy heels: vile Traitor as thou art: for none beside thy self, could discover so rare and excellent a secret unto this famous Physician. The Doctor, with very plausible and pleasing terms, excused the matter very artificially; protesting that another had revealed it unto him: and after many wise circumstantial allegations, at length he prevailed so far, that *Buffalmaco* was pacified; who afterwards turning in kind manner, thus he began.

Master Doctor, you have lived both at *Bologna*, and here in these parts with us, having (no doubt) sufficiently understood, what it is to keep a close mouth; I mean the true Character of taciturnity. Questionless, you never learned the A. B. C. as now foolish Ideots do, blabbing their Lessons all about the Town, which is much better apprehended by rumination; and surely (if I be not much deceived) your Nativity happened upon a Sunday morning. *Sol* being at that time Lord of the Ascendent, joyned with *Mercury* in a fiery Triplicity. By such conference as I have had with *Bruno*, I conceived (as he himself did) that you were very singular in Physick only: but it seemeth, your Studies reached a higher strain, for you have learned, and know very skilfully, how to steal mens hearts from them, yea, to bereave them of their very souls; which I perceive that you can far better do, than any man else living to my knowledge, only by your wise, witty, judicious, and more than meer *Mercurian* Eloquence, such as I never heard before.

The Physician interrupting him bashfully, turned himself to *Bruno*, saying. Did I not tell thee this before? Observe what a notable thing it is, to speak well, and to frequent the company of the Wise. A thousand other meerly blocks and dullards by nature, could never so soon comprehend all the peculiarities of my knowledge, as this honest and apprehensive man hath done. Thou didst not search into it half so soon, nor (indeed) did I express a quarter of my ingenuity to thee, as (since his coming) hath prodigally flown from me.



Well do I remember thy words that *Buffalmaco* delighted to be among men of wisdom: and have I not now fitted him unto his own desire? How thinkest thou *Bruno*? The best (quoth *Bruno*) that any man living in the World could do. Ah worthy *Buffalmaco*, answered the Physician: What wouldst thou then have said, if thou hadst seen me at *Bologna*, where there was neither great nor small, Doctor, nor Scholar, but thought themselves happy by being in my company? If I ought any debts I discharged them with my witty words: and whensoever I spake, I could set them all on a hearty laughter; so much pleasure they took in hearing me. And when I departed thence, no men in the world could be more sorrowful then they, as desiring nothing more than my remaining among them; which they expressed so apparently, that they made humble suit and intercession to me, to be the chief Reader of the Physick Lecture, to all the Scholars studying our profession. But I could not be so perswaded, because my mind was wholly addicted hither, to enjoy those Goods, Lands, and Inheritances, belonging lineally to them of our house, and accordingly I did perform it.

How now *Buffalmaco* (quoth *Bruno*) what is thine opinion now? Thou wouldst not believe me when I told thee, that there is not a Doctor in all these parts, more skilful in distinguishing the Urine of an Ass, from any other, than this expert and singular man: and I dare boldly maintain it, that his fellow is not to be found, from hence to the very Gates of Paris. Go then, and do thy uttermost endeavour that thou canst, to grant the request which he hath made.

Believe me *Buffalmaco*, said the Doctor, *Bruno* hath spoken nothing but truth, for I am scarcely known here in this City, where (for the most part) they are all gross witted people, rather than any jot judicious: but I would thou hadst seen me among the Doctors, in manner as I was wont to be. Introth Sir, replied *Buffalmaco*, you are much more learned than ever I imagined, in which respect, speaking unto you as it becometh me, to a man so excellent in wit and understanding, I dare assure you that (without any fail) I will procure you to be of our Company.

After this promise made, the good cheer, favours and kindneses done by the Doctor to them, was beyond the compass of all relation: wherof they made no more than a meer mockery, flouting him to his face, and yet his wisdom could not discern it. Moreover, they promised that they would give him to Wife, the fair Countess *di Civillari*, who was the only goodliest Creature to be found in the whole *Cullattario* of humane generation. The Doctor demanded what Countess that was; Oh Sir, answered *Buffalmaco*, she is a great Lady, one worthy to have issue by; and few houses are there in the world, where she hath not some jurisdiction and command: so that not mean people only, but even the greatest Lords, at the sound of her Trumpets, do very gladly pay her tribute. And I dare boldly affirm, that whensoever she walketh to any place, she yieldeth a hot and sensible favour, albeit she keepeth most of all close. Yet once every night, she duly observeth it (as a Custom) to pass from her own house, to bath her feet in the River of *Arno*, and take a little of the sweet Air: albeit her continual residence, is within the Kingdom of *Laterino*.

She seldome walketh abroad, but goeth with her attending Officers about her, who (for more demonstration of her greatness) do carry the Rod and Plummet of Lead. Store of her Lords and Barons are every where to be seen; as the *Tamagnino della porta*, *Don Mota di Sirropa*; *Manico di Scopa*; *Signior Squacchera*, and others beside, who are (as I suppose) oftentimes your daily visitants, when of necessity they must be remembered. All our care and courtesie shall extend so far (if we do not fail in our Enterprize) to leave you in the Arms of so majestick a Lady, quite forgetting her of *Cacavinciglia*.

The Physician that was born and brought up at *Bologna*, and therefore understood not these *Florentine* tearms, became fully contented to enjoy the Lady; and without some few days following, the Painters brought him tidings, that they had prepared the way for his Entertainment into the Society of Rovers. The day being come, when the supposed Assembly was to be made the Night following: The Physician invited them both to dinner; when he demanding, what provision he should make for his entrance into their company, *Buffalmaco* returned him this answer, whereto he gave heedful attention.

Master



Master Doctor, you must be first of all, strongly armed with resolution and confidence: for, if you be not, you may not only receive hindrance, but also do us great harm beside: and now you shall hear, in what manner, and how you are to be bold and constant. You must procure the means this instant night, when all the people be in their soundest sleep, to stand upon one of those high exalted Tombs or Monuments, which are in the Churchyard of *Santa Maria Novella*, with the very fairest Gown you have about you, because you may appear in the more honourable condition, before the Assembly seated together, and likewise to make good our speeches already delivered of you, concerning your quality and profession: that the Countess, perceiving you to be a worthy Gentleman, may have you first honoured with the Bath, and afterward Knighted at her own cost and charge. But you must continue still upon the Tombe (dreadless of nightly apparitions and visions) untill such time as we send for you.

And for your better information in every particular; a Beast black and horned, but of no great stature, will come to fetch you: perhaps he will use some ghastly noises, strange leaps, and lofty tricks, only to terrifie and affright you: but when he perceiveth that he cannot daunt you: he will gently come near you, which when he hath done, you may descend from off the Tombe; and without naming or thinking on God, or any of his Saints, mount boldly on his back; for he will stand ready to receive you. Being so seated, close your Arms over your breast, without presuming to touch or handle the Beast, for he will carry you thence softly, and bring you along to the Company. But if in all this time of your travel, you call on Heaven, any Saint, or be possessed with the least thought of fear: I must plainly tell you, that either he will cast you dangerously, or throw you into some noisome place. And therefore, if you know your self, not to be of a constant courage, and sprightly bold, to undertake such an adventure as this: never presume any further, because you may do us a great deal of injury, without any gain or benefit to your self, but rather such wrong, as we would be very sorry should happen unto so dear a friend.

Alas honest *Buffalmo*, answered the Physician, thou art not half acquainted with me as yet: because I walk with Gloves upon my hands, and in a long Gown, thou perhaps dost imagine me a faint hearted fellow. If thou didst know, what I have heretofore done at *Bologna* in the night-time, when I and my Conforts went to visit pretty wenches, thou wouldest wonder at my courageous attempts. As I am a Gentleman, one night we met with a young *Bona Roba*, a paltry green-sickness baggage, scarcely above a Cubit in height, and because she refused to go with us willingly, I gave her a kick on the Bum, and spurn'd her more than a Cross bow shoot in distance from me, and made her walk with us whether she would, or no. Another time I remember, when having no other Company but my Boy, I went through the Churchyard of the Fryers Minors, after the sounding of *Ave Mary*: a woman had been buried there the very same day, and yet I was not a jot afraid.

Wherefore, never be distrustful of me, but resolutely build upon my courage. And in regard of my more honourable entertainment, I will then wear my Scarlet Gown and Hood, wherein I received my graduation; and then do both of you observe, what a rejoycing will there be amongst the whole Company, at the entertaining of such a man as I am, enough to create me Captain immediately. You shall perceive also how the case will go, after I have been there but a while, in regard that the Countess (having as yet never seen me) is so deeply enamoured of me: she cannot chuse but bestow the Bath and Knight-hood on me, which she shall have the more honour of, in regard I am well able to maintain it, therefore refer all the rest to me, and never misdoubt your injury or mine.

Spoken like a Gallant, replied *Buffalmo*, and I fear not now, but we shall win credit by your Company. But be carefull I pray you, that you make not a mockery of us, and come not at all, or fail to be there, when the Beast shall be sent for you; I speak it the rather, because it is cold weather, and you Gentlemen Physicians can hardly endure it. You are careful of me (quoth the Doctor) and I thank you for it, but I applaud my fair Stars, I am none of your nice or easie frozen fellows, because cold weather is very familiar to me.



me. I dare assure you, when I arise in the Night-time, for that natural office whereto all men are subject, I wear no warmer defence, than my thin Waistcoat over my Shirt, and find it sufficient for the coldest weather at any time.

When *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco* had taken their leave, the Physician so soon as Night drew near, used many apt excuses to his Wife, stealing forth his Scarlet Gown and Hood, unseen of any, wherewith being cloathed, at the time appointed, he got upon one of the Marble Tombs, staying there ( quaking with Cold ) awaiting when the Beast should come. *Buffalmaco* being a lusty tall man of person, had got an ugly masking Suit, such as are made use of in Tragedies and Plays, the outside being of black shagged hair, wherewith being cloathed, he seemed like a strange deformed Bear, and a Devil's vizard over his Face, with two ghastly horrible horns : and thus disguised, *Bruno* following him, they went to behold the issue of the business, so far as the new Market-place, close to *Santa Maria Novella*.

Having espyed Master Doctor upon the Tomb, *Buffalmaco* in his mishapen habit, began to bound, leap, and carrier, snuffing and blowing in mad and raging manner : which when the Physician saw, his hair stood on end, he quaked and trembled, as being more fearful than a Woman, wishing himself at home again in his House, rather than to behold a Sight so dreadful. But because he was come forth, and had such an earnest desire to see the Wonders related to him ; he made himself so couragious as possibly he could, and bare all out in formal manner. After that *Buffalmaco* had ( an indifferent while ) played his Horse-tricks, ramping and stamping somewhat strangely : seeming as become of much milder temper, he went near to the Tomb whereon the Physician stood, and there appeared to stay contentedly.

Master Doctor, trembling and quaking still extreamly, was so far dismayed, as he knew not what was best to be done, either to mount on the Beasts back, or not to mount at all. In the end, thinking no harm could happen to him, if he were once mounted, with the second fear he expelled the former, and descending down softly from the Tomb, mounted on the Beast, saying out aloud : God, Saint *Dominick*, and my blessed *Angel* help to defend me. Seating himself so well as he could, but trembling still exceedingly, he crossed his Arms over his Stomach, according to the Lesson given him.

Then *Buffalmaco* shaped his course in mild manner, towards *Santa Maria della Scala*, and groaping to find his way in the dark, went on so far as the Sisters of *Ripole*, commonly called the *Virgin Sanctuary*. Not far off from thence, were divers trenches and ditches wherein such men as are employed in necessary Night services, used to empty the Countess *di Cimmillari*, and afterward employed it for manuring of Husbandmens grounds. *Buffalmaco* being come near one of them, he stayed to breath himself a while, and then catching fast hold on one of the Doctors feet, raised him somewhat higher on his back, for the easier discharging of his burthen, and so pitched him ( with his head forwards ) into the Ley-stall.

Then began he to make a dreadful kind of noise, stamping and trampling with his feet, passing back again to *Santa Maria della Scala*, and to *Prato d' Ognisanti*, where he met with *Bruno*, who was constrained to forsake him, because he could not refrain from loud laughter ; then both together went back once more, to see how the Physician would behave himself, being so sweetly embued.

Master Doctor seeing himself to be in such an abominable stinking place, laboured with all his utmost endeavour, to get himself released thence : but the more he contended and strove for getting forth, he plunged himself the further in, being most pitifully mired from head to foot, sighing and sorrowing extraordinarily, because much of the foul water entred in at his mouth. In the end, being forced to leave his hood behind him, scrambling both with his hands and feet, he got landing out of his stinking Labyrinth, and having no other means, home he returned to his own house, where knocking at the door, he was at length admitted entrance. The door being scarce made fast again after his letting in, *Buffalmaco* and *Bruno* were there arived, listning how Master Doctor should be welcomed home by his angry Wife : who scoulding and railing at him with wonderful impatience, gave him most hard and bitter speeches, terming him the vilest man living.



Where have you been Sir? quoth she. Are you become a Night-walker after other Women? And could no worse Garments serve your turn, but your Doctors Gown of Scarlet? Am I to suffer this behaviour? Or am not I sufficient for you, but you must be longing after change? I would thou hadst been stifled in that foul filth, where thy fouler Life did justly cast thee. Behold, goodly Master Doctor of the Ley-stall; who being married to an honest Woman, must yet go abroad in the Night-time, insatiably Lustful after Whores and Harlots. With these and the like intemperate Speeches, she ceased not to afflict and torment him, till the Night was almost spent, and the Doctor brought into a sweeter favour.

The next morning, Bruno and Buffalmaco, having coloured their Bodies with a strange kind of Painting, resembling blisters, swellings, and bruises, as if they had been extremely beaten; came to the Physicians House, finding him to be newly up, all the house yet smelling of his foul favour (although it had been very well perfumed) and being admitted to him in the Garden, he welcomed them with the Mornings salutations. But Bruno and Buffalmaco (being otherwise provided for him) delivering stearn and angry looks, stamping and chafing, Bruno thus replied.

Never speak so fair and flattering to us, for we are moved beyond all compass of Patience. All misfortunes in the world fall upon you, and an evil death may you die, like the most false and perfidious Traytor living upon Earth. We must beat our brains, and move all our most endeared Friends, only for your honour and advancement: while we were well near starved to death in the Cold like Dogs, and, by your breach of promise, have been this Night to extremely beaten, as if (like Asses) we should have been driven to Rome.

But that which is most grievous of all, is danger of excluding out of the Society, where we took good order for your admittance, and for your most honourable Entertainment. If you will not credit us, behold our Bodies, and let your own Eyes be witnesses, in what cruel manner we have been beaten. So taking him aside under the Gallery, where they might not be discovered by over-much light, they opened their bosoms, shewed him their painted Bodies, and sodainly closed them up again.

The Physician laboured to excuse himself, declaring his misfortunes at large, and into what a filthy place he was thrown. It maketh no matter (answered Buffalmaco) I would you had been thrown from off the Bridge into Arno, where you might have been recommended to the Devil, and all his Saints. Did I not tell you so much before? In good sadness (quoth the Doctor) I neither commended my self to God, nor any of his Saints. How? said Buffalmaco, I am sure you will maintain an untruth: you used a kind of recommendation: for our Messenger told us, that you talked of God, Saint Dominick, and your good Angel, whom you desired to assist you, being so affrighted with fear, that you trembled like a leaf upon a Tree, not knowing indeed where you were. Thus have you unfaithfully dealt with us, as never any man shall do the like again in seeking honour, and losing it through your own negligence.

Master Doctor humbly entreated pardon, and that they would not revile him any more, labouring to appease them by all the best words he could use, as fearing least they should publish this great disgrace of him. And whereas (before) he gave them gracious welcoms, now he redoubled them with far greater Courtesies, feasting them daily at his own Table, and evermore delighting in their Company. Thus (as you have heard) two poor Painters of Florence, taught Master Doctor better Wit, than all he learned at Bologna.



*A Curtezan, named Madam Biancafiore, by her subtle policy deceived a young Merchant called Salabetto, of all his money he had taken for his wares at Palermo. Afterward he making shew of coming thither again with far richer Merchandises than before : made the means to borrow a great sum of money of her, leaving her so base a pawn, as well requited her for her former consenage.*

## The Tenth NOVEL.

*Whereby appeareth, that such as meet with cunning Harlots, and suffer themselves to be deceived by them, must sharpen their wits, to make them requital in the self-same kind.*

**N**eedless it were to question, whether the Novel related by the Queen, in divers passages thereof, moved the Ladies to hearty laughter, and likewise to compassionate sighs and tears ; as pitying Madam Helena in her hard misfortune, and yet applauding the Scholar for his just revenge. But the Discourse being ended, *Dioneus*, who knew it was his Office to be the last speaker every day, after silence was commanded, he began in this manner.

Worthy Ladies, it is a matter very manifest, that deceits do appear so much the more pleasing, when ( by the self-same means ) the subtle deceiver is detestably deceived. In which respect, though you all have reported very singular deceits : yet I mean to tell you one, that may prove as pleasing to you, as any of your own. And so much the rather, because the woman deceived, was a great and cunning Mistress in beguiling others ; equalling ( if not excelling ) any of your former beguilers.

It hath been observed heretofore, and ( happily ) at this very day it is as frequent, that in all Cities and Towns upon the Sea Coasts, having Ports for the benefit and vending of Marchandises, Merchants use to bring their wealthy laden Vessels thither. And when they unlade any ship of great freight, there are prepared Store-houses, which in many places are called *Magazines* or *Doganæ*, at the charge of the Communalty, or Lord of the Town or City, for the use whereof, they receive yearly gain and benefit. Into those Ware-houses, they deliver ( under writing, and to the owners of them in especial charge ) all their Goods and Merchandises, of what price and value soever they are.

Such as be the Owners of these *Magazines*, when the wares are thus stored up in them, do safely lock them up there with their Keys, having first registred down truly all the Goods, in the Register belonging to the Custom-house, that the Merchant may have a just Account rendred him, and the rights payed to the Custom-house, according to the Register, and as they are either in part, or in all made sale of.

Brokers are continually there attending, being informed in the quality of the Merchandises stored, and likewise to what Merchants they appertain : by means of these men, and according as the goods come to their hands, they devise to have them exchanged, trucked, vented, and such other kinds of dispatches, answerable to the mens minds, and worth of the Commodities. As in many other Kingdoms and Countreys, so was this custom observed at *Palermo* in *Sicily*, where likewise then were, and ( no doubt ) now a days are, store of women, fair and comely of person, but yet vowed Enemies to honesty.

Nevertheless, by such as know them not, they are held and reputed to be blameless women, and by yielding their bodies unto general use, are the occasion



of infinite misfortunes to men. For so soon as they espy a Merchant-stranger there arrived, they win information from the Book belonging to the Magazin, what wares are therein stored, of what value they be, and who is the Owner of them. Afterwards, by Amorous actions, and affable speeches, they assist young Merchants to take knowledge of them, to be familiar in their Company, till from some they get most part of their wealth, from others all. Nay, divers have gone so far, as to make Port sale of Ship, Goods, and Person: so cunningly they have been shaven by these Barbers, and yet without any Razor.

It came to pass, and no long time since, that a young *Florentine* of ours, named *Niccolò da Cignano*, but more usually called *Salabetto*, imployed as Factor for his Master, arrived at *Palermo*; his Ship stowed with many woollen Cloaths, a remainder of such as had been sold at the Mart of *Salerno*, amounting in value to above five hundred Florins of Gold. When he had given in his packet to the Custom-house, and made them up safe in his Ware-house; without making shew of desiring any speedy dispatch, he delighted to view all parts of the City, as mens minds are continually addicted to Novelities. He being a very fair and affable young man, easie to kindle Affection in a very modest Eye: it fortuned that a Courtezan, one of our before remembred shavers, who termed her self *Madam Biancasciro*, having heard somewhat concerning his Affairs, began to dart Amorous glances at him, which the indiscreet young Youth perceiving, and thinking her to be some great Lady: began also to grow half perswaded that his comely Person was pleasing to her, and therefore he would carry this good fortune of his somewhat cautiously. Without imparting his mind unto any one, he would daily pass to and fro before her dore; which she observing, and having indifferently wounded him with her wanton piercing looks, she began to use the first trick of her Trade, by pretending her enflamed affection towards him, which made her pine and consume away in care, except he might be moved to pity her. Whereupon she sent one of her *Pandoraes* unto him, perfectly instructed in the Art of a *Maquerella*, who (after many counterfeited sighs and tears, which she had always ready at command) told him; that his comely Person and compleat perfections, had so wounded the very Soul of her Mistress, as she could enjoy no Rest in any place, either by Day or Night. In regard whereof, she desired (above all things else) to meet with him privately in a Bath: with which words, she straightway took a Ring forth of her Purse, and in most humble manner, deliverd it unto him, as a token from her Mistress.

*Salabetto* having heard the message, was the only joyful man that could be: and having received the Ring, looking on it advisedly; first kissed it, and then put it upon his finger. Then in answer to the messenger, he said: That if her Mistress *Biancasciro* affected him, she sustained no loss thereby, in regard he loved her as fervently, and was ready to be commanded by her, at any time whensoever she pleased, with his best services.

She having delivered the message of her Mistress, was presently (with all speed) returned back again to him, to let him understand, in which of the Baths she meant to meet him, on the next morrow in the Evening. This being Counsel for himself only to keep, he imparted it not to any friend whatsoever; but when the hour appointed for their private meeting was come, he went into the place where he was appointed, a Bath belike best agreeing with such kind of business.

Not long had he tarried there, but two women slaves came laden to him, the one bearing a Mattress of fine Fustian on her head, and the other a great Basket filled with many things. Having spread the Mattress in a fair Chamber on a Couch-bed, they covered it with delicate white Linnen sheets, all about embroidered with fair fringes of Gold; then laid they on costly quilts of fine and rich Silks, artificially wrought with Gold and Silver knots, having pearls and precious stones interwoven among them, and two such rich Pillows, as seldom before the like had been seen.

*Salabetto* putting off his Garments, entred the Bath prepared for him, where the two Slaves washed his body very neatly. Soon after came *Biancasciro* her self, attended on by two other women slaves, and seeing *Salabetto* in the Bath; making him a lowly reverence, breathing forth infinite dissembling sighs



sighs and grievous groans, the tears trickling down her cheeks a main, kissing and embracing him, thus she spake.

I know not what man in the world, beside thy self, could have the power to bring me hither : the fire flew from thy fair Eyes ( O thou incomparable lovely *Tuscane* ) that melted my soul, and makes me only live at thy command. Then hurling off her light wearing Garments ( because she came prepared for the purpose ) she stepped into the Bath to him, and not permitting the Slaves a while to come near, none but her self must now lave his body, with Musk compounded Sope and Gilly flowers. Afterward, the Slaves washed both him, and her, bringing two goodly sheets, soft, and white, yielding such a delicate smell of Roses, even as if they had been made of Rose-leaves. In the one they folded *Salabetto*, and her in the other, and so presently conveyed them on their shoulders unto the prepared Bed-Couch, where because they should not sweat any longer, they took the sheets from about them, and circumspectly laid them both together gently in the Bed.

Then they opened the Basket, wherein were divers goodly Silken bottles, some filled with Rose-waters, others with flowers of Oranges, and waters distilled of Gelsomnie, Musk, and Amber-greece, wherewith ( again ) the Slaves bathed their bodies in the bed, and afterward presented them with variety of Comfits, as also very precious Wines, serving them instead of a little Collation. *Salabetto* supposed himself to be in Paradise : for this appeared to be no earthly joy, bestowing a thousand glad some gazes on her, who ( questionless ) was a most beautiful creature, and the tarrying of the Slaves, seemed millions of years to him, that he might more freely embrace his *Biancifero*. Leaving a wax Taper lighted in the Chamber, the Slaves departed, and then she sweetly embracing *Salabetto* bestowed those favours on him, and was not squeamish in affording ; whereof he was exceeding joyful, because he imagined that they proceeded from the integrity of her affection towards him.

When she thought it convenient time to depart thence, the Slaves returned ; they cloathed themselves, and had a Banquet standing ready prepared for them ; wherewith they cheered their wearied spirits, after they had first washed in odoriferous waters. At parting : *Salabetto* ( quoth she ) whensoever thy leisure shall best serve thee, I will repute it as my chiefest happiness, that thou wilt accept a Supper and Lodging in my house, which let it be this instant Night, if thou canst. He being absolutely caught, both by her beauty and flattering behaviour : believed faithfully, that he was as intirely beloved of her, as the heart is of the body : whereupon he thus answered. Madam, whatsoever pleaseth you, must needs be much more acceptable unto me : and therefore, not only may command my service this Night, but likewise the whole employment of my Life, to be only yours in my very best studies and endeavours.

No sooner did she hear this answer, but she returned home to her own house, which she decked in most sumptuous manner, and also made ready a costly Supper, expecting the arrival of *Salabetto* : who when the dark Night was indifferently well entred, went thither, and was welcomed with wonderful kindness, wanting no costly Wines and Delicates all the Supper while. Being afterward conducted into a goodly Chamber, he smelt there admirable sweet scenting favours, such as might well beseem a Prince's Palace. He beheld a most costly Bed, and very rich furniture round about the Room : which when he had considered to himself, he was constantly perswaded, that she was a Lady of infinite wealth ; And although he had heard divers flying tales and reports concerning her life ; yet he would not credit any thing amiss of her, for albeit she might ( perhaps ) beguile some other ; yet she affected him ( he thought ) in better manner, and no such misfortune could happen him.

Having spent all the Night with her in wanton dalliances, and being risen in the morning ; to enflame his affection more and more towards her, and to prevent any ill opinion he might conceive of her, she bestowed a rich and costly Girdle on him, as also a purse most curiously wrought, saying to him. My sweet *Salabetto*, with these testimonies of my true affection to thee, I give thee faithfully to understand, that as my person is wholly subjected thine ; so this house and all the riches in it, remaineth absolutely at thy disposition, or whatsoever hereafter shall happen within the compass of my power.

He



He being not a little proud of this her bountiful offer (having never bestowed any gift on her, because by no means she would admit it) after many sweet kisses and embraces, departed thence, to the place where the Merchants usually frequented: resorting to her (from time to time) as occasion served, and paying not one single penny for all his wanton pleasure, by which cunning baits (at length) she caught him.

It came to pass, that having made sale of all his Cloathes, whereby he had great gains, and the moneys justly payed him at the just times appointed: *Biancafiore* got intelligence thereof, yet not by him, but from one of the Brokers. *Salabetto* coming one Night to Sup with her, she embraced and kissed him as she was wont to do, and seeming so wonderfully addicted in love to him, even as if she would have dyed with delight in his Arms. Instantly, she would needs bestow two goodly gilt standing Cups on him, which *Salabetto* by no means would receive, because she had formerly been very bountiful to him, to above the value of one hundred Crowns, and yet she would not take of him so much as a mite. At length, pressing still more tokens of her love and bounty on him, which he as courteously denied, as she kindly offered: one of her Women-Slaves (as she had before cunningly appointed) suddenly calling her, forthwith she departed out of the Chamber. And when she had continued a pretty while absent, she returned again weeping, and throwing her self down upon her Pallet, breathed forth such sighs and woful lamentations, as no Woman could possibly do the like.

*Salabetto* amazedly wondering thereat, took her in his Arms, and weeping also with her, said. Alas my dear Love, what sudden Accident hath befallen you, to urge this lamentable Alteration? If you love me, hide it not from me. After he had often entreated her in this manner, casting her Arms about his Neck, and sighing as if her heart would break, thus she replied.

Ah *Salabetto*, the only Jewel of my joy on Earth, I know not what to do, or say, for (even now) I received Letters from *Messina*, wherein my Brother writes to me, that although it cost the sale of all my Goods, or whatsoever else I have beside, I must (within Eight days space) not fail to send him a Thousand Florins of Gold, or else he must have his Head smitten off, and I know not by what means to procure them so soon. For, if the limitation of fifteen days might serve the turn, I could borrow them in a place, where I can command a far greater Sum, or else I would sell some part of our Lands. But being no way able to furnish him so soon, I would I had dyed before I heard these dismal Tydings. And in uttering these words, she graced them with such cunning dissembled sorrow, as if she had meant truly indeed.

*Salabetto*, in whom the fury of his Amorous flames, had consumed a great part of his necessary understanding, believing these counterfeited tears and complaints of hers, to proceed from an honest meaning soul; rashly and foolishly thus replied. Dear *Biancafiore*, I cannot furnish you with a thousand golden Florins, but am able to lend you five hundred, if I were sure of their repayment at fifteen days, wherein you are highly beholdling to Fortune, that I have made Sail of all my Cloaths: which if they had lyen still on my hand, my power could not stretch to lend you five Florins. Alas dear hear heart (quoth she) would you be in such want of money, and hide it from her that loves you so loyally: Why did you not make your need known to me? Although I am not furnished of a thousand Florins, yet I have always ready three or four hundred by me, to do any kind office for my friend. In thus wronging me, you have robbed me of all boldness, to presume upon your offer made me. *Salabetto*, far faster inveigled by these words than before, said, Let not my folly (bright *Biancafiore*) cause you to refuse my friendly offer, in such a case of extrem necessity; I have them ready prepared for you, and am heartily sorry, that my power cannot furnish you with the whole Sum.

Then catching him fast in her Arms, thus she answered. Now I plainly perceive, my dearest *Salabetto*, that the love thou bearest me is true and perfect; when without expectation of being requested, thou art ready to succour me in such an urgent need, and with so fair a sum of Florins. Sufficiently was I thine own before, but now am much more engaged by so high deserving; with this particular acknowledgement for ever that my Brothers Head was redeemed by thy goodness only. Heaven beareth me record, how unwilling I am to be beholdling



beholding in this kind, considering that you are a Merchant, and Merchants furnish all their Affairs with ready money: but seeing necessity constraineth me, and I make no doubt of repayment at the time appointed; I shall the more boldly accept your kindness, with this absolute promise beside, that I will rather sell all the houses I have then break my honest word with you.

Counterfeit tears stil draining down her cheeks, and *Salabetto* kindly comforting her; he continued there with her all that Night, to express himself her most liberal servant. And, without expecting any more requesting, the next morning he brought her the five hundred Florins, which she received with a laughing heart, but outward dissembled weeping Eyes; *Salabetto* never demanding any other security, but only her single promise.

*Biancafiora*, having thus received the five hundred Florins, the indication of the Almanack began to alter: and whereas (before) *Salabetto* could come see her whensoever he pleased, many occasions now happened, whereby he came seven times for once, and yet his entrance was scarcely admitted, neither was his entertainment so affable, or his cheer so bountiful, as in his former access thither. Moreover when the time of repayment was come, yea a month or two over past, and he demanded to have his money; he could have nothing but words for payment. Now he began to consider on the craft and cunning of this wicked woman, as also his own shallow understanding, knowing he could make no proof of his debt but what her self listned to say, having no witness, specialty, bill or bond to shew, which made his folly so shameful to him, that he durst not complain to any person, because he had received some advertisements before, whereto he would by no means listen, and now should have no other amends, but publick infamy, scorn and disgrace, which made him almost weary of his life, and much to bemoan his own unhappiness. He received also divers Letters from his Master, to make return of the 500 Florins over by way of bank, according as he had used to do, but now could perform no such matter.

Hereupon, because his error should not be discovered, he departed in a small Vessel thence, not making for *Pisa*, as he should have done, but directly for *Naples* he shaped his course. At that instant lodged there, *Don Pietro della Conigiano*, Treasurer of the Emperess of *Constantinople*, a man of great wisdom and understanding, as also very ingenious and politick, he being an especial Favourer of *Salabetto* and all his friends, which made him presume the more boldly (being urged thereto by meer necessity, the best corrector of wandring wits) to acquaint him with his lamentable misfortune, in every particular as it had happened, requesting his Ayd, and advice, how he might best wear out the rest of his days, because he never meant to visit *Florence* any more.

*Conigiano* being much displeased at the repetition of his folly, sharply reprov'd him, saying. Thou hast done lewdly, in carrying thy self so loosely, and spending thy Masters Goods so carelessly; which though I cannot truly rearm spent, but rather art meerly coufused and cheated of them, yet thou seest at what a dear rate thou hast purchased pleasure, which yet is not utterly helpless, but may by one means or other be recovered. And being a man of wonderful apprehension, advised him instantly what was to be done, furnishing him also with a sum of money, wherewith to adventure a second loss, in hope of recovering the first again: he caused divers Packets to be well bound up, with the Merchants marks orderly made on them, and brought about twenty Buts or Barrels, all filled (as it were) with Oyl; and these pretended commodities being shipt, *Salabetto* returned to *Palermo*: Where having given in his Packs to the Custom-house, and entred them all under his own Name, as being both owner and factor; all his Wares were lockt up in his Magazine with open publication, That he would not vent any of them, before other merchandises (which he daly expected) were there also arrived.

*Biancafiora* having heard thereof, and understanding withal, that he had brought Merchandises now with him, amounting to above two thousand Florins, staying also in expectation of other commodities, valuing better than three thousand more, she began to consider with her self, that she had not yet gotten money enough from him, and therefore would cast a figure for a far bigger booty. Which that she might the better effect, without so much as an imagination of the least mistrust; she would repay him back his five hundred Florins, to win from him a larger portion of two or three thousand at the least, and having thus



thus settled her determination, she sent to have him come speak with her. *Salabetto* having been soundly bitten before, and therefore the better warranted from the like rankling teeth, willingly went to her, not shewing any sign of former discontent; and she, seeming as if she knew nothing of the wealth he brought with him, gracing him in as loving manner as ever she had done, thus she spake.

I am sure *Salabetto* you are angry with me, because I restorded not your Florins at my promised day. *Salabetto* smiling, presently answered. Believe me Lady, (quoth he) it did a little distaste me, even as I could have been offended with him, that should pluck out my heart and bestow it on you, if it would yield you any contentment. But to let you know unfeignedly, how much I am incensed with Anger against you: such and so great is the Affection I bear you, that I have sold the better part of my whole Estate, converting the same into wealthy Merchandises, which I have already brought hither with me, and valuing above two thousand Florins, all which are stored up in my *Magazin*. There must they remain, till another Ship come forth of the Western parts, wherein I have a much greater Adventure, amounting unto more than three thousand Florins. And my purpose is, to make my aboad here in this City, which hath won the sole possession of my heart, only in regard of my *Biancafiore*, to whom I am so intirely devoted, as both my self, and whatsoever else is mine (now or hereafter) is dedicated only to her service; whereto thus she replied.

Now trust me *Salabetto*, whatsoever redoundeth to thy good and benefit, is the chiefest comfort of my soul, in regard I prize thy love dearer than my own life, and am most joyful of thy return hither again; but much more of thy still abiding here, because I intend to live only with thee, so soon as I have taken order for some business of import. In the mean while, let me entreat thee to hold me excused, because, before thy departure hence, thou camest sometimes to see me, without thy entrance admitted; and other whiles again, found not such friendly entertainment, as formerly had been afforded. But indeed and above all the rest, in not repaying the money according to my promise. But consider my sweet *Salabetto*, in what great trouble and affliction of mind I then was in, both in regard of my Brother's danger, and other important occurrences beside, which molestations do much distract the senses, and hinder kind courtesie, which otherwise would be extended liberally.

Last of all consider also, how difficult a thing it is for a woman so suddenly to raise the sum of a thousand Golden Florins when one friend promiseth, and performeth not; another protesteth, yet hath no such meaning; a third sweareth, and yet proveth a false Lye: so that by being thus ungently used, a breach is made between the best friends living. From hence it proceeded, and no other defect else, that I made not due return of your five hundred Florins. No sooner were you departed hence, but I had them ready, and as many more, and could I have known whither to send them, they had been with you long time since, which because I could not (by any means) compass, I kept them still for you in continual readiness, as hoping of your coming again. So causing a purse to be brought, wherein the same Florins were, which he had delivered her; she gave it into his hand, and prayed him to count them over, whether there were so many, or no.

Never was *Salabetto's* heart half so joyful before; and having counted them, found them to be his own five hundred Florins: then, putting them up into his pocket, he said. Comfort of my life, Full well I know that whatsoever you have said, is most certain; but let us talk no more of falshood in friendship, or casual accidents happening unexpected: you have dealt with me like a most loyal Mistress, and here I protest unfeignedly to you, that as well in respect of this kind courtesie, as also the constancy of mine Affection to you, you cannot request hereafter a far greater sum of me, to supply any necessary occasion of yours; but (if my power can perform it) you shall assuredly find it certain: make proof thereof whensoever you please, after my other Goods are Landed, and I have established my Estate here in your City.

Having in this manner renewed his wonted amity with her, and with words far enough off from all further meaning, *Salabetto* began again to frequent her company, she expressing all former familiarity, and shewing her self as lavishly bountifull to him, in all respects as before she had done, nay many times in more magnificent manner.

But



But he intending to punish her notorious treachery towards him, when she left him as an open scorn to the world, wounded with disgrace, and quite out of credit with all his friends : the having ( on a day ) solemnly invited him to sup and lodge in her house all night ; he went, both with sad and melancholly looks, seeming as overcome with extremity of sorrow. *Biancafiore* marveling at this strange alteration in him, sweetly kissing and embracing him : would needs know the reason of his passionate affliction, and he permitting her to urge the question often times together, without returning any direct answer ; to quit her in her kind, and with coin of her own stamp, after a few dissembled sighs, he began in this manner.

Ah my dearest Love, I am utterly undone, because the Ship containing the rest of mine expected Merchandises, is taken by the Pirates of *Monago*, and put to the ransom of ten thousand Florins of Gold, and my part particularly, is to pay one thousand. At this instant I am utterly destitute of money, because the five hundred Florins which I received of you, I sent hence the next day following to *Naples*, to buy more Cloaths, which likewise are to be sent hither. And if I should now make sale of the Merchandises in my Magazin ( the time of general utterance being not yet come ) I shall not make a pennyworth for a penny. And my misfortune is the greater, because I am not so well known here in your City, as to find some succour in such an important distress ; wherefore I know not what to do or say. Moreover, if the money be not speedily sent, our Goods will be carryed into *Monago*, and then they are past all redemption utterly.

*Biancafiore* appearing greatly discontented, as one verily perswaded, that this pretended loss was rather hers, then his, because she aimed at the mainest part of all his wealth : began to consider with her self, which was the likeliest course to be taken, for saving the goods from carriage to *Monago* : whereupon thus replied, Heaven koweth ( my dearest *Salabetto* ) how thy love maketh me sorrowful for this misfortune, and it grieveth me to see thee any way distressed : for if I had money lying by me ( as many times I have ) thou shouldest find succour from my self only, but indeed I am not able to help thee. True it is, there is a friend of mine, who did lend me five hundred Florins in my need, to make up the other sum which I borrowed of thee : but he demandeth extream interest, because he will not abate any thing of thirty in the hundred, and if you should be forced to use him, you must give him some good security. Now for my part, the most of my goods here I will pawn for thee ; but what pledge can you deliver in to make up the rest ? Well did *Salabetto* conceive the occasion why she urged this motion, and was so diligent in doing him such a pleasure : for it appeared evidently to him, that her self was to lend the money, whereof he was not a little joyful, seeming very thankful to her. Then he told her that being driven to such extremity, how unreasonable soever the Usury was, yet he would pay for it. And for her friends further security, he would pawn him all the Goods in his Magazin, entering them down in the name of the party, who lent the money. Only he desired to keep the Keys of the Ware-house, as well to shew his Merchandises, when any Merchant should be so desirous, as also to preserve them from ill using, transporting or changing, before his redemption of them.

She found no fault with his honest offer, but said, he shewed himself a well meaning man, and the next morning she sent for a Broker in whom she reposed especial trust ; and after they had privately consulted together, she delivered him a thousand Golden Florins, which were carried to *Salabetto*, and the Bond made in the Brokers Name, of all the Goods remaining in *Salabetto's* Ware-house, with composition and absolute agreement, for the prefixed time of the moneys repayment. No sooner was this trick fully accomplished, but *Salabetto* seeming as if he went to redeem his taken Goods : set Sail to *Naples* towards *Pietro della Canigiano*, with fifteen hundred Florins of Gold ; from whence also he sent contentment to his Master at *Florence* ( who employed him as his Factor at *Palermo* ) beside his own packs of Cloaths. He made repayment likewise to *Conigiano*, for the moneys which furnished him in this last voyage, and any other to whom he was indebted. So there he stayed a while with *Conigiano*, whose countel thus help him to out-reach the *Sicilian* Courtezan : and



meaning to deal in Merchandise no more, afterward he returned to *Florence*, and there lived in good reputation.

Now as concerning *Biancafio*, when she saw that *Salabetto* returned not again to *Palermo*, she began to grow somewhat abashed, as half suspecting that which followed. After she had tarried for him above two months space, and perceiving he came not, nor any tidings heard of him; she caused the Broker to break open the Magazin, casting forth the Buts or Barrels, which she believed to be full of good Oyls. But they were filled with Sea water, each of them having a small quantity of Oyl floating on the top, only to serve when a Tryal should be made. And then unbinding the Packs, made up in formal and Merchantable manner: there was nothing else in them, but Logs and stumps of Trees, wrapt handsomely in hurdles of Hemp and Tow; only two had Cloaths in them. So that (to be brief) the whole did not value two hundred Crowns: which when she saw and observed, how cunningly she was deceived: a long while after she sorrowed, for repaying back the five hundred Florins, and tolly in lending a thousand more, using it as a Proverb always after to her self: That whosoever dealt with a *Tuscan*, had need to have sound sight and judgment. So remaining contented (whether she would or no) with her loss: she plainly perceived, that although she lived by cheating others, yet now at the length she had met with her march.

So soon as *Dionius* had ended his Novel, Madam *Lauretta* also knew, that the conclusion of her Regiment was come; whereupon, when the Council of *Conigiano* had past with general commendation; and the wit of *Salabetto* no less applauded, for fitting it with such an effectual prosecution, she took the Crown of Laurel from her own head, and set it upon Madam *Emilia's*, speaking graciously in this manner. Madam, I am not able to say, what a Queen we shall have of you, but sure I am, that we shall enjoy a fair one: let matters therefore be so carryed, that your Government may be answerable to your beautiful perfections; which words were no sooner delivered, but she sat down in her mounted seat.

Madam *Emilia* being somewhat bashful, not so much of her being created Queen, as to hear her self thus publicly praised, with that which Women do most of all desire: her face then appearing like the opening of the Damask Rose, in the goodlyest morning. But after she had a while dejected her looks, and the Vermillion blush was vanished away: having taken order with the Master of the household, for all needfull occasions befitting the assembly, thus she began.

Gracious Ladies, we behold it daily, that those Oxen which have laboured in the yoke most part of the day, for their more convenient feeding, are let forth at liberty, and permitted to wander abroad in the Woods. We see moreover, that Gardens and Orchards, being planted with variety of the fairest fruit Trees, are equalled in beauty by Woods and Forrests, in the plentiful enjoying of as goodly spreading branches. In consideration whereof, remembring how many days we have already spent (under the severity of Laws imposed) shaping all our discourses to a form of observation: I am of opinion, that it will not only well become us, but also prove beneficial for us, to live no longer under such restraint, and like enthralled people, desirous of liberty we should no more be subjected to the yoke, but recover our former strength in walking freely.

Wherefore, concerning our pastime purposed for to morrow, I am not minded to use any restriction, or tye you unto any particular ordination: but rather do liberally grant, that every one shall devise and speak of arguments agreeing with your own dispositions.

Besides, I am verily perswaded, that variety of matter uttered so freely, will be much more delightful, than restraint to one kind of purpose only. Which being thus granted by me, whosoever shall succeed me in the Government, may (as being of more power and preheminance) restrain all back again to the accustomed Laws. And having thus spoken, she dispensed with their any longer attendance, untill it should be Supper time.



Every one commended the Queens appointment, allowing it to relish of good wit and judgement: and being all risen, fell to such Exercises as they pleased. The Ladies made Nosegays and Chaplets of Flowers, the Men played on their Instruments, singing divers sweet Ditties to them, and thus were busied untill Supper-time. Which being come, and they Supping about the beautiful Fountain, after Supper they fell to singing and dancing. In the end, the Queen to imitate the order of her Predecessors, commanded Pamphilus, that notwithstanding all the excellent Songs formerly sung, he should now sing one, whereunto dutifully obeying, thus he began.

The Song.

The Chorus sung by all.

*Love I found such Felicity,  
And joy in thy Captivity:  
As I before did never prove,  
And thought me happy, being in Love.*

**C**omfort abounding in my heart,  
Joy and Delight,  
In soul and spright,  
I did possess in every part,  
O Sovereign Love by thee,  
Thy Sacred Fires,  
Fed my Desires,  
And still aspires  
Thy happy thrall to be.  
Love I found such Felicity, &c.

My Song wants power to relate,  
The sweets of mind  
Which I did find  
In that most blissful state,  
O Sovereign Love by thee.  
No sad despair,  
Or killing care,  
Could me prepare;  
Still thou didst comfort me.  
Love I found such Felicity, &c.

I hate all such as do complain,  
Blaspheming thee  
With Cruelty,  
And sleights of coy disdain.  
O Sovereign Love, to me  
Thou hast been kind:  
If others find  
Thee worse inclin'd,  
Yet I will honour thee.  
Love I found such Felicity,  
And joy in thy Captivity:  
As I before did never prove,  
And thought me happy, being in Love.



Thus the Song of *Pamphilus* ended, whereto all the rest (as a Chorus) answer'd with their Voices, yet every one particularly (according as they felt their love-sick passions) made a curious construction thereof, perhaps more than they needed, yet not divining what *Pamphilus* intended. And although they were transported with variety of imaginations: yet none of them could arrive at his true meaning indeed. Wherefore the Queen perceiving the Song to be fully ended, as also the young Gentlemen willing to go take their rest: she commanded them severally to their Chambers.

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THE



## THE NINTH DAY.

*Wherein, under the Government of Madam Emilia, the Argument of each severall Discourse, is not limited to any one peculiar subject; but every one remaineth at liberty to speak of whatsoever themselves best pleaseth.*

### The Induction.



**AIR Aurora**, from whose bright and chearful looks, the dusky dark Night flyeth as an utter Enemy, had already reached so high as the eighth Heaven, converting it all into an Azure colour, and the pretty Flowrets began to spread open their Leaves, when Madam Emilia, being risen, caused all her Female Attendants, and the young Gentlemen likewise, to be summoned for their personal appearance. Who being all come, the Queen leading the way, and they following her Majestick pace, walked into

a little Wood, not far off distant from the place.

No sooner were they there arrived, but they beheld store of wild beasts, as Hinds, Hares, Goats, and such like; so safely secured from the pursuit of Huntsmen, (by reason of the violent Pestilence then reigning) that they stood gazing boldly at them, as dreadless of any danger, or as if they were become Tame and Domestick.

Approaching nearer them, first to one, then unto another, as if they purposed to play gently with them, they then began to skip and run, making them such pastime with their pretty tripping, that they conceived great delight in beholding of them.

But when they beheld the Sun to exalt it self, it was thought convenient to return back again, shrouding themselves under the Trees spreading arms, their hands full of sweet Flowers and odoriferous Herbs, which they had gathered in their walking. So that such as chanced to meet them could say nothing else: but that death know not by what means to conquer them, or else they had set down an absolute determination, to kill him with their jovial disposition.

In this manner, singing, dancing, or prettily prating, at length they arrived at the Palace, where they found all things readily prepared, and their Servants duly attending for them. After they had reposed themselves a while, they would not (as yet) sit down at the Table, untill they had sung half a dozen of Canzonets, some more pleasant than another, both the Women and Men together.

Then they fell to washing Hands, and the Master of the Household caused them to sit down, according as the Queen had appointed, and Dinner was most sumptuously served in before them. Afterward, when the Tables were with-drawn, they all took Hands to dance a Roundelay; which being done, they played on their Instruments a while; and then such as so pleased took their rest. But when the accustomed hour was come, they all repaired to the place of discoursing, where the Queen looking on Madam Philomena, gave her the honour of beginning the first Novel for that day: whereto she dutifully condescending, began as followeth.

*Madam*



*Madam Francesca, a Widow of Pistoia, being affected by two Florentine Gentlemen, the one named Rinuccio Palermi, and the other Alessandro Chiarmontesi, and she bearing no good will to either of them, ingeniously freed her self from both their importunate suits. One of them she caused to lye as dead in a Grave, and the other to fetch him from thence: so neither of them accomplishing what they were enjoyned, failed of their expectation.*

### The First NOVEL.

*Approving, that chaste and honest Women ought rather to deny importunate suiters by subtle and ingenious means, than fall into the danger of scandal and slander.*

**M**Adam it can no way discontent me ( seeing it is your most gracious pleasure ) that I should have the honour, to break the first staff of freedom in this fair Company ( according to the injunction of your Majesty ) for liberty of our own best liking Arguments : wherein I dismay not ( if I can speak well enough ) but to please you all as well, as any other that is to follow me. Nor am I so oblivious ( worthy Ladies ) but full well I remember, that many times hath been related in our passed demonstrations, how mighty and variable the powers of Love are : and yet I cannot be perswaded, that they have all been so sufficiently spoken of, but something may be added, and the bottom of them never dived into, although we should sit arguing a whole year together. And because it hath been already approved, that lovers have been led into divers accidents, not only inevitable dangers of death, but also have entred into the very houses of the dead, thence to convey their amorous friends : I purpose to acquaint you with a Novel, beside them which have been discoursed ; whereby you may not only comprehend the power of Love, but also the wisdom used by an honest Gentlewoman, to rid her self of two importunate suiters, who loved her against her own liking, yet neither of them knowing the others intent or affection.

In the City of Pistoia, there dwelt sometimes a beautiful Gentlewoman, being a Widow, whom two of our Florentines ( the one named Rinuccio Palermi, and the other Alessandro Chiarmontesi, having withdrawn themselves to Pistoia ) desperately affected, the one ignorant of the others intention, but each carryed his case closely, as hoping to be possessed of her. This Gentlewoman, named Madam Francesca de Lazzari, being often solicited by their messages, and troublesomely pestered with their importunities : at last ( less advisedly then she intended ) she granted admittance to hear either of them speak. Which she repenting, and coveting to be rid of them both, a matter not easie to be done : she wittily devised the only means, namely, to move such a motion to them, as neither would willingly undertake, yet within the compass of possibility ; but they failing in the performance, she might have the more honest occasion to be free from all further molestation by them ; and her politick intention was thus projected.

On the same day when she devised this piece of service, a man was buried in Pistoia, and in the Church-yard belonging unto the gray Fryers, who being descended of good and worthy parentage : yet himself was very infamous, and reputed to be the vilest man living, not only there in Pistoia, but throughout the whole World beside. Moreover, while he lived, he had such a strange mishapen body, and his face so ugly deformed, that such as knew him not, would stand ghastly affrighted at the first sight of him. In regard whereof, she considered with her self, that the foul deformity of this loathed fellow would greatly avail in her determination, and consulting with her Chamber-maid thus she spake.

Thou



Thou knowest ( my most true and faithful servant ) what trouble and affliction of mind I suffer daily by the messages and Letters of the two *Florentines*, *Rinuoccio*, and *Alessandro*, how hateful their importunity is to me, as being utterly unwilling to hear them speak, or yield to any thing which they desire. Wherefore, to free my self from them both together, I have devised ( in regard of their liberal offers ) to make trial of them in such a matter as I am sure they will never perform.

It is not unknown to thee, that in the Church-yard of the Gray Fryers, and this instant morning, *Scannadio* ( for so was the ugly fellow named ) was buried ; of whom when he was living, as also now being dead, both men, women and Children, do yet stand in fear, so ghastly and dreadful always was his personal appearance to them. Wherefore first of all go thou to *Alessandro* and say to him thus. My Mistress *Francesca* hath sent me to you, to tell you, that now the time is come, wherein you may deserve to enjoy her Love, and gain the possession of her person, if you will accomplish such a motion as she maketh to you. For some especial occasion, wherewith hereafter you shall be better acquainted, a near Kinsman of hers must needs have the body of *Scannadio* ( who was buried this morning ) brought to her house. And she, being as much afraid of him now he being dead as when he was living, by no means would have his body brought hither.

In which respect, as a Token of your unfeigned Love to her, and the latest service you shall ever do for her : she earnestly entreateth you, that this Night, in the very deadeft time thereof, you would go to the Grave, where *Scannadio* lyeth yet uncovered with earth untill to morrow, and attyring your self in his Garments, even as if you were the man himself, so to remain there untill her Kinsman do come.

Then, without speaking any one word, let him take you forth of the Grave, and bring you thence ( instead of *Scannadio* ) to her house : where she will give you gentle welcome, and disappoint her Kinsman in his hope, by making you Lord of her, and all that is hers, as afterward shall plainly appear. If he say he will do it, is as much as I desire : but if he trifle and make denyal, then boldly tell him, that he must refrain all places wheresoever I am, and forbear to send me any more Letters, or messages.

Having done so, then repair to *Rinuoccio Palermi*, and say, My Mistress *Francesca* is ready to make acceptance of your Love ; provided, that you will do one thing for her sake. Namely, this ensuing Night, in the midst and stillest season thereof, to go to the Grave where *Scannadio* was this Morning buryed, and ( without making any noise ) or speaking one word, whatsoever you shall hear or see : to take him forth of the Grave, and bring him home to her house, where you shall know the reason of this strange business, and enjoy her freely as your own for ever. But if he refuse to do it, then I command him never hereafter to see me, or move further suit unto me, by any means whatsoever.

The Chamber-maid went to them both, and delivered the several messages from her Mistress, according as she had given her in charge ; whereunto each of them answered, that they would ( for her sake ) not only descend into a Grave, but also into Hell, if it were her pleasure.

She returning with this answer unto her Mistress, *Francesca* remained in expectation, what the issue of those fond attempts in them would sort unto. When Night was come, and the middle hour thereof already past, *Alessandro Chiarmontesi*, having put off all other Garments to his doublet and hose ; departed secretly from his lodging, walking towards the Church-yard, where *Scannadio* lay in his Grave : but by the way as he went he became surprized with divers dreadful conceits and imaginations, and questioned with himself thus.

What a Beast am I ? What a business have I undertaken ? and whither am I going, What do I know, but that the Kinsman unto this Woman, perhaps understanding mine affection to her, and crediting some such matter, as is nothing so, hath laid this politick train for me, that he may murder me in the Grave : which ( if it should so happen ) my Life is lost, and yet the occasion never known whereby it was done. Or what know I, whether some secret Enemy of mine ( affecting her in the manner, as I do ) have devised this *Stragem* ( out of malice ) against me, to draw my Life in danger, and further his own good fortune ? Then contrary motions over-swaying these suspicions, he questioned his thoughts in another nature.

Let



Let me (quoth he) admit the Case, that none of these surmises are intended, but her Kinsman (by and in this manner devised) must bring me into her House: I am not therefore perswaded, that he or they do covet to have the body of *Scannadio*, either to carry it thither, or present it to her, but rather do aim at some other end. May not I conjecture, that my close murdering is purposed, and this way acted, as on him that (in his Life-time) had offended them? The Maid hath straitly charged me, that whatsoever is said or done unto me, I am not to speak a word. What if they pull out mine Eyes, tear out my Teeth, cut off my Hands, or do me any other mischief: Where am I then? Shall all these extremities bar me of speaking? On the other side, if I speak, then I shall be known, and so much the sooner (perhaps) be abused. But admit that I sustain no injury at all, as being guilty of no transgression: yet (perchance) I shall not be carryed to her House, but to some other bated place, and afterward she shall reprove me, that I did not accomplish what she commanded, and so all my labour is utterly lost.

Perplexed with these various contradicting opinions, he was willing divers times to turn home back again: yet such was the violence of his Love, and the power thereof prevailing against all sinister Arguments, as he went to the Grave, and removing the boards covering it, whereinto he entred, and having despoiled *Scannadio* of his Garments, clothed himself with them, and so laid him down, having first covered the Grave again. Not long had he tarried there, but he began to bethink him what manner of man *Scannadio* was, and what strange Reports had been noised of him, not only for ransacking dead mens Graves in the Night-season; but many other abominable Villanies committed by him, which so fearfully assaulted him, that his hair stood an end, every member of him quaked, and every minute he imagined *Scannadio* rising with intent to strangle him in the Grave, but his fervent Affection over-coming all these idle fears, and lying stone still, as if he had been the dead man indeed; he remained to see the end of his hope.

On the contrary side, after midnight was past, *Rinuccio Palermi* departed from his Lodging, to do what he was enjoined by his hearts Mistress, and as he went along, divers considerations also ran in his mind, concerning occasions possible to happen. As, falling into the hands of Justice, with the body of *Scannadio* upon his back, and being condemned for sacrilege, in robbing Graves of the dead; either to be burned, or otherwise so punished, as might make him hateful to his best friends, and meerly a shame to himself. Many other the like conceits molested him, sufficient to alter his determination: but affection was much more prevailing in him, and made him use this consultation. How now *Rinuccio*? Wilt thou dare to deny the first request, being moved to thee by a Gentlewoman, whom thou dearly lovest, and is the only means, to gain assurance of her gracious favour? Undoubtedly, were I sure to dye in the attempt, yet I will accomplish my promise. And so he went on with Courage to the Grave.

*Alessandro* hearing his arrival, and also the removal of the Boards, although he was exceedingly afraid; yet he lay quietly still, and stirred not, and *Rinuccio* being in the Grave, took *Alessandro* by the Feet, haling him forth, and (mounting him upon his back) went on thus loaden, towards the House of *Madam Francesca*. As he passed along the Streets, unseen, or unmet by any, *Alessandro* suffered many shrewd rushings, and punches, by turnings at the Streets corners, and jolting against bulks, poasts, and stalls, which *Rinuccio* could not avoid, in regard the Night was so wonderfully dark, as he could not see what way he went.

Being come somewhat near the Gentlewomans house, and she standing ready in the window with her maid, to see when *Rinuccio* should arrive there with *Alessandro*; provided also of an apt excuse, to send them thence like a couple of Coxcombs; it fortuned, that the Watchmen, attending there in the same street, for the apprehension of a banished man, stolen into the City contrary to order; hearing the trampling of *Rinuccio's* feet, directed their course as they heard the noise, having their Lanthorns and light closely covered, to see who it should be, and what he intended, and bearing their weapons upon the ground, demanded, Who goes there? *Rinuccio* knowing their voices, and that now was no time for any long deliberation, let fall *Alessandro*, and ran away as fast as his Legs could carry him.

*Alessandro*



*Alessandro* being risen again (although he was cloathed in *Scannadio's* Garments, which were long and too big for him) fled away also as *Rinuccio* did. All which *Madam Francesca* easily discerned by help of the Watchmens Lanthorn, and how *Rinuccio* carried *Alessandro* on his back, being attired in the Garments of *Scannadio*: whereat she marvelled not a little, as also the great boldness of them both. But in the midst of her marvelling, she laughed very heartily, when she saw the one let the other fall, and both to run away so manfully. Which accident pleasing her beyond all comparison, and applauding her good fortune, to be so happily delivered from their daily molestation: she betook her self to her Chamber with the maid, avouching solemnly to her, that (questionless) they both affected her dearly, having undertaken such a strange imposition, and very near brought it to a final conclusion.

*Rinuccio*, being sadly discontented, and cursing his hard fortune, would not yet return home to his lodging: but, when the watch was gone forth of that street, came back to the place where he let fall *Alessandro*, purposing to accomplish the rest of his enterprize. But not finding the body, and remaining fully perswaded, that the Watchmen were possessed thereof; he went away, grieving extremely. And *Alessandro*, not knowing now what should become of him, confounded with the like grief and sorrow, that all his hope was thus utterly overthrown, retired thence unto his own house, not knowing who was the Porter which carried him.

The next morning, the Grave of *Scannadio* being found open, and the body not in it, because *Alessandro* had thrown it into a deep ditch near adjoining: all the people of *Pistoia* were possessed with sundry opinions, some of the more foolish sort verily believing, that the Devil had carryed away the dead body. Nevertheless, each of the Lovers, severally made known to *Madam Francesca*, what he had done, and how disappointed; either excusing himself, that though her command had not been fully accomplished, yet to continue her favour towards him. But she, like a wise and discreet Gentlewoman, seeming not to credit either one or other, discharged her self honestly of them both, with a cutting Answer, That she would never (afterward) expect any other service from them, because they had failed in their first injunction.

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*Madam Ulimbalda*, Lady Abbess of a Monastery of Nuns in Lombardy, arising hastily in the Night time without a Candle, to take one of her Daughter Nuns in bed with a young Gentleman, whereof she was enviously accused, by certain of her other Sisters: The Abbess her self (being at the same time in bed with a Priest) imagining to have put on her head a plaited Vail, put on the Priests breeches. Which when the poor Nun perceived; by causing the Abbess to see her own error, she got her self to be absolved, and had the freer liberty afterward, to be more familiar with her friend, than formerly she had been.

## The Second NOVEL.

Whereby is declared, that whosoever is desirous to reprehend sin in other men, should first examine himself, that he be not guilty of the same crime.

**B**Y this time *Madam Philomena* sat silent, and the wit of *Francesca*, in freeing her self from them whom she could not fancy, was generally commended: as also on the contrary, the bold presumption of the two Amorous suiters, was reputed not to be Love but meerly folly. And then the Queen, with a gracious admonition, gave way for *Madam Eliza* to follow next; who presently thus began.



Worthy Ladies Madam *Francesca* delivered her self discreetly from trouble, as already it hath been related: but a young Nun, by the help and favour of Fortune, did also free her self ( in speaking advisedly ) from an inconvenience suddenly falling on her. And as you well know, there wants none of them, who ( like bold Bayards ) will be very forward in checking other mens misdemeanors, when themselves ( which my Novel will approve ) deserve much more justly to be corrected. As hapned to a Lady Abbess, under whose Government the same young Nun was, of whom I am to speak.

You are then to understand ( Gracious Auditors ) that in *Lumbardy* there was a goodly Monastery, very famous for Holiness and Religion, where, among other sanctified Sisters, there was a young Gentlewoman endued with very singular beauty being named *Isabella*, who on a day when a Kinsman of hers came to see her at the Gate, became enamoured of a young Gentleman being then in his Company.

He likewise, beholding her to be so admirably beautiful, and perceiving by the pretty glances of her Eye, that they appeared to be silent intelligencers of the hearts meaning, grew also as affectionately inclined towards her; and this mutual love continued thus concealed a long while, but not without great affliction unto them both. In the end, either of them being circumspect and provident enough, the Gentleman contrived a means, whereby he might secretly visit his Nun, wherewith she seemed no way discontented: and this visitation was not for once or twice, but very often, and closely concealed to themselves.

At length it came to pass, that either through their own indiscreet carriage, or jealous suspicion in some others: it was espied by one of the Sisters, both the Gentlemans coming and departing, yet unknown to him or *Isabella*. The said Sister, disclosing the same to two or three more: they agreed together, to reveal it to the Lady Abbess, who was named Madam *Umbalda*, a holy and devout Lady in common opinion of all the Nuns, and whosoever else knew her.

They further concluded ( because *Isabella* should not deny their accusation ) to contrive the business so cunningly, that the Lady Abbess should come her self in person, and take the young Gentleman in bed with the Nun. And upon this determination, they agreed to watch nightly by turns, because by no means they would be prevented: so to surprise poor *Isabella*, who being ignorant of their treachery, suspected nothing. Presuming thus still on this secret felicity, and fearing no disaster to befall her, it chanced ( on a Night ) that the young Gentleman being entred into the Nuns Dorter, the Scouts soon discryed him.

After some part of the Night was overpast, they divided themselves into two bands, one to guard *Isabella's* Dorter door, the other to carry news to the Abbess, and knocking at her Closet door, said Rise quickly, and use all the hast you may, for we have seen a man enter our Sister *Isabella's* Dorter, and you may take her in bed with him. The Lady Abbess, who, ( the very same Night ) had the Company of a lusty Priest in bed with her self, as often times before she had, and he being always brought thither in a Chest: hearing these tidings, and fearing also least the Nuns hasty knocking at the door might cause it to fly open, and so ( by their entrance ) have her own shame discovered: arose very hastily, and thinking she had put on her plaited Vail, which always she walked with in the Night season, and used to tearn her Psalter; she put the Priests Breeches upon her head, and so went away in all hast with them, supposing them verily to be her Psalter: but making fast the Closet door with her key, because the Priest should not be discovered.

Away she went in all hast with the Sisters, who were so forward in the detection of poor *Isabella*, as they never regarded what manner of Vail the Lady Abbess wore on her head. And being come to the Dorter door, quickly they lifted it off from the hooks, and being entred, found the two Lovers sweetly embracing: but yet so amazed at this sudden surprisal, as they durst not stir nor speak one word. The young Nun *Isabella*, was raised forthwith by the other Sisters, and according as the Abbess had commanded, was brought by them into the Chapter-house: the young Gentleman remaining still in the Chamber, where he put on his Garments, awaiting to see the issue of this business, and verily intending to avenge severe revenge on his betrayers, if any harm were done to *Isabella*, and afterward to take her thence away with him, as meaning to make her amends by marriage.

The



The Abbess being seated in the Chapter-house: and all the other Nuns then called before her, who minded nothing else but the poor offending Sister: she began to give her very harsh and vile speeches, as never any transgressor suffered the like, and as to her who had (if it should be openly known abroad) contaminated by her lewd life and actions, the sanctity and good renown of the whole Monastery, and threatened her with very severe chastisement. Poor *Isabella*, confounded with fear and shame, as being no way able to excuse her fault, knew not what answer to make, but standing silent made her case compassionate to all the rest, even those hard-hearted Sisters which betrayed her.

And the Abbess still continuing her harsh speeches, it fortuned, that *Isabella* raising her head, which before she dejected into her bosom, espied the breeches on her head, with the stockings hanging on either side of her; the sight whereof did so much encourage her, that boldly she said. Madam, let a poor offender advise you for to mend your Veil, and afterward say to me what you will. The Abbess being very angry; and not understanding what she meant, frowningly answered. Why how now saucy companion? What Veil are you prating of? Are you so malapert to be chattering already: Is the deed you have done, to be answered in such immodest manner? *Isabella* not a jot daunted by her stern behaviour, once again said. Good Madam let me persuade you to set your Veil right, and then chide me as long as you will. At these words all the rest of the Nuns exalted their looks, to behold what Veil the Abbess wore on her head, wherewith *Isabella* should find such fault, and she her self lifted up her hand to feel it: and then they all perceived plainly the reason of *Isabella's* speeches, and the Abbess saw her own error.

Hereupon, when the rest observed, that she had no help to Cloud this palpable shame withal, the Tide began to turn, and her Tongue found another manner of Language, than her former fury to poor *Isabella*, growing to this conclusion, that it is impossible to resist against the temptations of the flesh. And therefore she said: Let all of you take occasion, according as it offereth it self, as both we and our predecessors have done, to be provident for your selves: take time while you may, having this sentence always in remembrance, *Si non caste, tamen caute.*

So, having granted the young Nun *Isabella* free absolution: the Lady Abbess returned back again to bed to the Priest, and *Isabella* to the Gentleman. As for the other Sisters, who (as yet) were without the benefit of friends; they intended to provide themselves so soon as they could, being endued thereto by so good example.

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*Master Simon, the Physician, by the persuasions of Bruno and Buffalmaco, and a third named Nello, made Calandrino believe that he was conceived with Child. And having Physick ministred to him for the disease: they got both good fat Capons and money of him, and so Cured him, without any other manner of deliverance.*

### The Third NOVEL.

*Discovering the simplicity of some silly witted men, and how easie a matter is it to abuse and beguile them.*

**A**fter that Madam *Eliza* had concluded her Novel, and every one of the Company gave thanks to Fortune, for delivering poor *Isabella* the fair young Nun, from the bitter reprehensions of the as faulty Abbess, as also the malice of her envious Sisters: the Queen gave command unto *Philostatus*, that he should be the next in order, and he (without expecting any other warning) began in this manner.

Fair Ladies, the paltry Judge of the Marquessate, whereof yesterday I made relation to you; hindered me then of another Novel, concerning silly *Calandrino*, wherewith I purpose now to acquaint you. And because whatsoever hath already been spoken of him, tended to no other end but matter of merriment,



he and his Companions duly considered: the Novel which I shall now report, keepeth within the self same compass, and aimeth also at your contentment, according to the scope of imposed variety.

You have already heard what manner of man *Calandrino* was, and likewise the rest of his pleasant Companions, who likewise are now again to be remembered, because they are actors in our present discourse. It came to to pass, that an Aunt of *Calandrino's* dying, left him a legacy of two hundred Florins, wherewith he purposed to purchase some small farm-house in the Countrey, or else to enlarge the other, whereof he was possessed already. And, as if he were to disburse some ten thousand Florins, there was not a Broker in all *Florence*, but understood what he intended to do: and all the worst was, that the strings of his purse could stretch no higher, *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco* ( his ancient Confederates ) who heard of this good Fortune befallen him, advised him in such manner as they were wont to do; allowing it much better for him to make merry with the money in good cheer among them, than to lay it out in paltry Land; whereto he would not by any means listen but rid himself of them with a dinners cost, as loth to be at any further charge with them.

These merry Lads meant not to leave him so; but sitting one day in serious consultation, and a third man in their Company, named *Nello*, they all three laid their brains in steep, by what means to wash their mouths well, and *Calandrino* to be at the cost thereof.

And having resolved what was to be done, they met together the next morning, as *Calandrino* was coming forth of his house, and sundring themselves to avoid all suspicion, yet being not far distant each from other; *Nello* first met him, and said unto him, *Good morrow Calandrino*: Which he requited back again with the same salutation. But when *Nello* standing still, looked him stedfastly in the face: whereat *Calandrino* mervailing, said. *Nello*, *Why dost thou behold me so advisedly?* Whereunto *Nello* answered, saying, *Hast thou felt any pain this last Night past? Thou lookest nothing so well, as thou didst yesterday.* *Calandrino* began instantly to Wax doubtful, and replied thus. *Dost thou see any alteration in my face, whereby to imagine I should feel some pain: In good faith Calandrino ( quoth Nello ) methinks thy countenance is strangely changed, and surely it proceedeth from some great cause, and so he departed away from him.*

*Calandrino* being very mistrustful, scratched his head yet felt he no grievance at all; and going still on, *Buffalmaco* sudainly encountred him, upon his departure from *Nello*, and afterward salutations passing between them; in a manner of admiration, demanded what he ailed?

Truly ( quoth *Calandrino* ) well enough to mine own thinking, yet notwithstanding. I met with *Nello* but even now; and he told me, that my countenance was very much altered; Is it possible that I should be sick, and feel no pain or distaste in any part of me? *Buffalmaco* answered; I am not so skilful in judgment, as to argue on the nature of distemper in the body: but sure I am, that thou hast some dangerous inward impediment, because thou lookest ( almost ) like a man more than half dead.

*Calandrino* began presently to shake, as if he had had a Feaver hanging on him, and then came *Bruno* looking fearfully on him, and before he would utter any words, seemed greatly to bemoan him; saying at length. *Calandrino? Art thou the same man or no: How wonderfully art thou changed since last I saw thee, which is no longer than yesterday? I pray thee tell me, How dost thou feel thy health?*

*Calandrino* hearing that they all agreed in one opinion of him; he began verily to perswade himself, that some sudain sickness had seized upon him, which they could discern, although he felt no anguish at all: and therefore like a man much perplexed in mind, demanded of them, what he should do? Believe me *Calandrino* ( answered *Bruno* ) if I were worthy to give thee Counsel, thou shouldest return home presently to thy house, and lay thee down in thy warm bed, covered with so many Cloaths as thou canst well indure. Then to morrow morning, send thy water unto learned master Doctor the Physician, who ( as thou knowest ) is a man of most singular skill and experience: he will instruct thee presently what is the best course to be taken, and we that have ever been thy loving friends, will not fail thee in any thing that lyeth in our power.



By this time, *Nello* being come again unto them, they all returned home with *Calandrino* unto his own House, whereinto he entring very faintly, he said to his Wife: woman make my Bed presently ready, for I feel my self to be grown extreemly sick, and see that thou layest Cloaths enough upon me. Being thus layed in his Bed, they left him for that Night, and returned to visit him again the very next Morning, by which time he had made a reservation of his water, and sent it by a young Damofel unto Master Doctor, who dwelt then in the Old Market-place, at the sign of the Musk-mellon. Then said *Bruno* unto his Companions; Abide you here to keep Lim Company, and I will walk along to the Physician, to understand what he will say: and if need be, I can procure him to come hither with me. *Calandrino* very kindly accepted his offer, saying withall. Well *Bruno*, thou shewest thy self a Friend in the time of necessity, I pray thee know of him how the case stands with me, for I feel a very strange alteration within me, far beyond all compass of my conceit.

*Bruno* being gone to the Physician, he made such expedition, that he arrived there before the Damofel who carryed the water, and informed Master *Simon* with the whole trick intended: wherefore, when the Damofel was come, and he had passed his judgement concerning the water, he said to her.

Maid, go home again and tell *Calandrino*, that he must keep himself very warm: and I my self will instantly be with him, to instruct him further in the quality of his Sicknes.

The Damofel delivered her message accordingly, and it was not long before Master Doctor *Simon* came, with *Bruno* also in his Company, and sitting down on the Beds-side by *Calandrino*, he began to taste his Pulse, and within a small while after, his Wife being come into the Chamber, he said, Observe me well *Calandrino*, for I speak to thee in the nature of a true Friend; thou hast no other disease, but only thou art great with Child.

So soon as *Calandrino* heard these words, in despairing manner he began to rage, and cry out aloud, saying to his Wife. Ah thou wicked woman, this is long of thee, and thou hast done me this mischief: for always thou wilt be upon me, ever railing at me, and fighting, untill thou hast gotten me under thee. Say thou devillish Creature, do I not tell thee true? The woman being of very honest and civil conversation, hearing her husband speak so foolishly: blushing with shame, and hanging down her head in bashful manner; without returning any Answer, went forth of her Chamber.

*Calandrino* continuing still in his angry humour, wringing his hands, and beating them upon his Breast, said: Wretched man that I am, What shall I do; How shall I be delivered of this Child? Which way can it come from me into the world; I plainly perceive, that I am none other then a dead man, and all through the wickedness of my Wife: heaven plague her with so many mischiefs, as I am desirous to find ease. Were I now in as good health, as heretofore I have been, I would rise out of my bed and never cease beating her, untill I had broken her in a thousand pieces. But if Fortune will be so favourable to me, as to help me out of this dangerous agony, hang me, if ever she get me under her again, or make me such an Ass, in having the mastery over me, as divers times she hath done.

*Bruno*, *Buffalmaco*, and *Nello*, hearing these raving speeches of *Calandrino*, were swollen so big with laughter, as if there ribs would have burst in sunder; nevertheless, they abstained so well as they were able; but Doctor *Simon* gaped so wide with laughing, as one might easily have plucked out all his Teeth. In the end, because he could tarry there no longer, but was preparing to depart, *Calandrino* thanked him for his pains, requesting that he would be careful of him, in aiding him with his best advice and Counsel, and he would not be unmindful of him. Honest Neighbour *Calandrino*, answered the Physician, I would not have you torment your self, in such an impatient and tempestuous manner, because I perceive the time so to hasten on, as we shall soon perceive (and that within very few days space) your health well restored, and without the sense of much pain; but indeed it will cost expences. Alas Sir, said *Calandrino*, make not any spare of my purse, to procure that I may have safe deliverance. I have two hundred Florins lately fallen to me by the death of my Aunt, wherewith I intended to purchase a Farm in the Countrey: take them all if need be, only reserving some few for my lying in Child bed.

And



And then Master Doctor, Alas, I know not how to behave my self, for I have heard the grievous complaint of women in that case, oppressed with bitter pangs and throws; as questionless they will be my death, except you have the greater care of me.

Be of good cheer Neighbour *Calandrino*, replied Doctor *Simon*, I will provide an excellent distilled drink for you, marvellously pleasing in taste, and of soveraign vertue, which will resolve all in three mornings, making you as whole and as sound as a Fish newly spawned. But you must have an especial care afterward, being providently wise, lest you fall into the like follies again. Concerning the preparation of this precious drink, half a dozen of Capons, the very fairest and fattest, I must make use of in the distillation: what other things shall be employed beside, you may deliver forty Florins to one of these your honest Friends, to see all the Necessaries bought, and sent me home to my House. Concerning my business, make you no doubt thereof, for I will have all distilled against to morrow, and then do you drink a great Glas full every Morning, fresh and fasting next your Heart.

*Calandrino* was highly pleased with his words, returning Master Doctor infinite thanks, and referring all to his disposing. And having given forty Florins to *Bruno*, with other money beside, to buy the half dozen of Capons, he thought himself greatly beholding to them all, and protested to requite their kindness.

Master Doctor being gone home to his House, made ready a Bottle of very excellent Hypocrass, which he sent the next day according to his Promise: and *Bruno* having bought the Capons, with other junkets fit for the turn, the Physician and his merry Companions, fed on them heartily for the Giver's sake. As for *Calandrino*, he liked his diet drink excellently well; quaffing a large Glas full off three Mornings together: afterward Master Doctor and the rest came to see him, and having felt his Pulse, the Physician said. *Calandrino*, thou art now as sound in health, as any Man in all *Florence* can be: thou needest not to keep within dores any longer, but walk abroad boldly, for all is well, and the Child is gone.

*Calandrino* arose like a joyful Man, and walked daily through the Streets, in the performance of such Affairs as belonged to him: and every Acquaintance he met withall, he told the condition of his sudden Sickness; and what a rare Cure Master Doctor *Simon* had wrought on him, delivering him (in three days space) of a Child, and without the feeling of any Pain. *Bruno*, *Buffalmaco*, and *Nello* were not a little jocond, for meeting so well with Covetous *Calandrino*; but how the Wife liked the folly of her Husband, I leave to the judgement of all good Women.



Francesco Fortarigo, played away all that he had at Buonconvento, and likewise the Money of Francesco Aniolliero, being his Master. Then running after him in his shirt, and avouching that he had robbed him: he caused him to be taken by Pezants of the Countrey, cloathed himself in his Masters wearing Garments, and (mounted on his horse) rode thence to Sienna; leaving Aniolliero in his shirt, and walking bare-footed.

### The Fourth NOVEL.

Serving as an admonition to all men, for taking Gamesters and Drunkards into their service.

**T**He ridiculous words given by Calandrino to his Wife, all the whole Company laughed at: but *Philostratus* ceasing, Madam Neiphila (as it pleased the Queen to appoint) began to speak thus. Vertuous Ladies, if it were not more hard and more uneasy for men, to make good their understanding and vertue, than apparent publication of their disgrace and folly; many would not labour in vain, to curb in their idle speeches with a bridle, as you have manifestly observed by the weak wit of *Calandrino*. Who need no such fantastick circumstance, to cure the strange disease which he imagined (by sottish perswasions) to have: had he not been so lavish of his tongue, and accusing his Wife of over-mastering him. Which maketh me to remember a Novel, quite contrary to this last related, namely, that one man may strive to surmount another in malice, yet he to sustain the greater harm, that had (at the first) the most advantage of his Enemy, as I will presently declare unto you.

There dwelt in *Sienna*, and not many years since, two young men of equal Age, both of them bearing the name of *France*(co): but the one was descended of the *Aniolliero*, and the other likewise of the *Fortarigi*; so that they were commonly called *Aniolliero*, and *Fortarigo*, both Gentlemen, and well derived. Now, although in many other matters, their complexions did differ very much, yet notwithstanding, they varied not in one bad quality, namely, too great neglect of their Fathers, which caused their more frequent conversation, as very familiar and respective friends. But *Aniolliero* (being a very goodly and fair conditioned young Gentleman) apparently perceiving, that he could not maintain himself at *Sienna*, in such estate as he liked, and upon the pension allowed him by his Father, hearing also, that at the Marquessate of *Ancona*, there lived the Popes Legate, a worthy Cardinal, his much endeared good Lord and friend; he intended to go visit him, as hoping to advance his fortunes by him.

Having acquainted his Father with this determination, he concluded with him, to have that from him in a moment which might supply his wants for many months, because he would be cloathed gallantly, and mounted honourably. And seeking for a servant necessary to attend on him, it chanced that *Fortarigo* hearing thereof, came presently to *Aniolliero*, entreating him in the best manner he could, to let him wait on him as his serving man, promising both dutiful and diligent attendance: yet not to demand any other wages, but only payment of his ordinary expences. *Aniolliero* made him answer, that he durst not give him entertainment, not in regard of his insufficiency, and unaptness for service: but because he was a great Gamester, and divers times would be beastly drunk: whereto *Fortarigo* replied, that he would refrain from both these foul vices, and addict all his endeavour wholly to please him, without taxation of any gross error; making such solemn vows and protestations beside, as soon did conquer *Aniolliero*, and won his consent.

Being



Being entred upon his journey, and arriving in a morning at *Steuconia*, there *Aniolliero* determined to dine, and afterward, finding the heat to be unfit for travel; he caused a bed to be prepared, wherein being laid to rest by the help of *Fortarigo*, he gave him charge, that after the heats violence was overpast, he should not fail to call and awake him. While *Aniolliero* slept thus in his bed, *Fortarigo*, never remembring his solemn vows and promises: went to the Tavern, where having drunk sufficiently, and finding Company fit for the purpose, he fell to play at the Dice with them. In a very short while he had not only lost his money, but all his Cloaths on his back likewise, and covering to recover his losses again; naked in his shirt, he went to *Aniolliero's* Chamber, where finding him yet soundly sleeping, he took all the money he had in his purse, and then returned back to play, speeding in the same manner as he did before, not having one poor penny left him.

*Aniolliero* chancing to awake, arose and made him ready, without any servant to help him; then calling for *Fortarigo* and not hearing any tidings of him: he began immediately to imagine that he was become drunk, and so he had fallen asleep in one place or other, as very often he was wont to do. Wherefore, determining so to leave him, he caused the Mule and Saddle to be set on his horse, and so to furnish himself with a more honest servant at *Cerignano*.

But when he came to pay his Host, he found not one penny left him: whereupon (as well he might) he grew greatly offended, and raised much trouble in the house, charged the Hosts people to have robbed him, and threatening to have them sent as Prisoners to *Sienna*. Suddenly entred *Fortarigo* in his shirt, with intent to have stolen *Aniolliero's* Garments, as formerly he did the money out of his purse, and seeing him ready to mount on horseback, he said.

How now *Aniolliero*, What shall we go away so soon, I pray you Sir tarry a little while, for an honest man is coming hither, who hath my Doublet engaged for Eight and thirty shillings; and I am sure he will restore it me back for Five and thirty, if I could presently pay him down the money.

During the speeches, another entred among them, who assured *Aniolliero*, that *Fortarigo* was the Thief which robbed him of his money, shewing him also how much he had lost at the Dice: wherewith *Aniolliero* being much moved, very angerly reproved *Fortarigo*, and, but for fear of the Law, would have offered him outrage, threatening to have him hanged by the neck, or else condemned to the Gallies belonging to *Florence*, and so mounted on horseback. *Fortarigo* making shew to the standers by, as if *Aniolliero* menaced some other body, and not him, said: Come *Aniolliero*, I pray thee let us leave this frivolous prating, for (indeed) it is not worth a Button, and mind a matter of more importance: my Doublet will be had again for five and thirty shillings, if the money may be tendred down at this very instant, whereas if we deter it till to morrow, perhaps he will have the whole Eight and Thirty which he lent me, and he doth me this pleasure, because I am ready (at another time) to afford him the like courtesie; why should we lose three shillings, when they may be so easily saved?

*Aniolliero* hearing him speak in such confused manner, and perceiving also, that they which stood gazing by, believed (as by their looks appeared) that *Fortarigo* had not played his Masters money at the Dice, but rather that he had some stock of *Fortarigo's* in his custody; angerly answered: Thou sawcy Companion, what have I to do with thy Doublet? I would thou wert hang'd, not only for playing away my money, but also by delaying thus my journey, and yet boldly thou standest outfacing me as if I were no better then thy fellow. *Fortarigo* held on still his former behaviour without using any respect and reverence to *Aniolliero*, as if all the accusations did not concern him, but saying, Why should not we take the advantage of three shillings profit? Thinkest thou that I am not able to do as much for thee? Why, lay out so much money for my sake, and make no more hast than needs we must, because we have day-light enough to bring us (before night) to *Torreniero*. Come, draw thy purse, and pay the money; for upon mine honest word, I may enquire throughout all *Sienna*, and yet not find such another Doublet as this of mine is. To say then, that I should



should leave it, where it now lyeth pawned, and for eight and thirty shillings, when it is richly more worth than fifty, I am sure I shall suffer a double en-  
damagement thereby.

You may well imagine, that *Aniolliero* was now enraged beyond all patience, to see himself both robb'd of his money, and overborn with presumptuous Language: wherefore without making any more replications, he gave the spur to his Horse, and rode away towards *Torreniero*. Now fell *Fortarigo* into a more knavish intention against *Aniolliero*, and being very speedy in running, followed apace after him in his Shirt, crying out still aloud to him all the way, to let him have his Doublet again. *Aniolliero* riding on very fast, to free his Ears from this idle importunity, it fortun'd that *Fortarigo* espyed divers Country Peasants, labouring in the Fields about their businets, and by whom *Aniolliero* (of necessity) must pass: To them he cryed out so loud as he could; Stay the Thief, Stop the Thief, he rides away to fast having robb'd me.

They being provided, some with Prongs, Pitch-forks, and Spades, and others with the like weapons fit for Husbandry, stept into the way before *Aniolliero*; and believing undoubtedly, that he had robb'd the man which pursued him in his Shirt, stayed and apprehended him. Whatsoever *Aniolliero* could do or say, prevailed not any thing with the unmannerly Clowns, but when *Fortarigo* was arrived among them, he braved *Aniolliero* most impudently, saying.

What reason have I to spoil thy Life (thou traiterous Villain) to rob and spoil thy Master thus on the High-way? Then turning to the Country Boors: How much dear friends (quoth he) am I beholding to you for this unexpected kindness? You behold in what manner he left me in my Lodging, having first played away all my Money at the Dice, and then deceiving me of my Horse and Garments also: but had not you (by great good luck) thus holpen me to stay him; a poor Gentleman had been undone for ever, and I should never have found him again.

*Aniolliero* avouched the truth of his wrong received, but the base Peasants, giving credit only to *Fortarigo's* lying exclamations: took him from his Horse, despoyled him of all his wearing Apparel, even to the very Boots from off his Legs: suffered him to ride away in that manner, and *Aniolliero* left so in his Shirt to dance a bare-footed Galliard after him, either towards *Sienna*, or any place else.

This *Aniolliero*, purposing to visit his Cousin the Cardinal like a Gallant, and at the Marquessate of *Ancona*, returned back poorly in his Shirt unto *Buonconvento*, and durst not (for shame) repair to *Sienna*. In the end, he borrowed money on the other Horse which *Fortarigo* rode on, and remained there in the Inn, whence riding to *Corfignano*, where he had divers Kinsmen and Friends, he continued there so long with them, till he was better furnished from his Father:

Thus you may perceive that the cunning Villanies of *Fortarigo*, hindred the honest intended Enterprize of *Aniolliero*, howbeit in fit time and place, nothing afterward was left unpunished.



Calandrino became extraordinarily enamoured of a young Damofel, named Nicholetta. Bruno prepared a charm or writing for him, avouching constantly to him, that so soon as he touched the Damofel therewith, she should follow him whithersoever he would have her. She being gone to an appointed place with him, he was found there by his Wife, and dealt withal according to his deserving.

### The Fifth NOVEL.

In just reprehension of those vain-headed fools, that are led and governed by idle persuasions.

**B**Ecause the Novel reported by Madam Neiphila was so soon concluded, not without much laughter, or commendation of the whole Company: the Queen turned her self towards Madam Fiammetta, enjoining her to succeed in apt order; and she being as ready as suddenly commanded, began as followeth. Most gracious Ladies, I am perswaded of your opinion in judgment with mine, that there is not any thing, which can be spoken pleasingly, except it be conveniently suited with apt time and place: in which respect, when Ladies and Gentlewomen are bent to discoursing, the due election of them both are necessarily required. And therefore I am not unmindfull, that our meeting here (aiming at nothing more, than to outwear the time with our general contentment) should tye us to the course of our pleasure and recreation, to the same convenience of time and place; not sparing, though some have been nominated oftentimes in our passed arguments; yet if occasion serve, and the nature of variety be well considered, we may speak of the self same persons again.

Now notwithstanding the actions of Calandrino have been indifferently canvassed among us; yet remembering what Philostratus not long since said, That they intended to nothing more than matter of mirth: I presume the bolder, to report another Novel of him beside them already past. And were I willing to conceal the truth, and cloath it in more circumstantial manner: I could make use of contrary names, and paint it in a Poetical fiction, perhaps more probable, though not so pleasing. But because wandring from the truth of things doth much diminish (in relation) the delight of the hearers: I will build boldly on my fore-alleged reason, and tell you truly how it happened.

Niccolao Cornacchini was once a Citizen of ours, and a man of great wealth; who, among other his rich possessions in Camerata, builded there a very goodly house, which being perfectly ready for painting: he compounded with Bruno and Buffalmaco, who because their work required more help than their own, they drew Nello and Calandrino into their association, and began to proceed in their business. And because there was a Chamber or two, having old moveables in them, as Bedding, Tables, and other householdstuff beside, which were in the custody of an old woman that kept the house, without the help of any other servant else; a Son unto Niccolao, being named Philippo, resorted thither divers times, with one or other pretty Damofel in his Company (in regard he was unmarried) where he would abide a day or two with her, and then convey her home again.

At one time among the rest, it chanced that he brought a Damofel thither named Nicholetta, who was maintained by a wild Companion, called Magione, in a dwelling which he had at Camaldoli, and (indeed) no honefter than she should be. She was a very beautiful young woman wearing Garments of great value, and (according to her quality) well spoken, and of commendable carriage. Coming forth of her Chamber one day, covered with a white Veil, because her hair hung loose about her, which she went to wash at a Well in the middle Court,



Court, bathing there also her face and hands: *Calandrino* going (by chance) to the same Well for water, gave her a secret salutation. She kindly returning the like courtesie to him, began to observe him advisedly: more, because he looked like a man newly come thither, than any great handsomness she perceived in him.

*Calandrino* threw wanton glances at her, and seeing she was both fair and lovely, began to find some occasion of tarrying, so that he returned not with water to his other Associates, yet neither knowing her, or daring to deliver one word. She, who was not to learn her Lesson in alluring, noting what affectionate regards (with bashfulness) he gave her, answered him more boldly with the like; but meerly in scornful manner, breathing forth divers dissembling sighs among them: so that *Calandrino* became foolishly enveagled with her love, and would not depart out of the Court, untill *Philippo*, standing above in the Chamber-window, called her thence.

When *Calandrino* was returned back to his business, he could do nothing else but shake the head, sigh, puffe and blow, which being observed by *Bruno* (who always fitted him according to his folly, as making a meer mockery of his best behaviour) suddenly he said, Why how now *Calandrino*? Sigh, puffe, and blow man? What may be the reason of these unwonted qualities? *Calandrino* immediately answered, saying: My friendly Companion *Bruno*, if I had one to lend me a little help, I should very quickly become well enough. How? quoth *Bruno*, doth any thing offend thee, and wilt thou not reveal it to thy Friends? Dear *Bruno* said *Calandrino*, there is a proper handsom Woman here in the House, the goodlyest Creature that ever any Eye beheld, much fairer than the Queen of Fairies her self, who is so deeply fallen in love with me, as thou wouldest think it no less than a wonder; and yet I never saw her before, till yet while when I was sent to fetch water. A very strange case, answered *Bruno*, take heed *Calandrino*, that she be not the lovely Friend to *Philippo*, our young Master, for then it may prove a dangerous matter, and it will not go unpunished.

*Calandrino* stood scratching his head an indifferent while, and then suddenly replied thus. Now trust me *Bruno*, it is to be doubted, because he called her at his Window, and she immediately went up to his Chamber. But what do I care if it be so? Have not the gods themselves been beguiled of their Wenches, who were better men than ever *Philippo* can be, and shall I stand in fear of him? *Bruno* replied: Be patient *Calandrino*, I will enquire what woman she is, and if she be not the Wife or Friend to our young Master *Philippo*, with fair persuasions I can over-rule the matter; because she is a familiar Acquaintance of mine. But how shall we do that *Buffalmacco* may not know hereof? I can never speak to her if he be in my Company. For *Buffalmacco* (quoth *Calandrino*) I have no fear at all, but rather of *Nello*, because he is a near Kinsman to my Wife, and he is able to undo me quite, if once it should come to his hearing. Thou sayest well replied *Bruno*, therefore the matter hath need to be very cleanly carried.

Now let me tell you, the Woman was well enough known to *Bruno*, as also her quality of Life, which *Philippo* had acquainted him withall, and the reason of her resorting thither. Wherefore, *Calandrino* going forth of the Room where they wrought, only to gain another sight of *Nichioletta*, *Bruno* revealed the whole History to *Buffalmacco* and *Nello*, they all concluding together, how this amorous fit of the fool should be followed. And when *Calandrino* was returned back again; in whispering manner *Bruno* said to him. Hast thou once more seen her? Yes, yes *Bruno* answered *Calandrino*: Alas she hath slain me with her very Eye, and I am no better than a dead man. Be patient, said *Bruno*: I will go and see whether she be the same Woman which I take her for or no: and if it prove so, than never fear, but refer the matter unto me.

*Bruno* descending down the stairs, found *Philippo* and *Nichioletto* in Conference together, and stepping unto them, discoursed at large, what manner of Man *Calandrino* was, and how far he was fallen in love with her: so that they made a merry conclusion, what should be performed in this Case, only to make a pastime of his hot begun Love. And being come back again to *Calandrino*, he said: It is the same woman whereof I told thee, and therefore we must work wisely in the business: for if *Philippo* perceive any thing, all the water in *Arno*



will hardly serve to quench his fury. But what wouldest thou have me to say to her on thy behalf, if I compass the means to speak with her? First of all (quoth *Calandrino*) and in the prime place, tell her that I wish infinite bushels of those blessings, which makes Maids Mothers, and begetteth Children. Next, that I am only hers, in any service she will command me. Dost thou understand me what I say? Sufficiently answered *Bruno*, leave all to me.

When supper time was come, that they gave over working, and were descended down into the Court: there they found *Philippo* and *Nicoletta* readily attending to expect some beginning of Amorous behaviour, and *Calandrino* glanced such leering looks at her, coughing and speeting with hums and haes, in such close and secret manner, that a stark blind sight might very easily have perceived it.

She also on the other side, returned him such quaint and cunning carriage, as enflamed him far more furiously, even as if he were ready to leap out of himself. In the mean while, *Philippo*, *Buffalmaco*, and the rest that were there present, seeming as if they were seriously consulting together, and perceiving nothing of his fantastick behaviour, according as *Bruno* had appointed, could scarce refrain from extremity of laughter, they noted such antick tricks in *Calandrino*.

Having spent an indifferent space in this foppish folly, the hour of parting came, but not without wonderfull affliction to *Calandrino*; and as they were going towards *Florence*, *Bruno* laid closely to *Calandrino*, I dare assure thee, that thou hast made her to consume and melt, even like Ice against the warm Sun. On my word, if thou wouldest bring thy Gittern, and sit down by us, singing some few Amorous Songs of thine own making, when we are beneath about our business in the Court: she would presently leap out of the Window, as being unable to tarry from thee.

I like thy Counsel well *Bruno*, answered *Calandrino*, but shall I bring my Gittern indeed? Yes, in any case replied *Bruno*, for Musick is a matter of mighty prevailing. Ah *Bruno* (quoth *Calandrino*) thou wouldest not credit me in the morning, when I told thee, how the very sight of my person had wounded her: I perceived it at the very first look of her own, for she had no power to conceal it. Who but my self could so soon have enflamed her affection, and being a woman of such worth and beauty as she is? There are infinite proper handsome fellows, that daily haunt the Company of dainty Damosels, yet are so shallow in the affairs of Love, as they are not able to win one wench of a thousand, no, with all the wit they have; such is their extream folly and ill fortune.

Then pausing a while, and suddenly rapping out a Lovers Oath or two, thus he proceeded. My dearest *Bruno*, thou shalt see how I can tickle my Gittern, and what good sport will ensue thereon, if thou dost observe me with judgment; why man, I am not so old as I seem to be, and she could perceive it at the very view; yea, and she shall find it so too, when we have leisure to consult upon further occasions: I find my self in such a free and frolick jocundity of spirit, that I will make her to follow me, even as a fond woman doth after her Child.

But beware, said *Bruno*, that thou do not gripe her over hard, and in kissing, be careful of biting, because the Teeth stand in thy head like the pegs of a Lute, yet make a comely shew in thy fair wide mouth, thy Cheeks looking like two of our artificial Roses, swelling aimably, when thy Jaws are well fill'd with meat. *Calandrino* hearing these handsome commendations, thought himself a man of action already, going, singing, and frisking before his Company so lively, as if he had not been in his skin.

On the the morrow carrying his Gittern thither with him, to no little delight of his Companions, he both played and sung a whole Bed-role of Songs, not addicting himself to any work all the day; but loytering fantastickly, one while he gazed out of the window, then ran to the gate, and oftentimes down into the Court, only to have a sight of his Mistress. She also (as cunningly) encountred all his follies, by such directions as *Bruno* gave her, and many more beside of her own devising, to quicken him still with new occasions: *Bruno* played the Ambassador between them, in delivering the messages from *Calandrino*, and then returning her answers to him. Sometimes when she was absent thence (which often hapned as occasions called her) then he would write Letters in her name, and bring them as if they were sent by her, to give him hope of what he desired,

but



but because she was then among her Kindred, yet she could not possibly be unmindful of him.

In this manner, *Bruno* and *Buffalmaco* ( who had the managing of this business ) made a meer Gregory of poor *Calandrino*, causing him sometimes to send her one while a pretty piece of Ivory, then a fair wrought purse, and a costly pair of knives, with other such like friendly tokens : bringing him back again, as in requital of them, counterfeited Rings of no value, bugles and bables, which he esteemed as matters of great moment. Moreover, at divers close and sudden meetings, they made him pay for many dinners and suppers, amounting to indifferent charges, only to be careful in the furtherance of his love-suit, and to conceal it from his Wife.

Having worn out three or four months space in this fond and frivolous manner, without any other success than as hath been declared ; and *Calandrino* perceiving, that the work undertaken by him and his fellows grew very near upon the finishing, which would bar him of any longer resorting thither : he began to solicit *Bruno* more importunately, than all the while before he had done. In regard whereof, *Nicholetta* being one day come thither, and *Bruno* having conferred both with her and *Philippo*, with full determination what was to be done, he began with *Calandrino*, saying. My honest Neighbour, and loving Friend, this Woman hath made more than a thousand promises, to grant what thou art so desirous to have, and I plainly now perceive, that she hath no such intent or meaning, but merely plays with both our Noses. In which respect, seeing she is so perfidious, and unconstant, and will not perform one of all her faithful made promises, if thou wilt consent to have it so, she shall be compelled to do it, whether she will or no. Yea marry *Bruno*, answered *Calandrino*, that were an excellent course indeed, if it could be done, and with expedition.

*Bruno* stood musing a while to himself, as if he had some strange stratagem in his Brain, and afterward said. Hast thou so much Courage *Calandrino*, as but to handle a piece of written Parchment, which I will give thee ? Yes, that I have, answered *Calandrino*, I hope that needed not to be doubted. Well then said *Bruno*, procure that I may have piece of Virgin Parchment, with a living Bat or Keremouse, three Grains of Incense, and an hallowed Candle, then leave me to effect what shall content thee. *Calandrino* watched all the next Night following, with such preparation as he could make, only to catch a Bat ; which being taken at the last, he brought it alive to *Bruno* ( with all the materials appointed ) who taking him alone into a backer Chamber, there he wrote divers follies on the Parchment, in the shape of strange and unusual Characters, which he delivered to *Calandrino*, saying : Be bold *Calandrino*, and of a Courageous Spirit, and build constantly upon my words, that if thou canst but touch her with this sacred Charactered Charm, she will immediately follow thee, and fulfill whatsoever thou pleasest to command her. Wherefore, if *Philippo* do this day walk any whither abroad from his house, presume to salute her, in any manner whatsoever it be and touching her with the written lines, go presently to the Barn of Hay, which thou perceivest so near adjoyning ; the only convenient place that can be, because few or none resort thither. She shall ( in despite of her blood ) follow thee ; and when thou hast her there, I leave thee then to thy Valiant Victory. *Calandrino* stood on tiptoe, like a man newly molded by Fortune, and warranted *Bruno* to fulfill all effectually.

*Nello*, whom *Calandrino* most of all feared, had a hand as deep as any of the rest in this deceit, and was as forward also to have it performed, by *Bruno*'s direction he went unto *Florence*, where being in Company with *Calandrino*'s Wife, thus he began.

Cousin, thine unkind usage by thine Husband, is not unknown to me, how he did beat thee, ( beyond the compass of all reason ) when he brought home Stones from the plain of *Mugnene* ; in which regard, I am very desirous to have thee revenged on him : which if thou wilt not do, never repute me hereafter for thy Kinsman and Friend. He is fallen in love with a Woman of the Common Gender, one that is to be hired for money : he hath his private meetings with her, and the place is partly known to me, as by a secret appointment ( made very lately ) I am credibly given to understand ; wherefore walk presently along with me, and thou shalt take him in the heat of his knavery.



All the while as these words were uttering to her, she could not dissemble her inward impatience, but starting up as half frantick with fury, she said. O notorious Villain ! Darest thou abuse thine honest Wife so basely ? I swear by blessed Saint *Bridget*, thou shalt be paid with Coyn of thine own stamp. So casting a light wearing Cloak about her, and taking a young woman in her Company : she went away with *Nello* in no mean hast. *Bruno* seeing her coming afar off, said to *Philippo* ; you Sir, you know what is to be done, act your part according to your appointment. *Philippo* went immediately into the Room, where *Calandrino* and his other Conforts were at work, and said to them. Honest friends, I have certain occasions which command mine instant being at *Florence* : work hard while I am absent and I will not be unthankful for it. Away he departed from them, and hid himself in a convenient place where he could not be discryed, yet see whatsoever *Calandrino* did : who when he imagined *Philippo* to be far enough off, descended down into the Court, where he found *Nichioletta* sitting alone and going towards her, began to enter into discoursing with her.

She knowing what remained to be done on her behalf, drew somewhat near him, and shewed her self more familiar then formerly she had done : by which favourable means, he touched her with the charmed Parchment ; which was no sooner done, but without using any other kind of Language, he went to the Hay-Barn, whither *Nichioletta* followed him, and both being entred, he closed the Barn door, and then stood gazing on her, as if he had never seen her before. Standing still as in a study, or bethinking himself what he should say : she began to use affable gesture to him, and taking him by the hand, made shew as if she meant to kiss him which yet she refrained, though he ( rather then his life ) would gladly have it. Why how now dear *Calandrino* ( quoth she ) jewel of my joy, comfort of my heart, how many times have I longed for thy Company ? And enjoying it now, according to mine own desire, dost thou stand like a Statue, or man *alla morte* ? The rare Tunes of the Gittern, but ( much more ) the melodious accents of thy voice, excelling *Orpheus* or *Amphion*, so ravished my soul, as I know not how to expresse the depth of mine affection ; and yet hast thou brought me hither, only to look babies in mine eyes, and not so much as speak one kind word to me ?

*Bruno* and *Buffalmaco*, having hid themselves close behind *Philippo*, they both heard and saw all this Amorous conflict, and as *Calandrino* was quickning his Courage, and wiping his Mouth, with intent to kiss her : his Wife and *Nello* entred into the Barn, which caused *Nichioletta*, to get her gone presently, sheltering her self where *Philippo* lay scouting. But the enraged woman ran furiously upon poor daunted *Calandrino* making such a pitiful massacre with her nails, and tearing the hair from his head, as he meerly looked like an infected Anatomy. Foul loathsome Dog ( quoth she ) must you be at your minions, and leave me hungerstarved at home : An old knave, with almost never a good tooth in thy head, and yet art thou neighing after young wenches ? hast thou not work enough at home, but must be gadding into other mens grounds ? Are these the fruits of wandring abroad ?

*Calandrino* being in this pitiful perplexity, stood like one neither alive nor dead, not daring to use any resistance against her ; but fell on his knees before his Wife, holding up his hands for mercy, and entreating her ( for charities sake ) not to torment him any more : for he had committed no harm at all, and the Gentlewoman was his Masters Wife, who came with no such intent thither as she fondly imagined. Wife, or Wife not ( quoth she ) I would have none to meddle with my Husband, but I that have the most right to him.

*Bruno* and *Buffalmaco*, who had laughed all this while heartily at this pastime, with *Philippo* and *Nichioletta* ; came running in hast to know the reason of this loud noise, and after they had pacified the woman with Gentle perswasions : they advised *Calandrino*, to walk with his Wife to *Florence*, and return no more to work there again, lest *Philippo* hearing what had hapned, should be revenge on him with some outrage. Thus poor *Calandrino* miserably misused and beaten, went home to *Florence* with his Wife, scoulded, and railed at all the way, beside his other molestations ( day and Night ) afterward : his Companions, *Philippo* and *Nichioletta*, making themselves merry at his misfortune.



Two young Gentlemen, the one named Panuccio, and the other Adriano, lodged one Night in a poor Inn, where one of them went to bed to the Hosts Daughter, and the other (by mistaking his way in the dark) to the Hosts Wife. He which lay with the Daughter, hapned afterward to the Hosts bed, and told him what he had done, as thinking he spake to his own Companion. Discontentment growing between them, the Mother perceiving her error, went to bed to her Daughter, and with discreet language, made a general pacification.

### The Sixth NOVEL.

Wherein is manifested, that an offence committed ignorantly, and by mistaking, ought to be covered with good advice, and civil discretion.

**C**alandrino, whose mishaps had so many times made the Assembly merry, and this last passing among them with indifferent commendations: upon a general silence commanded, the Queen gave order to Pamphilus, that he should follow, as indeed he did, beginning thus.

Praise-worthy Ladies, the name of *Nicholetta*, so fondly affected by *Calandrino*, putteth me in mind of a Novel, concerning another *Nicholetta*, of whom I purpose to speak: to the end you may observe how by a sudden wary foresight, a discreet woman compassed the means to avoid a notorious scandal.

On the plain of *Mugnone*, near to *Florence*, dwelt (not long since) an honest mean man, who kept a poor Inn or Ostrry for Travellers, where they might have some slender entertainment for their mony. As he was but a poor man, so his house afforded but very small receipt of guests, not lodging any but of necessity, and such as he had some knowledge of. This honest poor Host had a Woman (sufficiently fair) to his Wife, by whom he had also two Children, the one a comely young Maiden, Aged about fifteen years, and the other a Son, not fully (as yet) a Year Old, and sucking on the Mothers breast.

A comely youthful Gentleman of our City, became amorously affected to the Damosel, resorting thither divers times as he travelled on the way, to express how much he did respect her. And she accounting her fortune none of the meanest, that she should be beloved by so youthful a Gallant, declared such virtuous and modest demeanour, as might deserve his best Opinion of her: so that their Love grew to an equal sympathy, and mutual contentment of them both, in expectation of further effects; he being named *Panuccio*, and she *Nicholetta*.

The heat of Affection thus increasing day by day, *Panuccio* grew exceedingly desirous to enjoy the Fruits of his long continued liking, and divers devices mustred in his Brain, how he might compass one Nights lodging in her Fathers house, whereof he knew every part and parcel, as not doubting to effect what he desired, yet undiscovered by any, but the Maid her self.

According as his intention aimed, so he longing to put it in Execution, and having imparted his mind to an honest Loyal friend, named *Adriano*; who was acquainted with the course of his Love: hyring two horses, and having Portmanteaus behind them, filled with matters of no moment, they departed from *Florence*, as if they had some great journey to ride. Having spent the day time where themselves best pleased, dark night being entered, they arrived on the plain of *Mugnone*, where, as if they were come from the parts of *Romanio*, they rode directly to this poor Inn, and knocking at the door, the honest Host (being familiar and friendly to all comers) open'd the door when, *Panuccio* spake in this manner to him. Good man we must request one Nights lodging with you, for we thought to have reached so far as *Florence*, but dark  
Night



Night preventing us, you see at what a late hour we are come hither. *Signor Panuccio*, answered the Host, it is not unknown to you, how unfitting my poor house is, for entertaining such Guests as you are: Nevertheless seeing you are overtaken by so unreasonable an hour, and no other place is near for your receipt; I will gladly lodge you so well as I can.

When they were dismounted from their Horse, and entered into the simple Inn, having taken order for feeding their Horses, they accepted such provision as the place and time afforded, requesting the Host to sup with them. Now I am to tell you, that there was but one small Chamber in the house, wherein stood three beds, as best the Host had devised to place them, two of them standing by the walls side, and the third fronting them both, but with such close and narrow passage, as very hardly could one step between them. The best of these three beds was appointed for the Gentlemen, and therein they laid them down to rest, but sleep they could not albeit they dissembled it very formally. In the second Bed was *Nicholetta* the daughter, lodged by her self, and the father and mother in the third, and because she was to give the Child suck in the Night time, the Cradle (wherein it lay) stood close by their beds side, because the Childs crying or any other occasion concerning it, should not disquiet the Gentlemen.

*Pannuccio* having subtilly observed all this, and in what manner they went to bed; after such a space of time, as he imagined them to be all asleep, he arose very softly and stealing to the bed of *Nicholetta*, lay down gently by her. And albeit she seemed somewhat afraid at the first, yet when she perceived who it was, she rather had him welcome, than shewed her self any way discontented. Now while *Pannuccio* continued thus with the maid, it fortuned that a Cat threw down somewhat in the house, the noise wherof awaked the Wife, and fearing greater harm, than (indeed) had hapned, she arose without a Candle, and went groping in the dark, towards the place where she heard the noise. *Adriano*, who had no other meaning but well, found occasion also to rise about some natural necessity, and making his passage in the dark, stumbling on the Childs Cradle (in the way) where the woman had set it, and being unable to pass by, without removing it from the place: took it and set it by his own beds side, and having done the business for which he rose, returned to his bed again, never remembring to set the Cradle where first he found it.

The Wife having found the thing thrown down, being of no value or moment, cared not for lighting any Candle; but rasing the Cat, returned back, feeling for the bed where her Husband lay, but finding not the Cradle there, she said to her self. What a foolish woman am I, that cannot well tell my self what I do; Instead of my Husbands bed, I am going to both my Guests.

So, stepping on a little further, she found the Childs Cradle, and laid her self down by *Adriano*, thinking she had gone right to her Husband. *Adriano* being not as yet fallen asleep, feeling the Hostels in Bed with him, took advantage of so fair an occasion offered, and what he did is no business of mine, (as I heard) neither found the woman any fault. Matters coming to pass in this strange manner, and *Pannuccio* fearing, lest sleep seizing on him he might disgrace the maids reputation: taking his kind farewell of her, with many kisses, and sweet embraces: returned again to his own Bed, but meeting with the Cradle in his way, and thinking it stood by the Hosts Bed, (as truly it did so at the first) went back from the Cradle, and slept into the Hosts Bed indeed, who awaked upon his very entrance, albeit he slept very soundly before.

*Pannuccio* supposing that he was laid down by his loving friend *Adriano*, merrily said to the Host. I protest to thee, as I am a Gentleman, *Nicholetta* is a dainty delicate wench, and worthy to be a very good mans Wife: this Night she hath given me the sweetest Entertainment, as the best Prince in the World can wish no better, and I have kist her most kindly for it. The Host hearing these news, which seemed very unwelcome to him; said first to himself: What makes such a Devil here in my Bed? Afterward being more rashly angry, than well advised, he said to *Pannuccio*. Canst thou make vaunt of such a monstrous Villany? Or thinkest thou that Heaven hath not due vengeance in store, to requite all wicked deeds of darkness? If all should sleep, yet have  
Courage



Courage sufficient to right my wrong, and yet as old as I am thou shalt be sure to find it.

Our Amorous *Panuccio* being none of the wisest young men in the world, perceiving his error; sought not to amend it, (as well he might have done) with some quaint strain of wit, carryed in quick and cleanly manner, but angrily answered. What shall I find that thou dar'st do to me? am I any way afraid of thy threatnings? The Hostess imagining she was in Bed with her Husband, said to *Adriano*: Hark Husband, I think our Guests are quarreling together, I hope they will do no harm to one another. *Adriano* laughing outright, answered. Let them alone, and become friends again as they fell out: perhaps they drank too much yesternight.

The woman perceiving that it was her Husband that quarrelled and distinguishing the voice of *Adriano* from his, knew presently where she was, and with whom; wherefore having wit at will, and desirous to cloud an error unadvisedly committed, and with no willing consent of her self: without returning any more words, presently she rose, and taking the Cradle with the Child in it, removed it thence to her Daughters Bed side, although she had no light to help her, and afterward went to Bed to her, where (as if she were but newly awaked) she called her Husband, to understand what angry speeches had past between him and *Panuccio*. The Host replied, saying. Didst thou not hear him Wife, Brag and boast how he hath lyen this Night with our Daughter *Nicholetta*? Husband (quoth she) he is no honest Gentleman; if he should say so, and believe me it is a manifest lye, for I am in Bed with her my self, and never yet closed mine Eyes together, since the first hour I laid me down: it is unmannerly done of him to speak it, and you are little less than a logger-head, if you do believe it. This proceedeth from your bibbing and swilling yesternight, which (as it seemeth) maketh you to walk about the Room in your sleep dreaming of wonders in the Night season: it were no great sin if you brake your Neck, to teach you to keep a fairer quarter; and how commeth it to pass, that Signior *Panuccio* could not keep himself in his own Bed?

*Adriano* (on the other side) perceiving how wisely the woman excused her own shame and her Daughters; to back her in a business so cunningly begun, he called to *Panuccio*, saying. Have not I told thee an hundred times, that thou art not fit to lye any where, out of thine own lodging? What a shame is this base imperfection to thee by rising and walking thus in the Night time, according as thy dreams do wantonly delude thee, and cause thee to forsake thy Bed, telling nothing but lies and fables, yet avouching them for manifest truths? Assuredly this will procure no mean peril unto thee: Come hither, and keep in thine own Bed for meer shame.

When the honest meaning Host heard what his own Wife and *Adriano* had confirmed, he was verily perswaded, that *Panuccio* spake in a Dream all this while: And to make it the more constantly apparent, *Panuccio* (being now grown wiser by others example) lay talking and blundering to himself, even as if dreams or perturbations of the mind did much molest him, with strange distractions in frantick manner. Which the Host perceiving, and compassionating his case, as one man should do anothers, he took him by the shoulders, jogging and hushing him, saying awake Signior *Panuccio*, and get you gone hence to your own Bed.

*Panuccio* yawning and stretching out his limbs, with unusual groans and respirations, such as (better) could be hardly dissembled, seeming to wake as out of a trance, and calling his Friend *Adriano*, said

*Adriano*, is it day, thou dost waken me? It may be day or Night replied *Adriano*, for both (in these fits) are alike to thee. Arise man for shame, and come to thy lodging. Then faining to be much troubled and sleepy, he arose from the Host, and went to *Adriano's* Bed.

When it was day, and all in the house risen, the Host began to smile at *Panuccio*, mocking him with his idle dreaming and talking in the Night.

So, falling from one merry matter to another, yet without any dislike at all, the Gentlemen having their Horses prepared, and their Portmanteaus fastened behind, drinking to their Host, mounted on Horseback, they rode away towards *Florence*, no less contented with the manner of occasions hapned, than



the effects they sorted to. Afterward, other courses were taken, for the continuance of this begun pleasure with *Nicholetta*, who made her mother believe that *Pannuccio* did nothing else but dream. And the mother her self remembering how kindly *Adriano* had used her (a fortune not expected by her before) was more than half of the mind, that she did then dream also, while she was waking.

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*Talano de Molise dreamed, that a Wolf tore his Wives face and throat. Which dream he told to her, with advice to keep her out of danger; which she refusing to do, received what followed.*

### The Seventh NOVEL.

*Whereby (with some indifferent reason) it is concluded, that Dreams do not always fall out to be leafings.*

**B**Y the conclusion of *Pamphilus* his Novel, wherein the Womans ready wit, at a time of such necessity, carried deserved commendations: the Queen gave command to Madam *Pampinea*, that she should next begin with hers, and so she did, in this manner. In some discourses (gracious Ladies) already past among us, the truth of Apparitions in dreams hath partly been approved, whereof very many have made a mockery. Nevertheless, whatsoever hath heretofore been said, I purpose to acquaint you with a very short Novel, of a strange accident happening unto a Neighbour of mine, in not crediting a Dream which her Husband told her.

I cannot tell, whether you knew *Talano de Molise*, or no, a man of very much honour, who took to Wife a young Gentlewoman named *Margarita*, as beautiful as the best: but yet so peevish, scornful, and fantastical, that she disdained any good advice given her; neither could any thing be done, to cause her contentment; which absurd humours were highly displeasing to her Husband: but in regard he knew not how to help it, constrainedly he did endure it. It came to pass, that *Talano* being with his Wife, at a Summer-house of his own in the Countrey, he dreamed one Night, that he saw his Wife walking in a fair Wood, which adjoynd near unto his house, and while she thus continued there, he seemed to see issue forth from a corner of the same Wood, a great and furious Wolf, which leaping suddainly on her caught her by the face and throat, drawing her down to the Earth, and offering to drag her thence. But he crying out for help, recovered her from the Wolf, yet having her face and throat very pittifully rent and torn.

In regard of this terrifying dream, when *Talano* was risen in the morning, and sat conversing with his Wife, he spake thus unto her. Woman, although thy froward wilful Nature be such, as hath not permitted me one pleasing day with thee, since we became Man and Wife, but rather my life hath been most tedious to me, fearing still some mischief should happen unto thee: yet let me now in loving manner advise thee to follow my Counsel, and (this day) not to walk abroad out of this house. She demanded a reason for this Advice of his. He related to her every particular of his dream, adding withal these speeches.

True it is wife (quoth he) that little credit should be given to dreams; nevertheless, when they deliver advertisement of harms to ensue, there is nothing lost by shunning and avoiding them. She steering in his face, and shaking her head at him, replied: such harms as thou wishest, such thou dreamest of. Thou pretendest much pitty and care of me, but all to no other end, but what mischiefs thou dreamest happening unto me, so wouldest thou see them effected on me. Wherefore, I will well enough look to my self, both this day, and at all times else, because thou shalt never make thy self merry with any such misfortune as thou wishest unto me,

Well



Well Wife, answered *Talano*, I knew well enough before, what thou wouldst say: An unsound head is soon scratcht with the very gentlest Combe: but believe as thou pleasest. As for my self, I speak with a true and an honest meaning soul: and once again, I do advise thee to keep within our doors al this day: at least wise beware that thou walk not into our Wood, be it but in regard of my dream. Well Sir, (quoth she scoffingly) once you shall say, I followed your Counsel: but within her self she fell to this murmuring. Now I perceive my Husbands colouring, and why I must not walk this day into our Wood: he hath made a compact with some common Quean, closely to have her Company there, and is afraid lest I should take them tardy. Belike he would have me feed among blind folk, and I were worthy to be thought a stark fool, if I should not prevent a manifest treachery, being intended against me. Go thither therefore I will, and tarry there all the whole day long; but I will meet with him in his merchandize, and see the Pink wherein he adventures.

After this her secret consultation, her Husband was no sooner gone out of one door, but she did the like at another, yet so secretly as possibly she could devise to do, and (without delay) she went to the Wood wherein she hid her self very closely, among the thickest of the bushes, yet could discern every way about her, if any body should offer to pass by her. While she kept her self in this concealment, suspecting other misterious matters, as her idle imaginations had tutor'd her, rather than the danger of any Wolf: out of a brakie thicket by her sudainly rushed a huge and dreadful Wolf, as having found her by the scent, mounting up, and grasping her throat in his mouth, before she saw him, or could call to heaven for mercy.

Being thus seised of her, he carryed her as lightly away, as if she had been no heavier than a Lamb, she being (by no means) able to cry, because he held her so fast by the throat, and hindred any helping of her self. As the Wolf carried her thus from thence, he had quite strangled her, if certain Shepherds had not met him, who with their outcries and exclaims at the Wolf, caused him to let her fall, and hast away to save his own life. Notwithstanding the harm done to her throat and face, the Shepherds knew her, and carried her home to her own house, where she remained a long while after, carefully attended by Physitians and Chirurgions.

Now, although they were very expert and cunning men all, yet could they not so perfectly cure her, but both her throat, and part of her face were so blemished that whereas she seemed a rare creature before, she was now deformed and much unsightly. In regard of which strange alteration, being ashamed to shew her self in any place, where formerly she had been seen: she spent her time in sorrow and mourning, repenting, her insolent and scornful carriage, as also her rash running into danger, upon a foolish and jealous surmise, believing her Husbands dreams the better for ever after.



Blondello ( in a merry manner ) caused Guiotto to beguile himself with a good dinner : for which deceit, Guiotto became cunningly revenged, by procuring Blondello to be unreasonably beaten and misused.

### The Eighth NOVEL.

Whereby plainly appeareth, that they which take delight in deceiving, do well deserve to be deceived themselves.

**I**T was a general opinion in the whole jovial Company, that whatsoever Talano saw in his sleep, was not any dream, but rather a vision, considering every part thereof fell out so directly, without the least failing : but when silence was enjoyned, then the Queen gave out by evident demonstration, that Madam Lauretta was next to succeed, whereupon she thus began. As all they ( Judicious hearers ) which have this day spoken before me, derived the ground in project of their Novels from some other Argument spoken of before : even so, the cruel Revenge of the Scholar, yesterday discoursed at large by Madam Pampinea, maketh me to remember another Tale of like nature, somewhat grievous to the sufferer, yet not in such cruel manner inflicted, as that on Madam Helena.

There dwelt sometime in Florence, one that was generally called by the name of Guiotto, a man being the greatest Gourmand, and grossest Feeder, as ever was seen in any Countrey, all his means and procurements meerly unable to maintain expences for filling his belly. But otherwise he was of sufficient and commendable carriage, fairly demeaned, and well discoursing on any Argument : yet not as a curious and spruce Courtier, but rather, a frequenter of rich mens Tables, where choice of good chear is seldom wanting, and such should have his Company, albeit not invited, he had the Courage to bid himself welcome.

At the same time, and in our City of Florence also, there was another man, named Blondello, very low of stature, yet comely formed, quick witted, more neat and brisk than a Butter-flie, always wearing a wrought silk Cap on his head, and not a hair standing out of order, but the tuft flourishing above the forehead, and he such another trencher flie for the Table, as our forenamed Guiotto was. It so fell out on a morning in the Lent time, that he went into the Fish-market, where he bought two goodly Lampreys, for Messer Viero de Cherci, and was espied by Guiotto, who ( coming to Blondello ) said. What is the meaning of this cost, and for whom is it ? Whereto Blondello thus answered. Yesternight, three other Lampreys, far fairer than these, and a whole Sturgeon, were sent unto Messer Corso Donati, and being not sufficient to feed divers Gentlemen, whom he hath invited this day to dine with him, he caused me to buy these two beside : Dost not thou intend to make one of them ? Yes I warrant thee, replied Guiotto, thou knowest I can invite my self thither, without any other bidding.

So parting ; about the hour of dinner time, Guiotto went to the house of Messer Corso, whom he found sitting and talking with certain of his Neighbours, but dinner was not ( as yet ) ready, neither were they come thither to dinner. Messer Corso demanded of Guiotto, what news with him, and whether he went ? Why Sir ( said Guiotto ) I come to dine with you, and your good Company. Whereto Messer Corso answered, That he was welcome : and his other friends being gone, dinner was served in, none else thereat present but Messer Corso and Guiotto : all the diet being a poor ditti of Pease, a little piece of Tunny, and a few small fishes fryed, without any other dishes to follow after. Guiotto seeing no better fare, but being disappointed of his expectation, as longing to feed on the



the Lampreys and Sturgeon, and so to have made a full dinner indeed, was of a quick apprehension, and apparently perceived, that *Blondello* had meerly gull'd him in a knavery, which did not a little vex him, and made him vow to be revenged on *Blondello*, as he could compass occasion afterward.

Before many days were past, it was his fortune to meet with *Blondello*, who having told his jest to divers of his friends, and much good merriment made thereat: he saluted *Guiotto* in a kind manner, saying. How didst thou like the fat Lampreys and Sturgeon which thou fed'st on, at the house of *Messer Corso*? Well Sir (answered *Guiotto*) perhaps before eight days pass over my head, thou shalt meet with as pleasing a dinner as I did. So, parting away from *Blondello*, he met with a Porter, such as are usually sent on Errands; and hyring him to do a message for him, gave him a glass Bottle, and bringing him near to the Hall-house of *Cavicciuli*, shewed him there a Knight, called Signior *Philippo Argenti*, a man of huge stature, very cholerick, and sooner moved to Anger than any other man. To him thou must go with this Bottle in thy hand, and say thus to him. Sir, *Blondello* sent me to you, and courteously entreateth you, that you would erubinate this glass Bottle with your best Claret Wine; because he would make merry with a few friends of his. But beware he lay no hand on thee, because he may be easily induced to misuse thee, and so my business be disappointed: Well Sir, said the Porter, shall I say any thing else unto him? No (quoth *Guiotto*) only go and deliver this message, and when thou art returned, I'll pay thee for thy pains. The Porter being gone to the house, delivered his message, to the Knight, who being a man of no great civil breeding, but very furious, presently conceived that *Blondello* (whom he knew well enough) sent this message in meer mockage of him, and starting up with fierce looks, said; What erubination of Claret should I send him? and what have I to do with him or his drunken friends? Let him and thee go hang your selves together. So he stept to catch hold on the Porter, but he being nimble, and escaping from him, returned to *Guiotto*, and told him the answer of *Philippo*. *Guiotto* not a little contented, payed the Porter, tarried in no place till he met with *Blondello*, to whom he said. When wast thou at the Hall of *Cavicciuli*? Not a long while, answered *Blondello*; but why dost thou demand such a question? Because (quoth *Guiotto*) Signior *Philippo* hath sought about for thee, yet know not I what he would have with thee. Is it so; replied *Blondello*, then I will walk thither presently, to understand his pleasure.

When *Blondello* was thus parted from him, *Guiotto* followed not far off behind him, to behold the issue of this angry business; and Signior *Philippo*, because he could not catch the Porter, continued much distempered, fretting and fuming, because he could not comprehend the meaning of the Porters message but only surmised, that *Blondello* (by the procurement of some body else) had done this in scorn of him: While he remained thus deeply discontented, he espied *Blondello* coming towards him, and meeting him by the way, he stept close to him, and gave him a cruel blow on the Face, causing his Nose to fall out a bleeding. Alas Sir, said *Blondello*, wherefore do you strike me? Signior *Philippo* catching him by the hair of the head, trampled his Night Cap in the dirt, and his Cloak also, when, laying many violent blows on him, he said. Villanous Traitor as thou art, I'll teach thee what it is to erubinate with Claret, either thy self or any of thy cupping Companions: Am I a Child to be jested withal?

Nor was he more furious in words, than in stroaks also, beating him about the Face, hardly leaving any hair on his head, and dragging him along in the mire, spoiling all his Garments and he not able (from the first blow given) to speak a word in defence of himself. In the end, Signior *Philippo*; having extremely beaten him, and many people gathering about them, to succour a man so much misused, the matter was at large related, and manner of the message sending. For which, they all did greatly reprehend *Blondello*, considering he knew what kind of man *Philippo* was, not any way to be jested withal. *Blondello* in tears, maintained, that he never sent any such message for Wine, or intended it in the least degree: so, when the tempest was more mildly calmed, and *Blondello* (thus cruelly beaten and duried) had gotten home to his



his own house, he could then remember, that ( questionless ) this was occasioned by *Guiotto*.

After some few days were passed over, and the hurts in his face indifferently cured; *Blondello* beginning to walk abroad again, chanced to meet with *Guiotto*; who laughing heartily at him, said. Tell me *Blondello*, how dost thou like the erubinating Claret of Signior *Philippo*; As well ( quoth *Blondello* ) as thou didst the Sturgeon and Lampreys at Messer *Corso Donaties*. Why then ( said *Guiotto* ) let these tokens continue familiar between thee and me, when thou wouldst bestow such another dinner on me, then will I erubinate thy Nose with a Bottle of the same Claret. But *Blondello* perceived ( to his cost ) that he had met with the worser bargain, and *Guiotto* got cheer without any blows: and therefore desired a peacefull attonement, each of them ( always after ) abstaining from flouting one another.

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*Two young Gentlemen, the one named Melisso, born in the City of Laiazzo: and the other Giosefo of Antioch, travelled unto Solomon, the famous King of Great Brittain. The one desiring to learn what he should do, whereby to compass and win the Love of men. The other craved to be instructed by what means he might reclaim an headstrong and unruly Wife. And what answers the wise King gave unto them both, before they departed away from him.*

### The Ninth NOVEL.

*Containing an excellent admonition, that such as covet to have the Love of other men, must first learn themselves how to Love: Also, by what means such women as are curst and self-willed, may be reduced to civil obedience.*

**U**PON the conclusion of Madam *Lauretta's* Novel, none remained to succeed next in order, but only the Queen her self, the priviledge reserved, granted to *Dioneus*; wherefore, after they had all smiled at the folly of *Blondello*, with a chearful countenance thus the Queen began.

Honourable Ladies, if with advised judgment we do duly consider the order of all things, we shall very easily perceive, That the whole universal multiplicity of women, by Nature, Custom, and Laws, are and ought to be subject to men, yea, and to be governed by their discretion. Because every one desiring to enjoy peace, repose and comfort with them, under whose charge they are; ought to be humble, patient and obedient, over and beside her spotless honesty, which is the Crown and honour of every good woman: and although those Laws, which respect the common good of all things, or rather use and custome ( as our wonted saying is ) the powers whereof are very great and worthy to be revered, should not make us wise in this case: yet Nature hath given us a sufficient demonstration, in creating our bodies more soft and delicate, yea, and our hearts timorous, fearful, benign and compassionate, our strength feeble, our voices pleasing, and the motion of our members sweetly pliant: all which are apparent testimonies that we have need of others Government.

Now it is not to be denied, that whosoever hath need of help, and is to be governed, meerly reason commandeth, that they should be subject and obedient to their Governour. Who then should we have for our helps and Governours if not men? Wherefore, we should be intirely subject to them, in giving them due honour and reverence: and such a one as shall depart from this rule, she ( in mine opinion ) is not only worthy of grievous reprehensions, but also severe chastisements beside. And to this exact consideration ( over and above divers other important reasons ) I am the rather induced, by the Novel which



which Madam *Pampinea* so lately reported, concerning the froward and wilful Wife of *Talano*, who had a heavier punishment inflicted on her, than her Husband could devise to do. And therefore it is my peremptory sentence, that all such women as will not be gracious, benigne and pleasing: do justly deserve (as I have already said) rude, rough and harsh handling, as both Nature, Custom, and Laws have commanded.

To make good what I have said, I will declare unto you the Counsel and Advice given by *Solomon*, the wise and famous King of Great Brittain, as a most wholesome and Sovereign medicin for the cure of such a dangerous disease, in any woman so foully infected. Which Counsel (notwithstanding) all such women as have no need of this Physick, I would not have them to imagine, that it was meant for them, albeit men have a Common Proverb, to wit,

*As the good Horse and bad Horse, do both need the spur :  
So a good Wife and bad Wife, a Wand will make stir.*

Which saying whosoever doth interpret it in such pleasing manner as they ought, shall find it (as you all will affirm no less) to be very true: especially in the moral meaning, it is beyond all contradiction. Women are naturally all unstable, and easily enclined to mis-government; wherefore to correct such a distemperature in them that out-step the terms and bounds of woman-hood, a wand hath been allowed for especial physick. As in the like manner, for support of virtue, in those of contrary condition, shaming to be fullyed with so gross a sin: the correcting wand may serve as a walking staff to protect them from all other fears. But forbearing to teach any longer; let me proceed to my purpose, and tell you my Novel.

In those antient and reverend days, whereof I am now to speak, the high renowned and admirable wisdom of *Solomon* King of Great Brittain, was most famous throughout all parts of the world, for answering all doubtful questions and demands whatsoever, that possibly could be propounded to him. So that many resorted to him, from the most remote and furthest off Countries, to hear his miraculous knowledge and experience, yea and to crave his Counsel, in matters of greatest importance. Among the rest of them which repaired thither, was a rich young Gentleman, honourably descended, named *Melisso*, who came from the City of *Liazzo*, where he was both born, and dwelt.

In his riding towards *France*, as he passed by *Naples*, he overtook another young Gentleman, a native of *Antioch*, and named *Giosapho*, whose journey lay the same way as the others did. Having ridden in Company some few days together, as it is a custom commonly observ'd among Travellers, to understand one anothers Countrey and condition, as also to what part his occasions call him, so hapned it with them, *Giosapho* directly telling him, that he journeyed towards the wise King *Solomon*, to desire his advice, what means he should observe, in the reclaiming of a wilful Wife, the most froward and self-willed woman that ever lived; whom neither fair perswasions nor gentle courtesies could in any manner prevail withal. Afterward he demanded of *Melisso*, to know the occasion of his travel, and whither.

Now trust me Sir, answered *Melisso*, I am a native of *Liazzo*, and as you are vexed with one great misfortune, even so am I offended at another. I am young, wealthy, well derived by birth, and allow liberall expences, for maintaining a worthy Table in my house without distinguishing persons by their rank and quality, but make it free for all comers, both of the City and all places else. Notwithstanding all which bounty, and honourable Entertainment, I cannot meet with any man that loveth me. In which respect I journey to the same place as you do, to crave the Counsel of so wise a King, what I should do, whereby I might procure men to love me. Thus like two well met friendly Companions, they rode on together, untill they arrived in *Great Brittain*, where, by means of a Noble Barron's attending on the King, they were brought before him. *Melisso* delivered his mind in very few words, whereto the King made no other answer, but this: *Learn to Love*. Which was no sooner spoken, but *Melisso* was dismissed from the King's presence.



In *Giosepbo* also relating, wherefore he came thither; the King replied only thus: *Go to the Goose Bridge*: and presently *Giosepbo* had also his dismissal from the King. Coming forth, he found *Melisso* attending for him, and revealed in what manner the King had answered him: whereupon they consulted together, concerning both their Answers, which seemed either to exceed their comprehension, or else was delivered in meer mockery, and therefore (more than half discontented) they returned homeward again.

After they had ridden on a few days together, they came to a River, over which was a goodly Bridge, and because a great Company of Horses and Mules (heavily laden, and after a manner of a *Caravan* of Camels in *Agypt*) were first to pass over the said Bridge; they gladly stayed to permit their pass. The greater number of them being already past over, there was one shie and skittish Mule (belike subject to fearful starting, as oftentimes we see Horses have the like ill quality) that would not pass over the Bridge by any means, wherefore one of the Muliteers took a good Cudgel, and smote her at the first gently, as hoping so to procure her passage. Notwithstanding, starting one while backward, then again forward, sideways, and every way indeed, but the direct road-way she would not go.

Now grew the Muliteer extreemly angry, giving her many cruel strokes, on the head, sides, flanks, and all parts else, but yet they proved to no purpose; which *Melisso* and *Giosepbo* seeing, and being (by this means) hindred of their passage, they called to the Muliteer, saying. Foolish Fellow, what dost thou? Intendest thou to kill the Mule? Why dost thou not lead her gently, which is the likelier course to prevail by, than beating and misusing her as thou doest? Content your selves Gentlemen (answered the Muliteer) you know your Horses qualities, as I do my Mules, let me deal with her as I please. Having thus spoken, he gave her so many violent strokes, on head, sides, hips, and every where else, as made her at last pass over the Bridge quietly, so that the Muliteer won the mastery of his Mule.

When *Melisso* and *Giosepbo* had past over the Bridge, where they intended to part each from other; a sudden motion hapned into the mind of *Melisso*, which caused him to demand of an aged man (who sat craving Alms of Passengers at the Bridge-foot) how the Bridge was called: Sir, answered the old man, this is called, the *Goose-Bridge*. Which words when *Giosepbo* heard, he called to mind the saying of King *Solomon*, and therefore immediately said to *Melisso*, Worthy friend and partner in my Travail, I dare now assure you, that the Counsel given me by King *Solomon*, may fall out most effectual and true; For I plainly perceive, that I knew not how to handle my self-willed Wife, untill the Muliteer did instruct me. So, requesting still to enjoy the others Company, they journeyed on, till at the length they came to *Laiazzo*, where *Giosepbo* retained *Melisso* still with him, for some repose after so long a journey, and entertained him very honourably.

One day *Giosepbo* said to his Wife. Woman, this Gentleman is my intimate friend, and hath borne me Company in all my Travail: such diet as thou wilt welcome him withal, I would have it ordered (in dressing) according to his direction. *Melisso* perceiving that *Giosepbo* would have it so; in few words directed her such a course, as (for ever) might be to her Husbands contentment. But she, not altering a jot from her former disposition, but rather far more froward and tempestuous: delighting to vex and cross, doing every thing quite contrary to the order appointed. Which *Giosepbo* observing, angerly he said unto her. Was it not told you by my friend in what manner he would have our Supper drest? She turning fiercely to him, replied. Am I to be directed by him or thee? Supper must and shall be drest as I will have it: if it pleaseth me, I care not who doth mislike it; if thou wouldest have it otherwise, go seek both your Suppers where you may have it according to your liking.

*Melisso* marvelling at her froward answer, rebuked her for it in very kind manner: whereupon *Giosepbo* spake thus to her. I perceive Wife you are the same woman as you were wont to be: but believe me on my word, I shall quite alter you from this curst complexion. So turning to *Melisso*, thus he proceeded. Noble friend, we shall try anon whether the Counsel of King *Solomon* be effectual, or no: and I pray you, let it not be offensive to you to see it; but rather hold all to be done in merriment. And because I would not be hindred by you, do but remember the answer which the Muliteer gave us, when we took compassion



on his Mule. Worthy friend replied *Melisso*, I am in your own house, where I will not impeach whatsoever you do.

*Gioseso*, having provided a good Holly-wand, went into the Chamber, where his Wife sat railing, and dispiritedly grumbling, where taking her by the hair of the head, he threw her at his Feet, beating her extremely with the wand. She crying, then cursing, next railing, lastly fighting, biting and scratching, when she felt the cruel smart of the blows, and that all her resistance served to no end: then she fell on her Knees before him, and desired mercy for Charities sake. *Gioseso* fought still more and more on Head, Arms, Shoulders, Sides, and all parts else, pretending as if he heard not her complaints, but wearied himself well-near out of breath: so that (to be brief) she that never felt his fingers before, perceived and confessed it was now too soon. This being done, he returned to *Melisso* and said: To-morrow we shall see a miracle, and how available the Counsel is of going to the Goose-Bridge. So sitting a while together, after they had washed their hands, and slept, they withdrew to their lodgings.

The poor beaten woman could hardly raise her self from the ground, which yet (with much ado) she did, and threw her self upon the Bed, where she took such rest as she could: but arising early the next morning, she came to her Husband, and making him a very low courtesy, demanded what he pleased to have for his dinner; he smiling heartily thereat, with *Melisso*, told her his mind. And when dinner time came, every thing was ready according to the directions given: in which regard they highly commended the counsel, whereof they made such a harsh construction at the first.

Within a while after, *Melisso* being gone from *Gioseso*, and returned home to his own house: he acquainted a wise and reverend man, with the Answer which King *Solomon* gave him, whereto he received this Reply. No better or truer Advice could possibly be given you: for well you know, that you love not any man; but the bountiful Banquets you bestow on them, is more in respect of your vain glory, than any kind affection you bear to them: Learn then to love men, as *Solomon* advised, and you shall be beloved of them again. Thus our unruly Wife became mildly reclaimed, and the young Gentleman, by loving others, found the fruits of reciprocal Affection.

John de Barolo at the instance and request of his Gossip Pietro da Trefanti, made an Enchantment, to have his Wife become a Mule. And when it came to the fastening on of the Tail, Gossip Pietro by saying she should have no Tail at all, spoiled the whole Enchantment.

### The Tenth NOVEL.

In just reproof of such foolish men, as will be governed by over light belief.

**T**His Novel reported by the Queen, caused murmuring among the Ladies, albeit the men laughed heartily thereat: but after they were all grown silent, *Dioneus* began in this manner. Gracious beauties, among many white Doves. One black Crow will seem more sightly, than the very whitest Swan can do. In like manner, among a multitude of wise men, sometime one of much less wisdom and discretion, shall not only increase the splendor and Majesty of their maturity, but also give an addition of delight and great solace.

In which regard, you all being modest and discreet Ladies, and my self much more defective in brain, than otherwise able: in making your Vertues shine gloriously, through the evident appearance of mine own weakness, you should esteem the better of me, by how much I seem the more cloudy and obscure. And consequently, I hope to have the larger scope of

C c c

liberty,



liberty, by plainly expressing what I am, and be the more patiently endured by you all, in saying what absurdly I shall; than I should be if my speeches favoured of absolute wisdom. I will therefore tell you a Tale, which shall not be of any great length, whereby you may comprehend, how carefully such things should be observed, which are commanded by them, as can effect matters by the power of Enchantment, and how little delayance also ought to be in such, as would not have an Enchantment to be hindred.

About a year already past since, there dwelt at *Barletta*, an honest man, called *John de Barolo*, who because he was of poor condition, for maintainance in his contented estate, provided himself of a Mule, to carry commodities from place to place, where Fairs and Markets were in request, but most especially to *Apuglia*, buying and selling in the nature of a petty Chapman. Travelling thus through the Countreys, he grew into great and familiar Acquaintance, with one who named himself *Pietro da Trefanti*, following the same Trade of Life as he did, carrying his Commodities upon an Asse. In sign of Amity, according to the Countreys custom, he never termed him otherwise, than by the Name of Gossip *Pietro*, and always when he came to *Barletta*, he brought him to his own House, taking it as his Inne, entreating him very friendly, and in the best manner he could devise to do. On the other side, Gossip *Pietro* being very poor, having but one simple Habitation in the Village of *Trefanti*, hardly sufficient for him, and an handsome young Woman which he had to his Wife, as also his Asse: evermore when *John de Barolo* came to *Trefanti*, he would bring him to his poor Abiding, with all his uttermost Ability of Entertainment, in due acknowledgement of the Courtesie he afforded to him at *Barletta*. But when he came to take repose in the Night-season, Gossip *Pietro* could not lodge him as gladly he would, because he had but one sily Bed, wherein himself and his Wife lay: so that *John de Barolo* was fain to lye on a little straw, in a small Stable close adjoyning, by his own Mule and Asse.

The Woman understanding, what good and honest welcome, Gossip *John* afforded her Husband, when he came to *Barletta*, was often very willing to go lodge with an honest Neighbour of hers, called *Carapresa di Guidice Leo*, because the two Gossips might both lie together in one Bed; wherewith divers times she acquainted her Husband, but by no means he would admit it.

At one time among the rest, as she was making the same motion again to her Husband, that his Friend might be lodged in better manner: Gossip *John* thus spake to her. Good *Zita Carapresa*, never molest your self for me, because I lodge to mine own Contentment, and so much the rather, in regard that whensoever I list, I can convert my Mule into a fair young Woman, to give me much delight in the Night-season, and afterward make her a Mule again: thus I am never without her Company.

The young Woman wondring at these words, and believing he did not fable to them: she told them to her Husband, with this Addition beside; *Pietro* (quoth she) if he be such a dear Friend to thee, as thou hast often avouched to me, wish him to instruct thee in so rare a cunning, that thou mayest make a Mule of me; then shalt thou have both an Asse and a Mule to travel withall about thy business, whereby thy benefit will be double: and when we return home to our house, then thou mayest make me thy Wife again, in the same condition as I was before. Gossip *Pietro*, who was (indeed) but a very Coxcomb, believed also the words to be true, yielding therefore the more gladly to her Advice, and moving the matter to his Gossip *John*, to teach him such a wonderful Secret, which would redound so greatly to his benefit: but *John* began to dissuade him from it, as having spoken it in merriment, yet perceiving that no Contradiction would serve to prevail, thus he began. Seeing you will needs have it so, let us rise to morrow morning before day, as in our Travel we use to do, and then I will shew you how it is to be done: only I must and do Confess, That the most difficult thing of all the rest, is, to fasten on the Tail, as thou shalt see.

Gossip *Pietro* and his Wife, could hardly take any rest all the Night long, so desirous they were to have the deed done; and therefore when it drew towards day, up they rose, and calling Gossip *John*, he came presently to them in his shirt, and being in the Chamber with them, said, I know not any man in the World, to whom I would disclose this Secret, but to you, and therefore because you so earnestly



earnestly desire it, I am the more willing to do it, only you must consent to do whatsoever I say, if you are desirous to have it done. Faithfully they promised to perform all; whereupon *John* delivering a lighted Candle to Gossip *Pietro*, to hold in his hand, said, Mark well what I do, and remember all the words I say: but be very careful, that whatsoever thou hearest or seest, thou do not speak one word, for then the Enchantment will be utterly overthrown, only wish that the Tail may be well set on, for therein consisteth all the cunning.

Gossip *Pietro* holding the Candle, and the woman being prepared as *John* had appointed her, she bowed her self forwards with her hands set to the ground, even as if she had stood upon four Feet. First with his hands he touched her head and face, saying, here is the goodly face of a Mule: then handling her dishevelled hair, termed them the goodly main of a Mule. Afterwards, touching the Body, Arms, Legs, and Feet, gave them all the apt names (for those parts) belonging to a Mule, nothing else remaining, but only the forming of the Tail, which when *Pietro* perceived, how *John* was prepared to fasten it on (having no way misliked all his former proceedings) he called to him, saying, Forbear Gossip *John*, my Mule shall have no Tail at all, I am contented to have her without a Tail. How now Gossip *Pietro*; answered *John*, what hast thou done? Thou hast mard all by this unadvised speaking, even when the work was almost fully finished. It is no matter Gossip (answered *Pietro*) I can like my Mule much better without a Tail, than to see it set on in such manner.

The fond young woman, more covetously addicted to gain and commodity, then looking into the knavish intention of her Gossip *John*; began to grow greatly offended. Beast as thou art (quoth she to her Husband) Why hast thou overthrown both thine own good fortune and mine? Diddest thou ever see a Mule without a tail? Wouldest thou have had him made me a Monster? Thou art wretchedly poor, and when we might have been enriched for ever, by a secret known to none but our selves, thou art the Assle that hath defeated all, and made thy Friend to become thine Enemy. Gossip *John* began to pacifie the woman, with solemn protestations of his still continuing friendship, albeit (afterwards) there was no further desiring of any more Mule-making, but Gossip *Pietro* fell to his former Trading only with his Assle, as he was no less himself, and he went no more with Gossip *John* to the Fairs in *Apuglia*, neither did he ever request, to have the like peace of service done for him.

Although there was much laughing at this Novel, the Ladies understanding it better, than *Dioneus* intended that they should have done, yet himself scarcely smiled. But the Novels being all ended, and the Sun beginning to lose his heat; the Queen also knowing, that the full period of her Government was come: dispossessing her self of the Crown, she placed it on the head of *Pamphilus*, who was the last of all to be honoured with this dignity; wherefore (with a gracious smile) thus she spake to him.

Sir, it is no mean charge which you are to undergo, in making amends (perhaps) for all the faults committed by my self and the rest, who have gone before you in the same authority; and, may it prove as prosperous unto you, as I was willing to create you our King. *Pamphilus* having received the Honour with a chearful mind, thus answered; Madam, your sacred virtues, and those (beside) remaining in my other subjects, will (no doubt) work so effectually for me, that (as the rest have done) I shall deserve your general good opinion. And having given order to the Master of the Household (as all his predecessors had formerly done for every necessary occasion;) he turned to the Ladies, who expected his gracious favour, and said.

Bright Beauties, it was the discretion of your late Sovereign and Queen, in regard of ease and recreation unto our tired spirits, to grant you free liberty for discoursing on whatsoever your selves best pleased: wherefore having enjoyed such a time of rest, I am of opinion, that it is best to return once more to our Law, in which respect I would have every one to speak in this manner to morrow. Namely, of those men or women, who have done any thing bountifully or magnificently, either in matters of amity or otherwise. The relation of such worthy arguments, will (doubtless) give an addition to our best desires, for a free and forward inclination to good actions, whereby our lives (how short soever they be) may perpetuate an ever-living renown and fame, after that our mortal bodies are converted into dust, which (otherwise) are no better than those



of brute beasts, reason only distinguishing this difference, that as they live to perish utterly, so we respire to reign in Eternity.

The theam was exceeding pleasing to the whole Company; who being all risen, by permission of the New King, every one fell to their wonted Recreations, as best agreed with their own disposition, untill the Hour of Supper came, wherein they were served very sumptuously. But being risen from the Table, they began their Dances, among which, many sweet Sonnets were interlaced, with such delicate Tunes, as moved admiration. Then the King commanded Madam Neiphila, to sing a Song in his Name, or how her self stood best affected. And immediately with a clear and rare voice, thus she began.

### The Song.

The Chorus sung by all the Company.

*In the Spring season,  
Maids have best reason,  
To dance and sing;  
With Chaplets of Flowers,  
To deck up their Bowers,  
And all in honour of the Spring.*

**I** Heard a Nymph that sate alone,  
By a Fountain side,  
Much her hard Fortune to bemoan,  
For still she cry'd:  
*Alas! Who will pity her distress,  
That finds no foe, like fickleness?  
For truth lives not in men,  
Poor soul why live I then?  
In the Spring season, &c.*

*Alas how can mighty Love permit,  
Such a faithless deed,  
And not in Justice punish it,  
As treasons meet?  
I am undone through perjury,  
Although I loved constantly:  
But truth lives not in men;  
Poor soul why live I then?  
In the Spring season, &c.*

*When I did follow Dian's train,  
As a loyal Maid,  
I never felt oppressing pain,  
Nor was dismay'd.  
But when I listened Loves alluring,  
Then I wandred from assuring,  
For truth lives not in men,  
Poor soul, why live I then?  
In the Spring season, &c.*

*Adieu to all my former joys,  
When I lived at ease,  
And welcome now those sad annoy,  
Which do most displease,  
And let none pity her distress,  
That fell not but by fickleness.  
For truth lives not in men,  
Alas! why live I then?  
In the Spring season, &c.*

The Song most sweetly sung by Madam Neiphila, was especially commended both by the King, and all the rest of the Ladies. Which being fully finished, the King gave Order, That every one should repair to their Chambers, because a great part of the Night was already spent.



## The Tenth and Last Day.

Whereon, under the Government of Pamphilus, the several Arguments do concern such Persons, as either by way of Liberality, or in magnificent manner, performed any worthy Action, for Love, Favour, Friendship, or any other honourable Occasion.

### The Induction.



Already began certain small Clouds in the West to blush with a Vermillion tincture, when those in the East (having reached to their full height) looked like bright burnished Gold, by splendor of the Sun-beams drawing near unto them: when Pamphilus being risen, caused the Ladies, and the rest of his honourable Companions to be called. When they were all assembled, and had concluded together on the Place, whither they should walk for the mornings Recreation, the King led on the way before, Accompanied with the two noble Ladies, *Philomena* and *Fiammetta*, all the rest following after them, devising, talking, and answering to divers demands, both what that day was to be done, as also concerning the proposed imposition.

After they had walked an indifferent space of time, and found the rays of the Sun to be over-piercing for them: they returned back again to the Palace, as fearing to have their blood immoderately heated. Then rinsing their Glasses in the cool clear-running Current, each took their mornings Draught and then walked into the mild shades, about the Garden, untill they should be summoned to Dinner: which was no sooner over-past, and such as slept, returned waking: they met together again in their wonted place, according as the King had appointed, where he gave Command unto *Madam Neiphila*, that she should (for that day) begin the first Novel, which she humbly accepting, thus began.

A Florentine Knight, named Signior Rogiero de Figiovanni, became a Servant to Alphonso King of Spain, who (in his Opinion) seemed but slightly to respect and reward him, in regard whereof, by a notable Experiment, the King gave him a manifest testimony, that it was not through any defect in him, but only occasioned by the Knight's Ill Fortune; most bountifully recompensing him afterward.

### The First NOVEL

Wherein may evidently be discerned, that Servants to Princes and great Lords, are many times recompensed rather by their good Fortune, than in any regard of their dutiful Services.

I Do accept it (Worthy Ladies) as no mean favour, that the King hath given me the first place, to speak of such an honourable Argument, as Bounty and Magnificence is; which precious Jewel, even as the Sun is the Beauty or Ornament and bright Glory of all Heaven; so is Bounty and Magnificence the Crown of all Vertues. I shall then recount to you a short Novel, sufficiently pleasing in mine own Opinion, and I hope (so much I dare rely on your Judgements) both profitable, and worthy to be remembered.

You



You are to know then that among other valiant Knights, which of long have lived in our City, one of them, and (perhaps) of as great merit as any, was one named Signior *Rogiero de Figiovanni*. He being Rich, and of great Courage, and perceiving, that in (due consideration) the quality belonging to life, and the customs observed among our *Tuscans*, were not answerable to his expectation, nor agreed with the disposition of his valour; determining to leave his native Countrey, and belong in service (for some time) to *Alphonso* King of *Spain*, whose fame was generally noised in all places, for excelling all other Princes in those times, for respect of mens well deservings, and bountiful requital of their pains. Being provided in honourable order, both with Hories, Arnis, and a competent Train, he travelled to *Spain*, where he was worthily entertained.

Signior *Rogiero* continuing there, living in honourable manner, and performing many admirable actions of Arms; in short time he made himself sufficiently known, for a very valiant and famous man. And having remained there an indifferent long while, observing divers behaviours in the King: he saw how he inclined himself, first to one man, then to another, bestowing on one a Castle, a Town on another, and Baronies on divers, somewhat indifferently, as giving away bountifully to men of no merit, and restraining all his favours from him, as seeming close fisted, and parting with nothing: he took it as a diminishing of his former Reputation, and a great empairing of his Fame, wherefore he resolved on his departure thence, and made his suit to the King that he might obtain it. The King did grant it, bestowing on him one of the very best Mules, and the goodliest that ever was backt, a gift most highly pleasing to *Rogiero*, in regard of the long journey he intended to ride. Which being delivered, the King gave charge to one of his Gentlemen, to compass such convenient means, as to ride through the Country with *Rogiero*; yet in such manner, as he should not perceive, that the King had purposely sent him so to do. Respectively he should observe whatsoever he said concerning the King, his gestures, smiles, and other behaviour, shaping his answers accordingly, and on the next morning, to command his return back with him to the King.

Nor was the Gentleman slack in this command, but noting *Rogiero's* departing forth of the City, he mounted on horse-back likewise, and immediately after came into his Company, making him believe that he journeyed towards *Italy*. *Rogiero* rode on the Mule which the King had given him, with diversity of speeches passing between them. About three of the Clock in the Afternoon, the Gentleman said. It were not amiss Sir, (having such fit opportunity) to stable our Horses for a while, till the heat be a little over-past. So taking an Inn, and the Horses being in the stable, they all staled, except the Mule.

Being mounted again, and riding on further, the Gentleman duly observed whatsoever *Rogiero* spake, and coming to the passage of a small River or Brook: the rest of the Beasts drank, and not the Mule, but staled in the River, which Signior *Rogiero* seeing, clapping his hand on the Mules main, he said, What a wicked beast art thou? Thou art just like thy Master that gave thee to me. The Gentleman committed the words to memory, as he did many other passing from *Rogiero*, riding along the rest of the day, yet none in disparagement of the King, but rather highly in his commendation. And being the next morning mounted on Horse-back, seeming to hold on still the way for *Tuscane*: the Gentleman fulfilled the Kings command, causing *Rogiero* to return back again with him, which willingly he yielded to do.

When they were come to the Court, and the King made acquainted with the words which *Rogiero* spake to his Mule, he was called into the Presence, where the King shewed him a gracious countenance, and demanded of him, why he had compared him to his Mule? Signior *Rogiero* nothing daunted, but with a bold and constant spirit thus answered. Sir, I made the comparison, because, like as you give, where there is no conveniency, and bestow nothing where reason requireth, even so, the Mule would not stale where she should have done, but where was water too much before, there she did it. Believe me Signior *Rogiero*, replied the King, if I have not given you such gifts, as (perhaps) I have done to divers others far inferiour to you in honour and merit,



merit, this hapned not through any ignorance in me, as not knowing you to be a most valiant Knight, and well worthy of special respect, but rather through your own ill fortune, which would not suffer me to do it, whereof she is guilty, and not I, as the truth thereof shall make it self apparent to you. Sir, answered *Rogiero*, I complain not, because I have received no gift from you, as desiring thereby covetously to become the richer, but in regard you have not as yet any way acknowledged what vertue is remaining in me. Nevertheless, I allow your excuse for good, and reasonable, and am heartily contented, to behold whatsoever you please, although I do confidently credit you, without any other testimony.

The King conducted him then into the great Hall, where (as he had before given order) stood two great Chests fast lockt, and in the presence of all his Lords, the King thus spake. Signior *Rogiero*, in one of these Chests is mine Imperial Crown, the Scepter Royal, the Mound, and many more of my richest Girdles, Rings, Plate, and Jewels, even the very best, that are mine: the other is full of Earth only. Chuse one of these two, and which thou makest election of, upon my Royal word thou shalt enjoy it. Hereby shalt thou evidently perceive who hath been ingrateful to thy deservings, either I, or thine own bad fortune. *Rogiero* seeing it was the Kings pleasure to have it so, chose one of them, which the King caused presently to be opened, it aproving to be the same that was full of Earth, whereat the King smiling, said thus unto him.

You see Signior *Rogiero*, that which I said concerning your ill fortune, is very true: but questionless, your Valour is of such desert, as I ought to oppose my self against all her malevolence. And because I know right, that you are not minded to become a Spaniard; I will give you neither Castle nor dwelling place, but I will bestow the Chest on you (in meer despight of your malicious fortune) which she so unjustly took away from you. Carry it home with you into your Countrey, that there it may make an apparent testimony, in the sight of all your well-willers, both of your own virtuous deservings, and my bounty. Signior *Rogiero* humbly receiving the Chest, and thanking his Majesty for so liberal a Gift, returned home joyfully therewith, into his native Countrey of *Tuscany*.

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*Ghinotto de Tacco, took the Lord Abbot of Clugni as his Prisoner, and cured him of a most grievous disease, which he had in his stomach, and afterward set him at liberty. The same Lord Abbot, when he returned to the Court of Rome, reconciled Ghinotto to Boniface; who made him a Knight, and Lord Prior of a goodly Hospital.*

## The Second NOVEL.

*Wherein is declared that good men do sometimes fall into bad conditions, only occasioned thereto by necessity: and what means are to be used, for their reducing to goodness again.*

**T**He magnificence and Royal bounty, which King *Alphonso* bestowed on the Florentine Knight, passed through the whole Assembly with no mean applause, and the King (who gave it the greatest praise of all) commanded Madam *Eliza* to take the second turn in order; whereupon thus she began.

Fair Ladies, if a King shewed himself magnificently minded, and expressed his liberal bounty to such a man, as had done him good and honourable services: it can be termed no more than a virtuous deed well done, and becoming a King. But what will we say when we hear of a Prelate of the Church, shewed



shewed himself wonderously magnificent, and to such a one as was his Enemy: can any malicious Tongue speak ill of him? Undoubtedly, no other answer is to be made, but the action of the King was meerly virtue, and that of the Prelate, no less then a miracle: for how can it be otherwise, when they are more greedily covetous then women, and deadly Enemies to all liberality? And although every man (naturally) desireth revenge for injuries and abuses done unto him, yet men of the Church, in regard that they daily preach patience, and command (above all things else) remission of sins, it would appear a mighty blemish in them to be more froward and furious than other men. But I am to speak of a revered Prelate of the Church, as also concerning his magnificent bounty, to one that was his Enemy, and yet became his reconciled friend, as you shall perceive by my Novel.

*Ghinotto de Tacco* for his insolent and stout robberies, became a man very far famed, who being banished from *Sienna*, and an Enemy to the Countess *Difanta Fiore*: prevailed so by his bold and head-strong perswasion, that the Town of *Raticonfani* rebelled against the Church of *Rome*; wherein he remaining, all Passengers whatsoever, travelling any way thereabout, were robbed and riced by his thieving Companions. At the time whercof I now speak, *Boniface* the Eighth, governed as Pope at *Rome*, and the Lord Abbot of *Clugni* (accounted to be one of the richest Prelates in the world) came to *Rome*, and there either by some surfeit, excess of feeding, or otherwise, his stomach being grievously offended and pained; the Physicians advised him, to travel to the Baths at *Sienna*, where he should receive immediate Cure. In which respect, his departure being licensed by the Pope, he set onward thither, with great and pompous carriages, of Horses, Mules, and a goodly Train, without hearing any rumour of the thievish Consorts.

*Ghinotto di Tacco*, being advertised of his coming, spread about his scouts and nets, and without missing so much as one Page, shut up the Abbot with all his train and baggage, in a Place of narrow restraint, out of which he could by no means escape. When this was done, he sent one of his most sufficient attendants, (well accompanied) to the Lord Abbot, who said to him in his Masters name, That if his Lordship were so pleased, he might come and visit *Ghinotto* at his Castle. Which the Abbot hearing, answered cholerickly, that he would not come thither, because he had nothing to say to *Ghinotto*: but meant to proceed on his journey, and would fain see who durst presume to hinder his pass. To which rough words, the messenger thus mildly answered. My Lord (quoth he) you are arrived in such a place, where we fear no other force, but the all controlling power of Heaven, clearly exempted from the Popes thunder-cracks, of maledictions, interdictions, or whatsoever else: and therefore it would be much better for you, if you pleased to do as *Ghinotto* adviseth you.

During the time of this their interparlance, the place was suddenly round engirt with strong armed thieves, and the Lord Abbot perceiving, that both he and all his followers, were surprized, took his way (though very impatiently) towards the Castle, and likewise all his Company and Carriages with him. Being dismounted, he was conducted (as *Ghinotto* had appointed) all alone into a small Chamber of the Castle, it being very dark and uneasy, but the rest of his train every one according to his rank and quality, were all well lodged in the Castle, their Horses, Goods, and all things else, delivered into secure keeping without the least touch of injury or prejudice. All which being orderly done, *Ghinotto* himself went to the Lord Abbot, and said. My Lord, *Ghinotto* to whom you are a welcome Guest, requesteth, that it might be your pleasure to tell him, whether you are travelling, and upon what occasion?

The Lord Abbot being a very wise man, and his angry distemper more moderately qualified; revealed whither he went, and the cause of his going thither. Which when *Ghinotto* had heard, he departed courteously from him, and began to consider with himself, how he might cure the Abbot, yet without any Bath. So, commanding a good fire to be kept continually in his small Chamber, and very good attendance on him: the next morning he came to visit him again, bringing a fair white Napkin on his Arm, and in it two slices or toasts of fine manchet, a goodly clear Glas full of the purest white Bastard of *Carniglia* (but indeed of the Abbots own provision brought thither with him) and then he spake to him in this manner.

My



My Lord, when *Ghinotto* was younger than now he is, he studyed Physick, and he commanded me to tell you, that the very best Medicine, he could ever learn against any disease in the Stomach, was this which he had provided for your Lordship, as an especial preparative, and which he should find to be very comfortable. The Abbot, who had a better stomach to Eat, than any will or desire to Talk, altho' he did it somewhat disdainfully, yet he Eat up both the Toasts, and roundly drank off the Glas of Bastard. Afterward divers other Speeches passed between 'em, the one still advising in Physical manner, and the other seeming to care little for it: but moved many questions concerning *Ghinotto*, and earnestly desired to see him. Such speeches as favoured of the Abbots discontentment, and came from him in passion, were clouded with courteous Acceptance, and not the least sign of any dislike: but assuring his Lordship, That *Ghinotto* intended very shortly to see him, and so they parted for that time.

Nor returned he any more till the next morning with the like two Toasts of Bread, and such another Glas of white Bastard, as he had brought him at the first, continuing the same course for divers days after: till the Abbot had eaten (and very hungerly too) a pretty store of dryed Beans, which *Ghinotto* purposely (yet secretly) had hidden in the Chamber. Whereupon he demanded of him (as seeming to be so enjoyn'd by his pretended Master) in what temper he found his Stomach now? I should find my Stomach well enough (answered the Lord Abbot) if I could get forth of thy Master's Fingers, and then have some good Food to feed on: for his Medicines have made me so soundly stomacht, that I am ready to starve with Hunger.

When *Ghinotto* was gone from him, he then prepared a very fair Chamber for him, adorning it with the Abbot's own rich hangings, and also his Plate and other moveables, such as were always used for his Service; a costly Dinner he prepared likewise, whereto he invited divers of the Town, and many of the Abbots chiefeft followers: then going to him again the next morning, he said. My Lord, seeing you do feel your stomach so well, it is time you should come forth of the Infirmary. And taking him by the hand, he brought him to the prepared Chamber, where he left him with his own people, and went to give order for the dinners serving in, that it might be prepared in magnificent manner.

The Lord Abbot recreated himself a while with his own people, to whom he recounted the course of his life since he saw them; and they likewise told him, how kindly thy had been entreated by *Ghinotto*. But when dinner time was come, the Lord Abbot and all his Company, were served with costly viands and excellent Wines, without *Ghinotto's* making himself known to the Abbot: till after he had been entertained some few days in this order: into the great Hall of the Castle *Ghinotto* caused all the Abbots goods and furniture to be brought, and likewise into a spacious Court, whereon the windows of the same Court gazed, all his Mules and Horses, with their sumpters, even to the very silliest of them: which being done, *Ghinotto* went to the Abbot, and demanded of him how he felt his stomach now, and whether he would serve him to venture on Horse-back as yet, or no? The Lord Abbot answered, that he found his stomach perfectly recovered, his Body strong enough to endure Travel, and all things well, so he were delivered from *Ghinotto*.

Hereupon he brought him into the Hall where his Furniture was, as also all his People, and commanding a Window to be opened, whereto he might behold his Horses, he said, My Lord, let me plainly give you to understand, that neither Cowardise, or baseness of mind, induced *Ghinotto di Tacco* (which is my self) to become a lurking Robber on the High-ways, an Enemy to the Pope, and so consequently to the Roman Court: but only to save his own Life and Honour, knowing himself to be a Gentleman cast out of his own House, and having (beside) infinite Enemies. But because you seem to be a worthy Lord, I will not (although I have cured your Stomachs disease) deal with you as I do to others, whose Goods (when they fall into my power) I take such part of as I please: but rather am well contented that my Necessities being considered by your self, you spare me out a portion of the things, you have here, answerable to your own liking, for all are present here before you, both in this Hall, and in the Court beneath, free from any spoil, or the least impairing. Wherefore give a part, or take all, if you please, and then depart hence when you will, or abide here still, for now you are at your own free Liberty.



The Lord Abbot wondred not a little, that a Robber on the High-ways should have such a bold and liberal Spirit, which did very well please him; and instantly, his former hatred and spleen against *Ghinotto*, became converted into cordial love and kindness, so that (embracing him in his Arms) he said, I proteſt upon my Vow made to Religion, that to win the love of ſuch a man, as I plainly perceive thee to be, I would undergo far greater injuries, than thoſe which I have received at thy hands. Accurſed be cruel Deſtiny, that forced thee to ſo baſe a kind of Life, and did not bleſs thee with a fairer Fortune. After he had thus ſpoken, he left there the greater part of all his Goods, and returned back again to *Rome*, with fewer Horſes, and a meaner Train.

During theſe paſſed Accidents, the Pope had received Intelligence of the Lord Abbot's ſurprizal, which was not a little diſpleaſing to him: but when he ſaw him returned, he demanded what benefit he received at the Baths? Where to the Abbot merrily ſmiling, thus replied: Holy Father, I met with a moſt ſkilful Phyſician nearer hand, whoſe Experience is beyond the power of the Baths, for by him I am perfectly Cured; and ſo diſcourſed all at large. The Pope laughing heartily, and the Abbot continuing on ſtill his Report: moved with an high and magnificent Courage, he demanded one gracious Favour of the Pope: who imagining that he would requeſt a matter of greater moment, than he did, freely offered to Grant whatſoever he deſired.

Holy Father, answered the Lord Abbot, all the humble Sute which I make to you is, That you would be pleaſed to receive into your grace and favour, *Ghinotto di Tacco* my Phyſician, becauſe amongſt all the virtuous men, deſerving to have ſpecial account made of them, I never met with any equal to him, both in Honour and Honesty. Whatſoever Injury he did to me, I impute it as a greater in-fortune, than any way he deſerveth to be charged withall. Which wretched condition of his, if you were pleaſed to alter, and beſtow on him ſome better means of maintenance, to live like a worthy man, as he is no leſs: I make no doubt, but (in very ſhort time) he will appear as pleaſing to your Holineſs, as (in my beſt judgement) I think him to be.

The Pope, who was of a magnanimous ſpirit, and one that highly affected men of vertue, hearing the commendable motion made by the Abbot; returned Answer, That he was as willing to Grant it, as the other Deſired it, ſending Letters of Safe-Conduct for his coming thither.

*Ghinotto* receiving ſuch Assurance from the Court of *Rome*, came thither immediately, to the great Joy of the Lord Abbot: and the Pope finding him to be a Man of Valour and Worth, upon Reconciliation, remitted all former Errors, Creating him Knight, and Lord Prior of the very chiefeſt Hoſpital in *Rome*: In which Office he lived long time after, as a Loyal Servant to the Church, and an honeſt Friend to the Lord Abbot of *Clugny*.



*Mithridanes Envyng the Life and Liberality of Nathan, and travelling thither, with a seild resolution to kill him: chanced to confer with Nathan unknown. And being instructed by him, in what manner he might best perform the bloody deed, according as he gave direction, he meeteth him in a small Thicket or Wood, where knowing him to be the same Man, that taught him how to take away his Life: Confounded with shame, he acknowledgeth his horrible intention, and becometh his loyal Friend.*

### The Third NOVEL.

*Shewing in an excellent and lively demonstration, that any especial honourable Vertue, persevering and dwelling in a truly noble Soul, cannot be violenced or confounded, by the most politick attempts of Malice and Envy.*

**I**T appeared to the whole Assembly, that they had heard a matter of marvel, for a Lord Abbot to perform any magnificent Action: but their admiration ceasing in silence, the King commanded *Philostratus* to follow next, who forthwith thus began.

Honourable Ladies, the bounty and magnificence of *Alphonso* King of Spain, was great indeed, and that done by the Lord Abbot of *Clugni*, a thing (perhaps) never heard of in any other. But it will seem no less marvellous to you, when you hear, how one man, in expression of great Liberality to another man, that earnestly desired to kill him, should be secretly disposed to give him his Life, which had been lost, if the other would have taken it; as I purpose to acquaint you withal in a short Novel.

Most certain it is, at least, if Faith may be given to the Report of certain *Geneways*, and other men resorting to those remote parts: that in the Countrey of *Cathaya*, there lived sometimes a Gentleman, Rich beyond comparison, and named *Nathan*. He having his Living adjoyning to a common Road-way, whereby Men travelled from the East to the West (as they did the like from the West unto the East, as having no other Passage) and being of a bountiful and chearful disposition, which he was willing to make known by Experience: he summoned together many Master Masons and Carpenters, and there erected (in a short time) one of the greatest and goodliest, and most beautiful Houses (in manner of a Princes Palace) that ever was seen in all those quarters.

With Moveables and all kind of Furnishment, befitting a House of such outward appearance, he caused it to be plentifully stored, only to receive, entertain, and honour all Gentlemen, or other Travellers whatsoever, as had occasion to pass that way; being not unprovided also of such a number of Servants, as might continually give attendance on all comers and goers. Two and fifty several Gates, standing alway wide open; and over each of them in great golden Characters was written *Welcome, Welcome*, and gave free admission to all comers whatsoever. In this honourable Order (observed as his estated custom) he persevered so long while, as not only the East parts, but also those in the West were every where acquainted with his Fame and Renown. Being already well steeped into years, but yet not weary of his great Charge and Liberality: it fortun-ed, that the rumor of his Noble Hospitality, came to the Ear of another gallant Gentleman, named *Mithridanes*, living in a Countrey not far off from the other.

The Gentleman, knowing himself no less wealthy than *Nathan*, and enviously repining at his Virtue and Liberality, determined in his mind, to dim and obscure the others bright splendor, by making himself far more famous. And having built a Palace answerable to that of *Nathan's*, with like winding of Gates, and Welcome Inscriptions; he began to extend immeasurable courtesie to all such as were disposed to visit him: so that (in a short while) he grew very famous in infinite places.



It chanced on a day, as *Mithridanes* sat all alone within the goodly Court of his Palace, a poor woman entred at one of the Gates, craving an Alms of him, which she had; and returned in again at a second Gate, coming also to him, and had a second Alms; continuing so still a dozen times; but in the thirteenth returning, *Mithridanes* said to her: Good woman, you go and come very often, and still you are served with Alms. When the Old woman heard these words, she said. O the liberality of *Nathan*! how honourable and wonderful is that? I have past through two and thirty Gates of his Palace, even such as are here, and at every one I received an Alms, without any knowledge taken of me, either by him, or any of his followers; and here I have past but through thirteen Gates, and am there both acknowledged and taken. Farewel to this house, for I never mean to visit it any more; with which words she departed thence, and never after came thither again.

When *Mithridanes* had a while pondred on her speeches, he waxed much discontented, as taking the words of the Old woman, to extoll the Renown of *Nathan*; and darken and eclipse his Glory, whereupon he said to himself, Wretched man as I am, when shall I attain to the height of Liberality, and perform such wonders, as *Nathan* doth? In seeking to surmount him, I cannot come near him in the very meanest. Undoubtedly, I spend all my endeavour but in vain, except I rid the world of him, which (seeing his Age will not make an end of him) I must needs do with mine own hands. In which bloody determination (without revealing his intent to any one) he mounting on horse-back, with few attendants in his Company, and after three days journey, arrived where *Nathan* dwelt. He gave order to his men, to make no shew of being his Servants, or any way to acknowledge him: but to provide themselves of convenient lodgings, untill they heard other tidings from him.

About Evening, and (in this manner) alone by himself, near to the Palace of *Nathan*, he met him solitarily walking, not in pompous apparel, whereby to be distinguished from a meaner man: and, because he knew him not, neither had heard any relation of his description, he demanded of him, if he knew where *Nathan* then was? *Nathan* with a chearful countenance, thus replied. Fair Sir, there is no man in these parts that knoweth better how to shew you *Nathan* then I do; and therefore if you be so pleased, I will bring you to him. *Mithridanes* said, therein he should do him a great kindness: albeit (if it were possible) he would be neither known or seen of *Nathan*. And that (quoth he) can I also do sufficiently for you, seeing it is your will to have it so, if you will go along with me.

Dismounting from his horse, he walked on with *Nathan*, diversly discoursing, untill they came unto the Palace, where one of the Servants taking *Mithridanes* his Horse, *Nathan* rounded the fellow in the Ear, that he should give warning to all in the House, for revealing to the Gentleman that he was *Nathan*, as accordingly it was performed. No sooner were they within the Palace, but he conducted *Mithridanes* into a goodly Chamber, where none (as yet) had seen him, but such as were appointed to attend on him reverently; yea, and he did himself greatly honour him as being loth to leave his Company.

While thus *Mithridanes* conversed with him, he desired to know (albeit he respected him much for his years) what he was. Introth Sir, answered *Nathan*, I am one of the meanest servants to *Nathan*, and from my child-hood, have made my self thus Old in his service: yet never hath he bestowed any other advancement on me, then as you see; in which respect, howsoever other men may commend him, yet I have no reason at all to do it. These words, gave some hope to *Mithridanes*, that with a little more Counsel, he might securely put in execution his wicked determination. *Nathan*, likewise demanded of him (but in very humble manner) of whence and what he was, as also the business inviting him thither: offering him his utmost Aid and Counsel, in whatsoever consisted in his power.

*Mithridanes* sat an indifferent while meditating with his thoughts before he would return any answer: but at the last, concluding to repose confidence in him (in regard of his pretended discontentment) with many circumstantial persuasions, first for fidelity, next for constancy, and lastly for counsel and assistance, he declared to him truly what he was, the cause of his coming thither, and the reason urging him thereto. *Nathan* hearing these words, and the detestable deliberation of *Mithridanes*, became quite changed in himself: yet wisely making no outward



outward appearance thereof, with a bold Courage, and settled countenance, thus he replied.

*Mithridanes*, thy Father was a Noble Gentleman, and (in vertuous qualities) inferiour to none, from whom (as now I see) thou desirest not to be degenerate, having undertaken so bold and high an Enterprize, I mean, in being liberal and bountiful unto all men. I do greatly commend the Envy which thou bearest to the vertue of *Nathan*: because if there were many more such men, the world that is now wretched and miserable, would become good and conformable. As for the determination which thou hast disclosed to me, I have sealed it up secretly in my Soul, wherein I can better give thee Counsel, than any especial help or furtherance: and the course which I would have thee to observe, followeth thus in few words. This window which we now look forth at, sheweth thee a small Wood or thicket of Trees, being little more than a quarter of a Mile distant hence; whereto *Nathan* usually walketh every morning, and there continueth time long enough: there mayest thou very easily meet him, and do whatsoever thou intendest to him. If thou killest him, because thou mayest with safety return home unto thine own abiding, take not the same way which guided thee thither, but another lying on the left hand, and directing speedily out of the Wood, as being not so much haunted as the other, but rather free from all resort, and surest for visiting thy own Countrey, after such a dismal deed is done.

When *Mithridanes* had received this instruction, and *Nathan* was departed from him; he secretly gave intelligence to his men, (who likewise were lodged, as welcome strangers, in the same house) at what place they should stay for him the next morning. Night being passed over (and, *Nathan* risen) his heart altered not a jot from his Counsel given to *Mithridanes*, much less changed from any part thereof: but all alone by himself, walked on to the Wood, the place appointed for his death. *Mithridanes* also being risen, taking his Bow and Sword (for other weapons had he none) mounted on horse back, and so came to the Wood, where (somewhat far off) he espyed *Nathan* walking, and no creature with him. Dismounting from his horse, he had resolved (before he would kill him) not only to see, but also to hear him speak: so stepping roughly to him, and taking hold of the Bonnet of his head, his face being then turned from him, he said: *Old Man thou must die.* Whereunto *Nathan* made no other Answer but thus: *Why then, belike, I have deserv'd it.*

When *Mithridanes* heard him speak, and looked advisedly on his face, he knew him immediately to be the same man, that had entertained him so lovingly, conversed with him so familiarly, and counselled him so faithfully: all which overcoming his former fury, his harsh nature became meerly confounded with shame. So throwing down his drawn Sword, which he held readily prepared for the deed: he prostrated himself at *Nathan's* Feet, and in Tears spake in this manner. Now do I manifestly know, (most loving Father) your admirable bounty and liberality; considering with what industrious providence, you made the means for your coming hither, prodigally to bestow your Life on me, which I have no Right unto, although you were so willing to part with it. But those high and supream powers, more careful of my duty than I my self: even at the very instant, and when it was most needful, opened the Eyes of my better Understanding, which infernal Envy had closed up before. And therefore look how much you have been forward to pleasure me; so much the more shame and punishment, I confess my hainous Transgression hath justly deserved: take therefore on me (if you please) such Revenge, as you think, in justice, answerable to my Sin.

*Nathan* lovingly raised *Mithridanes* from the ground, then kissing his Check, and tenderly embracing him, he said: Son, thou needest not to ask, much less to obtain pardon, for any Enterprize of thine, which thou canst not yet term to be good or bad: because thou soughtest not to bereave me of my Life, for any hatred thou bearest me, but only in coveting to be reputed the worthier man. Take then this assurance of me, and believe it constantly, that there is no man living, whom I love and honour, as I do thee: considering the greatness of thy mind, which consisteth not in the heaping up of money, as wretched and miserable Worldlings make it their only felicity; but contending in bounty to spend what is thine, didst hold it for no shame to kill me, thereby to make thy self so much the more worthily famous.

Nor



Nor is it any matter to be wondred at, in regard that Emperours and the greatest Kings, had never made such extendure of their Dominions, and consequently of their Renown, by any other Art, than Killing; yet not one man only, as thou wouldest have done, but infinite numbers, burning whole Countrey, and making desolate huge Towns and Cities, only to enlarge their Dominion, and further spreading of their fame. Wherefore, if for the increasing of thine own renown, thou wast desirous of my death: it is no matter of novelty, and therefore deserving the less marvel, seeing men are slain daily, and all for one purpose or other.

*Mithridanes*, excusing no further his malevolent deliberation, but rather commending the honest defence, which *Nathan* made on his behalf; proceeded to far in after discoursing, as to tell him plainly, that it did wondrously amaze him, how he durst come to the fatal appointed place, himself having so exactly plotted and contrived his own death: whereunto *Nathan* returned this answer

I would not have thee *Mithridanes*, to wonder at my Counsel or determination; because since Age hath made me Master of mine own will, and I resolved to do that, wherein thou hast begun to follow me; never came any man to me, whom I did not content (if I could) in any thing he demanded of me. It was thy fortune to come for my life, which when I saw thee so desirous to have it, I resolved immediately to bestow it on thee: and so much the rather, because thou shouldest not be the only man, that ever departed hence, without enjoying whatsoever he demanded. And to the end thou mightest the more assuredly have it, I gave thee that Advice, least by not enjoying mine, thou shouldest chance to loose thine own. I had the use of it full fourscore years, all this while, with the consumation of all my delights, and pleasures: and well I know, that according to the course of Nature (as it fairs with other men, and generally with all things else) it cannot be long before it must leave me.

Wherefore, I hold it much better for me to give it away freely, as I have always done my goods and treasure; than be curious in keeping it, and suffer it to be taken away from me (whether I will or no) by Nature. A small gift is it, if time make me up the full sum of an hundred years: how miserable is it then, to stand beholding for four or five, and all of them vexation too? Take it then I intreat thee, if thou wilt have it; for I never met with any man before (but thy self) that did desire it, nor (perhaps) shall find any other to request it: for the longer I keep it, the worse it will be esteemed: and before it grow contemptible, take it I pray thee.

*Mithridanes* being exceedingly confounded with shame, bashfully said: Fortune fore-send, that I should take away a thing so precious as your life is, or once to have so vile a thought of it, as lately I had; but rather than I would diminish one day thereof, I could wish, that my time might more amply enlarge it. Forthwith answered *Nathan*, saying. Wouldest thou (if thou couldest) shorten thine own days, only to lengthen mine? Why then thou wouldest have me to do that to thee, which (as yet) I never did unto any man, namely rob thee, to enrich my self. I will instruct thee in a far better course, if thou wilt be advised by me. Lusty and young, as now thou art, thou shalt dwell here in my house, and be called by the Name of *Nathan*. Aged and spent with years, as thou seest I am, I will go live in thy house, and be called by the Name of *Mithridanes*. So, both the Name and Place shall illustrate thy Glory, and I live contentedly, without the very least thought of Envy.

Dear Father, answered *Mithridanes*, if I knew so well how to direct mine own Actions, as you do, and always have done, I would gladly accept your most liberal offer; but because I plainly perceive, that my very best endeavours must remain darkned by the bright renown of *Nathan*: I will never seek to impair that in another, which I cannot (by any means) encrease in my self, but (as you have worthily taught me) live contented with my own condition.

After these, and many more like loving speeches had passed between them; according as *Nathan* very instantly requested, *Mithridanes* returned back with him to the Palace, where many days he highly honoured and respected him, comforting and Counselling him to persevere always in his honourable determination. But in the end, when *Mithridanes* could abide there no longer, because necessary occasions called him home: he departed thence with his men, having found by good experience, that he could never go beyond *Nathan* in Liberality.

Signior



Signior Gentile de Carisendi, being come from Modena, took a Gentlewoman, named Madam Catharina, forth of a Grave, wherein she was buried for dead : which act he did, in regard of his former honest affection to the said Gentlewoman. Madam Catharina remaining there afterward, and delivered of a goodly Son : was ( by Signior Gentile ) delivered to her own Husband, named Signior Nicoluccio Caccianimico, and the young Infant with her.

### The Fourth NOVEL

Wherein is shewn, that true love hath always been, and so still is, the occasion of many worthy Courtesies.

**B**Y judgment of all the Assembly, it was reputed wonderfully, that a man should be so bountiful, as to give away his own life, and to his hateful Enemy. In which respect, it passed with general affirmation, that *Nathan* ( in the virtue of liberality ) had exceeded *Alfonso* King of Spain, but especially the Abbot of *Clugni*. So after every one had delivered their opinion, the King turning himself to Madam *Lauretta*, gave her such a sign, as well instructed her understanding, that she should be the next in order, whereto she gladly yielded, began in this manner.

Youthful Ladies, the Discourses already past, have been so worthy and magnificent, yea, reaching to such a height of glorious splendour; as ( methinks ) there remaineth no more matter for us that are yet to speak, whereby to enlarge so famous an Argument, and in such manner as it ought to be : except we lay hold on the Actions of Love, wherein is never any want of subject, it is so fair and spacious a Field to walk in. Wherefore, as well in behalf of the one, as advancement of the other, whereto our instant Age is most of all inclined : I purpose to acquaint you with a generous and magnificent act, of an Amorous Gentleman, which when it shall be duly considered on, perhaps will appear equal to any of the rest, at least, if it may pass for currant, that men may give away their Treasures, forgive mighty injuries, and lay down life it self, honour and renown, ( which is far greater ) to infinite dangers, only to attain any thing esteemed and affected.

Understand then ( Gracious hearers ) that in *Bologna*, a very famous City of *Lombardy*, there lived sometime a Knight, highly respected for his virtues, named Signior *Gentile de Carisendi*, who ( in his younger days ) was enamoured of a Gentlewoman called Madam *Catharina*, the Wife of Signior *Nicoluccio Caccianimico*. And because during the time of his Amorous pursuit, he found but a sordid interchange of Affection from the Lady; he went ( as hopeless of any success ) to be Potestate of *Modena*, whereto he was called by place and order.

At the same time, Signior *Nicoluccio* being absent from *Bologna*, and his Lady at a Farm-house in the Countrey, about three Miles distant from the City, because she was great with Child, and somewhat near the time of her teeming : it came to pass, that some dangerous accident befell her, which was so powerful in operation, as no sign of life appeared remaining in her, but she was reputed ( even in the judgment of the best Physicians, whereof she wanted no attendance ) to be verily dead. And because in the opinion of her Parents and nearest Kindred, the time for her deliverance was yet so far off, as the Infant within her wanted much of a perfect creature; they made the less mourning; but in the next Church, as also the Vault belonging to her Ancestors, they gave burial very speedily.

Which tidings coming to the hearing of Signior *Gentile*, by one that was his endeared friend : Although ( while she lived ) he could never be gracious in her



her favour, yet her so sudden death did greatly grieve him, whereupon he discoursed in this sort with himself. Dear Madam *Catbarina*, I am not a little sorry for thy death, although (during thy life-time) I was scarcely worthy of one kind look: yet even now being dead, thou canst not prohibit me, but I may rob thee of a kiss. No sooner had he spoke the words, but it being then Night, and taking such order as none might know of his departure: mounted on Horse-back accompanied only with one servant, and stayed no where till he came to the Vault where the Lady was Buried. Which when he had opened, with instruments convenient for his purpose, he descended down into the Vault, and kneeled down by the Biere whereon she lay, and in her wearing Garments according to the usual manner; with tears trickling mainly down his cheeks he bestowed infinite sweet kisses on her.

But as we commonly see, that mens desires are never contented, but still will presume on further advantages, especially such as love intirely? so fared it with *Gentile* who being once minded to get him gone, as satisfied with the oblation of his kisses, would needs yet step back again, saying. Why should I not touch her Ivory breast, the Adamant that drew all desires to adore her? Ah let me touch it now, for never hereafter can I be half so happy. Overcome with this alluring appetite, gently he laid his hand upon her Breast, with the like awful respect as if she were living, and holding it so an indifferent while: either he felt, or his imagination so perswaded him, the heart of the Lady to beat and pant. Casting off all fond fear, and the warmth of his, encreasing the motion: his inward soul assured him, that she was not dead utterly, but had some small sense of life remaining in her, whereof he would needs be further informed.

So gently as possible he could, and with the help of his man, he took her forth of the monument, and laying her softly on his Horse before him, conveyed her closely to his house in *Bologna*. Signior *Gentile* had a worthy Lady to his Mother, a woman of great wisdom and vertue, who understanding by her Son, how matters had happened, moved with compassion, and suffering none in the house to know what was done, made a good fire, and very excellent Bath, which recalled back again wrong wandring life. Then fetching a vehement sigh opening her eyes, and looking very strangely about her, she said. Alas! where am I now? whereto the good Old Lady kindly replied, saying. Comfort your self Madam, for you are in a good place. Her spirits being in a better manner met together, and she gazing every way about her, not knowing well where she was, and seeing Seignor *Gentile* standing before her; he entreated his mother to tell her by what means she came thither: which the good Old Lady did, *Gentile* himself helping to relate the whole History. A while she grieved and lamented, but afterward gave them most hearty thanks, humbly requesting, that in regard of the love he had formerly born her, in his house she might find no other usage, varying from the honour of her self and her Husband, and when day was come, to be conveyed home to her own house. Madam, answered Signior *Gentile*, whatsoever I sought to gain from you in former days I never mean either here, or in any place else to motion any more. But seeing it hath been my happy fortune, to prove the blessed means, of reducing you from death to life: you shall find no other entertainment here, than as if you were my own Sister. And yet the good deed which I have this Night done for you, doth well deserve some courteous requital: in which respect I would have you not to deny me one favour, which I will presume to crave of you. Whereto the Lady lovingly replied, that she was willing to grant it, provided it were honest, and in her power: whereto Signior *Gentile* thus answered.

Madam, your Parents, Kindred and Friends, and generally all throughout *Bologna*, do verily think you to be Dead, wherefore, there is not any one, that will make any inquisition after you: in which regard, the favour I desire from you, is no more but to abide secretly with my Mother, untill such time as I return from *Modena*, which shall be very speedily. The occasion why I move this motion, aimeth at this end, that in presence of the chiefeest persons of our City, I may make a gladsome present of you to your Husband. The Lady knowing her self highly beholding to the Knight, and the request he made to be very honest, disposed her self to do as he desired (although she earnestly longed



longed to glad her Parents and Kindred with seeing her alive) and made her promise him on her faith, to effect it in such manner, as he pleased to appoint and give her direction.

Scarcely were these words concluded, but she felt the custom of Women to come upon her, with pains and throws incident to chiding; wherefore, with help of the aged Lady, Mother to Signior *Gentile*, it was not long before her deliverance of a goodly Son, which greatly augmented the joy of her and *Gentile*, who took order, that all things belonging to a woman in such a case, were not wanting, but she was as carefully respected, even as if she had been his own wife. Secretly he repaired to *Modena*, where having given direction for his place of authority, he returned back again to *Bologna*, and there made preparation for a great and solemn Feast, appointing who should be his invited Guests, the very chiefest persons in *Bologna*, and among them, Signior *Nicoluccio Caccianimico* the especial man.

After he was dismounted from horseback, and found so good company attending for him (the Lady also, more fair and healthful than ever, and the Infant lively disposed) he sat down at the Table with his guests, causing them to be served in most magnificent manner, with plenty of all delicacies that could be devised, and never before was there such a jovial Feast. About the ending of Dinner, closely he made the Lady acquainted with his further intention, and likewise in what order every thing should be done; which being effected, he returned to his company, and used these speeches.

Honourable friends, I remember a discourse sometime made unto me, concerning the Country of *Persia*, and a kind of custom there observed, not to be misliked in mine opinion. When any one intended to honour his friend in effectual manner, he invited him home to his house, and there would shew him the thing, which with greatest love he did respect; were it Wife, Friend, Son, Daughter, or any thing else whatsoever; wherewithall he spared not to affirm, that as he had shewed him those choice delights, the like view he should have of his heart, if with any possibility it could be done; and the very same custom I mean now to observe here in our City. You have vouchsafed to honour me with your presence, at this poor homely dinner of mine, and I will welcom you after the *Persian* manner, in shewing you the Jewel, which (above all things in the world) I ever have most respectfully esteemed. But before I do it, I crave your favourable opinion in a doubt, which I will plainly declare unto you.

If any man having in his house a good and faithful servant, who falling into extremity of sickness, shall be thrown forth into the open street, without any care or pity taken on him: A stranger chanceth to pass by, and moved with compassion of his weakness) carrieth him home to his own house, where using all charitable diligence, and not sparing any cost, he recovereth the sick person to his former health. I now desire to know, if keeping the said restored person, and employing him about his own business; the first Master (by pretending his first right) may lawfully complain of the second, and yield him back again to the first Master, albeit he do make challenge of him?

All the Gentlemen, after many opinions passing among them, agreed all together in one sentence, and gave charge to Signior *Nicoluccio Caccianimico*, (because he was an excellent and elegant speaker) to give answer for them all. First, he commended the custom observed in *Persia*, saying, he jump'd in opinion with all the rest, that the first Master had no right at all to the servant, having not only (in such necessity) forsaken him, but also cast him forth into the comfortless street. But for the benefit and mercies extended to him, it was more than manifest, that the recovered person was become justly servant to the second Master, and in detaining him from the first, he did not offer him any injury at all. The whole company sitting at the Table (being all very wise and worthy men) gave their verdict likewise with the confession of Signior *Nicoluccio Caccianimico*. Which answer did not a little please the Knight; and so much the rather, because *Nicoluccio* had pronounced it, affirming him to be of the same mind.



So, sitting in a pretended musing a while, at length he said: My honourable guests, it is now more than half time, that I should do you such honour, as you have most justly deserved, by performing the promise made unto you. Then calling two of his servants, he sent them to Madam *Catharina* (whom he had caused to adorn her self in excellent manner) entreating her that she would be pleased to grace his guests with her presence. *Catharina* having deck'd her child in costly habiliments, laid it in her arms, and came with the servants into the dining Hall, and sat down (as the Knight had appointed) at the upper end of the Table, and then Signior *Gentile* spake thus. Behold, worthy Gentlemen, this is the Jewel which I have most affected, and intend to love none other in the world; be you my Judges, whether I have just occasion to do so or no? The Gentlemen saluting her with a respective reverence, said to the Knight, That he had great reason to affect her: And viewing her advisedly, many of them thought her to be the very same woman (as indeed she was) but that they believed her to be dead.

But above all the rest, *Nicoluccio Caccianimico* could never be satisfied with beholding her, and enflamed with earnest desire to know what she was, could not refrain (seeing the Knight was gone out of the Room) but demanded of her, whether she was of *Bologna*, or a stranger? When the Lady heard her self to be thus questioned, and by her husband, it seemed painful to her to contain from answering: Nevertheless to perfect the Knight's intended purpose, she sat silent. Others demanded of her, whether the sweet Boy were hers, or no; and some questioned if she were *Gentile's* Wife, or no, or else his Kinswoman; to all which demands, she returned not any answer. But when the Knight came to them again, some of them said to him: Sir, this woman is a goodly creature, but she appeareth to be dumb, which were great pity if it should be so. Gentlemen (quoth he) it is no small argument of her Vertue, to sit still and be silent at this instant. Tell us then (said they) of whence, and what she is. Therein (quoth he) I will quickly resolve you, upon your conditional promise, that none of you do remove from his place, whatsoever shall be said or done, untill I have fully delivered my mind. Every one bound himself by solemn promise, to perform what he had appointed, and the Tables being voided, as also the Carpets laid; then the Knight (sitting down by the Lady) thus he began.

Worthy Gentlemen, this Lady is that true and faithful Servant whereof I moved the question to you, whom I took out of the cold street, where her Parents, Kindred, and Friends (making no account at all of her) threw her forth, as a thing vile and unprofitable. Nevertheless, such hath been my care and cost, that I have rescued her out of Death's griping power; and in a meer charitable disposition, which honest affection caused me to bear her; of a body, all full of terror and affrighting (as then she was) I have caused her to become thus lovely as you see. But because you may more apparently discern in what manner this occasion happen'd, I will lay it open to you in more familiar manner. Then he began the whole history from the original of his unbecoming affection to her (in regard she was a worthy man's wife) and consequently how all had happen'd to the instant hour, to the no mean admiration of all the hearers, adding withall: Now Gentlemen (quoth he) if you vary not from your further opinion, and especially Signior *Nicoluccio Caccianimico*, this Lady (by good right) is mine, and no man else, by any just Title, can lay any claim to her.

All sat silent, without answering one word, as expecting what he intended further to say: But in the mean while, *Nicoluccio*, the Parents and Kindred, but chiefly the Lady her self, appeared as half melted into tears with weeping. But Signior *Gentile* starting up from the Table, taking the Infant in his arm, and leading the Lady by the hands, going to *Nicoluccio*, thus spake: Rise Sir, I will not give thee thy Wife, whom both her Kindred and thine threw forth into the street; but I will bestow this Lady on thee, being my Gossip, and this sweet boy my Godson, who was (as I am verily perswaded) begotten by thee, I standing witness for him at the Font of Baptism, and gave him mine own name *Gentile*. Let me entreat thee, that although she have lived here in mine house for the space of three months, she should not be less welcom to thee than before; for I swear to thee upon my soul, that my former affection to her (how unjust soever) was the only means of preserving her life; and more honestly she could not live with Father, Mother, or thy self, than she hath done here with mine own Mother.

Having



Having thus spoken, he turned to the Lady, saying, Madam, I now discharge you of all promises made me, delivering you to your Husband frank and free: And when he had given him the Lady, and the Child in his Arms, he return'd to his place, and sat down again. *Nicoluccio*, with no mean joy and hearty Contentment received both his Wife and Child, being before far from expectation of such an admirable Comfort; returning the Knight infinite thanks (as all the rest of the Company did the like) who could not refrain from weeping for meer joy, for such a strange and wonderful Accident: every one highly commending *Gentile*, and such also as chanced to hear thereof. The Lady was welcomed home to her own House with many Months of jovial Feasting, and as she passed through the Streets, all beheld her with Admiration, to be so happily recovered from her Grave. Signior *Gentile* lived long after, a loyal Friend to *Nicoluccio* and his Lady, and all that were well-willers to them.

What think you now Ladies? Can you imagine, because a King gave away his Crown and Scepter; and an Abbot (without any Cost to himself) reconciled a Malefactor to the Pope; and an Old idle-headed Man yielding to the mercy of his Enemy: that all those Actions are comparable to this of Signior *Gentile*? Youth and Ardent Affection, gave him a just and lawful Title to her, who was free (by imagined Death) from Husband, Parents, and all Friends else, she being so happily won into his own possession. Yet honesty not only over-swayed the heat of desire, which in many Men is violent and immoderate: but with a bountiful and liberal Soul, that which he Coveted beyond all hopes else, and had within his own Command; he freely gave away. Believe me (bright Beauties) not any of the other (in true and upright judgement) are worthy to be equalled with this, or stiled by the Name of Magnificent Actions.

*Madam Dianora, the Wife of Signior Gilberto, being immodestly Affected by Signior Ansaldo, to free her self from his tedious importunity, she appointed him to perform (in her judgement) an Act of Impossibility; namely, to give her a Garden, as plentifully stored with fragrant Flowers in January, as in the flourishing Month of May. Ansaldo by means of a Bond which he made to a Magician, performed her Request. Signior Gilberto, the Ladies Husband, gave Consent, that his Wife should fulfill her Promise made to Ansaldo. Who hearing the bountiful mind of her Husband, released her of her Promise: And the Magician likewise discharged Signior Ansaldo, without taking ought of him.*

## The Fifth NOVEL

*Admonishing all Ladies and Gentlewomen, that are desirous to preserve their Chastity, free from all blemish and taxation, to make no Promise of yielding to any, under a Compact or Covenant, how impossible soever it seem to be.*

**N**OT any one in all the Company, but extolled the worthy Act of Signior *Gentile* to the Skies; till the King gave Command to *Madam Emilia*, that she should follow next with her Tale, who boldly stepping up, began in this order.

Gracious Ladies, I think there is none here present among us, but (with good reason) may maintain, that Signior *Gentile* performed a magnificent deed: but whosoever saith it is impossible to be more, perhaps is ignorant in such Actions, as can and may be done, as I mean to make good unto you, by a Novel not over-long or tedious.



The Countrey of *Fraulium*, better known by the name of *Forum Julii*; although it be subject to much Cold, yet it is pleasant in regard of many goodly Mountains, Rivers, and clear running Springs, wherewith it is not meanly stored. Within those Territories is a City called *Udina*, where sometime lived a Fair and Noble Lady, named *Madam Dianora*, Wife to a rich and worthy Knight, called Signior *Gilberto*, a man of very great fame and merit.

This beautiful Lady, being very modest and vertuously inclined, was highly affected by a noble Baron of those parts, tearmed by the name of Signior *Ansaldo Gradenfe*; a man of very great spirit, bountiful, active in Arms, and yet very affable and courteous, which caused him to be the better respected. His love to this Lady was extraordinary, hardly to be contained within any moderate compass, striving to be in like manner affected of her: to which end she wanted no daily Solicitings, Letters, Ambassages, and Love-tokens, all proving to no purpose.

This vertuous Lady, being wearied with his often temptations, and seeing that by denying whatsoever he demanded, yet he would not give over his suit but so much the more importunately still pursued her: began to bethink her self, how she might best be rid of him, by imposing some such task upon him, as should be impossible (in her Opinion) for him to effect. An Old Woman, whom he employed for his continual Messenger to her, as she came one day about her ordinary Errand, with her she communed in this manner. Good woman (quoth she) thou hast so often assured me, that Signior *Ansaldo* loveth me above all other women in the world, offering me wonderful gifts and presents in his Name, which I have always refused, and so still will do, in regard I am not to be won by any such allurements: yet if I could be soundly perswaded, that his Affection is answerable to thy peremptory protestations, I should (perhaps) be the sooner won, to listen to his suit in milder manner, than hitherto I have done. Wherefore, if he will give me assurance to perform such a business as I mean to enjoyn him, he shall the speedier hear better Answer from me, and I will confirm it with mine Oath.

Wonderfully pleased was Mistress *Maquerella*, to hear a Reply of such comfortable hope; and therefore desired the Lady to tell her what she would have done. Listen to me well (answered *Madam Dianora*) the matter I would have him to effect for me is; Without the walls of our City, and during the Month of *January* next ensuing, to provide me a Garden, as fairly furnished with all kind of fragrant Flowers, as the flourishing Month of *May* can yield no better. If he be not able to accomplish this imposition, then I command him, never hereafter to solicit me any more, either by thee, or any other whatsoever: for if you do importune me afterward, as hitherto I have concealed his secret Conspiring both from my Husband, and all my Friends; so will I then lay this dishonest suit open to the world, that he may receive punishment accordingly, for offering to wrong a Gentleman in his Wife.

When Signior *Ansaldo* heard her demand, and the offer beside thereupon made him (although it seemed no easie matter, but a thing meerly impossible to be done) he considered advisedly, that she made this motion to no other end, but only to bereave him of all his hope ever to enjoy what he so earnestly desired: nevertheless he would not so give it utterly over, but would needs prove what could be done. Hereupon he sent into divers parts of the World, to find out any one that was able to advise him in this doubtful case. In the end one was brought to him, who being well recompensed for his pains, by the Art of *Negromancy* would undertake to do it. With him Signior *Ansaldo* covenanted, binding himself to pay a great Sum of Money, upon performance of so rare a deed, awaiting (in hopeful expectation) for the Month of *Januaries* coming.

It being come, and the weather then in extremity of Cold, every thing cover'd with Ice and Snow, the Magician prevailed so by his Art, that after the *Christmases* Holy-days were past, and the Calends of *January* entred: in one Night, and without the City-walls, the goodliest Garden of Flowers and Fruits, was suddenly sprung up, as (in Opinion of such as beheld it) never was the like seen before. Now Ladies, I think I need not demand the question whether Signior *Ansaldo* were well pleased or no, who going to it, saw it most plentifully stored with all kind of Fruit-Trees, Flower, Herbs and Plants, as no one could be named that was wanting in this Artificial Garden. And having gathered some pretty store



store of them, secretly he sent them to Madam *Dianora*, inviting her to come see her Garden perfected according to her own desire, and upon view thereof, to confess the Integrity of his Love to her; considering and remembering withall, the Promise she had made under solemn Oath, that she might be reputed for a Woman of her word.

When the Lady beheld the fruits and flowers, and had heard many things recounted, so wonderfully growing in the same Garden: she began to repent her rash promise made; yet notwithstanding her repentance, as Women are covetous to see all Rarities; so accompanied with divers Ladies and Gentlewomen more, she went to see the Garden, and having commended it with much admiration, she returned home again, the most sorrowful Woman that ever lived, considering what she had tyed her self to, for enjoying this Garden. So excessive grew her grief and affliction, that it could not be so clouded or concealed, but her Husband took notice of it, and would needs understand the occasion thereof. Long the Lady (in regard of shame and modesty) sat without returning any Answer; but being in the end constrained, she disclosed the whole history to him.

At the first Signior *Gilberto* waxed exceeding Angry, but when he further considered withall, the pure and honest intention of his Wife; wisely he pacified his former distemper, and said. *Dianora*, it is not the part of a wise and honest Woman, to lend an ear to ambassages of such immodest nature, much less to compound or make agreement for her honesty, with any person, under any condition whatsoever. Those persuasions which the heart listneth to, by allurements of the ear, have greater power than many do imagine, and nothing is so uneasy or difficult, but in a Lovers judgment it appeareth possible. Ill didst thou therefore first of all to listen, but worse (afterward) to contract.

But, because I know the purity of thy soul, I will yield (to disoblige thee of thy promise) as perhaps no wise man else would do: moved thereto only by fear of the Magician, who seeing Signior *Ansaldo* displeased, because thou madest a mockage of him; will do some such violent wrong to us, as we shall be never able to recover. Wherefore, I would have thee to go to Signior *Ansaldo*, and if thou canst (by any means) obtain of him the safe keeping of thy honour, and full discharge of thy promise; it shall be an eternal fame to thee, and the Crown of a most victorious Conquest. But if it must needs be otherwise, lend him thy body only for once, but not thy will: for Actions committed by constraint, wherein the will is no way guilty, are half pardonable by the necessity.

Madam *Dianora* hearing her Husbands words, wept exceedingly, and avouched, that she had not deserved any such especial grace of him, and therefore she would rather die, than do it. Nevertheless it was the will of her Husband to have it so, and therefore (against her will) she gave consent. The next morning, by the break of day, *Dianora* arose, and attiring her self in her very meanest Garments, with two serving men before her, and a waiting woman following, she went to the lodging of Signior *Ansaldo*, who hearing that Madam *Dianora* was come to visit him, greatly marvelled, and being risen, he called the Magician to him, saying: Come go with me, and see what effect will follow upon thine Art. And being come into her presence, without any base or inordinate appetite, he did her humble reverence, embracing her honestly, and taking her into a goodly Chamber, where a fair fire was readily prepared, causing her to sit down by him, he said unto her as followeth.

Madam, I humbly intreat you to resolve me, if the Affection I have long time born you, and yet do still, deserve any recompence at all: you would be pleased then to tell me truly, the occasion of your instant coming hither, and thus attended as you are. *Dianora* blushing with a modest shame, and the tears trickling mainly down her fair Cheeks, thus answered. Signior *Ansaldo*, not for any love I bear you, or care of my faithful promise made to you, but only by the command of my Husband (who respecting more the pains and travels of your inordinate Love, than his own Reputation and Honour, or mine) hath caused me to come hither: and by vertue of his Command, am ready (for once only) to fulfill your Pleasure, but far from any will or consent in my self.



If Signior *Ansaldo* were abashed at the first, he began now to be more confounded with Admiration, when he heard the Lady speak in such strange manner: and being much moved with the liberal Command of her Husband, he began to alter his inflamed heat into most honourable respect and compassion, returning her this Answer.

Most Noble Lady, the gods forbid (if it be so as you have said) that I should (Villain like) soil the honour of him that takes such unusual Compassion of my unchast Appetite. And therefore you may remain here so long as you please, in no other condition, but as mine own natural born Sister; and likewise, you may depart freely when you will: conditionally, that (on my behalf) you tender such thanks to your husband, as you think convenient for his great bounty towards me, accounting me for ever hereafter, as his loyal Brother and faithful Servant. *Dianora* having well observed his Answer, her heart being ready to mount out at her mouth with joy, said: All the World could never make me believe (considering your honourable mind and honesty) that it would happen otherwise to me, than now it hath done; for which Noble Courtesie, I will continually remain obliged to you. So, taking her leave, she returned home honourable attended to her Husband, and relating to him what had happened, it proved the occasion of begetting intire Love and Friendship, between himself and the Lord *Ansaldo*.

Now concerning the skillful Magician, to whom *Ansaldo* meant to give the bountiful Recompence agreed on between them, he having seen the strange Liberality, which the Husband expressed to Signior *Ansaldo*, and that of *Ansaldo* to the Lady, he presently said. Great *Jupiter* strike me dead with Thunder, having my self seen a Husband so liberal of his Honour, and you Sir, of true noble kindness, if I should be not the like of my Recompence: for perceiving it to be so worthily employed, I am well contented that you should keep it. The Noble Lord was modestly ashamed, and strove (so much as in him lay) that he should take all, or the greater part thereof: but seeing he laboured meerly in vain, after the third day was past, and the Magician had destroyed the Garden again, he gave him free Liberty to depart, quite controlling all fond and unchast Affection in himself, either towards *Dianora*, or any Lady else, and living (ever after) as best becometh any Noble-man to do.

What say you now Ladies? Shall we make any account of the Woman well-near dead, and the kindness grown cold in Signior *Gentile*, by loss of his former hopes, comparing them with the Liberality of Signior *Ansaldo*, affecting more fervently than ever the other did; And being (beyond hope) possessed of the Body, which (above all things in the World) he most desired to have, to part with it meerly in fond Compassion? I protest (in my judgement) the one is no way comparable to the other; that of *Gentile*, with this last of Signior *Ansaldo*.



*Victorious King Charles, surnamed The Aged, and first of that name, fell in love with a young Maiden, named Genevera, Daughter to an ancient Knight, called Signior Neri degli Uberti. And waxing ashamed of his amorous Folly, caused both Genevera, and her fair Sister Isotta, to be joyned in marriage with two noble Gentlemen; the one named Signior Maffeo da Palazzi, and the other, Signior Gulielmo della Magna.*

### The Sixth NOVEL.

*Sufficiently declaring, That how mighty soever the power of Love is; yet a magnanimous and truly generous Heart, is can by no means fully conquer.*

**W**H O is able to express ingenuously the diversity of Opinions, which happen'd among the Ladies, in censuring on the act of Madam Dianora, and which of them was most liberal, either Signior Gilberto the Husband, Lord Ansaldo the importunate suiter, or the Magician, expecting to be bountifully rewarded. Surely it is matter beyond my capacity; but after the King had permitted their disputation a long while, looking on Madam Fiammetta, he commanded that she should report her Novel to make an end of their controverfie; and she (without any further delaying) thus began.

I did always (noble Ladies) hold it fit and decent, that in such an assembly as this of ours is, every one ought to speak so succinctly and plainly, that the obscure understanding, concerning the matters spoken of should have no cause of disputation: For Disputes do much better become the Colledges of Scholars, than to be among us, who hardly can manage our Distaves or Samplers. And therefore I do intend to relate something, which peradventure might appear doubtful: will forbear (seeing you in such a difference; for that which hath been spoken already) to use any difficult discourse; but will speak of one, a man of no mean rank and quality, being both a valiant and vertuous King, and what he did, without any impeach or blemishment to his honour.

I make no doubt, but you have often heard report of King Charles the Aged, and first of that name, by reason of his magnificent enterprises, as also his most glorious victory which he obtained against King Manfred, when the Ghibellines were expelled forth of Florence, and the Guelphes returned thither again. By which occasion, an ancient Knight named Signior Neri degli Uberti, forsaking then the City with all his Family and great store of Wealth, would live under any other obedience, than the awful power and command of King Charles. And coveting to be in some solitary place, where he might finish the remainder of his days in peace, he went to *Castello de Mare*, where, about a Bow-shot distance from all other dwelling houses, he bought a parcel of ground, plentifully stored with variety of Trees, bearing Olives, Chesnuts, Oranges, Lemmons, Pomcitrons, and other excellent Fruitages, wherewith the Country flourisheth abundantly. There he built a fair and commodious House, and planted (close by it) a pleasant Garden, in the midst whereof, because he had plenty of water: according as other men use to do, being in the like case so well provided; he made a very goodly Pond, which forthwith had all kind of Fish swimming in it, it being his daily care and endeavour to tend his Garden, and encrease his Fish-pond.

It fortuned that King Charles (in the Summer time) for his pleasure and recreation went to repose himself (for some certain days) at *Castello de Mare*, where having heard report of the beauty and singularity of Neri's Garden, he grew very desirous to see it. But when he understood to whom it belonged, then he entred into consideration with himself, that he was an ancient Knight, maintaining a contrary faction to his: wherefore he thought it fit to go in some familiar manner, and with no train attending on him. Whereupon he sent him word, that he would come visit him, with four Gentlemen only in his Company, meaning to sup with him in his Garden the next Night ensuing. The news was very wel-



welcom to Signior Neri, who took order in costly manner for all things to be done, entertaining the King joyfully into his beautiful Garden.

When the King had surveyed all, and the House likewise, he commended it beyond all other comparison, and the Tables being placed by the Ponds side, he washed his hands therein, and then sat down at the Table, commanding the Count, Sir Guy de Montfort (who was one of them which came in his company) to sit down by him, and Signior Neri on the other side. As for the other three of the train, he commanded them to attend on his service, as Signior Neri had given order. There wanted no exquisite Viands, and excellent Wines, all performed in most decent manner, and without the least noise or disturbance, wherein the King took no little delight.

Feeding thus in this contented manner, and fancying the solitude of the place, suddenly entred into the Garden two young Damfels, each aged about some fifteen years, their Hair resembling wiers of Gold, and curiously curled; having Chaplets (made like provincial Crowns) on their heads, and their delicate faces, expressing them to be rather Angels than mortal creatures, such was the appearance of their admired Beauty. Their under garments were of costly silk, yet white as the finest snow, framed (from the girdle upward) close to their bodies, but spreading largely downward, like the extendure of a Pavillion, and so descending to the feet. She that first came in sight, carried on her shoulder a couple of fishing Nets, which she held fast with her left hand, and in the right she carried a long staff; the other following her had on her left shoulder a Frying-pan, and under the same arm a small Faggot of wood, with a Trevit in her hand; and in the other hand a pot of Oyl, as also a brand of Fire.

No sooner did the King behold them, but he greatly wondred what they should be; and, without uttering one word, attended to listen what they would say. Both the young Damfels, when they were come before the King, with modest and bashful gesture, they performed very humble reverence to him, and going to the place of entrance into the Pond, she who had the Trevit set it down on the ground, with the other things also; and taking the staff which the other Damsel carried, they both went into the Pond, the water whereof reached so high as to their bosoms. One of the Servants to Signior Neri presently kindled the fire, setting the Trevit over it, and putting Oyl into the Frying-pan, held it upon the Trevit, awaiting until the Damfels should cast him up Fish. One of them did beat a place with the staff, where she was assured of the Fishes resort, and the other had also lodged the Nets so conveniently, as they quickly caught great store of Fish, to the Kings high contentment, who observed their behaviour very respectfully.

As the Fishes were thrown up to the Servant, alive as they were he took the best and fairest of them, and brought them to the Table, where they skip'd and mounted before the King, Count Guy de Montfort, and the Father; some leaping from the Table into the Pond again, and others, the King (in a pleasing humour) voluntarily threw back to the Damfels. Jestling and sporting in this manner, till the servant had dressed divers of them in exquisite order, and served them to the Table, according as Signior Neri had ordained. When the Damfels saw the Fishes service performed, and perceived that they had fished sufficiently, they came forth of the water, their garments then (being wet) hanging close about them, even as if they hid no part of their bodies. Each having taken those things again, which at first they brought with them, and saluting the King in like humility as they did before, returned home to the Mansion-house.

The King and Count likewise, as also the other attending Gentlemen, having duly considered the behaviour of the Damfels, commended extraordinarily their beauty and their feature, with those perfections of Nature, so gloriously shining in them. But (beyond all the rest) the King was boundless in his Praises given of them, having observed their going into the water, the equal carriage there of them both, their coming forth, and gracious demeanour at their departing (yet neither knowing of whence or what they were) he felt his affection very violently flamed, and grew into such an amorous desire to them both, not knowing which of them pleased him most, they so choicely resembled one another in all things.

But



But after he had dwelt long enough upon these thoughts, he turned himself to Signior Neri, and demanded of him, what Damosels they were. Sir (answered Neri) they are my Daughters, both brought into the world at one birth, and Twins, the one being named *Genevera* the fair, and the other *Isotta* the aimable. The King began again to commend them both, and gave him advice to get them both married: wherein he excused himself, alleading, that he wanted power to do it. At the same instant time, no other service remaining to be brought to the Table, except Fruit and Cheese, the two Damosels returned again, attired in goodly Robes of Carnation Sattin, formed after the Turkish fashion, carrying two fair Silver Dishes in their hands, filled with divers delicate Fruits, such as the season then afforded, setting them on the Table before the King. Which being done, they retired a little backward, and with sweet melodious voyces, sung a Ditty, beginning in this manner:

*Where Love presumeth into place,  
Let no one sing in Loves disgrace.*

So sweet and pleasing seemed the Song to the King (who took no small delight, both to hear and behold the Damosels) even as if all the Hierarchies of Angels, were descended from the Heavens, to sing before him. No sooner was the Song ended, but (humbly on their knees) they craved favour of the King for their departing. Now, although that their departure was greatly grieving to him, yet (in outward appearance) he seemed willing to grant it.

When supper was concluded, and the King and his Company remounted on horse-back: thankfully departing from Signior Neri, the King returned to his lodging, concealing there closely his Affection himself, and whatsoever importunate Affairs happened, yet he could not forget the beauty, and gracious behaviour of *Genevera* the fair (for whose sake he loved her sister likewise) but became so linked to her in vehement manner, as he had no power to think on any thing else. Pretending other urgent occasions, he fell into great familiarity with Signior Neri, visiting very often his goodly Garden; only to see his fair Daughter *Genevera*, the Adamant which drew him thither.

When he felt his Amorous assaults to exceed all power of longer sufferance: he resolved determinately with himself, (being unprovided of any better means) to take her away from her Father, and not only she, but her Sister also; discovering both his Love and intent to Count *Gui de Montforte*, who being a very worthy and serious Lord, and meet to be a Counsellor for a King, delivered his mind in this manner.

Gracious Lord, I wonder not a little at your speeches, and so much the greater is my admiration, because no man else can be subject to the like, in regard I have known you from the time of your infancy, even to this instant hour, always your carriage to be one and the same. I could never perceive in your youthful days, (when love should have the greatest means to assail you) any such oppressing passions; which is now the more Novel and strange to me, to hear it but said, that you being Old, and called the Aged, should be grown Amorous; surely to me it seemeth a miracle. And if it appertained to me to reprehend you in this case, I know well enough what I could say. Considering, you have yet your Armor on your back, in a Kingdom newly conquered, among a Nation not known to you, full of falshoods, breaches, and treasons; all which are no mean motives to care and needful respect. But having now won a little leisure, to rest your self a while from such serious Affairs; can you give way to idle suggestions of Love? Believe me Sir it is no act becoming a magnanimous King; but rather the giddy folly of a young brain.

Moreover you say (which most of all I mislike) that you intend to take the two Virgins from the Knight, who hath given you Entertainment in his house beyond his ability; and to tellise how much he honoured you: he suffered you to have a sight of them, meerly (almost) in a naked manner: witnessing thereby, what constant faith he reposed in you, believing verily, that you were a just King, and not a ravenous Wolf. Have you so soon forgot, that the rapes and violent actions, done by King *Manfred* to harmless Ladies, made your only way of entrance into this Kingdom? What treason was ever committed, more worthy of Eternal punishment, than this will be in you, to take away



from him (who hath so highly honoured you) his chiefest hope and consolation? What will be said by men if you do it?

Peradventure you think, it will be a sufficient Excuse for you to say: I did it in regard he was a *Ghibelline*. Can you imagine this to be justice in a King, that such as get into their possession in this manner (whatsoever it may be) ought to use it in this sort? Let me tell you Sir, it was a worthy Victory for you to Conquer King *Manfred*; but it is far more famous Victory, for a man to Conquer himself. You therefore, who are ordained to Correct Vices in other men, learn to subdue them in your self, and (by brideling this inordinate Appetite) set not so foul a blemish on so fair a fame, as will be honour to you to preserve spotless.

These words pierced the heart of the King deeply, and so much the more afflicted him, because he knew them to be most true: wherefore after he had vented a very vehement Sigh, thus he replied: Believe me Noble Count, there is not any Enemy, how strong soever he be, but I hold him weak and easie to be vanquished, by him who is skilful in the War, where a man may learn to Conquer his own Appetite. But because he shall find it a laborious Task, requiring inestimable Strength and Courage: your words have so toucht me to the quick, that it becometh me to let you effectually perceive (and within the compass of a few days) that as I have learned to Conquer others, so I am not ignorant in expressing the like power upon my self.

Having thus spoken, within some few days after, the King being returned to *Naples*, he determined, as well to free himself from any the like ensuing folly, as also to recompense Signior *Neri*, for the great kindness he had shewn to him (although it was a difficult thing, to let another enjoy what he rather desired for himself) to have the two Damosels married, not as the Daughters of Signior *Neri*, but even as if they were his own. And by Consent of the Father, he gave *Genevera* the fair, to Signior *Maffeo da Pilazzi*, and *Istta* the amiable, to Signior *Gulielmo della Magna*, two noble Knights, and honourable Barons. After he had thus given them in Marriage, in sad mourning he departed thence into *Apuglia*, whereby following worthy and honourable Actions, he so well overcame all inordinate Appetites: that shaking off the enthralling Fetters of Love, he lived free from all Passions the rest of his Life-time, and dyed as an honourable King.

Some perhaps will say, it was a small matter for a King to give away two Damosels in marriage, and I confesse it: but I maintain it to be great, and more than great, if we say, that a King, being so earnestly Enamour'd as this King was; should give her away to another, whom he so dearly affected himself, without receiving (in recompence of his Affection) so much as a Leaf, Flour, or the least Fruit of Love. Yet such was the vertue of this magnificent King, expressed in so highly recompensing the noble Knight's Conrtesie, honouring the two Daughters so Royally, and conquering his own Affections so Vertuously.



*Lisana, the Daughter of a Florentine Apothecary, named Bernardo Puccio, being at Palermo, and seeing Piero King of Aragon run at the Tilt; fell so affectionately Enamoured of him, that she languished in an extream and long sickness. By her own device, and means of a Song, sung in the hearing of the King; he vouchsafed to visit her, and giving her a kiss, terming himself also to be her Knight for ever after, he honourably bestowed her in marriage on a young Gentleman, who was called Perdicano, and gave him liberal endowments with her.*

The Seventh N O V E L

*Wherein is covertly given to understand, that howsoever a Prince may make use of his absolute power and authority, towards Maids or Wives that are his Subjects: yet he ought to deny and reject all things, as shall make him forgetfull of himself, and his true honour.*

**M**Adam *Fiammetta* being come to the end of her Novel, and the great Magnificence of King *Charles* much commended (howbeit some of the Company affecting the *Gibelline* Faction, were otherwise minded) *Madam Pampinea* by order given from the King, began in this manner.

There is no man of good Understanding (honourable Ladies) but will maintain what you have said of Victorious *Charles*; except such as cannot wish well to any. But because my memory hath instantly informed me, of an Action (perhaps) no less commendable than this, done by an Enemy of the said King *Charles*, and to a young Maiden of our City, I am the more willing to relate it upon your gentle attention vouchsafed, as hitherto it hath been courteously granted.

At such time as the *French* were driven out of *Sicily*, there dwelt at *Palermo* a *Florentine* Apothecary, named *Bernardo Puccio*, a Man of good Wealth and Reputation, who had by his Wife one only Daughter of marriageable years, and very beautiful. *Piero* King of *Aragon*, being then become Lord of that Kingdom, he made a Feast Royal at *Palermo*, accompanied with his Lords and Barons. In honour of which publick Feast, the King kept a Triumphal Day (of Jufts and Turnaments) at *Catalano*, and whereat it chanced, that the Daughter of *Bernardo* named *Lisana* was present. Being in a Window, Accompanied with other Gentlewomen, she saw the King run at the Tilt, who seemed so goodly a Person in her Eye, that being never satisfied with beholding him, she grew Enamoured, and fell into extremity of Affection towards him.

When the Festival was ended, she dwelling in the House of her Father, it was impossible for her to think on any thing else, but only the love which she had fixed on a Person of such height. And that which most tormented her in this case, was the knowledge of her own condition, being but mean and humble in degree; whereby she confessed, that she could not hope for any successful issue of her proud Love. Nevertheless she would not refrain from Affecting the King, who taking no Note of this kindness in her, by any perceivable means, must needs be the more regardless, which procured (by wary observation) her Afflictions to be the greater and intollerable.

Whereupon it came to pass, that this earnest Love encreasing in her more and more, and one melancholly Conceit taking hold on another; the fair Maid, when she could bear the burthen of her Grief no longer, fell into a languishing Sickness, consuming away daily (by evident appearance) even as the Snow melteth by the warm beams of the Sun.

The Father and Mother much dismayed and displeased at this hapless Accident, applying her with continual Comforts, Physick, and the best skill remaining in all the Physicians, sought all possible means to give her Succour: but all proved to no effect, because in regard of her Choice (which could sort to none other than a desperate end) she was desirous to live no longer.



Now it fortun'd, that her Parents offering her whatsoever remained in their power to perform, a sudden apprehension entred her mind, to wit, that ( if it might possibly be done ) before she died, she would first have the King to know in what manner she stood affected to him. Wherefore one day she entreated her Father, that a Gentleman named *Manutio de Arezza*, might be permitted to come see her. This *Manutio* ( was in those times ) held to be a most excellent Musician, both for his voice in Singing, and exquisite Skill in playing on Instruments, for which he was highly in Favour with King *Piero*, who made almost daily use of him, to hear him both Sing and Play.

Her tender and loving Father conceived immediately, that she was much desirous to hear his playing and singing; both being comfortable to a body in a languishing sickness, whereupon he sent presently for the Gentleman, who came accordingly, and after he had comforted *Lisana* with kind and courteous Speeches; he played dexterously on his Lute, which purposely he had brought with him, and likewise he sung divers excellent Ditties, which instead of his intended consolation to the Maid, did nothing else but increase her Fire and Flame.

Afterward she requested to have some Conference with *Manutio* alone, and every one being gone forth of the Chamber, she spake unto him in this manner.

*Manutio* I have made choice of thee, to be the faithful Guardian of an especial Secret, hoping first of all, that thou wilt never reveal it to any living body, but only to him whom I shall bid thee: And next, to help me so much as possibly thou canst, because my only hope relyeth in thee. Know then my dearest Friend *Manutio*, that on the solemn Festival-day, when our Sovereign Lord the King honoured his Exaltation with the Noble Exercises of Tilt and Turney; his brave behaviour kindled such a spark in my Soul, as since brake forth into a violent flame, and brought me to this weak condition as now thou seest. But knowing and confessing, how far unbeseeming my Love is, to aim so ambitiously at a King, and being unable to controul it, or in the least manner to diminish it: I have made choice of the only and best Remedy of all, namely, to Die; and so I am most willing to do. True it is, that I shall travel in this my latest journey, with endless affliction of Soul, except he have some understanding thereof before, and not knowing by whom to give him intelligence, in so due and convenient order, as by thee: I do therefore commit this last Office to thy trust, desiring thee not to refuse me in the performance thereof. And when thou hast done it, to let me understand what he saith, that I may die the more contentedly, and disburdened of so heavy an oppression, the only comfort to a parting Spirit: and so she ceased, her Tears flowing forth abundantly.

*Manutio* did not a little wonder at the Maids great Spirit, and her desperate Resolution, which moved him to exceeding commiseration, and suddenly he conceived that honestly he might discharge this duty for her, whereupon he returned her this Answer. *Lisana*, here I engage my Faith to thee, that thou shalt find me firm and constant, and die I will, rather than deceive thee. Greatly I do commend thy high Attempt, in fixing thy Affection on so potent a King, wherein I offer thee my utmost Assistance: and I make no doubt ( if thou wouldest be of good comfort ) to deal in such sort, as before three days are fully past, to bring such News as will content thee; and because I am loth to lose the least time, I will go about it presently. *Lisana* the young Maiden, once again intreated his Care and Diligence, promising to comfort her self so well as she could, commending him to his good fortune. When *Manutio* was gone from her, he went to a Gentleman, named *Mico de Sienna*, one of the best Poets in composing of Verses, as all those Parts yielded not the like. At his request, *Mico* made for him this ensuing Ditty.



The Song sung in the hearing of King Piero on the  
behalf of Love-Sick Lisana.

Go Love, and tell the Torments I endure,  
Say to my Sovereign Lord that I must die,  
Except he come, some comfort to procure,  
For tell I may not, what I feel, and why.

With beaved hands great Love I call to thee,  
Go see my Sovereign where he doth abide,  
And say to him, in what extremity,  
Thou hast (for him) my firm Affections try'd.  
To die for him, it is my sole desire,  
For live with him, I may not, nor aspire  
To have my fortunes thereby dignified;  
Only his sight would lend me Life a while:  
Grant it (great Love) mine Anguish to beguile.  
Go Love, and tell the Torments, &c.

Since the first hour that Love enthralled me,  
I never had the heart to tell my grief,  
My thoughts did speak, for thoughts be always free:  
Yet hopeful thoughts do find but poor relief.  
When Gnats will mount to Eagles in the Air,  
Alas! they scorn them, for full well they know,  
They were not bred to prey so base and low:  
Aloft they look, to make their flight more fair.  
And yet his sight will lend me life a while,  
Grant it (great Love) mine Anguish to beguile:  
Go Love and tell the Torments, &c.

If sight should be deny'd, then tell them plain,  
His high triumphal day procur'd my death,  
The Lance that won him honour hath me slain,  
For instantly it did bereave my breath,  
That speak I could not, nor durst be so bold,  
To make the Air acquainted with my woe:  
Alas! I lookt so high, and doing so,  
Justly deserve by death to be controll'd.  
Yet mercies sight would lend me Life a while,  
Grant it (great Love) mine Anguish to beguile.  
Go Love, and tell the Torments, &c.

The lines contained in this Ditty, *Manutio* fitted with Notes so moving and singularly Musical, that every word had the sensible motion of Life in it, where the King being (as yet) not risen from the Table, he commanded him to use both his Lute and Voice.

This seemed a happy Opportunity to *Manutio* to sing the Ditty so purposely done and devised: which he delivered in such excellent manner, the Voice and Instrument concurring so extraordinary pleasing; that all the Persons then in the Presence, seemed rather Statues, than living men, so strangely they were wrapt with Admiration; and the King himself far beyond all the rest, transported with a rare kind of Change and Alteration.

When *Manutio* had ended the Song, the King demanded of him, whence this Song came, because he had never heard it before? My gracious Lord, answer'd *Manutio*, it must needs seem strange to your Majesty, because it is not fully three days since it was invented, made and set to the Notes. Then the King asked, whom it concerned? Sir (quoth *Manutio*) I dare not disclose that to any, but only your self. Which Answer made the King much more desirous



desirous, and being risen from the Table, he took him into his Bed-Chamber, where *Mannio* related all at large to him, according to the trust reposed to him. Whereupon the King was wonderfully well pleased, greatly commending the Courage of the Maid, and said, that a Virgin of such a Valiant Spirit, did well deserve to have her Case commiserated: and commanded him also, to go (as sent from him) and comfort her, with promise, that the very same day in the Evening, he would not fail to come and see her.

*Mannio*, more than contented, to carry such glad Tydings to *Lisana*; without staying in any place, and taking his Lute also with him, went to the Apothecaries House, where speaking alone with the Maid: he told her what he had done, and afterward sung the Song to her, in as excellent manner as he had done before, wherein *Lisana* conceived such joy and contentment, as even in the very same moment, it was observed by apparent signs, that the violence of her Fits forsook her, and health began to get the upper hand of them. So without suffering any one in the house to know it, or by the least means to suspect it; she comforted her self till the Evening, in expectation of her Sovereign's Arrival.

*Piero* being a Prince, of most liberal and benign Nature, having afterward divers times consider'd on the matters which *Mannio* had revealed to him, knowing also the young Maiden, to be both beautiful and virtuous; was so much moved with Pity of her Extremity, as mounting on Horse-back, in the Evening, and seeming as if he Rode abroad for his private Recreation, he went directly to the Apothecaries House, where desiring to see a goodly Garden, appertaining then to the Apothecary, he dismounted from his Horse. Walking into the Garden, he began to question with *Bernardo*, demanding him for his Daughter, and whether he had as yet married her or no? My Gracious Lord answered *Bernardo*, as yet she is not Married, neither likely to be, in regard she hath had a long and tedious Sickness: but since Dinner-time, she is indifferently eased of her former violent pain, which we could not discern the like alteration in her a long while before.

The King understood immediately the reason of this so sudden alteration, and said. In good faith *Bernardo*, the world would sustain a great main and imperfection, by the loss of thy fair Daughter; wherefore, we will go our Self in Person to visit her. So, with two of his Lords only, and the Father, he ascended to the Maids Chamber, and being entred, he went to the Beds-side, where she sat, somewhat raised, in expectation of his coming, and taking her by the hand, he said: Fair *Lisana*, how cometh this to pass? You being so fair a Virgin, young, and in your delicacy of your days, which should be the chiefest comfort to you, will you suffer your self to be over-awed with Sickness? Let us intreat you, that (for our sake) you will be of good comfort, and thereby recover your health the sooner, especially when it is Requested by a King, who is sorry to see so bright a Beauty Sick, and would help it if it lay in his Power.

*Lisana* feeling the touch of his Hand, whom she loved above all things in the world, although a bashful blush mounted up into her Cheeks: yet her Heart was seized with such a rapture of pleasure, that she thought her self translated into Paradise, and so well as she could, thus she replied. Great King, by opposing my feeble strength against a burthen of over ponderous weight, it became the occasion of this grievous Sickness: but I hope that the violence thereof is (almost) already kill'd, only by this Sovereign Mercy in you, and doubtless it will cause my speedy deliverance. The King did best understand this so well palliated Answer of *Lisana*, which as he did much commend, in regard of her high Adventuring; so he did again as greatly condemn Fortune, for not making her more happy in her Birth.

So after he had stayed there a good while, and given her many comfortable Speeches, he returned back to the Court. This humanity of the King was reputed a great Honour to the Apothecary and his Daughter, who (in her own mind) received as much joy and contentment thereby, as ever any Wife could have of her own Husband.

And being assisted by better hopes, within a short while after, she became recovered, and far more beautiful (in common judgement) than ever she was before.



*Lisana* being now in perfect health, the King consulted with his Queen, what meet Recompence he should gratifie her withall, for loving and affecting him in such fervent manner. Upon a day determined, the King mounted on Horseback, accompanied with many of his chiefest Lords and Barons, he rode to the Apothecary's house, where walking in his beautiful Garden, he called for *Bernardo*, and his Daughter *Lisana*. In the mean space the Queen also came thither, royally attended on by her Ladies, and *Lisana* being admitted into their Company, they expressed themselves very gracious to her. Soon after, the King and the Queen called *Lisana*, and the King spake in this manner.

Fair Virgin, the extraordinary Love which you bare to us, calleth for as great honour from us to you; in which respect, it is our Royal desire, by one means or other to requite your kind Love. In our opinion, the chiefest honour we can extend to you, is, that being of sufficient years for Marriage, you would grace us so much as to accept him for your Husband, whom we intend to bestow on you. Besides this further Grand, from us, that (notwithstanding whatsoever else) you shall call us your Knight; without coveting any thing else from you for so great a favour, but only one Kiss, and think not to bestow it nicely on a King, but grant it the rather, because he begs it.

*Lisana*, whose looks were dyed with a vermilian tincture, or rather converted into a pure Maiden-blush, reputing the King's desire to be her own; in a low and humble Voice thus answered. My Lord, most certain am I, that if it had been publickly known, how none but your Highness might serve for me to fix my Love on, I should have been termed the Fool of all Fools; they perhaps believing that I was forgetful of my self, in being ignorant of my own Condition, and much less of yours. But the Gods are my witnesses (because they know the secrets of all hearts) that even in the very instant, when Loves fire took hold on my yielding Affection: I knew you to be a King, and my self the Daughter of poor *Bernardo* the Apothecary: likewise, how far unfitting it was for me, to be so Ambitious in my Loves presuming. But I am sure your Majesty doth know (much better than I am able to express-) that no one becometh Amorous, according to the duty of election, but as the Appetite shapeth his course, against whose Laws my Strength made many resistances, which not prevailing, I presumed to Love, did, and so for ever shall do your Majesty.

Now Royal Sovereign, I must needs confess, that so soon as I felt my self thus wholly Conquered by Loving you, I resolved for ever after, to make your Will mine own, and therefore am not only to accept him for mine Husband, whom you shall please to appoint, besitting my honour and degree: but if you will have me to live in a flaming fire, my Obedience shall Sacrifice it self to your Will, with the absolute conformity of my own. To stile you by the Name of my Knight, whom I know to be my lawful King and Sovereign; you are not ignorant how far unfitting a Word that were for me to use: As also the Kiss which you request, in requital of my Love to you. To these two I will never give Consent, without the Queens most Gracious Favour and license first granted. Nevertheless for such admirable benignity used to me, both by your Royal self, and by your vertuous Quene, heaven shewre do all boundless graces on you both, for it exceedeth all merit in me: and so she ceased speaking, in most dutiful manner.

The answer of *Lisana* pleased the Queen exceedingly, in finding her to be so wise and fair, as the King himself had before informed her: who instantly called for her Father and Mother, and knowing they would be well pleased with whatsoever he did: he called for a proper young Gentleman, but somewhat poor, being named *Perdicano*, and putting certain Rings into his hand, which he refused not to receive, caused him there to espouse *Lisana*. To whom the King gave immediately (besides Chains and Jewels of inestimable value, delivered by the Queen to the Bride) *Cessala* and *Calatablotta*, two great Territories abounding in divers wealthy Possessions, saying to *Perdecano*; These we give thee as a Dowry in Marriage with this beautiful Maid, and greater Gifts we will bestow on thee hereafter; as we shall perceive thy love and kindness to her.

When



When he had ended these words, he returned to *Lisana*, saying. Here do I freely give over all further fruits of your Affection towards me, thanking you for your former Love: so taking her head between his hands, he kissed her fair forehead, which was the usual Custom in those times. *Perdicano* the Father and Mother of *Lisana*, and she her self likewise, extraordinarily joyful for this so fortunate a Marriage, returned humble and hearty thanks both to the King and Queen, and (as many credible Authors do Affirm) the King kept his promise made to *Lisana*, because (so long as he lived) he always termed himself by the Name of her Knight, and in all Actions of Chivalry by him undertaken, he never carried any other Device, but such as he receiv'd from her.

By this and divers other like worthy deeds, not only did he win the hearts of his Subjects; but gave occasion to the whole World beside, to renown his Fame to all succeeding Posterity. Wherein (in these more wretched Times of ours) few or none bend the sway of Understanding: but rather how to be Cruel and Tyrannous Lords, and therefore win their Peoples hatred.

*Sophonra* thinking her self to be the married Wife of *Gisippus*, was (indeed) the Wife of *Titus Quintus Fulvius*, and departed thence with him to Rome. Within a while after, *Gisippus* also came thither in very poor condition, and thinking that he was despised by *Titus*, grew weary of his life, and confessed that he had murdered a man, with full intent to die for the fact. But *Titus* taking knowledge of him and desiring to save the life of *Gisippus*, charged himself to have done the bloody deed. Which the Murderer himself (standing then among the multitude) seeing, truly confessed the deed. By means whereof, all three were delivered by the Emperour *Octavius*: and *Titus* gave his Sister in marriage to *Gisippus* giving them also the most part of his goods and inheritances.

### The Eighth NOVEL.

Declaring, that notwithstanding the frowns of Fortune, diversity of occurrences, and contrary accidents happening: yet Love and Friendship ought to be preciousely preserved among men.

**B**Y this time *Madam Philomena*, at command of the King, (*Madam Pamphinea* ceasing) prepared to follow next in order; whereupon thus she began. What is it (Gracious Ladies) that Kings cannot do (if they list) in matters of greatest importance, as especially unto such as most they should declare their magnificence? He then that performeth what he ought to do, when it is within his own power, doth well. But it is not so much to be admired, neither deserveth half the commendations, as when one man doth good to another, when least it is expected, as being out of his power, and yet performed. In which respect, because you have so extolled King *Piero* as appearing not meanly meritorious in your judgments: I make no doubt but you will be much more pleased, when the actions of our equals are duly considered, and I shall parallel any of the greatest Kings. Wherefore I purpose to tell you a Novel, concerning an honourable courtesie of two worthy friends.

At such time as *Octavius Caesar* (not as yet named *Augustus*, but only in the office called *Titumviri*) governed the Roman Empire, there dwelt in Rome a Gentleman, named *Publius Quintus Fulvius*, a man of singular understanding, who having one Son named *Titus Quintus Fulvius*, of towardly years and apprehension, sent him to Athens to learn Philosophy, but with Letters of familiar commendations, to a noble Athenian Gentleman, named *Chremes*, being his ancient friend, of long acquaintance. This Gentleman lodged *Titus* in his own house, as a Companion to his Son, named *Gisippus*, both of them studying together, under the tutoring of a Philosopher, called *Aristippus*. These two young Gentlemen living thus in one City, House and School, it bred between them such a brother-hood and Amity, as they could not be sever'd from one another but only by the accident of death; nor could either of them enjoy any content, but when they were both together in Company.

Being



Being each of them endued with gentle spirits, and having began their studies together: they arose (by degrees) to the glorious height of Philosophy, to their much fame and commendation. In this manner they lived, to the no mean comfort of *Chremes*, hardly distinguishing the one from the other for his Son, and thus the Scholars continued the space of three years. At the ending whereof, (as it hapneth in all things else) *Chremes* died, whereat both the young Gentlemen conceived such hearty grief, as if he had been their common father: nor could the kindred of *Chremes* discern, which of the two had most need of comfort, the loss touched them so equally.

It chanced within some two months after, that the kindred of *Gisippus* came to see him, and (before *Titus*) advised him to marriage, and with a young Gentlewoman of singular beauty, derived from a most Noble house in *Athens*, and she named *Sophronia*, aged about fifteen years. This marriage, drawing near, *Gisippus* on a day, intreated *Titus* to walk along with him thither, because (as yet) he had not seen her. Coming to the house, and she sitting in the midst between them, *Titus* making himself a considerator of beauty, and especially on his friends behalf; began to observe her very judiciously, and every part of her seemed to pleasing in his Eye, that giving them all a private praise, yet answerable to their due deserving; he became so enflamed with affection to her, as never any Lover could be more violently surprized, so suddenly doth beauty beguile our best senses.

After they had sat an indifferent while with her, they retired home to their lodging, while *Titus* being alone in his Chamber, began to bethink on her whose perfections had so powerfully pleased him: and the more he entred into this consideration, the fiercer he felt his desires enflamed, which being unable to quench, by reasonable persuasions, after he had vented forth infinite sighs, thus he questioned.

Most unhappy *Titus* as thou art, whither doest thou transport thine understanding, love and hope? Dost thou not know as well by the honourable favours, which thou hast received of *Chremes* and his house, as also the intire Amity between thee and *Gisippus* (unto whom fair *Sophronia* is the affianced friend) that thou shouldest hold her in the reverent respect, as if she were thy true born Sister? Darest thou presume to fancy her? Whither shall beguiling love allure thee, and vain imagining hopes carry thee? Open the Eyes of thy better understanding, and acknowledge thy self to be a most miserable man, give way to reason, bridle thine intemperate appetites, reform all irregular desires, and guide thy fancy to a place of better direction. Resist thy wanton and lascivious will in the beginning, and be Master of thy Self, while thou hast opportunity; for what thou aimest at, is nei her reasonable nor honest. And if thou wert assured to prevail upon this pursuit, yet thou oughtest to avoid it, if thou hast any regard of true Friendship, and the duty therein justly required. What wilt thou do then *Titus*? Fly from this inordinate Affection, if thou wilt be reputed to be a Man of sensible judgement.

After that he had thus discoursed with himself, remembering *Sophronia*, and converting his former allegations, into a quite contrary sense, in utter detestation of them, and guided by his idle appetite, thus he began again. The Laws of Love are of greater force, than any other whatsoever, they not only break the bands of Friendship, but even those also of more divine consequence. How many times it hath been noted, the Father to affect his own Daughter, the Brother his Sister, and the Step-mother her Son in law, matters far more monstrous, than to see one Friend love the Wife of another, a case happening continually? Moreover, I am young, and youth is wholly subjected to the passions of Love: is it reasonable then, that those should be bar'd from me, which are fitting and pleasing to Love? Honest things belong to men of more years and maturity than I am troubled withall, and I can covet none but only those wherein Love is director. The beauty of *Sophronia* is worthy of general Love, and if I that am a young man love her, what man living can justly reprove me for it? Should I not love her because she is affianced to *Gisippus*? That is no matter to me, I ought to love her because she is a woman, and women were created for no other occasion, but to be loved. Fortune hath sinned in this case, and not I, in directing my Friends Affection to her, rather than any other; and if she ought to be loved, as her perfections do challenge, *Gisippus* understanding that



that *I* affect her, may be the better contented that it is *I*, rather than any other.

With these and the like entercourses, he often mockt himself, falling into the contrary, and then to this again, and from the contrary into another kind of alteration, wasting and consuming himself, not only this Day and the Night following, but many more afterward, till he lost both his feeding and his sleep, so that through debility of body, he was constrained to keep his Bed. *Gisippus* who had divers days noted his melancholly disposition, and now his falling into extremity of sickness, was very sorry to behold it: and with all means he could devise to use, he both questioned the cause of this strange alteration, and essayed every way, how he might best comfort him, never ceasing to demand a reason, why he should be thus sad and sickly. But *Titus* after infinite importuning (which still he answered with idle and frivolous excuses, far from the truth indeed, and to the no mean affliction of his friend) when he was able to use no more contradictions; at length, in sighs and tears, thus he replied.

*Gisippus*, were the Gods so well pleased, I could more gladly yield to die, than continue any longer in this wretched Life, considering, that Fortune hath brought me into such an Extremity, as proof is now to be made of my Constancy and Vertue; both which I find conquered in me, to my eternal confusion and shame. But my best hope is, that I shall shortly be required as I have in justice deserved, namely with death, which will be a thousand times more welcome to me, than a loathed life with remembrance of my base dejection in Courage; which because I can no longer conceal from thee, not without blushing shame, I am well contented for to let thee know it.

Then began he to recount the whole occasion of this strange Conflict in him, what a main Battel he had with his private Thoughts, confessing that they got the Victory, causing him to die hourly for the Love of *Sophronia*, and affirming withall, that in due acknowledgement, how greatly he had transgressed against the Laws of Friendship, he thought no other penance sufficient for him, but only death, which he willingly expected every hour, and with all his heart would gladly bid welcome.

*Gisippus* hearing this discourse, and seeing how *Titus* bitterly wept, in agonies of moving afflictions, sat an indifferent while sad and pensive, as being wounded with Affection to *Sophronia*, but yet in a well-govern'd and temperate manner. So without any long delaying, he concluded with himself; That the Life of his Friend ought to be accounting much more dear, than any Love he could bear to *Sophronia*: And in this resolution, the Tears of *Titus* forcing his Eyes to flow forth like the Fountains, and running down his Cheeks, thus he reply'd.

*Titus*, if thou hadst not need of Comfort, as plainly I see thou hast, I would justly Complain of thee to my self, as of the man who hath violated our friendship, in keeping thy Extremity so long time concealed from me, which hath been over-tedious for thee to endure. And although it might seem to thee a dishonourable case, and therefore kept from the knowledge of thy Friend, yet I plainly tell thee, that dishonest courses (in the League of Amity) deserve no more concealment, than those of the honestest nature. But leaving these impertinent wandrings, let us come to them of much greater necessity.

If thou dost earnestly love fair *Sophronia*, who is Betrothed and Affianced to me, it is no matter for me to marvel at: But I should rather be much abashed, if thou couldst not intirely affect her, knowing how Beautiful she is, and the nobility of her mind, being as able to sustain passion, as the thing pleasing is fullest of excellency. And look how reasonably thou fancyest *Sophronia*, as unjustly thou complaineest of thy Fortune, in ordaining her to be my Wife, although thou dost not speak it expressly: as being of an opinion I that thou mightest with more honesty love her, if she were any others than mine. But if thou art so wise as I have always held thee to be, tell me truly upon thy faith, to whom could Fortune better guide her, and for which thou oughtest to be more thankful, than in bestowing her on me? Any other that had enjoyed her, although thy love was never so honest, yet he would better affect her himself, then for thee, which thou canst not (in like manner) look for from me, if thou dost account me, for thy friend, and as constant now as ever.



Reason is my warrant in this case, because I cannot remember, since first our entrance into Friendship, that ever I enjoyed any thing, but it was as much thine, as mine. And if our Affairs had such an equal course before, as otherwise they could not subsist; must they not now be kept in the same manner? Can any thing more particularly appertain to me, but thy Right therein is as absolute as mine? I know not how that thou mayest esteem of my Friendship, if in any thing concerning my self, I can plead my priviledge to be above thine. True it is, that *Sophronia* is Affianced to me, and I love her dearly, daily expecting when our Nuptials shall be celebrated. But seeing thou dost more fervently affect her, as being better able to judge of the perfection, remaining in so excellent a Creature as she is, than I do: assure thy self, and believe it constantly, that she shall come to my Bed, not as my Wife, but only thine. And therefore leave these despairing thoughts, shake off this cloudy disposition, reassume thy former jovial Spirit with comfort, and what else can content thee; in expectation of the happy hour, and the just requital of thy long, loving, and worthy friendship, which I have always valued as mine own life.

*Titus* hearing this answer of *Gisippus*, look how much the sweet hope of that which he desired gave him pleasure, as much both duty and reason affronted him with shame, setting before his eyes this due consideration, That the greater the liberality of *Gisippus* was, far greater and unreasonable it appeared to him in disgrace, if he should unmannerly accept it. Wherefore, being unable to refrain from tears, and with such strength as his weakness would give leave; thus he replied.

*Gisippus*, thy bounty and firm friendship suffereth me to see apparently, what (on my part) is no more than ought to be done. All the Gods forbid, that I should receive as mine, her whom they have adjudged to be thine, by true respect of birth and desert. For if they had thought her a Wife fit for me, do not thou or any else imagine, that ever she should have been granted to thee. Use freely therefore thine own Election, and the gracious favour wherewith they have blessed thee: leave me to consume away with tears, a mourning Garment by them appointed for me, as being a man unworthy of such happiness; for either I shall conquer this disaster, and that will be my Crown, or else it will vanquish me, and free me from all pain: whereto *Gisippus* presently thus answered.

Worthy *Titus*, if our Amity would give me so much license, as but to contend with my self in pleasing thee with such a thing as I desire, and could also induce thee therein to be directed: it is the only end whereat I aim, and am resolved to pursue it. In which regard, let my persuasions prevail with thee, and thereto I conjure thee, by the faith of a friend, suffer me to use mine authority, when it extendeth both to mine own honour, and thy good, for I will have *Sophronia* to be only thine. I know sufficiently, how far the forces of Love do extend in power, and am not ignorant also how, not once or twice, but very many times, they have brought Lovers to unfortunate ends, as now I see thee very near it, and so far gone, as thou art not able to turn back again, nor yet to conquer thine own tears, but proceeding on farther in this extremity, thou wilt be left vanquish'd, sinking under the burthen of Love's tyrannical oppression, and then my turn is next to follow thee. And therefore had I no other reason to love thee, yet because this Life is dear to me, in regard of mine own depending thereon, I stand the nearer thereto obliged. For this cause, *Sophronia* must and shall be thine, for thou canst not find any other so conform to thy fancy. Albeit I who can easily convert my liking to another Wife, but never to have the like friend again, shall hereby content both thee and my self.

Yet perhaps this is not a matter so easily done, or I to express such liberality therein, if Wives were to be found with the like difficulty, as true and faithful friends; but (being able to recover another Wife) though never such a worthy friend; I rather chuse to change, I do not say, lose her (for in giving her to thee, I lose her not my self) and by this change, make that which was good before, ten times better, and so preserve both thee and my self. To this end therefore, if my Prayers and Persuasions have any power with thee, I earnestly entreat thee, that by freeing thy self out of this affliction, thou wilt (in one instant) make us both truly



comforted, and dispose thy self (living in hope) to embrace that Happiness, which the fervent Love thou bearest to *Sophronia* hath justly deserved.

Now although *Titus* was confounded with shame, to yield consent, that *Sophronia* should be accepted as his Wife, and used many obdurate resistances; yet notwithstanding, love pleading one the one side powerfully, and *Gisippus* as earnestly perswading on the other, thus he answered. *Gisippus*, I know not what to say, neither how to behave my self in this election, concerning the fitting of my contentment, or pleasing thee in thy importunate perswasion. But seeing thy liberality is so great, as it surmounteth all reason or shame in me, I will yield obedience to thy more than noble nature. Yet let this remain for thine assurance, that I do not receive this grace of thine, as a man not sufficiently understanding how I enjoy from thee, not only her whom most of all I do affect, but also do hold my very Life of thee. Grant then you greatest gods (if you be the Patrons of this mine unexpected felicity) that with honour and due respect, I may hereafter make apparently known; how highly I acknowledge this thy wonderful favour, in being more merciful to me, than I could be to my self.

For abridging of all further circumstances, answered *Gisippus*, and for easier bringing this matter to full effect, I hold this to be our only way. It is not unknown to thee, how after much discourse had between my Kindred, and those belonging to *Sophronia*, the Matrimonial Conjunction was fully agreed on, and therefore if now I shall flie off, and say, I will not accept her as my Wife, great Scandal would arise thereby, and make much trouble among our Friends, which could not be greatly displeasing to me, if that were the way to make her thine. But I rather stand in fear, that if I forsake her in such peremptory sort, her Kindred and Friends will bestow her upon some other, and so she is utterly lost, without all possible means of recovery.

For prevention therefore of all sinister Accidents, I think it best, (if thy Opinion jump with mine) that I still pursue the business, as already I have begun, having thee always in my Company, as my dearest Friend, and only Attociate. The Nuptials being performed with our Friends, in secret manner at Night (as we can cunningly enough contrive it) thou shalt have her Maiden-honour in Bed, even as if she were thine own Wife. Afterward, in apt time and place, we will publickly make known what is done; if they take it well, we will be as jocund as they: if they frown and wax offended, the deed is done over-late to be recalled, and so perforce they must rest contented.

You may well imagine, this Advice was not a little pleasing to *Titus*, whereupon *Gisippus* received home *Sophronia* into his House, with publick intention to make her his Wife, according as was the Custom then observed; and *Titus* being perfectly recovered, was present at the Feast very ceremonially observed. When Night was come, the Ladies and Gentlewomen conducted *Sophronia* to the Bride-Chamber, where they left her in her Husband's Bed, and then departed all away.

The Chamber wherein *Titus* used to lodge, joyned close to that of *Gisippus*, for their easier Access each to the other, at all times whensoever they pleased; and *Gisippus* being alone in the Bride-Chamber, preparing as if he were coming to Bed: extinguishing the Light, he went softly to *Titus*, willing him to go to Bed to his Wife. Which *Titus* hearing, overcome with shame and fear, became repentant, and denyed to go.

But *Gisippus* being a true intire Friend indeed, and confirming his Words with Actions, after a little lingering dispute, sent him to the Bride, and as soon as he was in the Bed with her, taking *Sophronia* gently by the Hand, softly he moved the usual question to her, if she were willing to be his Wife.

She believing verily that he was *Gisippus*, modestly replied: Sir, I have chosen you to be my Husband, reason requires then, that I should be willing to be your Wife. At which words a costly Ring, which *Gisippus* used daily to wear, he put upon her finger, saying: With this Ring I Confess my self to be your Husband, and bind you for ever my Spouse and Wife; no other kind of Marriage was observed in those days, and so she continued all the Night with her, she never suspecting him to be any other than *Gisippus*: and thus was the Marriage consummated between *Titus* and *Sophronia*, albeit the Friends on either side thought otherwise.



By this time *Publius* the Father of *Titus*, was departed out of this mortal Life, and Letters came to *Athens*, that with all speed he should return to *Rome*, to take order for occasions there concerning him; wherefore he concluded with *Gisippus* about his departure, and taking *Sophronia* thither with him, which was no easie matter to be done, untill it were first known how occasions had been carried among them. Whereupon, calling her one day into her Chamber, they told her intirely how all had past; which *Titus* confirmed substantially, by such direct passages between themselves, as exceeded all possibility of denial, and moved in her much admiration; looking each on other very discontentedly, she heavily weeping and lamenting, and greatly complaining of *Gisippus* for wronging her so unkindly.

But before any further noise was made in the House, she went to her Father, to whom, as also to her Mother, she declared the whole treachery, how much both they, and their other Friends, were wronged by *Gisippus*, avouching her self to be the Wife of *Titus*, and not of *Gisippus*, as they supposed. These News were highly displeasing to the Father of *Sophronia*, who with her Kindred, as also those of *Gisippus*, made great Complaints to the Senate, very dangerous Troubles and Commotions arising daily between them, drawing both *Gisippus* and *Sophronia* into harsh Reports; he being generally reputed not only worthy of all bitter Reproof, but also the severest Punishment. Nevertheless he maintained publickly what he had done, avouching it for an act both of honour and honesty, wherewith *Sophronia's* Friends had no reason to be offended, but rather to take it in very thankful part, having married a Man of far greater Worth and Respect, than himself was or could be.

On the other side, *Titus* hearing these uncivil Acclamations, became much moved and provoked at them; but knowing it was a Custom observ'd among the *Greeks*, to be so much the more hurried away with rumours and threatnings, as less they find them to be Answered, and when they find them, shew themselves not humble enough, but rather as base Men, and of no Courage; he resolved with himself, that their Braveries were no longer to be endured, without some bold and manly Answer. And having a *Roman* heart, as also an *Athenian* understanding, by politick perswasions, he caused the Kindred of *Gisippus* and *Sophronia*, to be assembled in a Temple, and himself coming thither accompanied with none but *Gisippus* only, he began to deliver his mind before them all, in this manner following.

The Oration uttered by *Titus Quintus Fulvius*, in the hearing of the *Athenians*, being the Kindred and Friends to *Gisippus* and *Sophronia*.

**M**ANY Philosophers do hold Opinion, that the Actions performed by mortal men, do proceed from the disposing and ordination of the Immortal Gods. Whereupon some do maintain, That things which be done, or never are to be done, proceed of Necessity: albeit some others do hold, That this necessity is only referred to things done. Both which Opinions (if they be considered with mature judgement) do most manifestly approve, That they who reprehend any thing which is irrevocable, do nothing else but shew themselves, as if they were wiser than the Gods who we are to believe, that with perpetual Reason, and void of any Error do dispose and govern both us and all our Actions; In which respect, how foolish and beast-like a thing it is presumptuously to check or controul their operations, you may very easily consider; and likewise, how justly they deserve condign punishment, who suffer themselves to be transported in so temerarious a manner.

In which notorious transgression I understand you all to be guilty, if common fame speak truly concerning the marriage of my self and *Sophronia*, whom you imagined, as given to *Gisippus*; for you never remember, that it was so ordained from Eternity, she to be mine, and no wife for *Gisippus*, as at this instant is made manifest by full effect. But because the kind of speaking, concerning divine providence, and intention of the Gods, may seem a difficult matter to many, and somewhat hard to be understood



stood: I am content to pre-suppose, that they meddle not here with any thing of ours, and will only stay my self on humane reasons, and in this nature of speech I shall be enforced to do two things quite contrary to my natural disposition. The one is to speak somewhat in praise and commendation of my self: and the other, justly to blame and condemn other mens seeming estimation. But because both in the one and the other, I do not intend to swerve a jot from the Truth, and the necessity of the present case in question, doth not only require, but also command it, you must pardon what I am to say.

Your complaints do proceed, rather from fury than reason, and with ( continual murmurs or rather seditious ) slander, backbite and condemn Gissippus, because ( of his own free will and noble disposition ) he gave her to be my Wife, whom ( by your election ) was made his; wherein I account him most highly praise-worthy: and the reasons inducing me therunto, are these. The first, because he hath performed no more than what a friend ought to do: and the second, in regard he hath dealt more wisely than you did. I have no intention to display ( at this present ) what the secret law of Amity requirerh, to be acted by one friend towards another, it shall suffice me only to inform you, that the league of friendship ( far stronger than the bond of blood and kindred ) confirmed us in our election of either at the first, to be True, Loyal, and perpetual Friends; whereas that of kindred, cometh only by fortune or chance. And therefore if Gissippus affected more my Life, than your benevolence, I being ordained for his friend, as I do now confess my self to be; none of you ought to wonder thereat, in regard it is no matter of marvel.

But let us come now to our second reason, wherein, with far greater instance I will shew you, that he hath ( in this occasion ) shewn himself to be much more wise, than you did, or have done: because it plainly appeareth, that you have no feeling of the Divine providence, and much less knowledge in the effects of friendship. I say, that your foresight, Counsel and deliberation, gave Sophronia to Gissippus, a young Gentleman, and a Philosopher: Gissippus likewise hath given her to a young Gentleman and a Philosopher, as himself is. Your discretion gave her to an Athenian; the gift of Gissippus, is to a Roman. Yours to a Noble and honest man; that of Gissippus, to one more Noble by race, and no less honest than himself. Your judgment hath bestowed her on a rich young man: Gissippus hath given her to one far richer. Your wisdom gave her to one who not only loved her not, but also one that desired not to know her: Gissippus gave her unto him, who above all felicity else, yea, more than his own life, both entirely loved and desired her.

Now, for proof of that which I have said, to be most true and infallible, and that his deed deserveth to be much more commended than yours, let it be duly considered on, point by point. That I am a young man and a Philosopher, as Gissippus is; my years, face, and studies, without seeking after further proof, doth sufficiently testifie: One self same Age is both his and mine, in like quantity of course have we lived, and studied together. True it is, that he is an Athenian, and I am a Roman. But if the Glory of these two Cities should be disputed on: then let me tell you, that I am of a City that is frank and free, and he is of a Tributary City. I say, that I am of a City which is the Chief Lady and Mistress of the whole world, and he is of a City subject to mine, I say, that I am of a City, that is strong in Arms, Empire, and Study also: whereas his can commend it self but for Studies only. And although you seem here to be a Scholar, in appearance mean enough, yet I am not descended of the simplest stock in Rome.

My houses and publique places are filled with the antient Statues of my Predecessors, and the Annals record the infinite Triumphs of the Quintii, brought home by them into the Roman Capitole, and years cannot eat out the Glory of our Name, but it will live and flourish to all posterity.

Modest shame makes me silent in my wealth and possessions, my mind truly telling me, that honest contented poverty, is the most ancient and richest inheritance, of our best and noblest Romans; which opinion, if it be condemned by the understanding of the ignorant multitude, and herein we shall give way to them by preferring riches and worldly treasures, then I can say, that I am abundantly provided, not as ambitious, nor greedily covetous, but sufficiently stored with the goods of Fortune.



I know well enough, that you held it as a desired benefit, Gissippus being a Native of your City, should also be linked to you by alliance: but I know no reason, why I should not be as near and dear to you at Rome, as if I lived with you here. Considering, when I am there, you have a ready and well wishing friend, to stand you in all beneficiall and serviceable officies, as careful and provident for your support, yea, a Protector of you, and your affairs, as well publick as particular. Who is it then, not transported with partial affection, that can (in reason) more approve your act, than that which my friend Gissippus hath done? Questionless not any one, as I think. Sophronia is married to Titus Quintus Fulvius, a Noble Gentleman by Antiquity, a rich Citizen of Rome, and (which is above all) the friend of Gissippus: therefore, such a one that thinks it strange, is sorry for it or, would no have it be; knoweth not what he doth

Perhaps there may be some, who will say, they do not so much complain, that Sophronia is the Wife to Titus: but of the manner whereby it was done, as being made his Wife secretly, and by theft, not any of her friends called thereto, no, not so much as advertised thereof. Why Gentlemen this is no miraculous thing, but heretofore hath oftentimes happened, and therefore no novelty.

I cannot count unto you, how many there have been, who (against the will of their Father) have made choice of their Husbands; nor of them that have fled away with their Lovers into strange Countreys, being first Friends, before they were Wives: nor of them who have sooner made testimony of marriage by their bellies, than those ceremonies due to matrimony, or publication thereof by the Tongue; so that meer necessity and constraint, hath forced the Parents to yield consent: which hath not so hapned to Sophronia, for she was given to me by Gissippus discreetly, honestly, and orderly.

Others also may say that she is married to him, to whom it belonged not to marry her. These complaints are foolish, and Womanish, proceeding from very little or no consideration at all. In these days of ours, Fortune makes no use of Novel or inconsiderate means, whereby to bring matters to their determined effect. Why should it offend me, if a Cobler, rather than a Scholar, hath ended a business of mine, either in private or in publick, if the end be well made? Well, I may take order, if the Cobler be indiscreet, that he meddle no more with any matters of mine, yet I ought, in courtesie, to thank him for that which he did.

In like manner, if Gissippus hath married Sophronia well, it is foolish and superfluous, to find fault with the manner he used in her marriage. If you mislike his course in the case, beware of him hereafter, yet thank him because it is no worse.

Nevertheless, you are to understand, that I sought not by fraud or deceit, (but only by wit) an opportunity, whereby any way to sully the honesty and clear Nobility of your Blood, in the person of Sophronia: for although in secret I made her my Wife, yet I came not as an Enemy, to take her perforce, nor (like a Ravisher) wronged her Virginity, to blemish your Noble titles, or despising your alliance. But fervently enflamed by her bright beauty, and inched also by her unparallel'd vertues, I shaped my course; knowing well enough, that if I took the ordinary way of wooing, by moving the question to you, I should never win your consent, as fearing, lest I would take her with me to Rome, and so convey out of your sight a Jewel by you so much esteemed, as she is.

For this and no other reason, did I presume to use the secret cunning which now is openly made known unto you: and Gissippus disposed himself thereunto, which otherwise he never determined to have done, in contracting the marriage for me, and she consenting to me in his Name.

Moreover, albeit most earnestly I affected her, I sought to procure your Union, not like a Lover, but as a true Husband, nor would I immodestly touch her, till first (as her self can testify) with the words becoming wedlock, and the Ring also I espoused her, demanding of her, if she would accept me as her Husband, and she answered me, with her full consent. Wherein, if it may seem that she was deceived, I am not any way to be blamed, but she, for not demanding, what, and who I was.

This



*This then is the great Evil, the great Offence, and the great Injury committed by my Friend Gisippus, and by me as a Lover: that Sophronia is secretly become the Wife of Titus Quintus Fulvius. And for this Cause, like Spies you watch him, threaten him daily, as if you intended to tear him in pieces, What could you do more, if he had given her to a man of the very vilest Condition? to a Villain, to a Slave? What Prisons, what Fetters, or what Torments are sufficient for this Fact? But leaving those frivolous matters, let us come to discourse of more moment, and better befitting your attention.*

*The time is come that I may no longer continue here, because Publius my Father is dead, and I must needs return to Rome, wherefore being minded to take Sophronia thither with me, I was the more willing to Acquaint you therewith, as also what else I have said, which otherwise had been concealed from you. Nor can you but take it in good part, if you be wise, and rest well contented with what is done: considering if I had any intention either to deceive, or otherwise wrong you; I could have basely left her, and made a scorn both of her and you, you not having any power to stay me here. But the Gods will never permit that any courteous Roman should ever conceive so vile and degenerate a thought.*

*Sophronia, by ordination of the Gods; by force of Humane Laws, and by the laudable Consent of my Friend Gisippus, as also the powerful command of Love, is mine. But you perchance imagining your selves to be wiser than the Gods, or any other men whatsoever; may think ill of it, and more brutishly than Beasts, condemn their working in two kinds, which would be offensive to me. The one is, the detaining of Sophronia from me, of whom you have no power but what pleaseth me. The other is your bitter Threatnings against Gisippus, my dear Friend, to whom you are in duty obliged. In both which Cases, how unreasonable soever you carry your selves, I intend not at this time to press any further. But rather let me Counsel you like a Friend, to cease your hatred and disdain, and suffer Sophronia to be delivered me, that I may depart contentedly from you as a Kinsman, and (being absent) remain your Friend: assuring you, that whether what is done shall please or else displease you, if you purpose to proceed any otherwise; I will take Gisippus along with me, and when I come to Rome, take such sure Order to fetch her hence, who in justice is mine, even in meer despiight of you all; and then you shall feel by sound Experience, how powerful is the just indignation of the wronged Romans.*

When Titus had thus concluded his Oration, he rose up with a stern and discontented countenance, and took Gisippus by the hand, plainly declaring that he made small account of all the rest that were in the Temple; and shaking his head at them, rather menaced than any otherwise seemed to care, or stand in fear of them.

They which tarried when they were gone, considering partly of the reasons alleadged by Titus, and partly terrified by his latest speeches; became induced, to like well of his Alliance and Amity, as (with common consent) they concluded: That it was much better to accept Titus as their Kinsman (seeing Gisippus had made manifest refusal thereof) than to lose the Kindred of the one, and procure the Hatred of the other. Wherefore they went to seek Titus, and said unto him, they were very well contented that Sophronia should be his Wife, he their dear and loving Kinsman, and Gisippus to remain their much respected Friend. And embracing one another, making 'a solemn Feast, such as in the like Cases is necessarily required, they departed from him, presently sending Sophronia to him, who making a vertue of necessity, converted her Love, in short time after, to Titus in as effectual manner, as formerly she had done to Gisippus, and so was sent away with him to Rome, where she was received and welcomed with very great honour.

Gisippus remaining still at Athens, in small regard of either theirs, or his own Friends, not long after, by means of sundry troublesome Citizens, and partialities happening among the common People, was Banished from Athens, and he, as also all his Family, condemned to perpetual Exile: during which tempestuous time, Gisippus was become not only wretchedly poor, but wandred abroad as a common Beggar; in which miserable condition, he travelled to Rome, to trie if Titus would take any acknowledgement of him. Understanding that



that he was living; and one most respected among the *Romans*, as being a great Commander, and a Senator: he enquired for the place where he dwelt, and going to be near about his House, stayed there so long, 'till *Titus* came home, yet not daring to manifest himself, or speak a word to him, in regard of his poor and miserable estate, but strove to have him see him, to the end, that he might acknowledge and call him by his name; notwithstanding, *Titus* passed by him without either speech or looking on him. Which when *Gisippus* perceived, and making full account, that (at the least) he would remember him, in regard of former courtesies done to him; confounded with grief, and desperate thoughts, he departed thence, never meaning to see him any more.

Now, in regard it was night, he having eaten nothing all that day, nor provided of one penny to buy him any Food, wondred he knew not whither, desiring rather to die than live; he came at last to an old ruinous part of the City, over-spread with Briers and Bushes, and seldom resorted unto by any; where finding a hollow Cave or Vault, he entred into it, meaning there to wear away the comfortless night, and laying him down on the hard ground, almost stark naked, and without any warm Garments, over-wearied with weeping, at last he fell into a sleep.

It fortuned, that two Men, who had been abroad the same night, committing Thefts and Robberies together, somewhat very early in the morning came to the same Cave, intending there to share and divide their Booties, and differences happening between them about it, he that was the stronger person slew there the other, and then went away with the whole purchase.

*Gisippus* having heard and seen the manner of this accident, was not a little joyful, because he had now found a way to Death, without laying any violent hand on himself; for Life being very loathsome to him, it was his only desire to dye. Wherefore he would not budge from the place, but tarried there so long, 'till the Sergeants and Officers of Justice (by the information of him that did the deed) came thither well attended, and furiously led *Gisippus* thence to Prison. Being examined concerning this bloody fact, he plainly confessed, that he himself had committed the murder, and afterward would not depart from the Cave, but purposely stayed for apprehension, as being truly touch'd with compunction for so foul an offence: Upon which peremptory confession, *Marcus Varro*, being then Prator, gave sentence, That he should be crucified on a Cross, as it was the usual manner of death in those days. *Titus* chancing to come at the same time into the *Prætorium*, advisedly beholding the face of the condemn'd Man (as he sat upon the Bench) knew him to be *Gisippus*, not a little wondring at this strange Accident, the poverty of his Estate, and what occasion should bring him thither, especially in the questioning for his Life, and before the Tribunal of Justice.

His Soul earnestly thirsting by all possible means to help and defend him, and no other course could now be taken for safety of his life, but by accusing himself, to excuse and clear the other of the Crime: He stepp'd from off the Judgment Bench, and crouding through the throng to the Bar, called out to the Prator in this manner. *Marcus Varro*, recall thy Sentence given on the condemned Man sent away, because he is truly guiltless and innocent. With one bloody blow have I offended the Gods, by killing that wretched Man whom the Sergeants found this morning slain; wherefore, noble Prator, let no innocent Man's blood be shed for it, but only mine, that have offended.

*Marcus Varro* stood like a Man confounded with admiration, being very sorry for that which the whole Assistants had both seen and heard, and yet he could not (with honour) desist from what must needs be done, but would perform the Law's severe injunction. And sending for condemned *Gisippus* back again, in the presence of *Titus*, thus he spake to him.



How earnest thou so madly incensed, as (without any torment inflicted on thee) to confess an offence by thee never committed? Art thou weary of thy life? Thou chargest thy self falsely to be the person who this last night murdered the Man in the Cave; and there is another that voluntarily also doth confess his guiltiness.

*Gisippus* lifting up his Eyes, and perceiving it was *Titus*, conceived immediately, that he had done this only for his deliverance, as one that remembred him sufficiently, and would not be ungrateful for former kindneses received. Wherefore the Tears flowing abundantly down his Cheeks, he said to Judge *Varro*, It was none but I that murdered the Man; wherefore I commiserate the case of this noble Gentleman *Titus*, who speaks now too late for the safety of my Life. *Titus* on the other side said, Noble Prator, this Man (as thou seest) is a stranger here, and was found without any Weapon, fast asleep by the dead Body; thou mayest then easily perceive, that meerly the miserable condition wherein he is, hath made him desperate, and he would make mine offence the occasion of his death. Absolve him, and send me to the Cross; for none but I only have deserved to dye for this notorious fact.

*Varro* was amazed, to observe with what earnest instance each of them strove to excuse the other, which half perswaded him in his Soul, that they were both guiltless. And as he was starting up with full intent to acquit them, a young man, who had stood there all this while, and observed the hard pleading on either side, he crouded in to the Bar, being named *Publius Ambustus*, a fellow of lewd life, and utterly out of hopes, as being debauched in all his Fortunes, and known amongst the *Romans* to be a notorious Thief, who verily had committed the Murder. Well knew his Conscience, that none of them were guilty of the Crime where-with each so wilfully charg'd himself, being therefore truly touch'd with Remorse, he step'd before *Marcus Varro*, saying,

Honourable Prator; mine own horrid and abominable Actions have induced me thus to intrude my self, for clearing the strict contention between these two persons. And questionless, some God or greater Power hath tormented my wretched Soul, and so compunctually solicited me, as I cannot chuse but make open confession of my Sin. Here therefore I do apparently publish, That neither of these Men is guilty of the Offence, wherewith so wilfully each chargeth himself. I am the Villain who this morning murdered the Man in the Cave, one of no greater honesty than my self; and seeing this poor Man lye there sleeping, while we were dividing the stolen Booties between us, I slew my Companion, because I would be the sole possessor. As for noble Lord *Titus*, he had no reason thus to accuse himself, because he is a Man of no such base quality: Let them both be delivered, and inflict the sentence of Death on me.

*Octavius Caesar*, to whom tidings were brought of this rare Accident, commanding them all three to be brought before him, would needs understand the whole History in every particular as all had hapned, which was substantially related to him; whereupon *Octavius* quitted them all three; the two noble Friends because they were innocent, and the third for openly revealing the very truth.

*Titus* took home with him his friend *Gisippus*, and after he had sharply reprov'd him for his distrust and cold credence of his friendship, he brought him to *Sophronia*, who welcomed him as lovingly, as if he had been her natural-born Brother, bemoaning his hard and disastrous fortune, and taking especial care, to convert all passed Distresses into a happy and a comfortable change, fitting him with Garments and Attendants becomming his Degree in Nobility and Vertue. *Titus*, out of his honourable Bounty, imparted half his Lands and rich Possessions to him, and afterward gave him in Marriage his own Sister, a most beautiful Lady, named *Fulvia*, saying to him beside; My dear friend *Gisippus*, it remaineth now in thine own Election, whether thou wilt live here still with me, or return



return back to *Athens* with all the wealth which I have bestowed on thee. But *Gisippus* being one way constrained, by the sentence of Banishment from his Native City, and then again, in regard of the constant love which he bare to so true and thankful a friend as *Titus* was, concluded to live there as a Loyal *Roman*, where he with his *Fulvia*, and *Titus* with his fair *Sophronia*, lived long after together in one and the same house, augmenting daily (it possible it might be) their Amity beyond all other equalizing.

A most sacred thing therefore is cordial Amity, worthy not only of singular Reverence, but also to be honoured with Eternal Commendation, as being the only wise Mother of all Magnificence and Honesty, the Sister of Charity and Gratitude, the Enemy to Hatred and Avarice, and which is always ready (without attending to be requested) to extend all vertuous Actions to others, which she would have done to her self. Her rare and divine Effects, in these contrary times of ours, are not to be found between two such persons, which is a mighty fault, and greatly checketh the miserable Covetousness of Men, who respecting nothing but only their particular benefit, have banished true Amity, to the utmost confines of the whole Earth, and sent her into perpetual Exile.

What love, what wealth or affinity of Kindred, could have made *Gisippus* feel (even in the entirest part of his Soul) the fervent compassion, the tears, the sighs of *Titus*, and with such efficacy as plainly appeared, to make him consent, that his fair elected Spouse, by him so dearly esteemed, should become the Wife of his Companion, but only the precious League of Amity? What Laws, what Threatnings, what Fears could cause the young Arms of *Gisippus* to abstain Embraces, betaking himself to solitary walks, and obscure places, when in his own Bed he might have enjoyed so matchless a Beauty (who perhaps desired it so much as himself) but only the title of Amity? What greatness, what merits or precedence, could cause *Gisippus* not to care for the loss of his Kindred, those of *Sophronia*, yea, of *Sophronia* her self, not respecting the dishonest murmurings of base-minded people, their vile and contemptible Language, Scorns, and mockeries, and all to content and satisfy a friend, but only divine Amity?

Come now likewise to the other side. What occasions could compel noble *Titus*, so promptly and deliberately to procure his own death, to rescue his friend from the Cross, and inflict the pain and shame upon himself, pretending not to see or know *Gisippus* at all, had it not been wrought by powerful Amity? What cause else could make *Titus* so liberal, in dividing (with such willingness) the larger part of his patrimony to *Gisippus*, when Fortune had dispossessed him of his own, but only heaven-born Amity? What else could have procured *Titus*, without any further dilation, fear, or suspicion, to give his Sister *Fulvia* in marriage to *Gisippus*, when he saw him reduced to such extreme poverty, disgrace, and misery, but only infinite Amity? To what end do Men care then, to covet and procure great multitudes of Kindred, store of Brethren, numbers of Children, and to encrease (with their own Moneys) plenty of Servants; when by the least loss and damage happening, they forget all duty to Father, Brother, or Master? Amity and true friendship is of a quite contrary nature, satisfying (in that sacred Bond) the obligation due to all degrees, both of Parentage, and all Alliances else.



Saladine the great Soldan of Babylon, in the habit of a Merchant, was honourably received, and welcomed into the House of Signior Thorello d'Istria; who traveling to the Holy Land, prefixed a certain time to his Wife for to return back to her again, wherein, if he failed, it was lawful for her to take another Husband. By cladding himself in the disguise of a Faulkner, the Soldan took notice of him, and did him many great honours. Afterward Thorello falling sick, by Magical Art he was conveyed in one Night to Pavia, when his Wife was to be married on the morrow; where making himself known to her, all was disappointed, and she went home with him to his own house.

## The Ninth NOVEL

Declaring what an honourable Vertue Courtisie is, in them that truly know how to use it.

**M**Adam Philomena having concluded her Discourse, and the rare acknowledgment which Titus made of his esteemed friend Gissippus, extolled justly as it deserved by all that Company: the King reserving the last officeto Dioneus (as it was at the first granted him) began to speak thus. Without all question to the contrary (worthy Ladies) nothing can be more truly said, than what Madam Philomena hath delivered concerning Amity, and her complaint in the conclusion of her Novel is not without great reason, to see it so slenderly revered and respected (now adays) among all men. But if we had met her in duty only for correcting the abuses of Iniquity, and the malevolent courtes of this preposterous Age, I could proceed further in this just cause of Complaint. But because our end aimeth at matters of other nature, it cometh to my memory to tell you of a History, which (perhaps) may seem somewhat long, but altogether pleasant concerning a magnificent act of great Saladine; to the end, that by observing those things which you shall hear in my Novel, if we cannot (by reason of our manifold imperfections) entirely compass the amity of any one; yet (at least) we may take delight in stretching our kindness (in good deeds) so far as we are able, in hope one day after, some worthy reward will ensue thereon, as thereto justly appertaining.

Let me tell you then, that (as it is affirmed by many) in the time of the Emperour Frederick, first of that name, the Christians, for the better recovery of the holy Land, resolved to make a general Voyage over the Seas. Which being understood by Saladine, a very worthy Prince, and then Soldan of Babylon, he concluded with himself, that he would (in person) go see what preparation the Christian Potentates made for the War, that he might the better provide for himself. Having settled all things orderly in Egypt for the business, and making an outward appearance, as if he purposed a Pilgrimage to Mecha: he set onwards on his journey, habited like a Merchant, attended only with two of his most noble and wisest Bascha's, and three waiting Servants.

When he had visited many Christian Provinces, and was riding through Lombardy, to pass the Mountains, it fortune'd in his journeying from Millain to Pavia, and the day being very far spent, so that Night hasten'd speedily on him; he met with a Gentleman, named Signior Thorello d'Istria, but dwelling at Pavia, who with his Men, Hawks, and Hounds, went to a House of his, seated in a singular place, and on the River of Ticinum: Signior Thorello seeing such Men making towards him, presently imagined that they were some gentle Strangers, and such he desired to respect with honour.

Wherefore Saladine demanding of one of Thorello's men, how far (as then) it was to Pavia, and whether they might reach thither by such an hour, as would admit their entrance into the City: Thorello would not suffer his Servant to return the answer, but replied thus himself. Sir (quoth he) you cannot reach Pavia, but Night will abridge you of any entrance there. I beseech you then Sir, answered Saladine, favour us so much (because we are all Strangers in these



these parts) as to tell us where we may be well lodged. That shall I Sir, said *Thorello*, and very gladly too.

Even at the instant Sir, as we met with you, I had determined in my mind, to send one of my Servants somewhat near to *Pavia*, about a business concerning my self: he shall go along with you, and conduct you to a place, where you will be very well entertain'd. So stepping to him, who was of best discretion amongst his men, he gave order to him what should be done, and sent him with them. Himself making hast by a far nearer way, caused Supper to be prepared in worthy manner, and the Tables to be cover'd in his Garden; and all things being in good readines, he sat down at his door to attend the coming of the Guests. The Serving man discoursing with the Gentleman on divers occasions, guided them by such untutual passages, as (before they could discern it) he brought him to his Masters house; where so soon as *Thorello* saw them arrived, he went forth to meet them, assuring them all of most hearty welcom.

*Saladine*, who was a man of acute understanding, did well perceive, that this Knight *Thorello* misdoubted his going with him, if (when he met him) he should have invited him; and therefore, because he would not be denied of entertaining him into his House, he made choice of this kind and honourable course, which caused him to return this answer. Gentle Sir, if courtesie from one man to another do deserve condemning, then may we justly complain of you, who meeting us upon the way, which you have shorten'd by your kindness, and which we are no way able to deserve, we are constrained to accept, taking you to be the mirror of Courtesie. *Thorello* being a Knight of ingenious apprehension, and well languaged, replied thus.

Gentlemen, this courtesie (seeing you term it so) which you receive of me, in regard of that justly belonging to you, as your faces do sufficiently inform me, is matter of very slender account; but assuredly out of *Pavia*, you could not have any Lodging deserving to be termed good. And therefore let it not be displeasing to you, if you have a little gone forth of the common Roadway, to have your Entertainment somewhat better; as many Travellers are easily induced to do.

Having thus spoken, all the people of the house shewed themselves in serviceable manner to the Gentlemen, taking their Horses as they dismounted, and *Thorello* himself conducted the three Gentlemen into three several fair Chambers, which in costly manner were prepared for them, where their Boots were pluck'd off, fair Napkins with Manchets lay ready, and delicate Wines to refresh their wearied spirits, much pretty conference being entercoursed, till Supper-time invited them thence.

*Saladine*, and they that were with him, spake the *Latine* Tongue very readily, by which means they were the better understood; and *Thorello* seemed (in their judgment) to be the most gracious, compleat, and best-spoken Gentleman as ever they met with in all their Journey. It appeared also (on the other side) to Signior *Thorello*, that the Guests were Men of great Merit, and worthy of much more Esteem, than there he could use towards them: wherefore it did highly distast him, that he had no more friends there this Night to keep them company, or himself better provided for their Entertainment, which he intended (on the morrow) to recompense with larger amends at Dinner.

Hereupon, having instructed one of his Men with what he intended, he sent him to *Pavia*, which was not far off (and where he kept no Door shut) to his Wife, named Madam *Adialetta*, a Woman singularly wise, and of a noble spirit, needing little or no direction, especially when she knew her Husband's mind. As they were walking in the Garden, *Thorello* desired to understand, of whence, and what they were? Whereto *Saladine* thus answered. Sir, we are *Cyprian* Merchants, coming now from *Cyprus*, and are travelling to *Paris* about affairs of importance. Now trust me Sir, replied *Thorello*, I could heartily wish, that this Country of ours would yield such Gentlemen, as your *Cyprus* afforderth Merchants. So falling from one discourse unto another, Supper was served in; and look how best themselves pleased, so they sat at Table, where (we need make no doubt) they were respected in honourable order.



So soon as the Tables were withdrawn, *Thorello* knowing they might be weary, brought them again to their Chambers, where committing them to their good Rest, himself went to bed soon after. The Servant sent to *Pavia*, delivered the message to his Lady, who, not like a Woman of ordinary disposition, but rather truly Royal, sent *Thorello's* Servants into the City, to make preparation for a Feast indeed, and with lighted Torches (because it was somewhat late) they invited the very greatest and noblest persons of the City, all the Rooms being hanged with the richest Arras, Cloths of Gold-work; Velvet, Silks, and all other rich Adornments, in such manner as her Husband had commanded, and answerable to her own worthy mind, being no way to learn in what manner to entertain Strangers.

On the morrow morning the Gentlemen rose, and mounting on Horse-back with Signior *Thorello*, he called for his Hawks and Hounds, brought them to the River, where he shewed two or three fair flights: but *Saladine* desiring to know which was the fairest Hostery in all *Pavia*? *Thorello* answered, Gentlemen, I will shew you that my self, in regard that I have occasion to ride thither. Which they believing, were the better contented, and rode on directly unto *Pavia*; arriving there about nine of the Clock, and thinking he guided them to the best Inn, he brought them to his own House, where fifty of the worthiest Citizens stood ready to welcome the Gentlemen, embracing 'em as they lighted from their Horses. Which *Saladine* and his Associates perceiving, they guessed as it was indeed, and *Saladine* said; Believe me, worthy *Thorello*, this is not answerable to my demand; you did too much yester-night, and much more than we could desire or deserve: Wherefore you might well be the sooner discharged of us, and let us travel on our Journey.

Noble Gentlemen, replied *Thorello*, (for in mine Eye you seem no less) that courtesie which you met with yester-night, I am to thank Fortune for, more than you, because you were then straiten'd by such necessity, as urged your acceptance of my poor Country house. But now this morning I shall account my self much beholding to you (as the like will all these worthy Gentlemen here about you) if you do but answer kindness with kindness, and not to refuse to take a homely Dinner with them.

*Saladine* and his Friends being conquer'd with such potent perswasions, and already dismounted from their Horses, saw that all denial was meerly in vain; and therefore thankfully condescending (after some few ceremonious Complements were overpast) the Gentlemen conducted them to their Chambers, which were most sumptuously prepared for them, and having laid aside their Riding garments, being a little refreshed with Cakes and Wine, they (after a while) descended into the Dining-hall, the pomp whereof I am not able to report.

When they had wash'd, and were seated at the Tables, Dinner was serv'd in most magnificent sort; so that if the Emperour himself had been there, he could not have been more sumptuously serv'd. And altho' *Saladine* and his Bascha's were noble Lords, and wonted to see matters of admiration; yet could they do no less now, but rather exceed in marvel, considering the quality of the Knight, whom they knew to be a Citizen, and no Prince or great Lord. Dinner being ended, and divers familiar Conferences passing between them; because it was exceeding hot, the Gentlemen of *Pavia* (as it pleased *Thorello* to appoint) went to repose themselves a while, and he keeping company with his three Guests, brought them into a goodly Chamber, where, because he would not fail in the least scruple of Courtesie, or conceal from them the richest Jewel which he had, he sent for his Lady and Wife, because as yet they had not seen her.

She was a Lady of extraordinary Beauty, tall Stature, very sumptuously Attir'd, and having two sweet Sons (resembling Angels) she came with them waiting before her, and graciously saluted her guests. At her coming they arose, and having received her with great Reverence, they seated her in the midst, kindly cherishing the two Children. After some gracious Language passed on either side, she demanded of whence, and what they were? which they answered in the same kind as they had done before to her Husband. Afterward, with a modest smiling countenance, she said; Worthy Gentlemen, let not my weak womanish discretion appear distastable, in desiring to crave one especial favour from you, namely, not to refuse or disdain a small gift, wherewith I purpose to present you. But considering first, that Women (according to their simple faculty) are able to bestow but silly Gifts, so you would be pleased, to respect more the person that is the Giver, than the quality or quantity of the Gift.

Then



Then causing to be brought (for each of them) two goodly Gowns or Robes (made after the *Persian* manner) the one lined through with Cloth of Gold, and the other with the costliest Fur; not after such fashion as Citizens and Merchants use to wear, but rather befitting Lords of greatest account, and three light under-wearing Cassocks or Mandilions of Carnation Satin, richly embroider'd with Gold and Pearls, and lined through with white Taffaty, presenting these Gifts to them, she said, I desire you Gentlemen to receive these mean trifles, such as my Husband wears the like, and these other beside, considering you are so far from your Wives, having travelled a long way already, and many miles more yet to overtake; also Merchants (being excellent men) affect to be comely and handsom in their habits; although these are of slender value, yet (in necessity) they may do you service.

Now was *Saladine* and his *Bascha's* half astonied with admiration, at the magnificent mind of Signior *Thorello*, who would not forget the least part of courtesie towards them, and greatly doubted (seeing the beauty and riches of the Garments) lest they were discovered by *Thorello*. Nevertheless, one of them thus answered the Lady: Believe me Madam, these are rich gifts, not lightly either to be given or received; but in regard of your strict imposition, we are not able to deny them. This being done, with most gracious and courteous demeanour, she departed from them, leaving her Husband to keep them still company; who furnished their Servants also with divers worthy Necessaries fitting for their journey.

Afterward, *Thorello* (by very much importunity) won them to stay with him all the rest of the day; wherefore when they had rested themselves a while, being arrayed in their newly given Robes, they rode on Horse-back through the City. When Supper-time came, they supp'd in most honourable and worthy company, being afterwards lodged in most fair and sumptuous Chambers; and being risen in the morning, in exchange of their Horses (over-wearied with travel) they found three other very richly furnished, and their Men also in like manner provided. Which when *Saladine* had perceived, he took his *Bascha's* aside, and spake in this manner.

By our greatest Gods, I never met with any man more compleat in all noble perfections, more courteous and kind than *Thorello* is. If all the Christian Kings, in the true and heroical nature of Kings, do deal so honourably as I see this Knight doth; the Soldan of *Babylon* is not able to endure the coming of one of them, much less so many, as we see preparing to make head against us. But beholding, that both refusal and acceptance was all one in the mind of *Thorello*: after much kind Language had been intercoursed between them, *Saladine* (and his Attendants) mounted on Horse-back.

Signior *Thorello*, with a number of his honourable friends (to the number of an hundred Horse) accompanied them a great distance from the City; and although it grieved *Saladine* exceedingly to leave the company of *Thorello*, so dearly was he affected to him, but necessity (which controlleth the power of all Laws whatsoever) must needs divide them; yet requesting his return again that way, if possibly it might be granted: which *Saladine* promised, but did not perform. Well Gentlemen (quoth *Thorello* at parting) I know not what you are, neither against your will do I desire it; but whether you be Merchants or no, remember me in your kindness, and so to the heavenly Powers I commend you. *Saladine* having taken his leave of all them that were with *Thorello*, returned him this answer: Sir, It may one day hereafter so happen, as we shall let you see some of our Merchandises, for the better confirmation of your belief, and our profession.

Thus parted Signior *Thorello* and his friends from *Saladine* and his Company, who verily determined in the height of his mind, if he should be spared with life, and the War (which he expected) concluded, to requite *Thorello* with no less courtesie than he had already declared to him; conferring a long while after with his *Bascha's*, both of him and his beauteous Lady, not forgetting any of their courteous actions, but gracing them all with deserved commendation.



But after they had (with very laborious pains) surveyed most of the Western Parts, they all took Shipping, and returned into *Alexandria*: sufficiently informed what Preparation was to be made for their own defence. And Signior *Thorello* being come back again to *Pavia*, consulted with his private Thoughts (many times after) what these three Travellers should be, but came far short of knowing the Truth, till (by experience) he became better informed.

When the time was come, that the Christians were to make their passage, and wonderful great Preparations in all places performed: Signior *Thorello*, notwithstanding the Tears and Intreaties of his Wife, determined to be one in so worthy and honourable a Voyage: and having made his provision ready, nothing wanting but mounting on Horse-back, to go where he should take Shipping. To his Wife (whom he most intirely affected) thus he spake: Madam, I go as thou seest in this famous Voyage, as well for mine Honour, as also the benefit of my Soul; all our Goods and Possessions I commit to thy vertuous Care. And because I am not certain of my return back again, in regard of a thousand accidents which may happen in such a Countrey as I go unto: I desire only but one favour of thee whatsoever danger shall befall me. Namely, when any certain Tydings shall be brought thee of my Death; to stay no longer before thy second Marriage, but one year, one month, and one day; to begin on this day of my departing from thee. The Lady, who wept exceedingly, presently thus Answered. Alas Sir! I know not how to carry my self in such extremity of Grief, as now you leave me; but if my Life surmount the Fortitude of Sorrow, and whatsoever shall happen to you for certainty, either Life or Death, I will live and dye the Wife of *Thorello*, and make my Obsequies in his memory only.

Not so Madam (replied her Husband) not so; be not over rash in promising any thing, albeit I am well assured, that so much as consisteth in thy strength, I make no question of thy performance: But consider withall (Dear Heart) thou art a young Woman, Beautiful, of great Parentage, and no way thereto inferiour in the blessing of Fortune.

Thy Vertues are many, and universally both divulged and known: in which respect, I make no doubt, but divers and sundry great Lords and Gentlemen (if but the least rumor of my death be noised) will make suit for thee to thy Parents and Brethren, from whose violent Solicitings, wouldest thou never so resolutely make resistance, yet thou canst not be able to defend thy self; but whether thou wilt or no, thou must yield to please them; and this is the only reason why I would tye thee to this limited time, and not one day or minute longer.

*Adalietta* sweetly hugging him in her Arms, and melting her self in Kisses, Sighs and Tears on his Face, said: Well Sir, I will do so much as I am able, in this your most kind and loving imposition: and when I shall be compelled to the contrary, yet rest thus constantly assured, that I will not break this your Charge so much as in thought, Praying ever heartily to the Heavenly Powers, that they will direct your course home again to me, before your prefixed date, or else I shall live in continual languishing. In the knitting up of this woful parting, embracing and kissing each other infinite times; the Lady took a Ring from off her Finger, and giving it to her Husband said. If I chance to die before I see you again, remember me when you look on this. He receiving the Ring, and bidding all the rest of his Friends farewell, mounted on Horse-back, and Rode away well attended.

Being come to *Geneway*, he and his Company boarded a Gallie, and in few days after arrived at *Acras*, where they joyned themselves with the Christian Army, wherein there happened a very dangerous mortality: During which time of so sharp visitation (the cause unknown whence it proceeded) whether through the industry, or rather the good Fortune of *Saladine*, well-near all the rest of the Christians (which escaped death) were surpris'd his Prisoners (without ablow stricken) and sundred and imprisoned in divers Towns and Cities. Amongst the which number of Prisoners, it was Signior *Thorello*'s chance to be one, and walked in bonds to *Alexandria*, where being unknown, and fearing lest he should be discovered, (constrained thereto sheerly by necessity) he shew'd himself in the condition of a Faulconer; wherein he was very excellently experienced, and by which means his profession was made known to *Saladine*, he delivered out of Prison, and created the Soldans Faulconer.

*Thorello*



*Thorello* (whom the Soldan called by no other Name, than the Christian, neither of them knowing the other) sadly now remembered his departure from *Pavia*, devising and practising many times, how he might escape thence, he could not compass it by any possible means. Wherefore, certain Ambassadors being sent by the *Sinans*, to redeem divers Citizens of theirs, there detained as Prisoners, and being ready to return home again; he purposed to Write to his Wife that he was living, and would repair to her so soon as he could, desiring the still continual remembrance of her limited time. By close and cunning means he Wrote the Letter, earnestly entreating one of the Ambassadors (who knew him perfectly, but made no outward appearance thereof) to deal in such sort for him, that the Letter might be delivered to the hands of the Abbot *Di San Pietro in Cel d' Oro*, who was indeed his Uncle.

While *Thorello* remained in this his Fancie's condition, it fortuned upon a day, that *Saladine* conversing with him about his Hawks; *Thorello* chanced to smile, and used such a kind of gesture or motion with his lips, which *Saladine* (when he was in his House at *Pavia*) had heedfully observed, and by this note, instantly he remembered Signior *Thorello*, and began to eye him very respectfully, perswading himself that he was the same Man. And therefore falling from the former kind of discoursing: Tell me Christian (quoth *Saladine*) what Country-man art thou of the West? Sir, answered Signior *Thorello*, I am by Country a *Lombard*, born in a City called *Pavia*, a poor Man, and of as poor condition.

So soon as *Saladine* had heard these words; becoming assured in that which (but now) he doubted, he said within himself: Now the Gods hath given me time, wherein I may make known to this Man, how thankfully I accepted his kind courtesie, and cannot easily forget it. Then, without saying any thing else, causing his Guard-robe to be set open, he took him with him thither, and said, Christian, observe well all these Garments, and quicken thy remembrance, in telling me truly, whether thou hast seen either of them before now or no. Signior *Thorello* looked on them all advisedly, and espied those two especial Garments which his Wife had given one of the strange Merchants; yet he durst not credit it, or that possible it could be the same, nevertheless he said, Sir, I do not know any of them, but true it is, that these two do resemble two such Robes as I was wont to wear my self, or the like were given to three Merchants, that happened to visit my poor House.

Now could *Saladine* contain no longer, but embracing him joyfully in his arms, he said, Signior *Thorello d' Istra*, and I am one of those three Merchants, to whom your Wife gave these Robes, and now the time is come to give you credible intelligence of my Merchandise, as I promised at my departing from you, for such a time (I told you) would come at length. *Thorello* was both glad, and bashful together; glad, that he had entertained such a Guest, and bashfully ashamed, that his welcome had not exceeded in more bountiful manner. *Thorello*, replied *Saladine*, seeing the Gods have set you so happily to me; account you your self to be solely Lord here, for I am now no more than a private Man.

I am not able to express their counterchange of courtesie, *Saladine* commanding him to be Cloathed in Royal Garments, and brought in presence of his very greatest Lords, where having spoken liberally in his due commendation, he commanded them to Honour him as himself, if they expected any Grace and favour from him, which every one did immediately, but (above all the rest) those two Basha's, which accompanied *Saladine* at his House. The greatness of this Pomp and Glory, so suddenly thrown on Signior *Thorello*, made him half forget all matters of *Lombardy*; and so much the rather, because he had no doubt at all, but that his Letters were safely come to the hands of his Uncle.

Here I am to tell you, that in the Camp or Army of the Christians, on the day when *Saladine* made his surprisal, there was a provincial Gentleman dead and buried; who was Signior *Thorello de Dignes*, a man of very honourable and great esteem, in which respect (Signior *Thorello d' Istra*, known throughout the Army, by his Nobility and Valour) whosoever heard that Signior *Thorello* was dead; believed it to be *Thorello d' Istra*, and not he of *Dignes*, so that *Thorello d' Istra*'s unknown surprisal and thraldome, made it also to pass for an assured truth.



Beside, many *Italians* returning home, and carrying this report for credible; some were so audaciously presumptuous, as they avouched upon their Oaths, that not only they saw him dead, but were present at his Burial likewise. Which rumour coming to the ear of his Wife, and likewise to his kindred and hers; procured a great and grievous mourning among them, and all that happened to hear thereof.

Overtedious time it would require, to relate at large the publick grief and sorrow with the continual lamentations of his Wife, who (within some few Months after) became tormented with new Marriage solicitings, before she had half sighed for the first; the very greatest persons of *Lombardy* making the motion, being daily followed and furthered by her own Brothers and friends. Still (drowned in tears) she returned denial, till in the end when no contradiction could prevail, to satisfy her Parents, and the importunate pursuers, she was constrained to reveal the charge imposed on her by her Husband, which she had vowed infallibly to keep, and till that very time, she could in no wise consent.

While woiing for a second Wedding with *Adalietta*, proceeding in this manner at *Pavia*, it chanced on a day, that Signior *Thorello* had espied a Man in *Alexandria*, who he saw with the *Genova* Ambassadors, when they set thence towards *Genova* with their Gallies. And causing him to be sent for, he demanded of him, the success of the Voyage, and when the Gallies arriv'd at *Genova*; whereto he returned him this answer, My Lord, our Gallies made a very fatal Voyage, as it is (already) too well known in *Creet*, where my dwelling is. For when we drew near to *Sicily*, there suddenly arose a very dangerous North-West Wind, which drove us on the quick-Sands of *Barbary*, where not any Man escaped with Life, only my self excepted, but (in the wrack) two of my Brethren perished.

Signior *Thorello*, giving credit to the Mans words, because they were most true indeed, and remembering also that the time limited to his Wife, drew near, expiring within very few days, and no news now possible to be sent thither of his Life, his Wife would questionless be Married again; he fell into such a deep conceited melancholy, as food and sleep forsook him, whereupon he kept his Bed, setting down his peremptory resolution for Death. When *Saladine* (who dearly loved him) heard thereof, he came in all haste to see him, and having (by many earnest perswasions and entreaties) understood the cause of his melancholy and sickness, he very severely reprov'd him, because he would no sooner acquaint him therewith. Many kind and comfortable speeches he gave him, with constant assurance, that (if he were so minded) he would so order the business for him, as he should be at *Pavia* by the same time as he had appointed to his Wife, revealed to him also the manner how.

*Thorello* verily believed the Soldanes promise, because he had often heard the possibility of performance, and others had effected as much divers times elsewhere; whereupon he began to comfort himself, soliciting the Soldan earnestly that it might be accomplished; *Saladine* sent for one of his Sorcerers (of whose skill he had formerly had experience) to take a direct course how Signior *Thorello* should be carried (in one Night) to *Pavia*, and being in his Bed. The Magician undertook to do it, but, for the Gentlemans more ease, he must first be possessed with an entranced dead sleep, *Saladine* being then assured of the deeds full effecting, he came again to *Thorello*, and finding him to be settled for *Pavia* (if possible it might be accomplished by the determined time, or else no other expectation but death) he said unto him as follows.

Signior *Thorello*, if with true affection you love your Wife, and misdoubt her Marriage to some other Man; I protest unto you by the supream powers, that you do deserve no reprehension in any manner whatsoever. For, of all the Ladies that ever I have seen, she is the only Woman, whose carriage, vertues, and civil speaking, (setting aside Beauty, which is but a fading flower) deserveth most graciously to be respected, much more to be affected in the highest degree. It were to me no mean favour of our Gods, (seeing Fortune directed your course so happily hither) that for the short or long time we have to live, we might reign equally together in these Kingdoms under my subjection. But if such Grace may not be granted me, yet seeing it stands mainly upon the peril of your life, to be at *Pavia* again by your own limited time, it is my chiefest comfort



fort, that I am therewith acquainted, because I intended to have you conveyed thither, yea, even into your own house, in such honourable order as your virtues do justly merit, which in regard it cannot be so conveniently performed, but as I have informed you, and as the necessity of the case urgently commandeth; accept it as it may be best accomplished.

Great *Saladine* (answered *Thorello*) effects (without words) have already sufficiently warranted your gracious disposition towards me, far beyond any requital remaining in me; your word only being enough for my comfort in this case, either dying or living. But in regard you have taken such order for my departure hence, I desire to have it done with all possible expedition, because to-morrow is the very last day that I am to be absent. *Saladine* protested that it should be done, and the same evening in the great Hall of his Royal Palace, commanded a rich and costly bed to be set up, the Mattras formed after the *Alexandrian* manner, of Velvet and cloth of Gold, the Quilts counterpoints and coverings, sumptuously embroidered with Orient Pearls and Precious Stones, supposed to be of inestimable value, and two rarely wrought Pillows, such as best becomed so stately a Bed, the Curtains and Vallans every way equal to the other pomp.

Which being done, he commanded that *Thorello* (who was indifferently recovered) should be attired in one of his own sumptuous *Saracen* Robes, the very fairest and richest that ever was seen, and on his head a Majestical Turbant, after the manner of his own wearing, and the hour appearing to be somewhat late, he with many of his *Bashaes*, went to the Chamber where *Thorello* was, and sitting down a while by him, in tears thus he spake; Signior *Thorello*, the hour for sundring you and me, is now very neer, and because I cannot bear you company in regard of the business you go about, and which by no means will admit it: I am to take my leave of you in this Chamber, and therefore I am come to do it. But before I bid you farewell, let me intreat you by the love and friendship confirmed between us, to be mindful of me, and to take such order (your affairs being fully finished in *Lombardy*) that I may once more enjoy the sight of you here, for a mutual solace and satisfaction of our minds, which are now divided by this urgent haste. Till which may be granted, let me want no visitation of your kind Letters, commanding thereby of me, whatsoever here can be possibly done for you; assuring your self, no man living can command me as you do. Signior *Thorello* could not forbear weeping, but being much hindred thereby, answered in few words. That he could not possibly forget his gracious favours and extraordinary benefits used towards him, but would accomplish whatsoever he commanded, according as Heaven did enable him. Hereupon *Saladine* embracing him, and kissing his forehead, said, All my gods go with you, and guard you from any peril, departing so out of the Chamber weeping, and his *Bashaes* (having likewise taken their leaves of *Thorello*) followed *Saladine* into the Hall, whereas the bed stood readily prepared. Because it waxed very late, and the Magician also there attending for his dispatch: The Physitian went with the potion to *Thorello*, and perswading him, in the way of friendship, that it was only to strengthen him after his great weakness: He drank it off, being thereby immediately entranced, and so presently sleeping was (by *Saladine's* command) laid on the sumptuous and costly bed, whereon stood an Imperial Crown of infinite value, appearing (by a description engraven on it) that *Saladine* sent it to Madam *Adalietta*, the wife of *Thorello*. On his finger he put a Ring, wherein was enchased an admirable Carbuncle, which seemed like a flaming Torch, the value thereof not to be estimated. By him likewise he laid a rich Sword, with the Girdle, Hangers, and other furniture, such as seldom can be seen the like. Then he laid a Jewel on the Pillow by him, so sumptuously embellished with Pearls and precious Stones, as might have becomed the greatest Monarch in the world to wear. Last of all, on either side of them he set two great Basons of pure Gold, full of double Ducates, many Cords of Orient Pearls, Rings, Girdles, and other costly Jewels (over-tedious to be recounted) and kissing him once more as he lay in his Bed, commanded the Magician to dispatch and be gone.

Instantly, the bed and *Thorello* in it, in the presence of *Saladine*, was invisibly carried thence, and while he sat conferring with his *Bashaes*, the Bed, Signior *Thorello*, and all the rich Jewels about him, was transported, and set in the Church of *San Pietro in Ciel d'Oro* in *Pavia*, according to his own request, and soundly

sleeping,



sleeping, being placed directly before the high Altar. Afterward when the Bells rung to Mattins, the Sexton entering the Church with a light in his hand (where he beheld a light of greater splendor) and suddenly espied the sumptuous Bed there standing; not only was he smitten into admiration, but he ran away also very fearfully. When the Abbot and the Monks met him thus running into the Cloyster, they became amazed, and demanded the reason why he ran in such haste, which the Sexton told them. How? quoth the Abbot, thou art no child; or a new-come hither, to be so easily affrighted in our holy Church, where Spirits can have no power to walk. God and Saint *Peter* (we hope) are stronger for us than so; wherefore turn back with us, and let us see the cause of thy fear.

Having lighted many Torches, the Abbot and his Monks entered with the Sexton into the Church, where they beheld the wonderful rich Bed, and the Knight lying fast asleep in it. While they stood all in amazement, not daring to approach near the Bed, whereon lay such costly Jewels; it chanced that Signior *Thorello* awaked, and breathed forth a most vehement sigh. The Monks and the Abbot seeing him to stir, ran all away in fear, crying out aloud, God and Saint *Peter* defend us.

By this time *Thorello* had opened his eyes, and looking round about him, perceiving that he was in the place of *Saladines* promise, whereof he was not a little joyful. Wherefore sitting up in the Bed, and particularly observing all the things about him, albeit he knew sufficiently the magnificence of *Saladine*, yet now it appeared far greater to him, and imagined more largely thereof, than he could do before. But yet without any other Ceremony, seeing the flight of the Monks, hearing their cry, and perceiving the reason; he called the Abbot by his name, desiring him not to be afraid, for he was his Nephew *Thorello*, and no other.

When the Abbot heard this, he was ten times more worse affrighted than before, because (by publick fame) he had been so many months dead and buried; but receiving by true arguments better assurance of him, and hearing him still calling him by his name; blessing himself with the sign of the Cross, he went somewhat neerer to the Bed, when *Thorello* said. My loving Unkle, and Religious holy Father, whereof are you afraid? I am your Nephew, newly returned from beyond the Seas. The Abbot, seeing his Beard to be grown long, and his habit after the *Arabian* fashion, yet did collect some resemblance of his former countenance; and being better perswaded of him, took him by the hand, saying.

Son, thou art happily returned, yet there is not any in our City, but doth verily believe thee to be dead, and therefore do not much wonder at our fear. Moreover I dare assure thee, that thy wife *Adalietta*, being conquered by the controlling command, and threatnings of her kindred (but much against her own mind) is this very morning to be marryed to a new husband, and the marriage feast is solemnly prepared in honour of this second Nuptials.

*Thorello* arising out of the Bed, gave gracious salutations to the Abbot and his Monks, entreating earnestly of them all, that no word might be spoken of his return, untill he had compleated an important business. Afterward, having safely secured the Bed, and all the rich Jewels, he fully acquainted the Abbot, with all his passed fortunes, whereof he was immeasurably joyful, and having satisfied him concerning the new elected Husband, *Thorello* said unto the Abbot. Unkle before any rumour of my return, I would gladly see my Wifes behaviour at this new Briding Feast, and although men of Religion are seldom seen at such jovial meetings, yet (for my sake) do you so order the matter, that I (as an *Arabian* stranger) may be a Guest under your protection, whereto the Abbot very gladly and joyfully condescended.

In the morning he sent to the Bridegroom, and advertised him, that he (with a stranger newly arrived) intended to dine with him, which the Gentleman accepted in thankful manner. And when Dinner time came, *Thorello* in his strange disguise went with the Abbot to the Bridegrooms house, where he was lookt on with admiration of all the Guests, but not known or suspected by any one; because the Abbot reported him to be a *Saracen*, and sent by the Soldane (in Embassy) to the King of *France*. *Thorello* was seated at a by-Table, but directly opposite to the new Bride, whom he much delighted to look on, and easily collected by her sad countenance, that she was scarcely well pleased with this new Nuptials. She likewise beheld him very often, not in regard of any knowledge she took of



of him, for the bushiness of his Beard, strangeness of habit, (but most of all) firm belief of his death, was the main prevention.

At such time as *Thorella* thought it convenient, to approve how far he was fallen out of her remembrance; he took the Ring which she gave him at his departure, and calling a young Page that waited on none but the Bride, said to him in *Italian*, Fair youth, go to the Bride, and saluting her from me, tell her it is a custom in my Countrey, that when any stranger (as I am here) sitteth before a new married Bride, as now she is, in sign that he is welcome to her Feast, she sendeth the same Cup (wherein she drinketh her self) full of the Best Wine, and when the stranger hath drunk so much as him pleaseth, the Bride then pledgeth him with all the rest. The Page delivered the message to the Bride, who being a woman of honourable disposition, and reputed him to be a Noble Gentleman, to testifie that his presence there was very acceptable to her, she commanded a fair Cup of Gold (which stood directly before her) to be neatly washed, and when it was filled with excellent wine, caused it to be carried to the stranger, and so it was done presently according as she commanded.

*Thorello* having drunk a hearty draught to the Bride, conveyed the Ring into the Cup, before that any person could perceive it, and having left but small store of Wine in it, covered the Cup, and sent it again to the Bride, who received it very graciously, and to honour the stranger in the Countreys custom, drank up the rest of the Wine, and espying the Ring, she took it forth undescried by any. Knowing it to be the same Ring which she gave Signior *Thorello* at his parting from her; she fixed her eyes often upon it, and as often on him, whom she thought to be a stranger; the cheerful blood mounting up into her cheeks, and returning again with remembrance to her heart, that (howsoever thus disguised) he only was her Husband.

Like one of *Bacchus* Froes, up furiously she started, and throwing down the Table before her, cryed out aloud, This is my Lord and Husband; this truly is my Lord *Thorello*. So running to the Table where he sat, without regard of all the riches thereon, down she threw it likewise, and clasping her arms about his neck, hung so mainly on him (weeping, sobbing, and kissing him) as she could not be taken off by any of the Company, nor shewed any moderation in this excess of passion, till *Thorello* spake, and entreated her to be more patient, because this extremity was over dangerous for her. Thus was the solemnity much troubled, but every one there very glad and joyful for the recovery of such a famous and worthy Knight, who intreated them all to vouch safe him silence, and so related all his Fortunes to them, from the time of his departure, to the instant hour. Concluding withall, that he was no way offended with the new Bridegroom, who upon the so constant report of his death, deserved no blame in making election of his Wife.

The Bridegroom, albeit his countenance was somewhat cloudy, to see his hope thus disappointed, yet granted freely, that *Adialetta* was *Thorello's* Wife in equity, and he could not lay any claim to her. She also resigned the Crown and Rings which she had so lately received of her new Spouse; and put that on her finger which she found in the Cup, and that Crown was set upon her head, in honour sent her from great *Saladine*. In which triumphant manner she left the new Bridegrooms abiding, and repaired home to *Thorello's* house, with such pomp and magnificence as never had the like been seen in *Pavia* before, as the Citizens esteeming it as a miracle, that they had so happily recovered Signior *Thorello* again.

Some part of the Jewels he gave to him, who had been at cost with the marriage feasting, and some to his Uncle the Abbot, beside a bounty bestowed on the Monks. Then he sent a Messenger to *Saladine*, with Letters of the whole success, and confessing himself (for ever) his obliged servant; living many years (after) with his wife *Adialetta*, and using greater courtesies to strangers, than ever before he had done.



In this manner ended the troubles of Signior *Thorello*, and the afflictions of his dearly affected Lady, with due recompence to their honest and ready courtesies. Many strive in (outward shew) to do the like, who although they are sufficiently able, do perform it so basely, as it rather redoundeth to their shame, than honour. And therefore if no merit ensue thereon, but only such disgrace as justly should follow; let them lay the blame upon themselves.

*The Marquesse of Saluzzo, named Gualtiero, being constrained by the importunate soliciting of his Lords, and other inferior people to joyn himself in marriage; took a woman according to his own liking, called Grizelda, she being the daughter of a poor Countreyman, named Janiculo, by whom he had two Children which he pretended to be secretly murdered. Afterward, they being grown to years of more stature, and making shew of taking in marriage another wife, more worthy of his high degree and calling; made a seeming publick liking of his own Daughter, expulsiſg his wife Grizelda poorly from him. But finding her incomparable patience, more dearly (than before) he received her into favour again, brought her home to his own Palace, where (with her children) he caused her and them to be respectfully honoured in despite of all her adverse enemies.*

### The Tenth NOVEL.

*Set down as an example or warning to all wealthy men, how to have care of marrying themselves. And likewise to poor and mean women, to be patient in their fortunes, and obedient to their Husbands.*

Questionless, the Kings Novel did not so much exceed the rest in length, but it proved as pleasing to the whole Assembly; and past with their general approbation, till *Dionius* (in a merry jesting humour) said, The plain, honest, simple man, that stood holding the Candle, to see the setting on of his Mules tail, deserved two penny-worth of more praise, than all our applauding of Signior *Thorello*: And knowing himself to be left for the last Speaker, thus he began,

Mild and modest Ladies, for ought I can perceive to the contrary, this day was dedicated to none but Kings, Soldans, and great Potentates, not in favour of any inferiour or meaner persons. And therefore, because I would be loth to disrank my self from the rest, I purpose to speak of a Lord Marquesse, not any matter of great magnificence, but rather in a more humble nature, and forced to an honest end; which yet I will not advise any to imitate, because (perhaps) they cannot so well digest it, as they did whom my Novel concerneth; thus then I begin.

It is a great while since, when among those that were Lord Marquessees of *Saluzzo*, the very greatest and worthiest man of them all, was a young noble Lord, named *Gualtiero*, who having neither wife nor child, spent his time in nothing else but hawking and hunting; nor had he any mind of marriage, or to enjoy the benefit of children, wherein many did repute him the wiser. But this being distasteful to his Subjects, they very often solicited him to match himself with a wife, to the end that he might not decease without an Heir, nor they be left destitute of a succeeding Lord; offering themselves to provide him of such a one, so well descended by Father and Mother, as not only should confirm their hope, but also yield him high contentment; whereto the Marquesse thus answered,

Worthy friends, you would constrain me to the thing wherewith I never had any intent to meddle, considering how difficult a case it is to meet with such a woman, who can agree with a man in all his conditions, and how great the number is of them, who daily happen on the contrary; but most (and worst of all the rest) how wretched and miserable proves the life of that man, who is bound to live with a wife not fit for him. And in saying, you can learn to understand the custom and qualities of children by behaviour of the Fathers and Mothers, and so to provide me of a wife, it is a meer argument of folly; for neither shall I comprehend, or you either, the secret inclinations of Parents, I mean of the Father, and much less the complexion of the Mother. But admit it were within compass of power to know them;



them; yet it is a frequent sight, and observed every day; that Daughters do resemble neither Father nor Mother, but that they are naturally governed by their own instinct.

But because you are so desirous to have me fettered in the chains of Wedlock, I am contented to grant what you request. And because I would have no complaint made of any but my self, if matters should not happen answerable to expectation, I will make mine own eyes my Electors, and not see by any other sight. Giving you this assurance before, that if she whom I shall make choice of, be not of you Honoured and respected as your Lady and Mistress; it will ensue to your detriment, how much you have displeased me, to take a Wife at your request, and against mine own will.

The Noble Men answered, that they were well satisfied, provided that he took a Wife.

Some indifferent space of time before, the beauty, manners, and well-seeming virtues of a poor Country-mans Daughter, dwelling in no far distant Village, had appeared very pleasing to the Lord Marquess, and gave him full perswasion, that with her he should lead a comfortable life. And therefore without any farther search or inquisition, he absolutely resolved to Marry her; and having conferred with her Father, agreed, that his Daughter should be his Wife. Whereupon, the Marquess made a general Convocation of all his Lords, Barons, and other of his especial friends, from all parts of his Dominion; and when they were assembled together, he then spake to them in manner as followeth.

*Honourable Friends*, It appeared pleasing to you all, and yet (I think) you are of the same mind, that I should dispose my self to take a Wife; and I thereto condescended, more to yield you contentment, than for any particular desire in my self. Let me now remember you of your solemn made promise, with full consent to Honour and obey her (whosoever) as your Sovereign Lady and Mistress, that I shall elect to make my Wife; and now the time is come, for my exacting the performance of that promise, and which I look you must constantly keep. I have made choice of a young Virgin, answerable to my mine own heart and liking, dwelling not far off hence, whom I intend to make my Wife, and (within few days) to have her brought home to my Pallace. Let your care and diligence then extend so far, as to see that the Feast may be sumptuous, and her Entertainment to be most honourable; to the end that I may receive as much contentment in your promise performed, as you shall perceived I do in my choice.

The Lords, and all the rest, were wonderfully joyful to hear him so well inclined, expressing no less by their shouts and jocund suffrages; protesting cordially that she should be welcomed with Pomp and Majesty, and honoured of them all, as their Leige, Lady, and Sovereign. Afterward they made preparation for a Princely and magnificent Feast, as the Marquess did the like, for a Marriage of extraordinary state and quality, inviting all his Kindred, Friends, and Acquaintance in all parts and Provinces, about him. He made also ready most rich and costly Garments, shaped by the Body of a comely young Gentlewoman, whom he knew to be equal in proportion and stature, to her of whom he had made his Election.

When the appointed Nuptial day was come, the Lord Marquess, about Nine of the Clock in the Morning, mounted on Horseback, as all the rest did, who came to attend him honourably, and having all things in due readiness with them, he said, Lords, it is time for us to fetch the Bride. So on he rode, with his Train, to the same poor Village whereas she dwelt, and when he was come to her Fathers House, he saw the Maiden returning very hastily from a Well, where she had been to fetch a pail of Water, which she set down, and stood (accompanied with other Maidens) to see the passage of the Lord Marquess and his Train. *Quarles* called her by her Name, which was *Grizelda*, and asked her, where her Father was; who bashfully answered him, and with an humble courtesie, saying, My Gracious Lord he is in the House.

Then the Marquess dismounted from his Horse, commanding every one to attend him, then all alone he entred into the poor Cottage, where he found the Maids Father, being named *Fanculo*, and said unto him, God speed good Father, I am come to espouse thy Daughter *Grizelda*; but first I have a few demands to make, which I will utter to her in thy presence. Then he turned to the Maid, and said,

Fair



Fair *Grizelda*, If I make you my Wife, will you do your best endeavour to please me in all things, which I shall do or say? will you be also gentle, humble, and patient? with divers other the like questions; whereto she still answered, that she would, so near as Heaven (with Grace) should enable her.

Presently he took her by the hand, so led her forth of the Poor Mans homely House, and in the presence of all his Company, with his own hands, he took off her mean wearing Garments, smock and all, and cloathed her with those Robes of State; which he had purposely brought thither for her, and plaiting her hair over her shoulders, he placed a Crown of Gold on her head. Whereat every one standing as amazed, and wondering not a little, he said, *Grizelda*, wilt thou have me to thy Husband. Modestly blushing, and kneeling on the ground, she answered, Yes my Gracious Lord, if you will, accept so poor a Maiden to be your Wife. Yes *Grizelda* quoth he, with this Holy kiss, I confirm thee for my Wife; and so espoused her before them all. Then mounting her on a milk-white Palfrey, brought thither for her, she was thus honourably conducted to her Palace.

Now concerning the Marriage Feast and Triumphs, they were performed with no less Pomp, than if she had been Daughter to the King of France. And the young Bride apparently declared, that (with her Garments) her mind and behaviour were quite changed. For indeed she was, as it were shame to speak otherwise) a rare Creature, both of Person and perfections, and not only was she absolute for Beauty, and so sweetly amiable, gracious and goodly, as if she were not the Daughter of poor *Janculo*, and a Country Shepherdess, but rather of some Noble Lord; wherewith every one wondered that formerly had known her. Beside all this, she was so obedient to her Husband, so servent in all dutiful Offices, and patient, without the very least provoking, as he held himself much more than contented, and the only happy Man that lived in the World.

In like manner, towards the Subjects of her Lord and Husband, she shewed her self always so benign and gracious; as there was not any one, but the more they lookt on her, the better they loved her, honouring her voluntarily, and praying to the Heavens for her health, dignity and well fares long continuance. Speaking now (quite contrary to their former opinion of the Marquess) honourably and worthily, that he had shewn himself a singular wise Man, in the election of his Wife, which few else (but he) in the world would ever have done; because their judgment might fall far short, of discerning those great and precious virtues, veiled under a homely habit, and obscured in a poor Country Cottage. To be brief in very short time, not only the Marquessate it self, but all neighbouring Provinces round about, had no other common talk, but of her rare course of Life, Devotion, Charity, and all good actions else whatsoever; quite quailing all sinister constructions of her Husband, before he had received her in Matrimony.

About four or five years after the Birth of her Daughter, she Conceived with Child again, and (at the limited hour of deliverance) had a goodly Son; to the no little liking of the Marquess. Afterward, a strange humour entred into his brain, namely, that by a long continued experience, and courses of an intolerable quality, he would needs make proof of his fair Wives Patience. First he began to provoke her by injurious speeches, shewing fierce and frowning looks to her; intimating, that his people grew displeased with him, in regard of his Wives base Birth and Education, and so much the rather, because she was likely to bring Children, who (by her blood) were no better than Beggars, and murmured at the Daughter already Born. Which words when *Grizelda* heard, without any alteration of countenance, or the least distemperature in any appearing action, she said,

My Honourable and Gracious Lord, dispose of me, as thou thinkest best, for your own dignity and contentment, for I shall therewith be well pleased; as she that knows her self, far inferiour to the meanness of your people, much less worthy of the Honour, whereto you liked to advance me.

This answer was very welcome to the Marquess, as apparently perceiving hereby, that the dignity whereto he had exalted her, or any particular favours beside, could not infect her with any Pride, coyness, or disdain. Not long after, having told her in plain and open speeches that her Subjects could not indure her



ry sad, and much perplexed in mind, he said, Madam, except I intend to lose my own life, I must accomplish what my Lord hath strictly enjoined me; which is, to take this your young Daughter, and then I must: So breaking off abruptly, the Lady hearing these words, and noting his frowning looks, remembering also what the Marquess himself had formerly said, she presently imagined, that he had commanded his servant to kill the child. Suddenly therefore, she took it out of the Cradle, and having sweetly kissed, and bestowed her blessing on it (albeit her heart throbb'd with the inward affection of a Mother) without any alteration of countenance, she tenderly laid it in the servants arms, and said: Here friend, take it, and do with it as thy Lord and mine hath commanded thee; but leave it in no rude place, where Birds or Savage Beasts may devour it; except it be his will to have it so.

The servant departing from her with the child, and reporting to the Marquess what his Lady had said, he wondred at her incomparable constancy. Then he sent it by the same servant to *Bologna* to an honourable Lady his kinswoman, requesting her (without revealing whole child it was) to see it both nobly and carefully educated.

At time convenient afterward, being with child again, and delivered of a Princely Son (than which nothing could be more joyful to the Marquess) yet all this was not sufficient for him; but with far ruder language than before, and looks expressing harsh intentions, he said unto her. *Grizelda*, though thou pleasest me wonderfully by the birth of this Princely Boy, yet my Subjects are not therewith contented, but blunder abroad maliciously, that the Grand-child of *Faniculo*, a poor Countrey Peasant, when I am dead and gone, must be their Sovereign Lord and Master. Which makes me stand in fear of their expulsion, and to prevent that, I must be rid of this child, as well as the other, and then send thee away from hence, that I may take another wife, more pleasing to them.

*Grizelda*, with a patient sufferent soul, hearing what he had said, returned no other answer but this. Most Gracious and Honourable Lord, satisfy and please your own Royal mind, and never use any respect of me; for nothing is precious or pleasing to me, but what may agree with your good liking. Within a while after, the Noble Marquess in the like manner as he did before for his Daughter, so he sent the same servant for his Son, and seeming as if he had sent it to have been slain, conveyed it to be nursed at *Bologna*, in company of his sweet Sister. Whereat the Lady shewed no other discontentment in any kind, than formerly she had done for her Daughter, to the no mean marvel of the Marquess, who protested in his Soul, that the like woman was not in all the world beside. And were it not for his heedful observation, how loving and careful she was of her children, prizing them as dearly as her own life; rash opinion might have persuaded him, that she had no more in her than a carnal affection, not caring how many she had, so she might thus easily be rid of them; but he knew her to be a truly vertuous Mother, and wisely liable to endure his severest impositions.

His Subjects believing that he had caused his children to be slain, blamed him greatly, thought him to be a most cruel man, and did highly compassionate the Ladies case; who when she came in company of other Gentlewomen, which mourned for their deceased children, would answer nothing else, but that they could not be more pleasing to her, than they were to the father that begot them.

Within certain years after the birth of these children, the Marquess purposed with himself, to make his last and final proof of fair *Grizeldas* patience, and said to some near about him, that he could no longer endure to keep *Grizelda* as his Wife, confessing, he had done foolishly, and according to a young giddy brain, when he was so rash in the marriage of her. Wherefore he would send to the Pope, and purchase a Dispensation from him, to repudiate *Grizelda*, and take another Wife. Wherein although they greatly reprov'd him, yet he told them plainly, it must needs be so.

The Lady hearing this News, and thinking she must return again to her poor fathers house, and estate, and (perhaps) to her old occupation of keeping of Sheep, as in her younger dayes she had done; understanding withal, that another must enjoy him whom she dearly loved and honoured; you may well



think (worthy Ladies) that her patience was now put to the main proof indeed. Nevertheless, as with an invincible true vertuous courage, she had overstood all the other injuries of Fortune; so did she constantly settle her soul to bear this with an undaunted countenance and behaviour.

At such time as was prefixed for the purpose, counterfeit Letters came to the Marquess (assent from Rome) which he caused to be publicly read in the hearing of his Subjects; that the Pope had dispensed with him, to leave *Grizelda*, and marry with another wife; wherefore, sending for her immediately, in presence, and before them all, thus he spake to her. Woman, by concession sent me from the Pope, he hath dispensed with me to make choice of another wife, and to free my self from thee. And because my Predecessors have been Noblemen, and great Lords in this Countrey, thou being the Daughter of a poor Countrey Clown, and their blood and mine notoriously imbas'd, by my marriage with thee: I intend to have thee no longer for my wife, but will return thee home to thy Fathers house, with all the rich Dowry thou broughtest me; and then I will take another wife, with whom I am already contracted, better becoming my birth, and far more contenting and pleasing to my people.

The Lady hearing these words (not without much pain and difficulty) restrained her tears, quite contrary to the natural inclination of women, and thus answered. Great Marquess, I never was so empty of discretion, but did always acknowledge, that my base and humble condition, could not in any manner suit with your high blood and Nobility, and my being with you, I ever acknowledged to proceed from Heaven and you, not any merit of mine; but only as a favour lent me, which you being now pleas'd to recall back again, I ought to be pleas'd (and so am) that it be restored. Here is the Ring wherewith you espoused me; here (in all humility) I deliver it to you. You command me to carry home the marriage Dowry which I brought with me; there is no need of a Treasurer to repay it me, neither any new Purse to carry it in, much less any Sumptner to be laden with it. For (Noble Lord) it was never out of my memory, that you took me stark naked, and if it shall seem slightly to you, that this body that hath born two children, and begotten by you, must again be seen naked, willingly must I depart hence naked. But I humbly beg of your Excellency, in recompence of my Virginity, which I brought you blameless, so much as in thought, that I might have but one of my Wedding Smocks, only to conceal the shame of nakedness, and then I shall depart rich enough.

The Marquess whose heart wept bloody tears, as his eyes would likewise gladly have yielded their natural tribute, covered all with a dissembling angry countenance, and starting up, said, Go, give her a Smock only, and so send her gadding. All there present then, entreated him to let her have a Petticoat, because it might not be said, that she who had been his wife 15 years and more, was sent away so poorly in her Smock: but all their persuasions prevailed not with him. Naked in her Smock, without hose or shoes, bareheaded, and not so much as a cloth or rag about her neck, to the great grief and mourning of all that saw her, she went home to her own fathers house.

And he (good man) never believing, that the Marquess would long keep his daughter as his Wife, but rather expected daily what now had happened: safely laid up the garments, whereof the Marquess despoiled her, the same morning when he espoused her. Wherefore, he delivered them to her, and she sell to her Fathers household business, according as formerly she had done, sustaining with a great and unconquerable spirit, all the cruel assaults of her enemy Fortune.

About such time also, as suted with his own disposition, the Marquess made publicly known to his Subjects, that he meant to joyn in marriage again with the daughter to one of the Counts of *Panaga*, and causing preparation to be made for a sumptuous wedding, he sent for *Grizelda*, and she being come, thus he spake to her. The Wife that I have made new election of, is to arrive here within very few days, and at her first coming, I would have her to be most honourably entertained. Thou knowest I have no woman in my house, that can deck up the Chambers, and set all requisite things in due order, besitting so solemn a Feast; and therefore I sent for thee, who knowing (better than any other) all the parts, provision, and goods in the house, mayst set every thing in such order as thou shalt think necessary.



Invite such Ladies and Gentlewomen as thou wilt, and give them welcome as if thou wert the Lady of the House; and when the Marriage is ended, return then home to thy Father again.

Although these words pierced like wounding Daggers, the heart of the poor (but noble patient) *Grizelda*, as being unable to forget the unequal'd Love she bare the Marquess, though the dignity of her former fortune, more easily slippt out of her remembrance; yet nevertheless, thus she answered.

*My Gracious Lord*, I am glad that I can do you any service, wherein you shall find me both willing and ready. In the same poor Garments, as she came from her Fathers House (although she was turned out in her Smock) she began to sweep and make clean the Chambers, rub the stools and benches in the Hall, and ordered every thing in the Kitchen, as if she were the worst Maid in all the House, never ceasing or giving over, till all things were in due and decent order, as best befecmed in such a case. After all which was done, the Marquess having invited all the Ladies of the Country to be present, at so great a Feast, when the Marriage day was come, *Grizelda* in her Gown of Countrey Gray, gave them welcome, in honourable manner, and graced them all with very chearful countenance.

*Gualtiero* the Marquess, who had caused his two Children to be nobly nourished at *Bologna*, with a near Kinswoman of his, who had Married with one of the Counts of *Padua*, his Daughter being now aged Twelve Years old, and somewhat more, as also his Son about six or seven: He sent a Gentleman expressly to his Kindred, to have them come and visit him at *Saluzzo*, bringing his Daughter and Son with them, attended in very Honourable manner, and publishing every where as they came along, that the young Virgin (known to none but himself and them) should be the Wife to the Marquess, and that only was the cause of her coming. The Gentleman was not slack, in the execution of trust reposed in him; but having made convenient preparation; with the Kindred, Son, Daughter, and a worthy Company attending on them, arrived at *Saluzzo* about Dinner time, where wanted no resort, from all neighbouring parts round about, to see the coming of the Lord Marquess's new Spouse.

By the Lords and Ladies she was joyfully entertained, and coming into the great Hall, where the Tables were ready covered, *Grizelda*, in her homely Country habit, humbled her self before her, saying, Gracious welcome to the new elected Spouse of the Lord Marquess.

All the Ladies there present, who had very earnestly importuned *Gualtiero* (but in vain) that *Grizelda* might better be shut up in some Chamber, or else to lend her the wearing of any other Garments, which formerly had been her own, because she should not so poorly be seen among strangers; being seated at the Tables, she waited on them very serviceably. The young Virgin was observed by every one, who spared not to say, that the Marquess had made an excellent change; but above them all, *Grizelda* did most commend her, and so did her Brother likewise, as young as he was, yet not knowing her to be his Sister.

Now was the Marquess sufficiently satisfied in his soul, that he had seen so much as he desired, concerning the patience of his Wife, who in so many heart-grieving trials, was never noted so much as to alter her countenance. And being absolutely perswaded that this proceeded not from any want of understanding in her, because he knew her to be singularly wise; he thought it high time now, to free her from all these afflicting oppressions, and give her such assurance as she ought to have. Wherefore, commanding her into his Presence, openly before all his assembled friends, smiling on her, he said, What thinkest thou *Grizelda* of our new chosen Spouse? *My Lord* (quoth she) I like her exceeding well, and if she be so wise, as she is fair (which verily I think she is) I make no doubt but you shall live with her as the only happy Man of the World. But I humbly intreat your Honour (if I have any power in me to prevail by) that you would not give her such cutting and unkind Language, as you did to your other Wife; for I cannot think her armed with such Patience, as should (indeed) support them; as well in regard she is much younger, as also her more delicate breeding and Education, whereas she whom you had before, was brought up in continual toil and travel.

When the Marquess perceived that *Grizelda* believed verily, this young daughter of hers should be his Wife, and answered him in so honest and modest manner; he commanded her to sit down by him, and said, *Grizelda*, it is now more than



fit time, that thou shouldest taste the fruit of thy long admired patience, and that they who have thought me cruel, harsh and uncivil natured, should at length observe that I have done nothing at all basely, or unadvisedly. For this was a work premediated before, for enstructing thee, what it is to be a Married Wife, and to let them know (whosoever they be) how to take and keep a Wife, which hath begotten to me perpetual joy and happiness, so long as I have a day to live with thee; a matter whereof I stood before greatly in fear, and which in Marriage I thought would never happen to me.

It is not unknown to thee, in how many kinds (for my first proof) I gave thee harsh and unpleasant Speeches, which drawing no discontentment from thee, either in looks, words, or behaviour, but rather such comfort as my Soul desired, and so in my other succeedings afterward. In one minute now I purpose to give thee that consolation, which I bereft thee of in many tempestuous storms, and make a sweet restitution for all thy former lower sufferings. My fair and dear affected *Grizelda*, she whom thou supposedst for my new elected Spouse, with a glad and cheerful heart embrace for thine own Daughter, and this also her Brother, being both of them thy Children and mine, in common opinion of the whole vulgar multitude, imagined to be (by my Command) long since slain, I am thy Honorable Lord and Husband, who doth and will love thee far above all Women else in the World; giving thee justly this deserved praise and commendation, That no Man living hath the like Wife as I have.

So sweetly kissing her infinitely, and hugging her joyfully in his arms (the tears now streaming like new-let loose Rivers down her fair face) which no disaster before could force from her) he brought her and seated her by her Daughter, who was not a little amazed at so rare an alteration. She having (in zeal of affection) kissed and embraced them both; all else present being clearly resolved from the former doubt, which too long deluded them; the Ladies arose joyfully from the Tables, and attending on *Grizelda* to her Chamber, in sign of a more successful augury to follow, took of her poor contemptible rags, and put on such costly Robes, which (as Lady Marchioness) she used to wear before.

Afterward, they waited on her into the Hall again, being their Sovereign Lady and Mistress, as she was no less in her poorest Garments; where all rejoicing for the new restored Mother, and happy recovery of so noble a Son and Daughter, the Festival continued many Months after. Now every one thought the Marquis to be a Noble and a wise Prince, though somewhat sharp and unsufferable in the severe experience made of his Wife; but (above all) they reputed *Grizelda*, to be a most wise, patient, and virtuous Lady. The Count of *Panago*, within few days after, returned back to *Bologna*; and the Lord Marquis fetching home old *Fanculo* from his Country drudgery, to live with him as his Father in Law, in his Princely Palace, gave him honourable maintenance, wherein he long continued, and ended his days. Afterward he matched his Daughter in a Noble Marriage; he and *Grizelda* living long time together in the highest honour that possible could be.

What can now be said to the contrary, but that poor Country Cottages may yield as Divine and excellent spirits, as the most stately and Royal Mansions, which breed and bring up some more worthy to be Hog-Rubbers, than hold any Sovereignty over Men? Where is any other (beside *Grizelda*) who not only without a wet eye, but emboldened by a valiant and invincible courage, that can suffer the sharp rigors, (and never the like heard of proofs) made by the Marquis? Perhaps he might have met with another, who would have quitted him in a contrary kind, and for thrusting her forth of doors in her Smock, could have found better succour somewhere else, rather than walk so nakedly in the cold streets.

**D**ionysius having thus ended his Novel, and the Ladies delivering their several judgments according to their own fancies, some holding one conceit, others leaning to the contrary; one blaming this thing, and another commending that; the King lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and seeing the Sun began to fall low; by rising of the Evening Star; without arising from his Seat spake as followeth; Discreet Ladies, I am perswaded you know sufficiently, that the sense and understanding of us Mortals, consisteth not only (as I think) by preserving in memory things past, or knowledge of them present; but such as both by the one and other, know how to foresee future occasions, are worthily thought wise, and of no common capacity.



It will be to (Morrow) fifteen days since we departed from the City of *Florence*, to come hither for our pastime and comfort, the conservation of our lives, and support of our health, by avoiding those melancholies, griefs and anguishes, which we beheld daily in our City, since the pestilential visitation began there, wherein (by my judgment) we have done well and honestly. Albeit some light Novels, perhaps attractive to a little wantonness, as some say, and jovial feasting with good cheer, singing and dancing, may seem matters inciting to incivility, especially in weak and shallow understandings. But I have neither seen, heard, or known any act, word, or whatsoever else, either on your part or ours, justly deserving to be blamed; but all has been honest, as in a sweet and harmonious concord, such as might well beseeem the community of Brethren and Sisters; which assuredly, as well in regard of you, as us, hath much contented me.

And therefore, lest by over-long continuance something should take life, which might be converted into a bad construction, and by a bad construction, and by our Country demurrance for so many days, some captious conceit may rest out an ill imagination; I am of opinion (if yours be the like) seeing each of us hath had the honour, which now remaineth still on me; that it is very fitting for us to return thither from whence we came. And so much the rather, because this sociable meeting of ours, which already hath won the knowledge of many dwellers here about us, should now grow to such an increase, as might make our purposed pastime offensive to us. In which respect (if you allow of my advice) I will keep the Crown till our departing hence, the which I intend shall be to Morrow; but if you determine otherwise, I am the Man ready to make my resignation.

Many imaginations passed among the Ladies, and likewise the Men, but yet in the end, they reputed the Kings Counsell to be the best, and wisest, concluding to do as he thought convenient. Whereupon, he called the Master of the Household, and conferred with him, of the business belonging to the next morning, and gave the Company leave to rise. The Ladies and the rest, when they were risen, fell some to one kind of recreation, and others as their fancies served them, even as (before) they had done. And when Supper time came, they dispatched it in very loving manner. Then they began to play on Instruments, sing and dance, and Madam *Lauretta* leading the Dance, she commanded Madam *Fiammetta* to sing a Song, which pleasantly she began in this manner.

## The S O N G.

The Chorus Sang by all the rest of the Company.

If Love were free from jealousie,  
No Lady Living,  
Had less heart grieving,  
Or liv'd so happily as I.

**I**F gallant Youth  
In a fair friend a Woman could content,  
If vertues prize, valour and hardiment,  
Wit, carriage, purest Eloquence,  
Could free a Woman from impatience:

Then I am she can vaunt (if I were wise)  
All these in one fair flower  
Are in my power;  
And yet I boast no more but truth,  
If Love were free from jealousie, &c.

But



But I behold

That other Women are as wise as I,

Which kills me quite,

Fearing false sirquedry,

For when my fire begins to flame,

Others desires misguide my aim,

And so bereaves me of secure delight,

Only through fond mistrust, he is unjust :

Thus are my comforts hourly hot and cold.

If Love were free, &c.

If in my friend,

I found like faith, as manly mind, I know

Mistrust were slain,

But fresh griefs still grow,

By sight of such as do allure ;

So I can think none true, none sure,

But all would rob me of my Golden gain;

Lo thus I die, in jealousy,

For loss of him on whom I mind.

If Love were free, &c.

Let me advise

Such Ladies as in Love are bravely bold,

Not to wronge me I scorn to be control'd.

If any one I chance to find,

By winks, words, smiles in crafty kind,

Seeking for that which only mine should be :

Then I protest, to do my best,

And make them know that they are scarcely wise.

If Love were free from jealousy, &c.

So soon as Madam *Fiammetta* had ended her Song, *Dioneus* who sat by her smiling said, Truly Madam, you may do us a great courtesie, to expresse your self more plainly to us all, lest (through ignorance) the passion may be imposed on your self, and so you remain the more offended. After the Song was past,

Divers



divers others were Sung beside, and it now drawing well near midnight, by the Kings command, they all went to Bed. And when new day appeared, and all the World awaked out of sleep, the Master of the houthould having sent away the Carriages; they returned (under the conduct of their discreet King) to *Florence*, where the three Gentlemen left the seven Ladies at the Church of *Santa Maria Novella*, from whence they went with them at the fist. And having parted with kind salutations; the Gentlemen went whither themselves best pleased, and the Ladies repaired home to their Houses.

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*The end of the Tenth and last Day.*

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**F I N I S.**

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